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The Illustrated Weekly of India

Illustrated Weekly of India

Mrs Gandhi & Mr Bhutto

Special Interviews by Khushwant Singh

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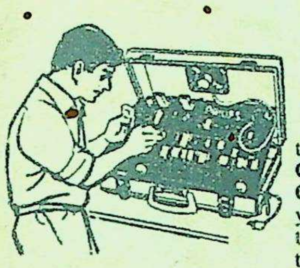

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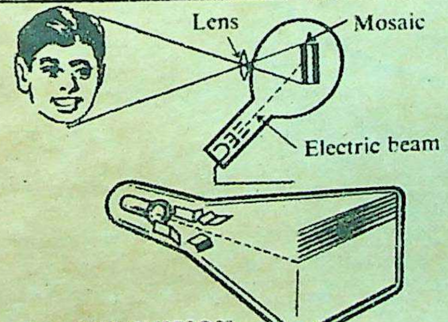

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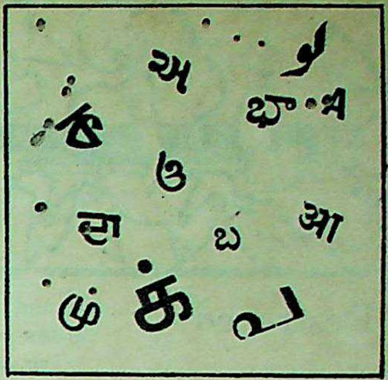
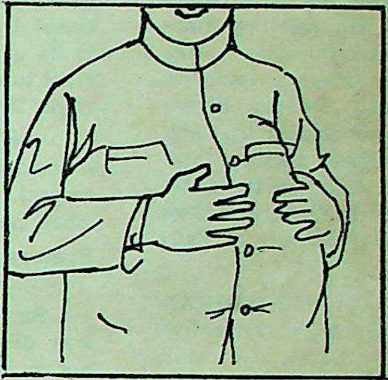


WHICH LANGUAGE IS BETTER?
Hindi? Telugu? Malayalam? English? Not in literary merit but in telecom time? Dr. B. S. Ramakrishna of the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore, shows how the efficiencies of different languages can be compared through translation and script scribbling.

WHAT CAUSES GASTROENTERITIS?
Wouldn't you like to know, now that the monsoon is here? Dr. H. G. Desai answers some of those painful queries.



WHO IS KILLING INDIA'S FUTURE?

HERE IS AN EXPLOSIVE PIECE! Dr. Fakhruddin Ahmad, Head of Geology, Aligarh Muslim University, rips apart the curtain of complacency our planners hide behind in mining mineral resources. "We are guilty of futuricide", says Dr. Ahmad.

SPACE TODAY & TOMORROW.
The asteroidal belt has fooled us. How many more wonders does space hold? By Dr. V. S. Venkatavaradan, TIFR. Bombay

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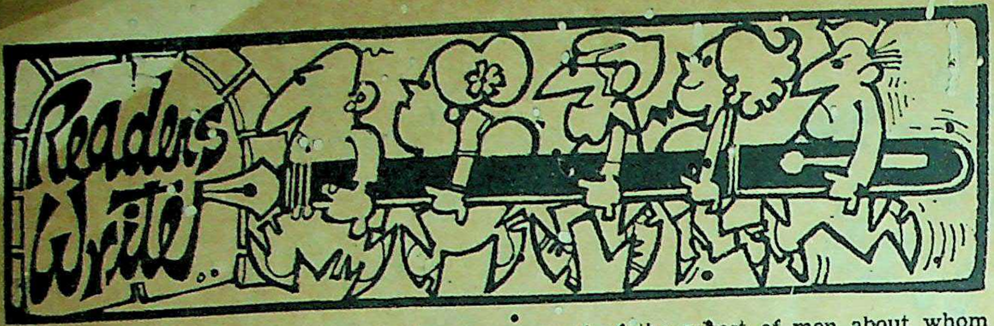

Women Who Destroyed Pakistan

Sir—Your title, "The Women Who Destroyed Pakistan" (July 8), is absolutely wrong. There is only one woman who destroyed Pakistan; it was Mrs Indira Gandhi.

Baroda — D. V. NENE

Sir—In the name of elementary decency and fairplay, I must protest against the manner in which you have tarnished the names of some of the Pakistani film stars by placing their photographs under the title quoted above on the front page of your issue on July 8. Reading through Dewan Berindranath's article, it does not appear that any of the eight actresses whose pictures you have displayed so prominently on the front page had any part to play in General Yahya Khan's life or in the moral debacle of Pakistan.

Bombay — B. P. ADARKAR
(Former Indian Minister in West Germany)

Sir—The illuminating article reminded me of the wonderful analysis of character the British made of the three major communities: "The weakness of the Muslim lies in women, that of the Sikh in wine, and money is the allurement of the self-centred Hindu."

New Delhi — K. R. CHHABRA

Sir—Mr Harold Wilson accused Mr Macmillan, on the Profumo scandal, of debauching the standards of public life in England. Mr Quintin Hogg retorted: "If you can tell me there are no adulterers on the front bench of the Labour Party you can talk to me about Profumo. If you cannot tell me that, you had better not dabble your fingers in filth. Every one knows that these sort of things are not the monopoly of any one party."

Bombay — H. S. DUTT

Sir—After your somewhat unique attempt to reconcile with Pakistan, starting with you September 4, 1970, issue, "Pakistan—Not Enemy But Brother", and several subsequent issues of the WEEKLY with a handshake for the "brother", you have now spoilt it all with Dewan Berindranath's cheap gossip on "The Women Who Destroyed Pakistan".

It must be true that the leaders of Pakistan were unwise and corrupt, but if the author had only changed his approach and treated his article as an eye-opener to several of our own corrupt leaders, who very unmistakably have similar carnal indiscretions, it would have made better reading. And then, of course, there is the biblical account of the wisest of men about whom Milton wrote:

Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

Quilon — MOHAN SIVANAND

Sir—I feel that good and responsible journalism also implies asking oneself the question, "How does this article help?" Is your article likely to foster Indo-Pak relations? It is for Pakistan to air the skeletons in its cupboards, not for us. How would we react to our people being presented so cheaply on the covers of their papers?

We are all talking about peace on the subcontinent. But real peace means mutual respect. Your article is like hitting a man when he is down.

Bombay — S. SAHNI

Sir—We should not gloat over the Pak way of life or its misfortunes. We too are not much better. Wine is flowing in our barracks as well, in spite of Mahatma Gandhi's teachings and prohibition; and daily we read about corruption and inefficiency and of women being abused in different ways.

Gwalior — H. K. SHARGHA

Sir—To hit a person below the belt, when he cannot hit back is not cricket. Would the author have done the same if Yahya Khan were in power? Shouldn't we be kind to a fallen enemy?

Delhi — Lt. Col. A. A. DAVID

Sir—Let us be fair: Pakistan is certainly not destroyed. It is merely dismembered and might be going downwards.

Secondly, these women might be the cause of the downfall of Yahya Khan. But Yahya Khan was not Pakistan.

If it was anybody's fault, it was Yahya's. These women were not expected to shape the politics of Pakistan.

Bombay — VINAYA RAMESHCHANDRA

G. S. Dhillon

Sir—In the last paragraph of his article on G. S. Dhillon, the Lok Sabha Speaker (July 1), Gurbachan Singh Talib has made a confusion between Nigeria and Brazzaville (not Brazzeville). The capital of Nigeria is Lagos and Brazzaville is the capital of the Congo Republic.

Ratnagiri — A. Y. KAMAT

Paradise Regained

Sir—Mr Kirpekar's statement ("Kamlapathi Tripathi", June 24), that the Terai has become a "paradise for the kulaks" is misleading and incorrect. The Terai remained undeveloped for centuries due to its unhealthy climate until Punjabi settlers began its reclamation in 1948. They ploughed the ineradicable "kansa" grass and planted crops fending off the deer and wild boar which took a tremendous toll. Tigers and leopards preyed upon their livestock, and dacoits menaced their lives. After a decade of perseverance viable farms began to appear without any help from the Government. The Terai Colonisation Schemes at Rudrapur and Pallia reclaimed land at enormous cost for landless labour and provided bullocks, ploughs, seeds, etc., but these beneficiaries sold what they could and disappeared. Other schemes to resettle Bengali refugees have failed and vast public funds wasted.

Pallia-Kheri — N. S. MAJITHIA

More On Envy

Sir—Anyone who dissents from Mr Chaudhuri need only refresh his memory of grandma's bedtime stories from the Mahabharata. Ekalavya, the tribal boy, who taught himself by what is now "do it yourself" technique, was cheated of his skill which excelled that of even the Pandava Princes. And no teacher or grandma refers to Dronacharya, who tricked the gullible tribal into cutting off his thumb as a pupil's donation thereby depriving him of his skill, as a treacherous rogue when they reverently repeat this ancient story.

It is this Ekalavya-Dronacharya syndrome that has bugged the Indian nation, and fairplay has never been an element of our culture or civilisation. No wonder we close our eyes to the holocaust of Kinvelmani in Tamil Nadu where 42 Harijans, mostly women and children, were burnt alive and the Madras High Court acquitted the accused.

Bombay — Dr D. RAMASWAMI

Sir—Mr G. D. Khosla writes (July 8), "Jagdish Bose, Khorana, Ravi Shankar, Tagore, Ranjitsinhji and Nirad Chaudhuri were ignored and often abused in the country of their birth till their unusual talents were acknowledged and applauded in foreign countries."

This may be true of the others, but certainly never applied to Ranjitsinhji who, when he left for England, was a completely unknown youth in his teens.

His subsequent dazzling performances on English cricket fields, long before he entered the international cricket arena, were, if anything, a constant source of pride to his countrymen. It will be recalled that, during the heyday of British Imperialism, around the turn of the century, Indians were considered inherently inferior to their white rulers in every sphere of activity. This complacent and contemptuous attitude received a rude jolt when one not only began excelling the English at their own national game, but went on to win universal acclaim as one of the greatest batsmen of all time!

"Ranji" played his entire career abroad, and rarely visited India when at the height of his fame. On his eventual return, advancing years and the demands of statecraft made on him as the Jam Saheb of Navanagar effectively prevented his from making any notable contribution to the game in the land of his birth.

Bombay — NARAYAN SUKTHANKAR

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The Khaksars

Sir—While reviewing my book entitled *Khaksar Movement In India* (June 24), you have made the following observation: "... Shan Muhamad has done well to write on the Khaksars. He would have done better if he had made up his mind to praise or denigrate the Allama and his fascists and *checked more carefully on his facts.*" But no instance of inaccuracy of facts in my book has been given and no references challenged. I reiterate that all references and facts in the book were carefully checked and verified. It would have been better if you had mentioned the particular facts and doubts instead of making a sweepingly general statement.

Aligarh — SHAN MUHAMAD

Tobacco And Health

Sir—This refers to the article by Dr K. K. Datey and Dr C. P. Dalvi on "Tobacco and Health", (July 1).

At frequent intervals, ever since the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Surgeon-General of the United States referred to cigarettes as a most important factor in the incidence of a number of diseases like cancer of the lung, chronic bronchitis, coronary heart disease and others, our physicians and medical scientists have gone on the platform and the press to repeat parrot-like the same findings of the above two authorities.

The question which should be asked is whether smoking is in fact the villain of the piece. The authorities quoted above have absolved "cigars" and "pipes" which Dr Datey and Dr Dalvi have forgotten to mention and certainly our "hookah" would be innocuous. It is well known that any prolonged irritation to any part of the body can in time cause cancer.

Cancer of the mouth due to the pan and tobacco chewed and kept as a wad against the cheek or smoking "chuttas" where the cheroot is smoked with the burning end inside the mouth could well be due to this factor of constant irritation rather than the presence of tobacco.

Have any statistics been collected to show that among the Sikhs and the Parsis, who as a community do not smoke, there is a lesser incidence of the above diseases than among others who smoke?

Even the Royal College of Physicians have admitted in their report that there is no significant association between cigarette smoking and coronary heart disease in some seven East European countries and Japan and have wondered whether it could be due to the type of cigarettes smoked in those countries. It is also known that "flue cured" tobacco which is used for cigarettes smoked in the Western countries have a higher tar, nicotine and sugar content than the "air or sun cured" tobacco used in the cigarettes of Eastern Europe and the East.

New Delhi — Lt-General C. C. KAPILA

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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Sunday, August 12, 1973

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AND OUR REGULAR FEATURES

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NEXT WEEK Independence Day Number—2

1973: The Worst Year Since Independence

Special Interviews
by Khushwant Singh

There has been political and economic instability. The common man has staggered through it under shortages, spiralling prices and a tiresome game of political musical chairs. What do Mrs Gandhi, Y. B. Chavan, D. P. Dhar and Rajni Patel have to say about it? And how do the critics—Cong-O's Morarji Desai, Jana Sangh's L. K. Advani and A. B. Vajpayee, Socialist Madhu Limaye, Marxist Jyoti Basu, Swatantraite Minoo Masani—view the crises?

DILIP KUMAR: He has been our most towering film personality since Independence. An exclusive interview of the matinee idol—and his lovely star wife SAIRA BANU—by award-winning cine journalist Devyani Chaubal.

INDIA AS I SEE IT: A scathing expose by Satirist Aubrey Menen.

Mr SOOKHOO AND THE CAROL SINGERS: Story by Shiva Naipaul, the internationally known writer.

VIJAY AMRITRAJ: How good is he and how far will he go? An assessment by India's non-playing captain and former star player Ramanathan Krishnan. Complete with photographs of how he has grown from childhood into India's finest tennis prospect since Krishnan.

EXAMPLES OF RECENT INDIAN ART: With comments by Nissim Ezekiel.

THE GREAT CALCUTTA KILLINGS: Who set Calcutta ablaze on August 16, 1946, when Hindus and Muslims brutally massacred each other? P. S. Mathur, an eyewitness Government official, tells the startling, controversial truth.

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THE POLITICAL LEADER PAR EXCELLENCE

THE FIRST POPULAR LEADER OF PAKISTAN AFTER MR JINNAH

Mrs Gandhi & Mr Bhutto

Special Interviews

by Khushwant Singh

"YOU WEIGH ME IN THE BALANCE, SARDAR SAHEB," says Mr Bhutto to the Editor, "and tell me whether or not I was justified in making some uncomplimentary references about Mrs Gandhi? Your press and your Parliament have been nasty to me since I became Foreign Minister in 1963. And so as a human being I reacted... for in as much as she is a human being, I am also a human being."

This article is based on exclusive, tape-recorded interviews given to the *Illustrated Weekly* by President Bhutto in Karachi before he left on his foreign tour and by Prime Minister Indira Gandhi a few days before negotiations with Pakistan recommenced in the last week of July. I asked them the same questions covering the major points of dispute between our two countries.

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INDIRA Nehru Gandhi and Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto are two utterly different personalities but with similar backgrounds and education. Both were born in wealthy, cultured families and educated abroad; Indira at Badminton School, Somerville College, Oxford, and a Swiss finishing school (she speaks fluent French). "Zulfie" is the product of Bombay's Cathedral School, Berkeley (California) and Christ Church College, Oxford. He is also a Barrister of the Lincoln's Inn. Both are Europeanised, urbane and sophisticated.

There the similarities end. Zulfie is dapper, impetuous, volatile and lets his words run away with him; he has often to recant what he has said. Indira is quietly but gracefully dressed, phlegmatic, slow to temper and measures every word she says; she has never had to withdraw any statement.

The most important thing that Indira Gandhi and Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto share in common is that in their respective countries they matter more than all the other leaders of their own parties and of the Opposition put together. Indira Gandhi, despite the recent diminution in her popularity, continues to be the political leader par excellence and the idol of the toiling masses. Bhutto has built himself into the enviable position of being, after Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the first leader who is popular both amongst the common people and the elite of Pakistan.

The future of Indo-Pakistani relations will be largely determined by these two people. What they think and say will affect the destinies of 681 million people of the subcontinent comprising India, Pakistan and Bangladesh.

* * *

President Bhutto lives in his own ancestral house in Karachi's poshest residential area—Clifton. It stands at a junction of dual highways lined with flowering trees and bougainvillaea bushes. The house still bears his father's name "Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto", on a slab of marble, and underneath it his own with his pre-Presidential occupation: "Bar-at-Law".

The neighbourhood bristles with armed police and plainclothes security men. They are enormous, rough-looking Pathans and Baluchis but as gentle in their manner and as exaggerated in courtesy as any urbane Lakhnavi Nawab.

I am escorted to a verandah full of people having tea. A young handsome A.D.C. takes charge of me. I ask him where he comes from. "Dera Ismail Khan," he replies. I break into his dialect (I am from neighbouring Shahpur). He is delighted, grabs me by the hand and takes me inside. "I'll put you in an air-conditioned room. You'll be more comfortable." He glances at his watch. I have come half an hour before my time.

"You can prepare your questionnaire," he says as he leaves me.

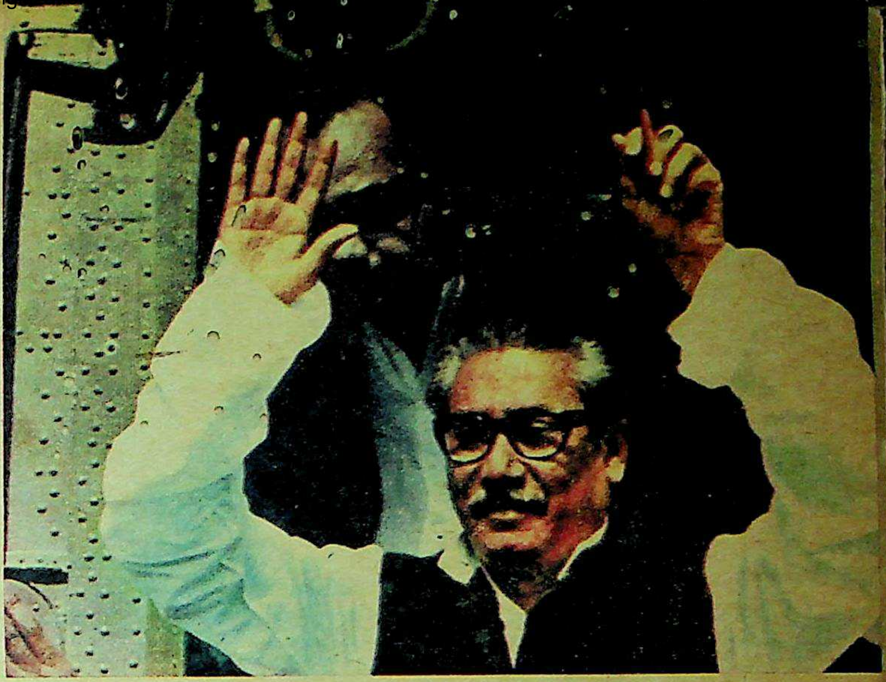
Expensive Elegance

I find myself in an elegantly furnished room; exquisitely woven Persian carpets are framed on the walls and spread on the mahogany wooden floor. While coffee is served I take in the room. It is oddly shaped, like a 'Y' with stunted arms. Lots of autographed pictures in silver frames; a large Mao Tse-tung overlooks a table with Nehru, Chou En-lai and Foreign Minister Chen Yi. One entire corner is occupied by coloured portraits of the Shah of Iran and his Shah Bano. Facing me is President Nasser. The litter of tables have silver cigar and cigarette boxes, crystal ash-trays and old European porcelain vases. It is evident that Mr Bhutto is no *nouveau riche*. He knows the art of gracious living and has the means to indulge in it.

Two microphones are fixed on the table. Just as the clock strikes 5.30 p.m., the time scheduled for the interview, the door opens; the A.D.C. stands aside and announces "His Excellency the President".

Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto strides in wafting in a fragrance of expensive eau-de-Cologne. He wears a smartly cut, dark grey suit, cream-coloured (Brooks Brothers?) shirt and a red tie. He is above medium height (about 5'.10") athletically built, and, despite the receding hairline and sparse greying hair, surprisingly youthful.

—Continued



PUSHING THEM OUT? "Mujibur Rehman cannot throw out arbitrarily any number of people he does not like—at one stage, he said he would throw all Biharis into the sea," protested Mr Bhutto. In reply, Mrs Gandhi explained that it was a security risk for Bangladesh to keep people who had given in writing that they were citizens of Pakistan.

SKELETONS IN PAKISTAN'S CUPBOARD. "The war crime trials (of the 195 Pak POWs) will give rise to the crudest form of fanaticism and chauvinism in Pakistan", asserted Mr Bhutto. "But if you proceed with the trials," he warned, "I will also be compelled to put some Bengalis to trial." To this Mrs Gandhi's answer was that this was Bangladesh's affair. It was for them to decide.

"I'M FOR INDIA..." "I'M FOR PAKISTAN." Mr Brezhnev and Mr Nixon during the Soviet leader's visit to Washington in June. When Mrs Gandhi was asked if we were turning to the Soviet Union, and Pakistan to the United States, instead of coming close to one another, she reacted sharply, "We do not have any alliance with the Soviet Union—the Treaty of Friendship has no military overtones or undertones." Mr Bhutto said his country's relations with the US have always been extremely good, except for a cloud that came up during the Sino-Indian conflict.

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We shake hands. I remind him that we had met earlier in 1958 in the house of the then Foreign Minister of Pakistan, Mr Manzur Qadir. He has a good though somewhat narcissistic memory.

"Yes, I remember very well. You mistook me for a film star."

"Not a film star," I correct him, "but a college student."

He asks me to be seated. He waits impatiently for the photographer and the recording men to finish their jobs and imperiously waves them out of the room. We are left alone. He turns to me with an inquiring smile. The interview begins. I fire my first question.

"Don't you think both our countries should give top priority to developing friendly relations with each other? It seems to me that both of us are turning to other countries: India towards the Soviet Union, and Pakistan towards Iran, China and now also to the United States. I feel that they might exploit our differences and instead of letting us come together keep us apart."

Pak-Iran-China Ties

President Bhutto runs both his hands over his balding pate and answers. "No doubt basically what you state is a correct proposition. Unfortunately we have not yet been able to settle our problems. And I will not say that advantages have not been taken of the Indo-Pakistani dispute by other countries.

"However, as far as Pakistan is concerned, I can assure you that our relations with China and with Iran are not made on the basis that we have bad relations with India and as such we must balance them by good relations with other countries.

"In the first place it is a rather shortsighted approach to human problems and to problems of our two countries that have such a long history. Both in India and in Pakistan, we are conscious of the historical factor. It would be downright stupidity on our part to take a shortsighted view and say, 'Well, we don't mind cutting off our noses to spite our faces.'

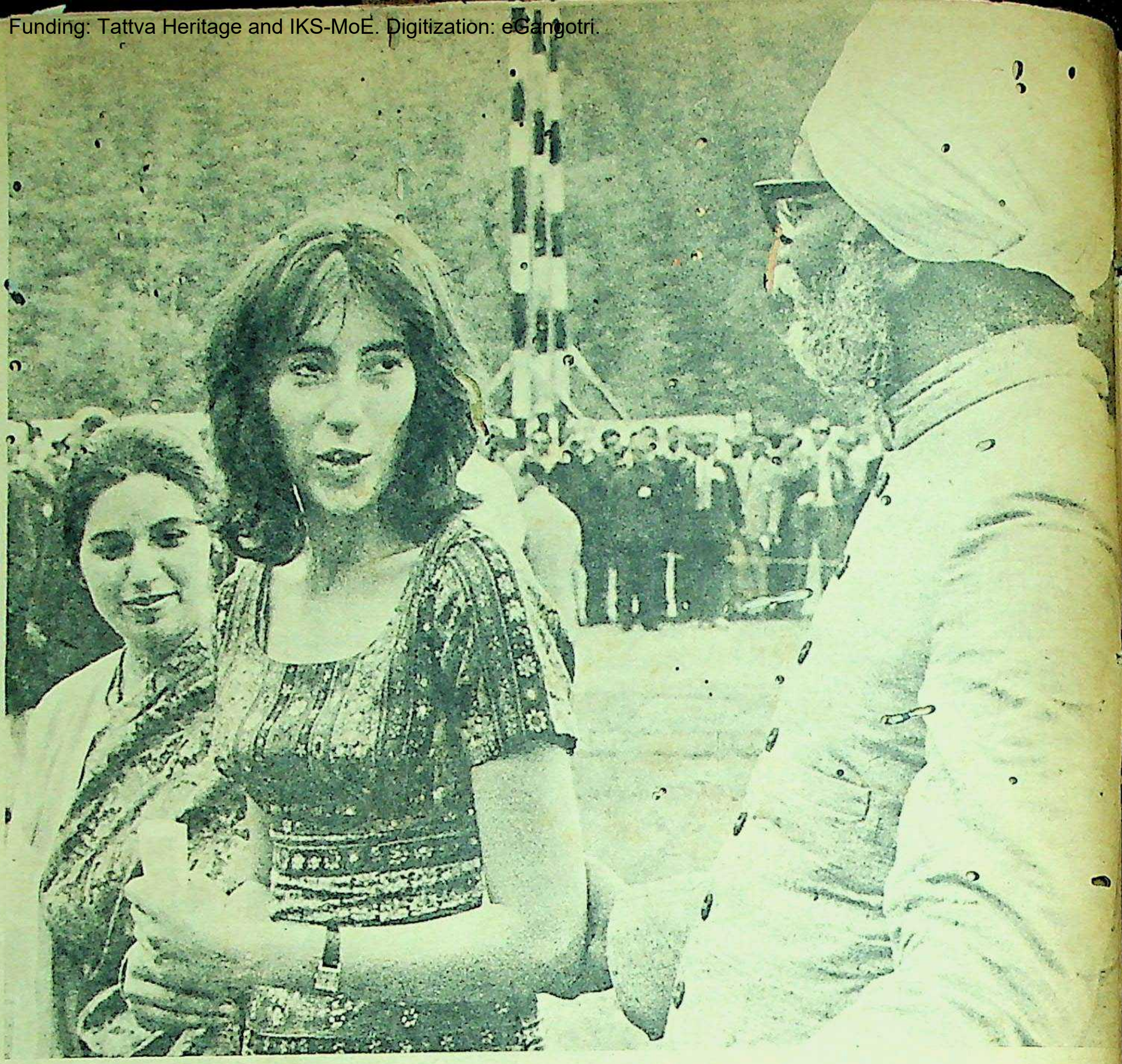
Photographs by R. BEDI

"Our relations with China and Iran are positive relations; they are not directed against India—I can assure you of this. At one time when your relations were good with China, we were not unhappy over those relations. We could understand why India sought to have good relations with China.

"When I was Foreign Minister, on a number of occasions I put it to your leaders —I told them, 'Please don't think that we have a negative approach and that we are having good relations with China on your account!'

"Even today if at any stage you feel that we can play a hand in the improvement of your mutual relations, we will be prepared to do so. You see tension in the subcontinent does not benefit us.

"Some time ago when I met Mr Karanjia (Editor of Blitz) and he put this question to me, I jokingly told him that if ever you



I PROMISE YOU "ROTI, KAPDA, MAKAAN". This is the slogan of Mr Bhutto's People's Party. "It is like your 'Garibi Hatao'," said the Pakistani President. "We will bring in a new social order in our country. We will bring in social justice, we will give employment to all... we might not be able to fulfil the promise but it is a genuine promise." He is seen here with the tribal people of the Kalash Valley in the Chitral area of North-West Frontier Province.

CAN I HELP YOU? Last year President Bhutto quipped to Russy Karanjia of Blitz that if India ever needed an intermediary to bring it closer to China, Pakistan would be happy to play the role. According to Mr Bhutto, our Foreign Minister reacted sharply by saying that India didn't need anyone's help to improve its relations with China. Picture shows Sardar Swaran Singh with Benazir Bhutto during Indo-Pak talks held in Simla in 1972.

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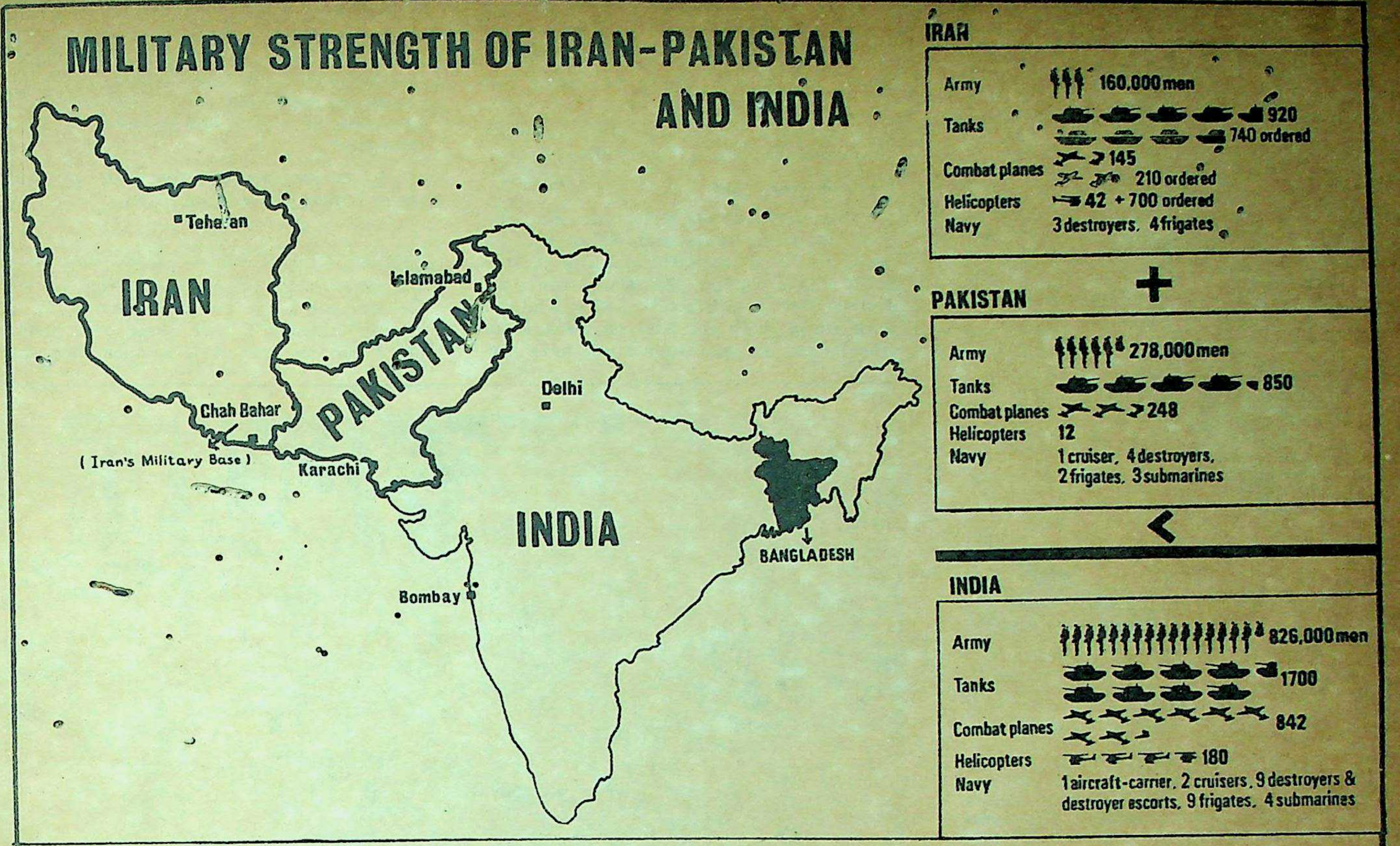

— from **THE ECONOMIST**, July 14, 1973

A subcontinental arms race has been old news for two decades. But now there is a new element—Pakistan's friend and increasingly protective ally, Iran. The massive military build-up which the Shah has boasted of—orders for 210 more combat aircraft, 700 more helicopters, 740 more tanks and a doubling of the Iranian navy—has frightened India into revising its calculations of its own defence needs. During Mr Bhutto's visit to Teheran in May the Shah committed more explicitly than ever before to provide military support for Pakistan in the event of internal or external threat.

On the face of it, India still has nothing to fear. According to figures about to be released by the International Institute for Strategic Studies, India is already superior to the combined strength of Pakistan and Iran (including what is on order) on the ground, at sea and in the air—in numbers if not in quality.

India has the important added advantage of a high degree of self-sufficiency. Whereas Pakistan makes only small arms and Iran makes no arms at all, 30 Indian arms factories are turning out a wide range of sophisticated equipment, including 200 tanks a year. India will also start producing a frigate a year from 1974 and its first indigenous submarine a year later. And Iran is certainly not going to want to put anything like the whole of its military strength behind Pakistan's interests. But none of this has apparently convinced India's strategists that their 1973 defence plan with a budget of $2,386 million (almost exactly equivalent to the combined spending of Iran and Pakistan) is enough.*

There are other good reasons, apart from the numbers game, why India's fears of an Iran-Pakistan axis seem misplaced. For one thing, India has no direct quarrel with Iran. Although the Shah may talk, rather too patronisingly for Pakistani taste, of giving aid to a beleaguered Pakistan, the main target of his rearmament programme lies in another direction: south and east to the Gulf and north to the Soviet Union.

Mrs Gandhi does not differ with the Shah's argument that the peace of the area can best be served by Pakistan remaining united. And she would probably be no more anxious than the Shah to see the Russians expanding through Afghanistan and Baluchistan to the Indian Ocean. **But where the Indians do have grounds for concern about the Iranian connection is in the tilt it has given to the political balance on the subcontinent.**

* over Rs 1,700 crores

need a country's assistance—the one that perhaps holds the key at the present moment and in the present circumstances is Pakistan—we would not be averse to playing that role. Mr Karanjia reported it. **Immediately Mr Swaran Singh said that India didn't need anyone's assistance to improve their relations with China. In the first place it was not a formal proposal. It was only to show our bona fides. And secondly I think it was uncalled for—because what I had said was in good faith.**

"I can again assure you that our relations with China are based on positive considerations such as China being a neighbour of Pakistan, China being an Asian power, China having a role to play in the United Nations as a permanent member of the Security Council. There can be no real and lasting settlement of Asian problems without China's participation.

"With Iran, too, our relations are rooted in history and they are our neighbours. We have a common culture and a common outlook but at no stage have we tried to gang up with them against India and at no stage have we ever felt uneasy about any initiative that India has taken to improve her relations with Iran.

"We do not feel uneasy even today about the efforts you are making now. (Mr Bhutto was referring to Sardar Swaran Singh's recent visit to Teheran.) Although I can tell you, until there is a settlement in the subcontinent these efforts will be futile.

"As far as your country is concerned—I hope I can speak as an outsider without giving the impression that I am interfering in your internal affairs—Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru had the vision to see that states could have good relations with Communist powers and that Marxism had become obsolete. He broke the vicious circle and went to the Soviet Union and established contacts. Subsequent to that your good relations were understandable and so was your keenness to develop good relations with a Great Power.

"But I think after August 1971, a qualitative change has taken place. (Mr Bhutto meant we have a treaty with the Soviet Union.) We do not have any such treaty with China. We do not have a Defence Treaty with China.

"In the case of Iran, our treaties are old and they are merely in the context of the

—Continued

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strides. On the whole we have a foreign policy which we think is satisfactory with..."

I interrupt President Bhutto's narrative. "With one big blot in the middle..."

The Missing Link

"Yes and that big blot is our bad relations (between India and Pakistan)," he continues. "And that's the worst of it. It is tragic that a country (Pakistan) which has evolved such a satisfactory policy with the third world, with the Arab states and the other states of Asia (should not have succeeded with India). The biggest factor in our foreign policy is the missing link, and as far as we are concerned we are addressing all our energies to the improvement of these relations."

I ask Mrs Gandhi the same question when I meet her a week later.

* * *

PRIME Minister Indira Gandhi lives in a modest-sized bungalow provided by the Government. I am told it was meant for a Deputy Minister. I have never been inside but I can see that it is smaller than the

MY PEOPLE! MY PEOPLE! Three million innocent men, women and children were butchered in Bangladesh. (The Pakistanis put the figure at 26,000.) "How can these ghastly crimes go unpunished?" says Shaikh Mujibur Rahman. "Leave it to us," insists Mr Bhutto. "We do not want to condone the guilty. If you hand them over to us we will consider setting up a tribunal to try them."

days of Dulles—alignment, non-alignment, CENTO and even SEATO which we have left now. These are old commitments. It is difficult to get out of them. With the Great Powers, the longer you have been with them in any treaty the more difficult it is to get out. We cannot suddenly decide one day that we are going to whistle out of our commitments because the Great Powers ensure that there are built-in devices to allow the commitments to hold. So these are legacies of the past.

"Left to myself, if I were a scholar or if I were an academician, I would say, 'Well, let's get out of it all.' But when you get into administration, you know you can't take decisions of this nature in a hurry, especially if these relations have been there over a period of time.

"Our relations with the United States have always been good. The only time that a cloud came over them was during the Sino-Indian conflict when the United States was abnormally sensitive about countries having good relations with others.

"We have not indulged in pinpricks and throwing our weight. In the beginning when we became independent and you became independent, although we had before us a vast historical background we were both a little naive in our handling of foreign affairs. In those days that kind of bravado appeared all right; it was a different world. But I think it does a lot of damage when one tries to give the impression that one has a big chest when the chest is not all that big. So we do not like to muck up our relations with any of these states.

"We are improving our relations with the Soviet Union also. We have made many

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outhouse attached to the residence in which her father lived when he was Prime Minister. Indira Gandhi is against ostentatious living.

Her room in the South Block of the Secretariat is smaller than the rooms occupied by her Cabinet colleagues. It has no frescoes on its walls, no silver-framed pictures of world personalities on the mantelpiece; only a bowl of flowers on a table surrounded by heavy dark brown furniture.

The only really decorative piece in the Prime Minister's office is the Prime Minister herself: her curly greying hair with its band of white sweeping upwards from her forehead, her large melancholic eyes which she uses with such devastating effect to express approval as well as displeasure, the gentle smile which always hovers about her face!

When I call on her she has just got over a bout of flu. She looks somewhat pale, occasionally sniffles into her handkerchief and sucks a lozenge to soothe her throat.

I give her a gist of what President Bhutto has said and again emphasise the fact that it is a pity that our respective countries, instead of bending all their efforts towards creating goodwill between themselves, are turning to other Powers.

She reacts sharply to my statement that India is turning towards the Soviet Union. Her eyes suddenly flare up.

Treaty — Not Alliance

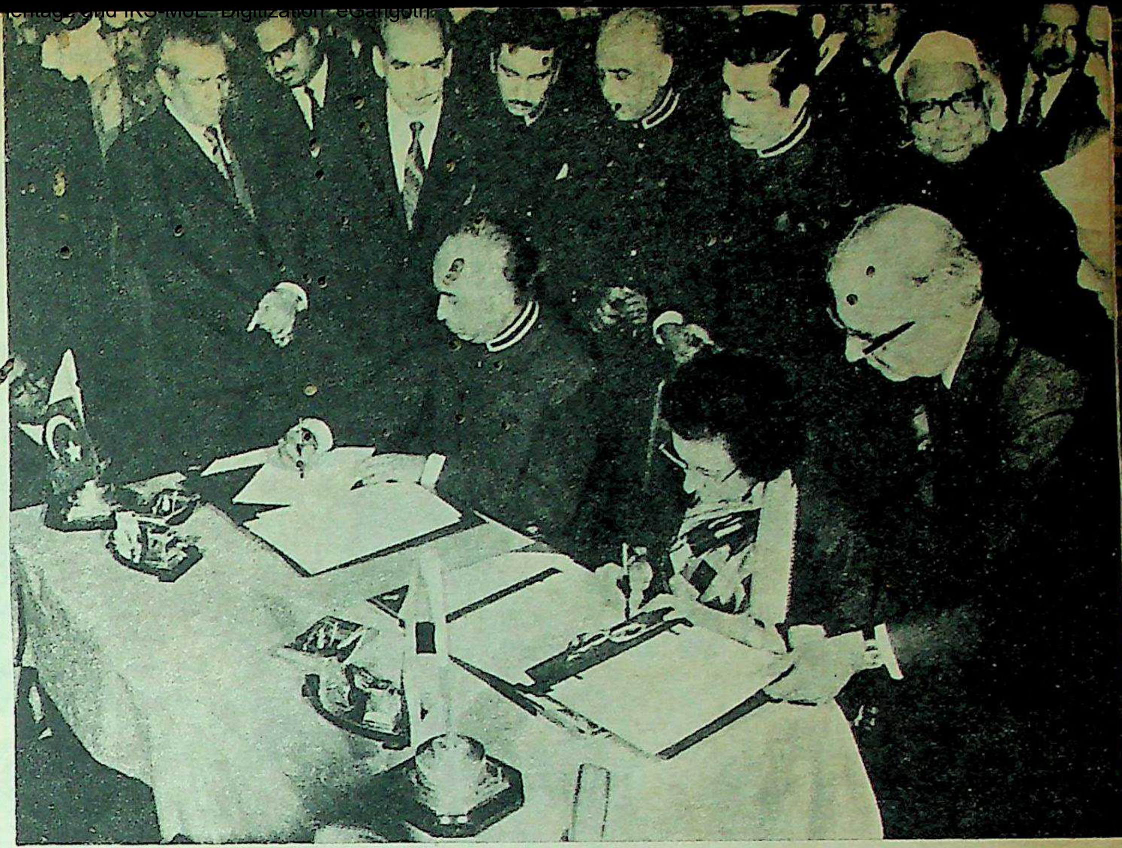
"I would like to make it clear that we have not turned to any power," she says **quite emphatically. "Our friendship with the Soviet Union is on another basis.** They help us. We are also agreed on many of our policies like anti-colonialism. And so on. I do not think that except for the fact that they supported us at that particular time (during the Bangladesh liberation struggle) it could be said that we turned to the Soviet Union because of Pakistan. We are trying desperately hard to be friends with everybody.

"But I entirely agree with you that friendship with our immediate neighbours is most important and especially with Pakistan. That is why we have taken the initiative and are continuing to do so to this day."

I interrupt her: "President Bhutto made a distinction between his friendship with China and Iran and our friendship with the Soviet Union. He said that we have a definite alliance with the Soviets."

"We do not have any alliance," she reretorts. **"The Treaty of Friendship is not an alliance. It has no military overtones or undertones or anything of the sort. It is just a treaty of friendship. It was a morale booster at a time when we were very much in need of it."**

Let me return to my interview with the President of Pakistan. I tell him that this close relationship between his country and Iran, the enormous rearmament programme that the Shah has embarked upon and bases like the one at Chah Bahar, not far from Karachi (which brings cities like Bombay within bombing range), are causing us considerable anxiety. Also the President is himself reported to be taking a long shopping list of military hardware to the United States.



WHO CLEARED THE SIMLA FOG? "If it had been left to people a r o u n d her," said Mr Bhutto, "the old fogies would have never allowed her to go ahead (with the Simla Agreement). And I could see how she went ahead (despite them all)." Mrs G a n d h i feels that "friendship with our immediate neighbours is most important, especially with Pakistan". Above: The two leaders signing the Simla Agreement. Below: Together they can take long steps towards a thousand-year peace.

Mr Bhutto replies: **"There is no military alliance (with Iran) today but it might become a military alliance if we (India and Pakistan) keep turning our backs to each other and keep making a negative approach. I can assure you that this development that is taking place is not directed towards India.**

"Iran is more concerned with developing and securing its part of Baluchistan and with the unfriendly postures of Iraq. Radio Baghdad, night and day, declares that Iran will lose Baluchistan; that Baluchistan will join Hindustan, Pakistan or become an independent state. And so on. There are subversive activities on both sides. And now the Soviet factor has come into play because of the Iraqi-Soviet Treaty.

"We Won't Reshape Geography Now"

"And if you are worried about Iran's shopping list then I don't see what was the necessity of rushing to Iraq's aid and supplying a few pilots to it because that will spoil things. **If I were in your place— and I am speaking to you as man to man—that is the last thing I would have done, to have gone there into hot waters and done something trifling which will not benefit you.**

"At the moment there is no such thing (as an Iran-Pakistan alliance). We have no sub rosa plan to reshape the geography of this part of the world. They have assisted us in the past. And our relations today are very good. They are excellent. But, if Iran faces any problem (which God forbid), we shall also reciprocate by helping them.

"But we like to have good relations with Iraq also, because we have got good relations with the Arabs as well as with Iran. Among neighbours there must be confidence,

—Continued

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NEXT TIME WE'LL MEET AS FRIENDS. A Pak Prisoner of War shakes hands with an Indian friend before crossing the border. Despite the defeat suffered by them, Pakistanis harbour very little animosity towards India. Their anger is directed towards the Yahya Khan regime, although Mr Bhutto admits that a "feeling of revenge" does prevail. Below: *An injured Pakistani POW is carried across the Indo-Pak border at Wagah on July 11 when India repatriated 438 sick Prisoners of War. Apart from the 93,000 POWs there are 1,613 women in various Indian camps. They are amongst the civilians who had to be taken into protective custody before the surrender in Dacca and are mostly the relatives of the Prisoners of War.*

So for the moment there is no need to worry." He laughs and adds, "Unless you worry easily."

Mrs Gandhi's reaction to Pakistan's ties with Iran is understandably different. "We cannot object to Pakistan's friendship with any country," she says. "We ourselves desire friendship with Iran. **But when anybody collects a lot of arms, the question does arise—will they be used? And, if so, against whom? Iran is an important country and I hope it will always stand for peace. Recently in the context of an interview it was said that Iran would not do anything against India unless India attacked Pakistan again. People have asked what this means. We have certainly never attacked any country.**

"What I said earlier about Iran should not give an impression that we are against Iran. We do want to be friends with every country and we have some indication that Iran also would like to be friends with us. This is the reason for Sardar Swaran Singh's visit to Teheran. **All over the world, old relationships are changing. Past encumbrances are being shaken. We certainly wish to have a relationship of understanding with Iran.**"

When I tell Mrs Gandhi that President Bhutto thinks that we invited Iranian hostility by our developing closer relationships with Iraq, for example, by training their pilots, she replies:

"I do not think we are doing very much. Perhaps a few of our instructors are there. Even previously, when anybody asked us for help of this kind, we have given it. It is something very limited. And it is not really military help in any sense."

Sino-Indian Relations

China has always sided with Pakistan in its disputes with India. I ask Mrs Gandhi whether any steps had been taken by us to normalise our relations with China and if there is any prospect of sending an ambassador to Peking in the near future.

She replies: "I don't think that an ambassador will make a difference to normalisation. The Chinese have said repeatedly that normalisation with them can come about only when our relations with Pakistan improve. So I do not know whether an ambassador makes any difference."

The Simla Spirit

Misunderstandings of what transpired at Simla (July 1972) and the interpretations of some of its clauses make me seek a clarification from President Bhutto. I tell him that we in India got the impression that, as soon as he returned to Pakistan, he would recognise Bangladesh.

"What exactly was the reason for you to postpone this decision and make it conditional on the release of the POWs and on an undertaking by us that there would be no trials on war crimes?" I ask him.

President Bhutto is categorical in his reply:

"With due respect, if you got this impression, it is not that we gave you this impression. I will tell you why. **In the first place I had made a commitment to our people that I will not discuss the Bangladesh problems with India.**

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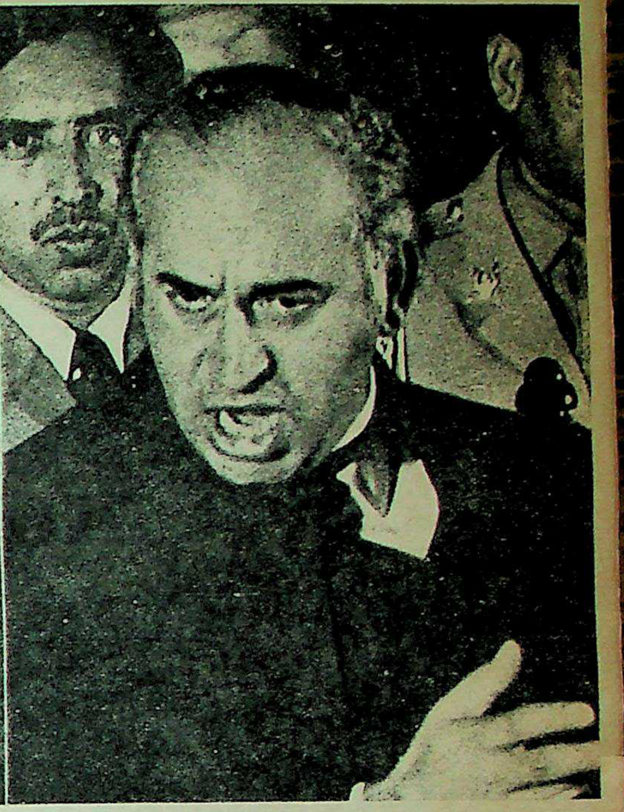
SOME LOUD THINKING...

"SHOULD I RECOGNISE BANGLADESH...?"



"NO, I CANNOT...YET"

"With India we would discuss our own mutual problems like the release of Prisoners of War, the withdrawal from territories, lines of control—problems that affected you and us directly. I had said this here in Karachi before leaving for Simla. I repeated it at the Lahore airport. By saying this I meant that we would not formally take up any Bangladesh matter in the Simla Conference. But that did not mean that informally, when we would be together for four or five days, when we we'd meet one another, we would not talk about other things.

"And so, entirely informally, in a spirit of trying to put our difficulties and our problems before each other and trying to pave the way for better understanding of each other's issues, we talked of various things.

To Recognise Bangladesh, Or Not

"Naturally the question of Bangladesh also came up in our conversations and there I said, at a dinner meeting, not even at a conference table, that my mind was moving in the direction of taking the Bangladesh problem to the National Assembly some time in August.

"When I said this I spoke out my mind. And I think that aspect of it should have been appreciated. If I had known that I was going to be quoted or that it would be taken as a formal and solemn assurance given by me that I would take the matter of Bangladesh to the National Assembly, it is wrong. It was nothing of the kind—nothing conditional that if you withdraw we will go to the National Assembly. I was merely thinking aloud."

Mrs Gandhi agrees that President Bhutto had not given an assurance of recognition of Bangladesh "in so many words", but had admitted that "had he recognised Bangladesh earlier, it would have been easier and that any delay would make it more difficult.

"That did give us the impression that he was likely to do it. But we did not take up the question of recognition with him. **It was never really discussed because we felt that Bangladesh was a sovereign country and so Pakistan and Bangladesh should sort out their relationship themselves."**

Another aspect on which we Indians and Pakistanis differ in our interpretations of the Simla Agreement has been regarding the means of settling our future disputes. Was there an understanding that such disputes would be settled bilaterally, without reference to third parties or international tribunals? If so why did Pakistan pursue its case on the issue of overflights and the POWs with international tribunals?

President Bhutto answers this question at some length: "You have taken too literal a meaning of bilateralism. I agree we must first try bilaterally but, if we fail, it does not mean that the matter has ended. Then there are other forums. There is the United Nations; we did not say that we had relinquished our membership of the United Nations. Nor did we say that we had relinquished our membership of the I.C.A.O.

How Should We Settle Disputes?

"Although in my opinion these tribunals are a waste of time. A case went there in Yahya's time. At that time too I had said in one of my speeches that it was a waste of time.

"Had we resumed air services between India and Pakistan, there would have been no loss to India. On the contrary both would have gained; we could have had some commerce, some come and go, some trade.

"But we drew a blank.

"However despite drawing a blank we haven't pressed the matter in international tribunals. We have kept it pending, hoping that better sense will prevail. The matter of POWs is also with the International Court of Justice. Finally we had to go to it because the POWs issue is such a vital issue for us; it affects almost everyone in the northern parts of our country.

"Not a single family in Jhelum is unaffected, not a single family in Mianwali is unaffected. I go to these places and they are in anguish. They are in torment. It is a very serious problem for us.

"Some opposition parties made uncharitable accusations that I am not really interested in the return of the POWs. And, incidentally, the Indian Press too said that Mr Bhutto was more interested in consolidating his position. He didn't care a damn about what happened to the POWs. With that kind of propaganda—you know how gullible people can be in these matters—to stay immobile and do nothing about it would make people suspect that there might be some truth in it."

Mrs Gandhi's reaction to Pakistan ignoring settlement by bilateral negotiations is contained in one single query, "Is that not specifically mentioned in the agreement?"

When I tell her of President Bhutto's explanation of why instead of dealing directly with India he had gone to international tribunals she replies:

No Third Party

"So far as I remember, it was clear. He said, 'We have been to the United Nations. And what have we got?'

"And of course, we in India, have always felt that these matters must be

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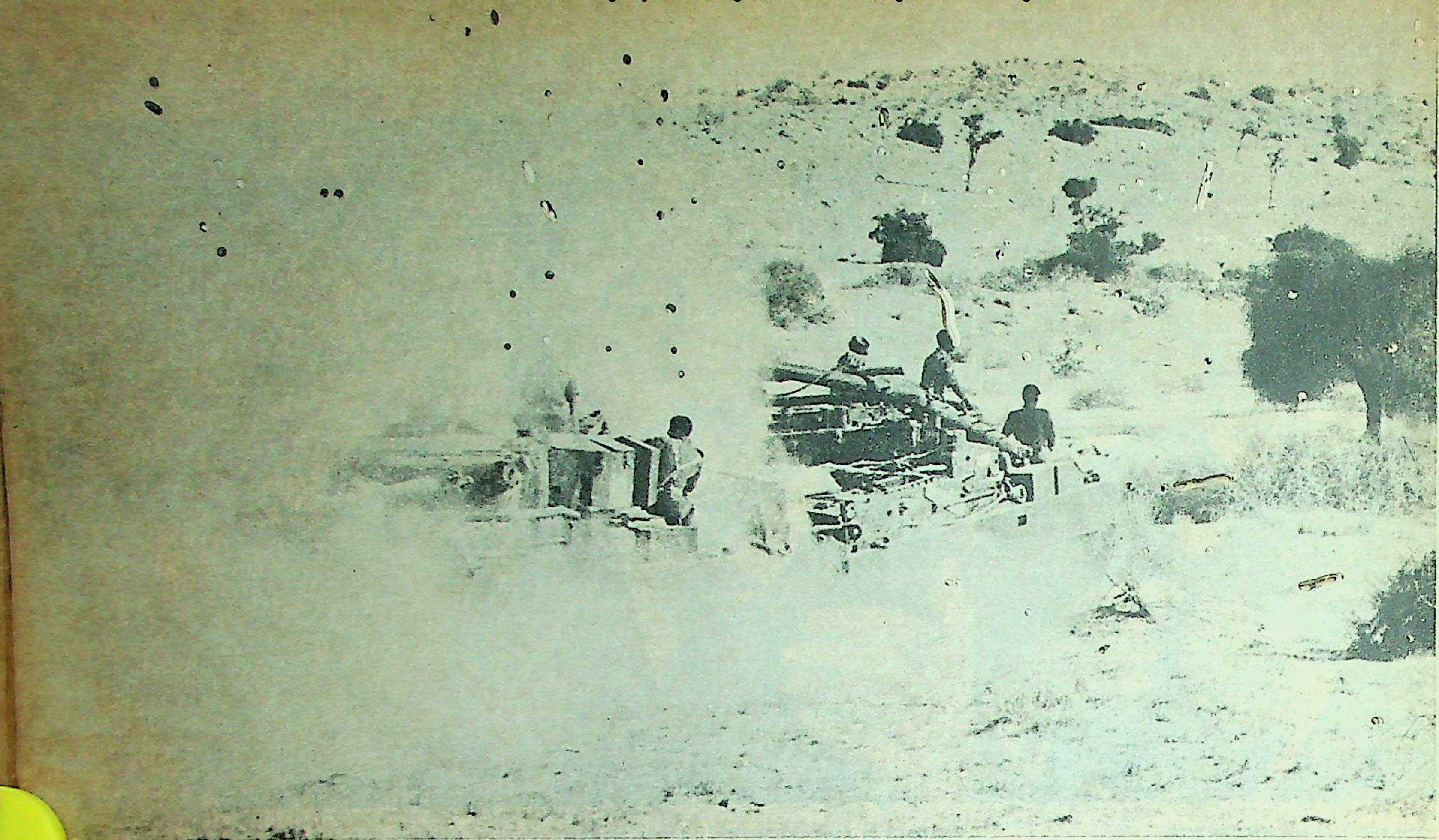

thrashed out between ourselves—that is the only way of succeeding. We can never succeed with a third person. And in Simla it certainly seemed to us that he had agreed with this point of view."

President Bhutto has expressed himself on the question of the POWs and I had on a previous occasion pleaded with Mrs Gandhi for their early release. I think this to be a suitable opportunity to press the matter once again. Since we have admitted that their release is not linked with the recognition of Bangladesh and Shaikh Mujibur Rahman's Government has notified that it means to try only 195 for war crimes, why hold the others?

I also tell Mrs Gandhi how deeply hurt the Pakistanis feel on the continued detention of their people and the innumerable mothers and wives who have asked me to plead with her on their behalf.

Bengalis And Biharis

"Why don't they appeal to President Bhutto," replies Mrs Gandhi. "What is the difficulty in sending the Bengalis in Pakistan to Bangladesh and taking the non-Bengalis from Bangladesh into Pakistan? Bangladesh feels, and with every justification, that it is a security risk for it to keep those people who have given in writing that they are citizens of Pakistan and would like to be repatriated."

President Bhutto is quite clear that he is not going to admit all the *Biharis* of Bangladesh into Pakistan. He says:

"They went from Bihar into East Bengal one year before Partition. They did not go to Pakistan. There was no Pakistan then. Those parts of Bengal where they went had a Muslim majority. There was a united Bengal and a united India. Pakistan had not come into being. They went there because of the Bihar riots. So it is not correct to say that they went to Pakistan. During the riots in 1946 some of them also came to Sind."

IN A HAZE OF TRIUMPH. Indian tanks return from the areas they captured from Pakistanis in the Rajasthan region. India, which had taken far more territory than Pakistan, gave back every inch it had conquered in its victorious campaign. We had taken 5,619 sq. miles of Pakistan territory while they had captured 121 sq. miles of ours.

THE HAPPY TREK HOME. Pakistani families returned to their lands and homes captured by our army and later evacuated under the Simla Agreement.

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There are one or two last questions. I proceed: "You often make statements which are obviously meant for home consumption in which there is considerable harping on Islam and Islamic tradition. When reported in India these statements acquire communal overtones which irritate the Hindus and embarrass our Muslims."

"We are Muslims," replies Mr Bhutto. "We fought for an Islamic state and we got an Islamic state. You had said that you were going to promote secularism, and that you did not believe in the division of the subcontinent on this basis.

Islamic Pakistan

"You might misinterpret these speeches in India. But in our context they are justified. We must stand by our ideology or else we would not have fought for Pakistan. We do not stress the importance of Islam in the context of another country, but in our own context. You might say there is a thin line of difference, but why don't you give us the benefit of the doubt?

"As far as my own party is concerned we have taken an extremely progressive outlook. We have said Islam is our religion and we are proud of it; it is our heritage but we are not going to exploit the name of Islam. And I can assure you that we will always keep it that way. Take our party manifesto. The first part of it is that Islam is our faith. But it is not meant for the purposes of wanting to stir up people to go and fight wars."

I tell Mr Bhutto that when this religious business comes up in the Indo-Pak context, the Indian Hindu thinks that the Indian Muslim is being incited. And there are sixty million Muslims among us.

"We have not done it with that purpose," he replies. "And secondly as far as we are concerned we are not at all doing anything in your part of the country. I told Mr Dhar when he came here that I had been long enough in the subcontinent to know that it was counter-productive to stir up (communal) feelings.

"For instance if a Sikh in London wants to have a good flat or own a new car or some other things he goes to our Embassy and says that he wants to fight for Sikhistan. (He wants us to help him. We will not do so.)

"If anything of the kind has happened in the past we have always discouraged it. But you have not. You have succeeded in East Pakistan or Bangladesh. That was a freak situation and I don't have to spell it out.

"I would have thought that after that you would stop (your activities). But I can tell you truthfully you have not."

I ask the President to spell out, where and when we had done so.

He says, "You have made centres now. One is in Sind, the other is in Azad Kashmir."

"Are we interfering in your affairs?" I ask.

"Yes," says Mr Bhutto.

I go on with my next question. "I would like to ask you about Kashmir. Are you willing to accept the present frontiers as irrevocable?"

"We cannot accept," says Mr Bhutto. "That the present frontiers be irrevocable we cannot accept. It is out of the question. We are prepared to take a practical diplomatic approach in the sense that we will discuss it sensibly, we will discuss it across the table, we will talk about it and I am sure that neither of us will lose if we can find a way out."

"When do you hope or expect we will resume diplomatic relations?" I ask.

"I had proposed in Simla that we should do it at once. I had even taken our Ambassador-designate to Simla. But for some odd reason your leaders did not agree. I tried to calculate in my own mind as to what was the stroke of genius in not wanting to exchange diplomatic missions because that has been a handicap. We have to go through the Swiss. I think if we had our missions we could have gone much faster."

"Could something be done interim in the way of easier exchange of artists, writers...?" I ask.

"I have done it," replies the President. "As soon as I took over I allowed Indian journalists to visit Pakistan. I gave visas to anyone who applied.

"On your part, for a long time you did not allow Pakistani journalists to visit India. In the end one or two were allowed, but then special efforts had to be made. If you are not interested then what is the point of having this exchange?"

Are Biharis Pakistanis?

I turn to my next question.

I ask the President if he had once said that Biharis from Bangladesh should go to India.

"Yes, I once said that if they must go somewhere—since they have come from Bihar—they can go back to Bihar. After all India is a secular state" (laughs).

"But we must remember these people made that part of the country (Bangladesh) their home for many many years," he adds. "A poor man who comes from the village does not think in big concepts. Take the farmer who ploughs the land—to him his land is his whole world.

"Mr Mujibur Rahman is pursuing a vicious policy in trying to throw out all the non-Bengalis. At one stage he even said he was going to throw them into the sea or something like that.

"Let him not forget that they are the domiciles of that place, they have made a contribution to the economy of that place. It is Mujibur Rahman's legal and moral obligation to protect them.

"He is not creating conditions conducive for the right kind of life for people living there. Let him restore normal conditions, let him treat them equally—they have a right to live. He cannot just throw out arbitrarily any number of people he does not like. And there is no corresponding duty on our part to open the flood-gates.

"You know, Sardar Saheb, we both come from a poor country and the poverty that we have seen I don't think any other people have seen. We see famine, we see people starve, we see them living in ghettoes—we see them living without even a roof on top of their heads.

"Now the point is we have made a promise to the people, we might not be able to fulfil it, but it is a genuine promise that we will bring a new social order into Pakistan. We will bring social justice. We will have an egalitarian order, we will give employment to all our people.

"We have given them a slogan, *Roti Kapda, Makaan*, just as you have given *Garibi Hatao*. We should now devote all our energies in trying to fulfil our promises rather than quarrel.

"So we are prepared to negotiate with Bangladesh. We do not say that we have closed the doors, nor do we say the problem does not exist. It is a problem and we will negotiate rationally and in a spirit of reasonable give and take.

PARTNERS IN VICTORY. Bangladesh is as vitally concerned with the peaceful settlement of the dispute in the subcontinent as India and Pakistan. Hence India has signed an agreement of joint action with Bangladesh. The Bangabandhu's headaches include the presence in Bangladesh of 300,000 "Biharis" who have opted for Pakistan, the refusal of the Pakistani Government to allow repatriation of 260,000 Bengalis stranded in their country and the trial of 195 Pak officers and men for war crimes. Mrs Gandhi's main problem is the 93,000 POWs. India has already spent Rs 21 crores on feeding them.

—Continued

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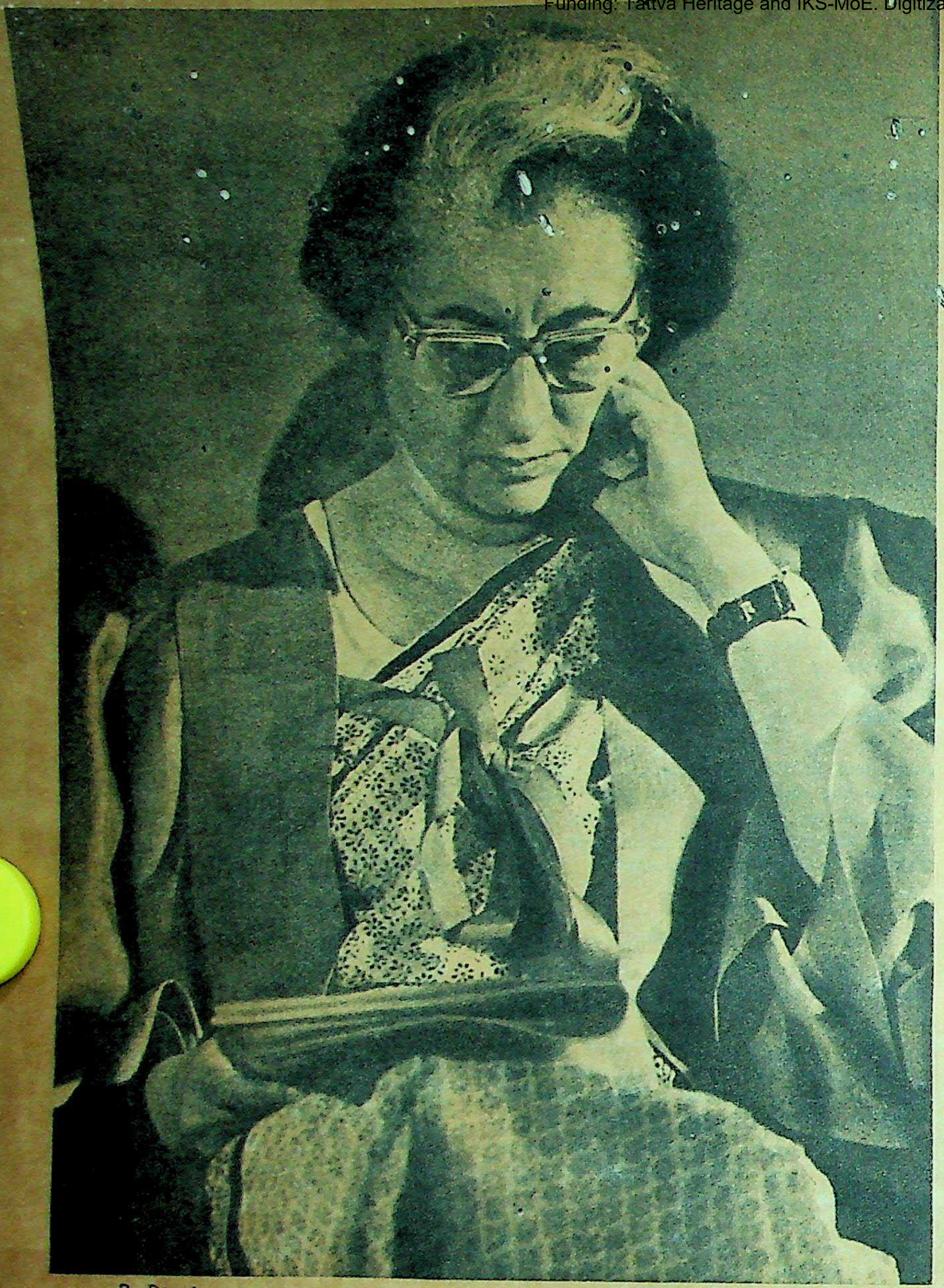

—P. Dayal

Pakistanis feel very strongly that trials of war criminals will vitiate possibilities of a settlement with India and Bangladesh. Since I feel equally strongly that a crime should never go unpunished, I put it to President Bhutto as bluntly as I can.

Criminals Must Be Punished

"There were war crimes committed by certain members of your army. I think there is enough international independent evidence available. Why do you object to their being tried? Would you rather try them here? Would you accept their trial by international courts?"

President Bhutto replies: "The simple answer is this: that if we here and the Government in India are striving to promote relations, to improve relations, to open a new chapter in our mutual relations, how can a trial of this nature contribute to attaining that objective? It vitiates it completely. Because the moment you have these trials—and I know the way they will be held—immediately over here it will excite our people; it will annoy our people; it will anger our people. It will be like gladiator fighting and things of that nature. It will vitiate the whole atmosphere.

"So the objectives for which we are making all these efforts and taking so many risks—calculated and uncalculated—all go down the drain, they get washed away by this. That is one practical approach to the matter. **It will release such uncontrollable forces and give rise to the crudest form of fanaticism and chauvinism.**

"As it is, you know there is a feeling of revenge that my people have and, if trials take place, they will get all worked up to such an extent that I don't know how we

THE ONLY MAN IN THE INDIAN CABINET—as many of her critics describe her when her back is turned. Her closest colleagues do not know how her mind is working except that she is a woman of bold decisions. Aubrey Menen compared her to De Gaulle because, like the General, she rescued the nation from going down the drain.

BHUTTO: A Success Story

January 5, 1928: Khursheed, wife of Sir Shah Nawaz Khan, gave birth to a son, Zulfiqar. The Bhuttos were a rich, aristocratic family owning large estates in Sind and property in Bombay.

1934-1953: He was educated at Bombay's elitist Cathedral High School, University of California, Berkeley and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1953, he was called to the Bar from Lincoln's Inn. During 1952-53 he lectured on International Law at Southampton University.

1953-58: Bhutto practised Law. Led the Pak delegation to the UN General Assembly in 1957.

October 1958: General Ayub Khan, who had seized power from the civilians, gave him a place in the Cabinet as Minister for Commerce.

1960: Bhutto's portfolio changed—appointed Minister for Minority Affairs, and National Reconstruction and Kashmir Affairs.

1963: Now Minister for Foreign Affairs. (In the next three years he completely revolutionised Pakistan's international image. From an American ally, Pakistan became a great friend of China—without relinquishing its SEATO membership. Bhutto went round the world arguing Pakistan's case in the Kashmir dispute.)

January 10, 1966: After the inconclusive September war in 1965, India and Pakistan signed the Tashkent Declaration. Bhutto's first major rift with his protege, Field Marshal Ayub Khan: he dissociated himself with the Tashkent agreement.

1966: Bhutto broke with Ayub. A period of semi-exile from public life.

1967: Founded the Pakistan People's Party. Arrested in November 1968 by a desperate and unpopular Ayub Khan. Released in February 1969.

December 1970: In the general election under Yahya Khan, Bhutto's PPP won 88 out of the 150 seats allotted to West Pakistan. The PPP philosophy—authored by Bhutto—is an attempted synthesis of Islam and socialism. The slogan is: "Islam is our faith, democracy is our policy, socialism is our economy—All power to the people."

March 25, 1971: Bhutto refused to come to terms with Mujib and the Awami League, and the Pak army ordered a crack-down in East Pakistan.

December 20, 1971: Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto was sworn in as President of Pakistan after Yahya Khan's resignation following the break-up of his country.

A. B.

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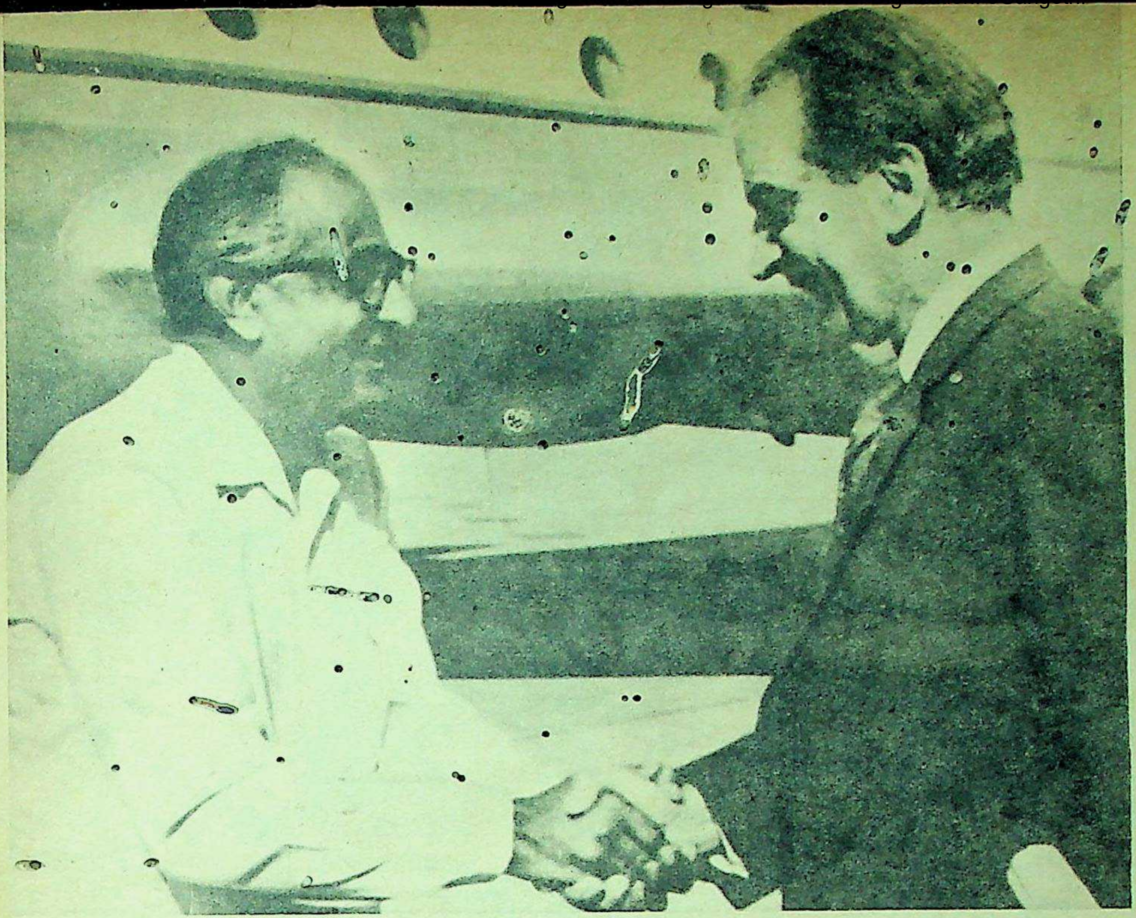


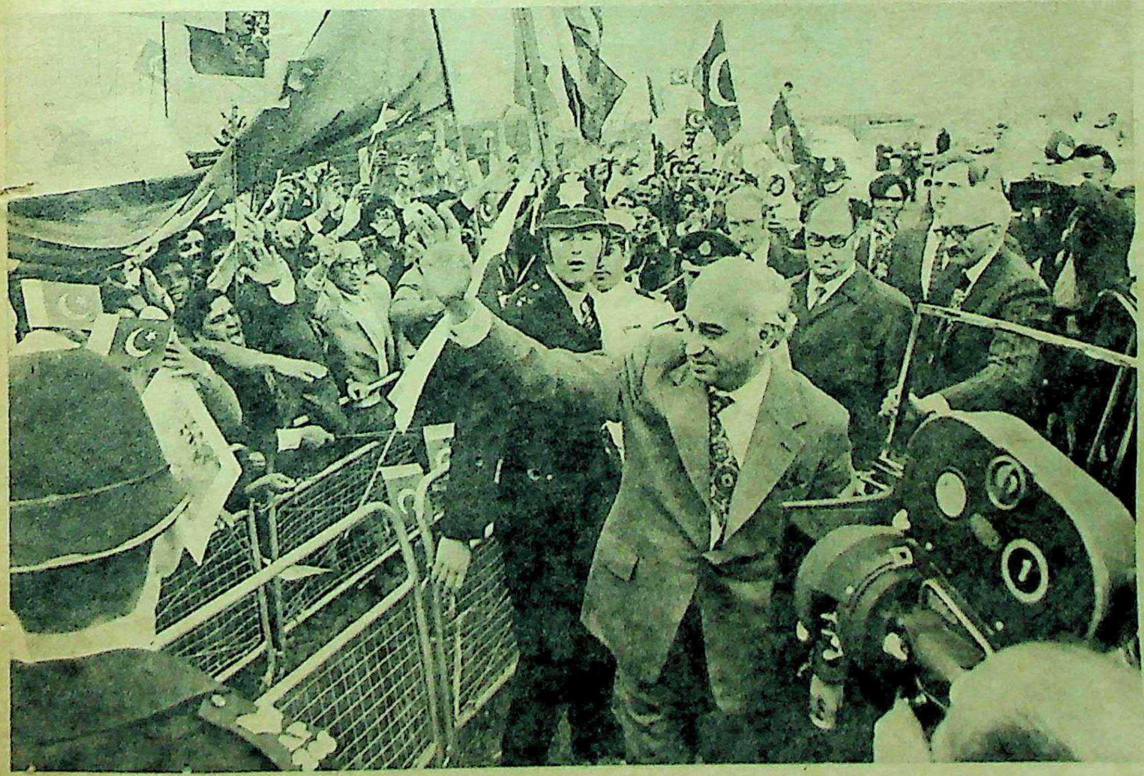
GRIN AND BEAR IT. A series of talks between Pakistan's Aziz Ahmed and P. N. Haksar, which were held in New Delhi last August and recently in Islamabad last month—have not succeeded in breaking the deadlock on the crucial issues of POWs and war crimes trials. Dacca is adamant about going ahead with the trials and will not agree to the release of POWs until Pakistan repatriates the Bengalees there and takes the Biharis. Islamabad is equally obstinate in not allowing the war trials. Mr Bhutto's contention—that the Biharis are not Pakistanis since they went to East Bengal before Partition—is not quite accurate. Only a few Biharis went there in 1946. The bulk of the migration took place in 1947. (The talks between the two countries will be resumed on August 18.)

will proceed to the next step—that is if we are thinking of the next step. If we want to achieve peace in the subcontinent, I don't think this trial will help.

"On the other hand I can tell you that in essence we will consider setting up tribunals here (if the 195 war criminals are sent back to Pakistan). We do not want to condone their wrongs. We will set up a tribunal here—there are justifications for it—and if that is not sufficient sublimation to Mr Mujibur Rahman I can't find any other answer."

I go on to my next question. "In your interview to the *Washington Post* about three or four days ago, you said that you had scored over the Indians and that we had been 'myopic'. I think that is the word you have used."

Mr Bhutto replies: "No I did not say it. He (the correspondent) put it to me. He said to me that Pakistan had no cards. The burden was with India. And now how is it that things have changed and Pakistan's bargaining capacity has become better? That is not so. In fact I feel the position is worse. I did not agree with him but this is what the correspondent said.



"I told him that our main stress has been on internal recovery. And if we have improved our—I won't say bargaining capacity, but our position, it is because of the recovery Pakistan has made. Because we have given the country a constitution after 25 years. This has brought about a sense of relief. The frontiers of what remains of Pakistan have been secured; no longer are people taking bets as to what is going to happen here, there and anywhere else in Pakistan.

"You Are Myopic"

"I told the correspondent that since there has been an economic recovery, our people and the world outside feel that Pakistan has really not lost its value and that has been the biggest factor.

"Then the correspondent asked me, haven't India's mistakes helped?

"I said certainly they have helped. But we did not take them in our calculations. We did not expect them to make mistakes. But they have been myopic, and, Sardar Saheb, I will say to you again respectfully that you have been myopic to some extent.

"I agree one makes mistakes. Take for instance the question of the delineation of control—for two months we were stuck. We offered Thako Chak twice, you refused it and then again we got badly stuck. There

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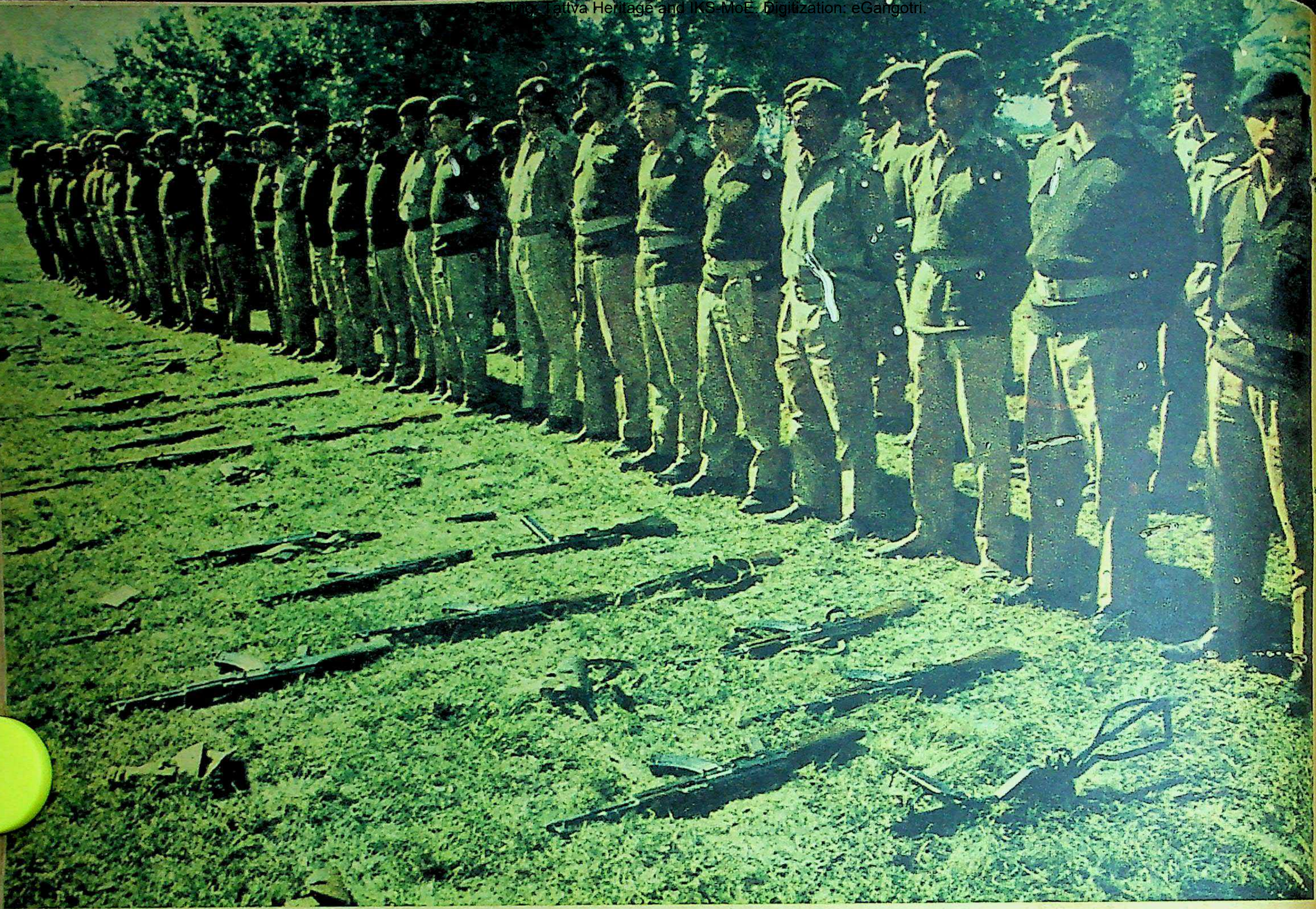

A SON FROM EVERY HOME. "Not a single family in Jhelum is unaffected, not a single family in Mianwali is unaffected... the Prisoners of War issue affects almost everyone in the northern parts of our country. I go to these places... they are in anguish... they are in torment," cried Mr Bhutto. Mrs Gandhi replied, "But why don't they appeal to President Bhutto to get a settlement through. What is the difficulty in sending the Bengalis back and taking the non-Bengalis into Pakistan?"

ONCE UPON A TIME OUR FRIENDS—NOW PAKISTAN'S. "We do not have any treaty with China. Our relations with China and Iran are positive relations... and are not directed against India... and if at any stage you feel that we can play a hand in the improvement of your relations, we will be prepared to do so," assured Pakistan's President. Mrs Gandhi said the Chinese have repeatedly stated that "normalisation (of ties between India and China) can only come about when India's relations with Pakistan improve".

WILL THEY USE CYRUS'S ARMY? "There is no military alliance with Iran today," stated Mr Bhutto, "but it might become a military alliance if we (India and Pakistan) keep turning our backs to each other..." Our Prime Minister's reaction to Iran-Pakistan relations was "Iran is an important country and I hope it will always stand for peace... We do want to be friends with Iran and we have some indication that Iran would also like to be friends with us." Picture shows the Shah of Iran in Bombay in 1969.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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was a stalemate. On the one hand you keep saying impatiently that the Simla spirit is evaporating but on the other hand do nothing to respond to the essence of the Simla treaty. This does not make sense.

"We invited your leaders again and again. Repeatedly I said, come within the framework of Simla, come outside the framework of Simla. **If some of these initiatives were cashed upon I am sure there would have been progress."**

I came to my last question. "You may or may not answer me," I said. "You have once been quoted for having made some uncomplimentary references to Mrs Gandhi..."

"When?" Mr Bhutto wanted to know.

"Some time ago..."

"What?" he asked.

"That she was not a good student. And she was not a..."

The President interrupted me. "I will tell you—now listen. Your press has been nasty to me...right from the time when I became Foreign Minister in 1963 to Simla —during the 1965 war, throughout the East Pakistan crisis, the 1971 war. And it was not only your press but Parliament too. I would say that then as a human being I reacted. But you tell me whether or not I was justified, you weigh me in the balance, Sardar Saheb, you read those statements.

"And had it been your press alone it would have been a different matter, although I don't think even the press can be forgiven for indulging in vulgar nonsense. And so I reacted for, in as much as she is a human being, I am also a human being."

"But now what do you think of her?" I persisted.

"Well," he replied, "since Simla whenever I have been asked any such questions by journalists I sincerely tell them my view.

"She Has Courage And Vision"

"My observations were that she is a courageous woman. She has got vision. If it had been left to people around her, the old fogies would never have allowed her to go ahead (with the Simla Agreement). And I could see how she was resisting and how she went ahead (despite all of them).

"But they were so cautious and suspicious—'Agar yeh karogi to yeh ho jaiga aur woh to yehi chahta hai—nahin nahin—aur agar woh karogi to uska nateeja bhi kharab hoga—aur hum uska muqabila nahin kar sakenge'—and all that sort of thing. And it was absolute nonsense."

At the end of the hour-long interview I asked President Bhutto if there was any message I could take from him to my Prime Minister. "Yes," he replied, "but first switch off your tape-recorder." I did as I was told. He rang the bell and ordered a flunkey to remove the microphones fixed on his table. Then he gave me a personal message for Mrs Gandhi.

I know you are dying to know what it was. I won't tell you.

I conveyed this message as faithfully as I could to Mrs Gandhi.

I know you are dying to know how she responded to the message. I won't tell you about that either.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Rani Ahalyabai Holkar

by MADHAV RAJWADE

Ahalyabai, the Queen of Indore, who died on August 13, 1795, was an able administrator and a pious woman. She has gone down in history as an enlightened and benevolent ruler.

ON the National Highway No. 3, sixty kilometres north-east of Nasik, one suddenly approaches a steep range of hills rising to a height of about 4,000 ft above sea level. Nestling at its foot is the little town of Chandwad, once the site of a royal mint, which for nearly 75 years in the 18th century struck silver coins and gave its name to this sleepy town.

On the New Moon day in the month of March, the devout go in procession to the temple of the God Khandoba, singing vigorous Marathi ballads:

Blest Lakshmi smiled on the Holkar's
favoured House,
When Ahalyabai came as the royal bride
...down the long ages shall ring
Her name, and her fame shall the great
sages sing.

What had been since early times a prosperous trading place situated on the high road from Berar to the west coast, the seat of the founder of the Chandradityapur branch of the Yadav dynasty in the 9th and 10th centuries and the site of the mint of the Maratha Subedar (the Holkar in the 18th century), greatly declined during the British era. The numerous ruins of the Hemadpanthi temples, the rock-out Jain temple, the Ankai, Indrai and Kachna forts on the hill are mute witnesses of the past glory.

H. H. MAHARANI USHA DEVI OF INDORE who succeeded her father, the late Maharaja Yeshwant Rao Holkar, after the State was merged in the Union. The Maharani lives mostly in Bombay.

In the centre of Chandor town are the remains of the old *wada* believed to have been tenanted by Rani Ahalya for less than a year.

In his *A Memoir of Central India*, Major-General Sir John Malcolm wrote in 1828, within 25 years of the death of the Queen: "It is an extraordinary picture: a female without vanity; a bigot without intolerance; a mind imbued with deepest superstition, yet receiving no impressions except what prompted the happiness of those under its influence; a being, exercising in the most active and able manner despotic power, not merely with sincere humility but under the severest moral restraints that a strict conscience could improve an human action...

"In the most sober view that can be taken of her character, she certainly appears, within her limited sphere, to have been one of the purest and most exemplary rulers that ever existed, and she affords a striking example of the practical benefit a mind may receive from performing worldly duties under a deep sense of responsibility to the Creator."

This benevolent queen reigned in Indore for 30 years in an era of wars and skirmishes. Mrs Joanna Baillie, wife of one of the British Residents at Indore, wrote:

For thirty years her reign of peace,
the land in blessings did increase,
and she was blessed by every tongue,
By stern and gentle, and old and young,
And where her works of love remain,
On mountain pass, on hill or plain,
There stops the traveller awhile,
and eyes it with mournful smile, ..
with muttering lips that seem to say,
'This was the work of Ahalya Bai'

"A Diamond Mine"

Rani Ahalya Bai is a name to conjure with in Malwa and Khandesh. In his poem on her, C. A. Dobson, a teacher of the Maharaja Shiwaji Rao High School, Indore, goes lyrical:

A woman all virtue was ever our
queen,
A gem of the purest splendour serene,
Like a diamond mine was she amid the
rest,
Yet the simplest of the words still describe her the best

In his letter to Harirao Holkar of Indore, dated November 17, 1842, Lord Ellenborough refers to her as "the adored of the people and the best example of rulers".

A QUEEN LOVED BY HER PEOPLE. Ahalyabai was a model ruler who reigned in the Maratha principality of Indore during the turbulent 18th century. Indore was founded by Malhar Rao Holkar (b. 1693), a Subedar of the Peshwas who had been given large territories as a reward for his military services. He was succeeded by his grandson who died childless. On his death Maharani Ahalyabai became the ruler. She was succeeded by her adopted son Tukoji Rao I.

"The history of a nation is the biography of its great men," said Carlyle, meaning thereby that great personages by their acts and good men by their thoughts mould the destiny of a nation.

As Dr Frazer rightly puts it, "With Akbar the Mughal system culminates. His narrow-minded successors sweep all away leaving nothing but chaos behind. The reconstructing force emanated from an unexpected quarter—the Deccan." This reconstructing force, Justice Ranade recalls, was the Maratha movement.

The first phase of the great Maratha movement was represented by the Chhatrapatis and the second by the Peshwas. The Holkars appear on the stage in the second phase. The trophies of war and the triumphs of peace—the two sides of a nation's progress—are properly honoured by the Holkars in the company of other great names.

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A shepherd boy, Malhari, from the obscure village of Hol, in Phaltan taluqa of Satara district, raised himself into a powerful Subedar of Malwa and Khandesh, yielding in the 18th century an annual revenue of Rs 75 lakhs. By 1753, Subedar Malhar Rao had lain his hands to the north of the Narmada, on both sides of the Sahyadri, and had planted his feet firmly in the northern provinces.

In 1754, his only son, the valiant Khanderao, met a hero's death on the battlefield, to the great grief of the father and the lamentations of his young wife, Ahalya. Following the custom of the times, the widow prepared to attain *moksha* with her dead husband, but the entreaties of her aged father-in-law and the needs of the times restrained her from committing *sati*. A new page opened in her life and she lived to be what Joanna Baillie describes:

In better days from Bramha came,
To rule our land a noble dame,
Kind was her heart and bright her fame,
and Ahalya was her name.

Religious Fervour

Little that is trustworthy is known of her life before marriage, except that her father Mankoji Shinde was the village officer of Choundi, in taluqa Ashti, district Beed. Born in 1725, this spirited young girl was spotted by Subedar Malhar Rao at the age of eight and married to his son Khanderao in 1733. In her childhood, Ahalya displayed a strong religious inclination. Under the loving care of her mother-in-law, Gautamabai, who herself was influenced by Swami Brahmendraswami, Ahalya's religious fervour developed to intensity. Dobson writes:

How much can I say of her works and worth?
Wherever a sacred spot lies on the earth,
Count the shelters for saints and poor that then rose.

With the son Khanderao dead in 1754, and the grandson Malerao yet to enter his teens, the Subedar Malhar Rao inducted Ahalyabai in public administration. He chalked out the mode of her training as is evidenced by his several letters to her, now preserved by the Indore State Archives. These letters bear eloquent testimony to the training imparted to this great lady in military affairs, revenue administration, etc. Ahalyabai virtually succeeded Malhar Rao in 1766 and became *de facto* ruler from 1767 when her youthful son Malerao died leaving no other heir in the direct line. She carried out the policy and mission of Subedar Malhar Rao to the best of her ability.

The people saw their noble Dame,
and bade her hail with land and lay acclaim
and in good sooth, to reason cool,
the simplest was the wisest rule.
—Joanna Baillie.

After her son's death, the scheming minister, Gangadhar Yeshwant, pressed upon her to adopt a minor from the Holkar family as the heir, with the intent of usurping the real power and supremacy during the period of regency that would have followed. But the Rani refused to be coerced by the Minister. Gangadhar Yeshwant invoked the aid of the wayward uncle of the Peshwa, Raghoba Dada.

Raghoba appeared near Ujjain, on the banks of the river Sipra, with a force of 50,000 foot and horse. The uncanny wisdom of the Rani led to the raising of a "Regiment of Women". Raghoba, the victor of Punjab, was presented with the impossible situation of having to embark on a discreditable undertaking and face a contingent of martial women. Forced by this unusual circumstance, the otherwise impudent warrior dropped his ill-conceived venture and instead paid a visit of condolence to the bereaved queen mother. Gangadhar Yeshwant was imprisoned at Fort Ankai.

The Queen selected Tukoji—a cousin, and a distinguished commander in Subedar Malhar Rao's army—to bear the titular honours and command the army in the field. Thus commenced a curious partnership which continued uninterrupted for thirty years:

Throughout the long period that intervened between Tukoji's elevation and her death, there never was any serious dispute, much less a rupture, between them. This reflects great credit on both, but perhaps the greatest on Ahalyabai.—Sir John Malcolm.

Inevitably, her rule began with strife and struggle. Madhaosingh, a prince of the Jaipur House, had ceded the Rampura Pargana to Subedar Malhar Rao in 1759, in acknowledgement of past help. The Chandrawats, who were the retinue of Madhaosingh, never took kindly to this arrangement and revolted no sooner the strong arm of Malhar Rao was removed by destiny. Rani Ahalyabai tried to bring about a reconciliation, but the Chandrawats continued to revolt time and again. In the end, the Rani raised a large force and, in the temporary absence of Tukoji, personally remained on and about the field. Complete victory was secured.

Nana Phadnavis, the astute diplomat, at the court in Poona, remarked, "We had heard till this day much of her fame for religious duties and austerities, today we are surprised by the news of her courage and enterprise. Her action has revealed to the world the fact that Maheshwar is the northern gate of the Maratha Empire."

But peace was her policy in the main and that was reflected in her administration of the State. Subedar Malhar Rao had

—Continued

AHALYABAI LIVED HERE—the stately home with Mughal arches and ornate balconies, at Chandwad, where the Queen is believed to have lived for a year. Many ballads have been composed about the Rani who lives in people's memories as a folk heroine.

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created the *Saranjami* system—'Lords of Territory'—on condition of keeping a standing army. Under the strong arm of the Subedar, the system had proved successful. In his times, this body of the 'Lords of Territory' was either in camp with him or in separate camps working under his direction and guidance. By the time Rani Ahalyabai assumed royal powers, the Saranjamdars had acquired high status and ingrained themselves in the administration machinery presided over by the wise and astute Rani.

The Indore State records mention the existence of forty Sardars holding thirty-six *mahals* out of a total of 72 and yielding an annual revenue of Rs 32.5 lakhs. The Rani's selection and treatment of officers showed her sagacity.

Her self sagacious, firm and just,
she put in others generous trust,
and when their merit well was proved,
Her ministers she never removed.

—Joanna Baillie

The Ambassador of the Peshwa mentions, in one of his despatches to Poona, dated 1782, four of the Karbharis (Ministers) as being in charge of the Departments of Khasagi (Personal), Saranjami Mahals, Revenue and Expenditure Departments, but ends up stating that "with all that the final controlling authority is the Devi—nothing important passes without her orders and sanctions." This contemporary evidence from a career diplomat speaks volumes for the Rani's authority and ability.

Bharmal Dada

Of the Saranjamdars, the most picturesque personality was "Bharmal Dada", son of Subedar Malhar Rao by a maidservant, who lived till the ripe age of 98. This venerable and trusted confidant and attendant of the Rani for nearly fifty years held personal charge of the Rani's grandson, Nathyaba Phanse, who, in later years, the Rani had looked upon as the possible successor—but fate decreed otherwise. Bharmal was one of the important sources from whom Sir John Malcolm obtained all the details of the daily life of Rani Ahalya.

The Rani had accredited thirteen ambassadors to the various courts of Rajas and Maharajas of the Deccan and those of Central and North India and had in return received theirs at Maheshwar.

The Holkar records mention seven forts including those of Maheshwar and Chandwad. Chandwad appears to have been relegated to the second place in importance although it was in Subedar Malhar Rao's times the centre of his activities in the Deccan. In later years, it became the seat of the Holkar Mint. The Rangmahal in the Holkarwada even today reflects the glory of the Holkars and was embellished by artists from Jaipur.

The Rani's treasury always flourished despite Tukoji Rao's frequent wars for and on behalf of the Peshwa beyond the confines of the Holkar domain. The annual revenue, which at the death of Malhar Rao stood at Rs 75 lakhs, rose to Rs 105 lakhs under the Rani's tenure. Sir John Malcolm records that though devastating famines

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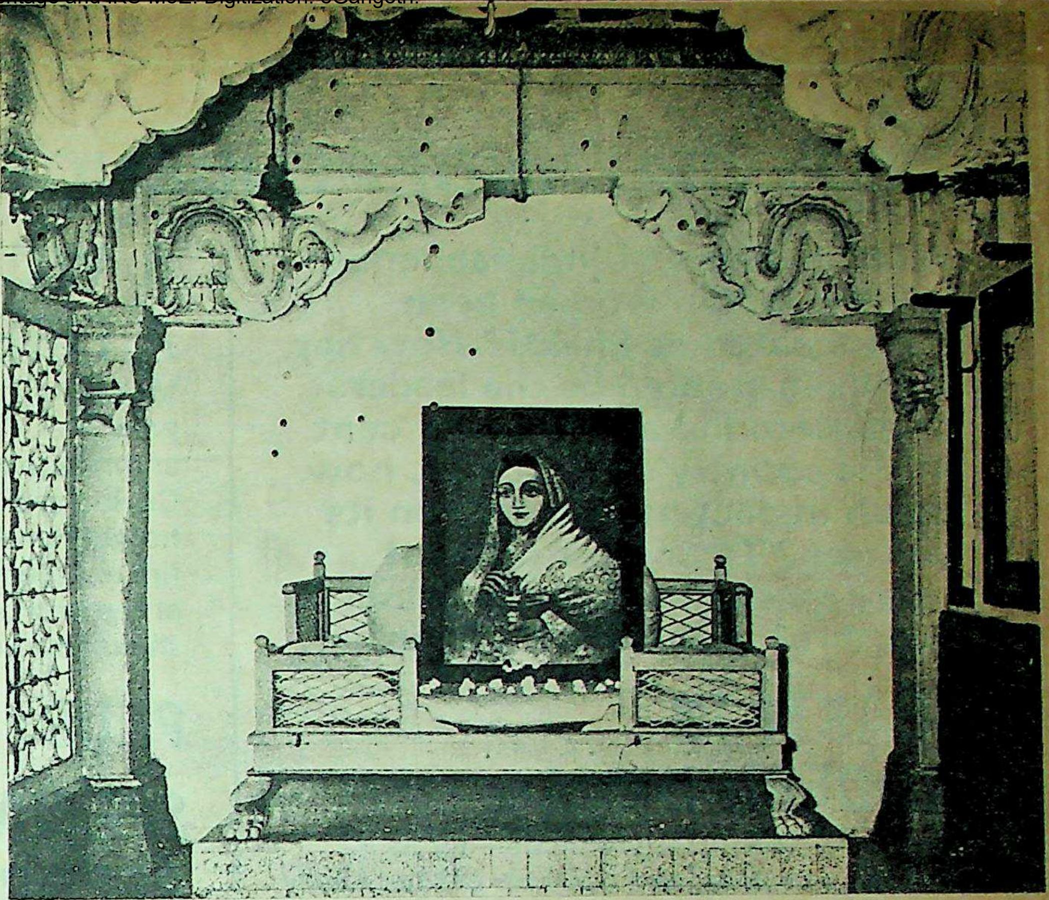
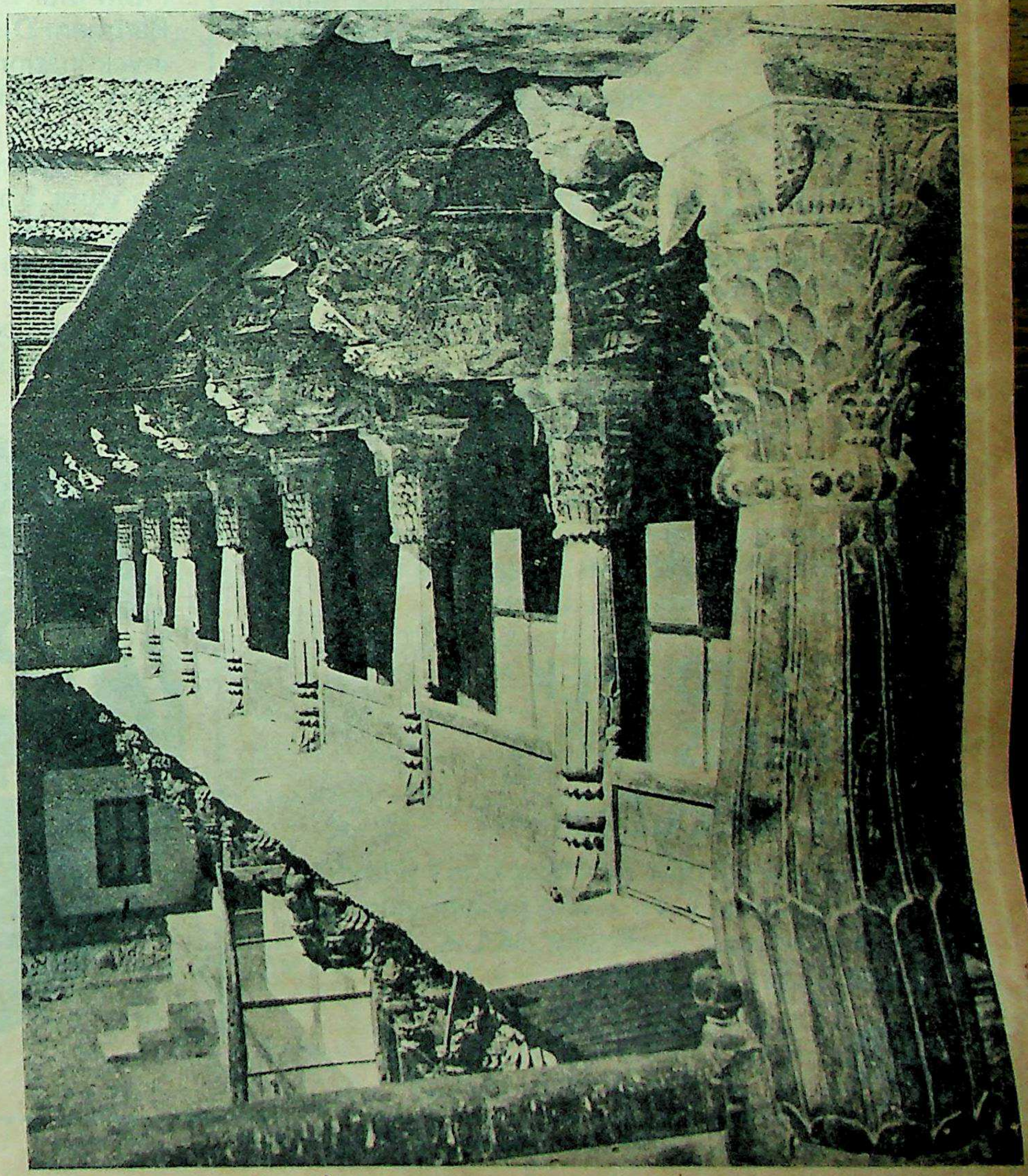


THE MAHARANI'S PORTRAIT is kept on a throne in Rangmahal, Holkarwada, Chandwad. Ahalyabai continues to be a source of inspiration as one of the most remarkable women produced by India in its long and colourful history. Below: Carved columns of Rangmahal.



Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

SPECIAL INDEPENDENCE DAY ISSUE

After 26 years of independence, has the Indian woman been reincarnated as Shakti? How has she been treated by the leaders of modern India? As 50 per cent of the country's electorate, how much impact has she had on its policies? To answer some of these questions, Femina brings you three authoritative articles:

SHAKTI IN MODERN INDIA—

The conception of supreme divinity as a woman, a mother, and a womb did not easily find its place in patriarchal Aryan society. However, in modern times, Shakti, as the embodiment of energy is worshipped by those who seek both pleasure and liberation. SHANTA SERBJEET SINGH discusses the manifestations of Shakti in the modern Indian woman. With beautiful colour photographs.

MODERN INDIAN EMANCIPATORS OF WOMEN:

THEIR CREDOS AND PRACTICE

While Gandhi, Nehru and others were publicly decrying the social injustices to which women were subjected, were they applying the same criteria in their family relationships? SUBHASH KIRPEKAR researches their work and presents his analysis.

HOW TO SEEK REDRESS FROM THE ELECTED—

If you have a civic problem, don't withdraw into passivity. Take action by lobbying with your municipal councillor, M.L.A. or M.P. RANI JETHMALANI tells you how.

A WORLD TOUR IN A FIRE ENGINE—

Muriel Kilvert used to be everything but a wanderer. An Oxonian, a Cordon Bleu cook and headmistress of schools in the Sudan, Ceylon and the U.K., she is now spending her retirement driving around the world in a fire engine. On a recent stop in Bombay at the end of a 17,000-mile journey, she recounted this story.

PLUS:

SPECIAL NEWS REPORTS FROM ALL OVER INDIA—

From Manwat, a small town in the Parbhani District of Maharashtra, an investigation of six successive sex crimes on women; from New Delhi, an investigation of the accident involving the daughter-in-law of Bansi Lal, Chief Minister of Haryana; from Hyderabad, the story of a wife whose husband has been in a coma for 10 years.

And a free colour cookery card to our subscribers in 20 foreign countries.

femina

August 17, 1973

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raged in the peripheral Rajputana and Bundelkhand, Malwa remained singularly free, largely on account of the sound management of land and agriculture by the Rani.

Interesting is the reply given by the Rani to Subedar Tukoji who was keen to implant the Decacn system of land tenure on Malwa. Rejecting the proposal, the Rani refers to the difference in the two systems and decrees: "The Mirasee and Patilki systems had grown with the people of the Deccan; not so in Malwa. The induction of the former in Malwa will spell disaster."

Devotion And Charity

Although Ahalyabai deserves much praise for her capacity as a statesman, the predominant trait in her character was her unflinching devotion to religion. Charity and piety were her other virtues.

Hours snatched from the affairs of state were all given to acts of devotion and charity—a deep sense of religion appears to have strengthened her mind in the performance of worldly charities.

—Sir John Malcolm

Her charities all over India are too well known to need any special mention here. Wherever stand temples and ghats, evidence of her munificence can be found there; these include all the twelve *Jyotirlingas*, *Saptapuris* (Seven Cities), and the *chaturdhamas* (four quarters) looked upon reverentially by the Hindus of all castes and creeds.

Quotes Dobson:

By the soul-cleansing streams bathing
stages were reared,
and the shrines of great Shiva in
hundreds appeared.

For thirty years in power, the Rani remained busy with affairs of state. Her course of life, as Sir John Malcolm comments, "marked by prayer, abstinence and labour knew little variation except what was caused by the occurrence of religious festivals and emergencies of public affairs." Nature is, however, stronger than nurture. Her span of life was approaching its culmination in March 1795, when perhaps for the last time, the Maratha Confederates combined to defeat the powerful Nizam at Kherda.

The Rani's ambassador at the Court of the Peshwa wrote to her: "The next day's Darbar in Holkar Camp was on a very grand scale. The Peshwa was in his best spirits and mood. He presented the Subedar (Tukoji) with a dress of honour, an elephant, a house, a big as well as a small sword, and a necklace." The Subedar returned to Poona in May 1795.

Followed the month of Sravan—a month of feasts and fasts. The Rani was approaching the hour of *nirvana*. Arrangements were all complete for feeding twelve thousand people. All gifts and donations prescribed for the *sadgati* of the passing soul were distributed. This great lady, who earned a place for herself in the history of India by her wise statesmanship, passed away on August 13, 1795, with her mind concentrated on the lotus feet of Sri Shankar.

H. H. MAHARAJDHIRAJ RAJ RAJESHWAR SAWAI SHREE YESHWANT RAO HOLKAR BAHADUR. His State was merged in the Union during his Highness's lifetime. The Maharaja had kept up the long tradition of good government begun by Ahalyabai.

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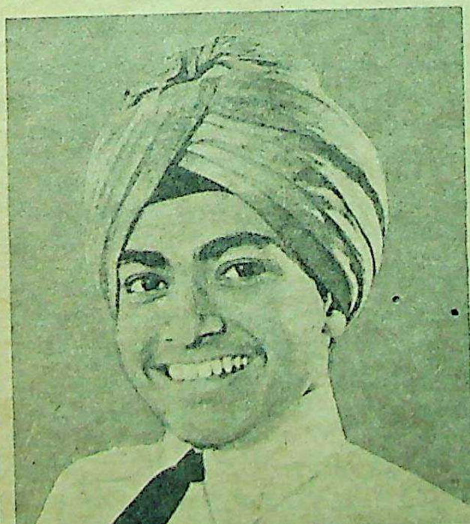
Tony Khurana....won the prize for the best all-round student after following the Memorex course.



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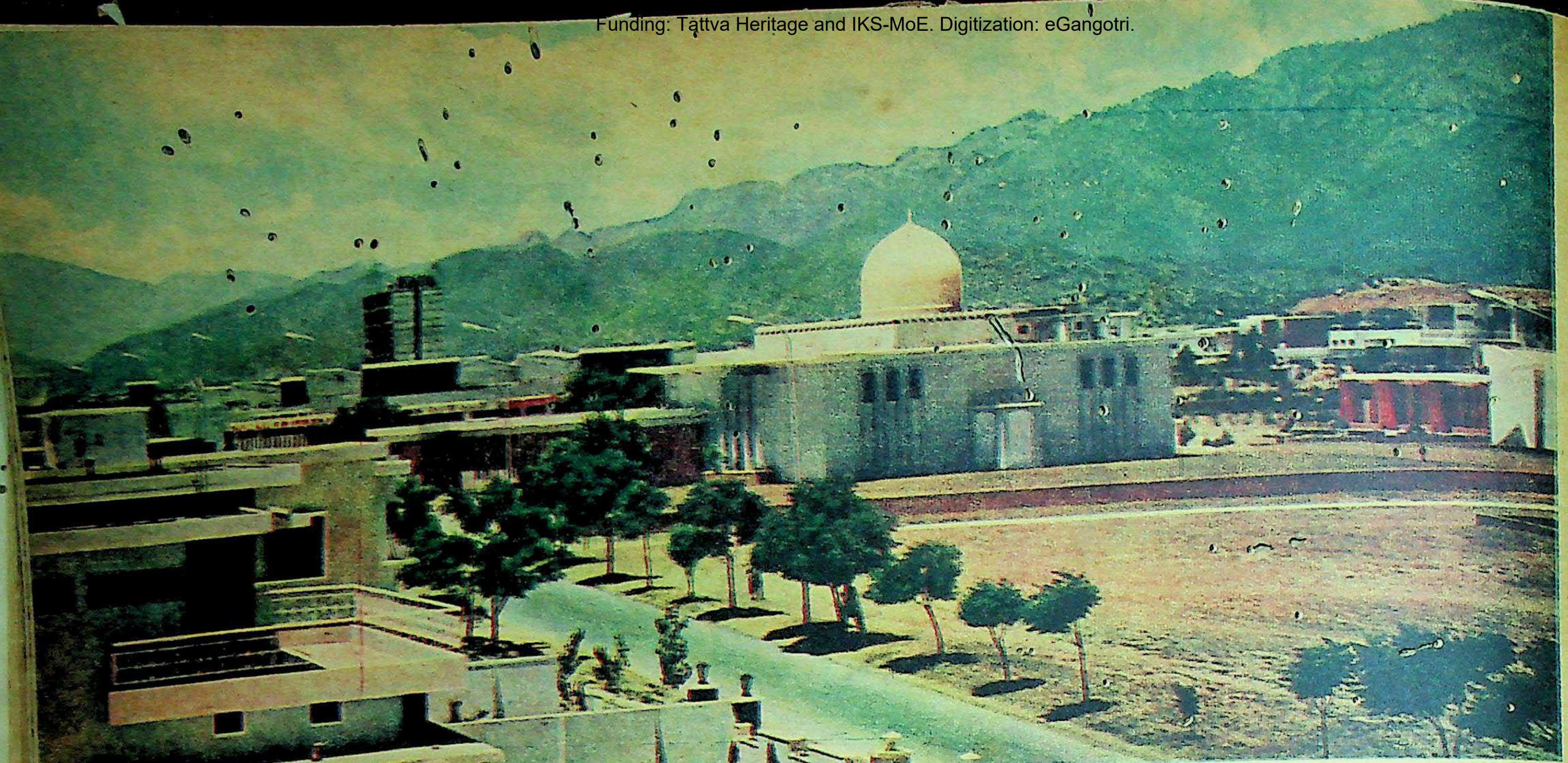
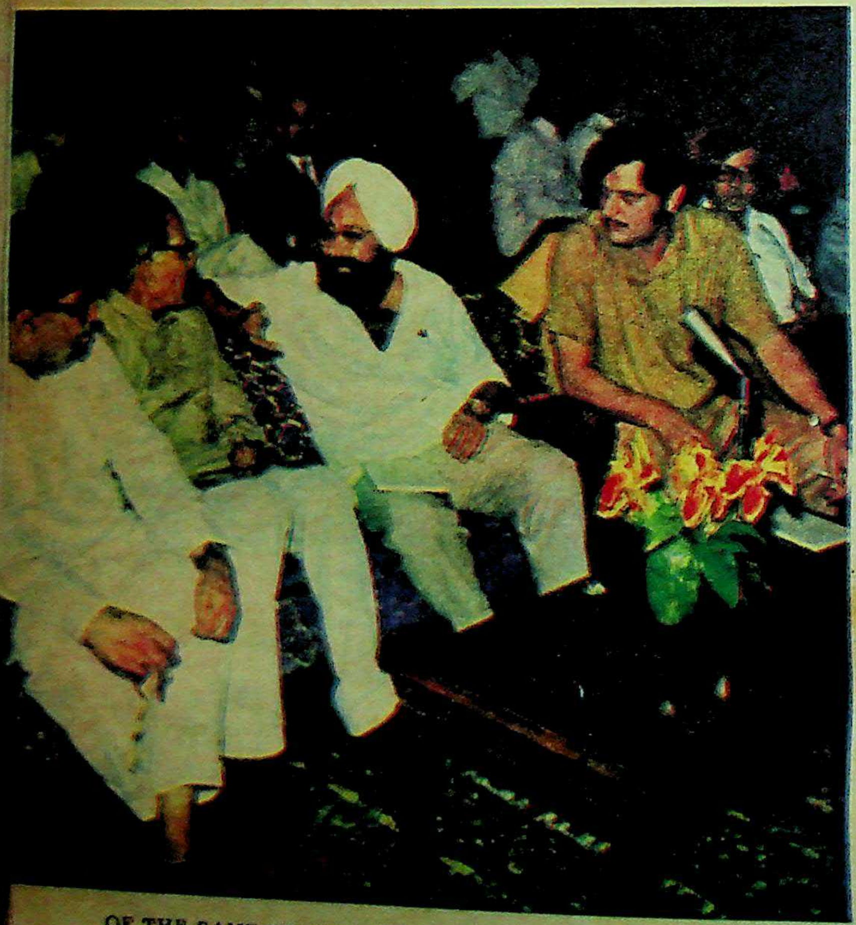


A CAPITAL PLAN. *The Pakistan Government shifted its headquarters to the city of Islamabad in 1967. The new capital is separated from the old—Rawalpindi—by a green belt. Its master planner, Greek architect Doxiadis, conceived Islamabad as a dynamic city, coining the term "Dynapolis" for it. Great stress has been laid on landscaping and over two million ornamental trees were planted. The new city looks like Chandigarh, with the same range of mountains to serve as a backdrop and the same kind of houses. Public buildings are of massive proportions. The President's mansion, still under construction, is going to be as big as Buckingham Palace.*

Inside Pakistan Today



OF THE SAME FRATERNITY. *The "Weekly" Editor meets the press in Karachi. Like everyone else in Pakistan, they bullied him on the Prisoners of War issue. "When are you sending back our 93,000 men, women and children?" was the refrain throughout his five-day stay.*

by Khushwant Singh

"Mr Bhutto will keep you as a hostage till Mrs Gandhi agrees to release the prisoners of war," said a friend somewhat in his cups. "On the contrary that is just what Mrs Gandhi may be waiting for!" exclaimed another. "She may well offer to release the POWs provided President Bhutto promises to keep you permanently in Mianwali gaol."

My friends also seemed anxious about my visit.

"You, with your turban and beard, will stand out as a sore thumb. They are a defeated people—they must be bitter and angry. And with all the Hate-India campaign there, you won't be safe."

"I don't have to worry," I said, "I am going on a Haj (pilgrimage) to Pakistan." And I meant it.

After five memorable days—in which I packed exclusive interviews with the President, Army Chief General Tikka Khan, thousands of miles of travel, lots of talk and conviviality with old friends—I am back in Bharat. And not a hair in my beard is out of place.

KARACHI is barely an hour's flight from Bombay; the people, the buildings, the landscape, the atmosphere are no different. I emerge from the aircraft at 5 a.m. Bulbous clouds float about in a clear morning sky. It has just stopped raining; everything looks washed and clean. Koels scream in the dark foliage. In my half awake

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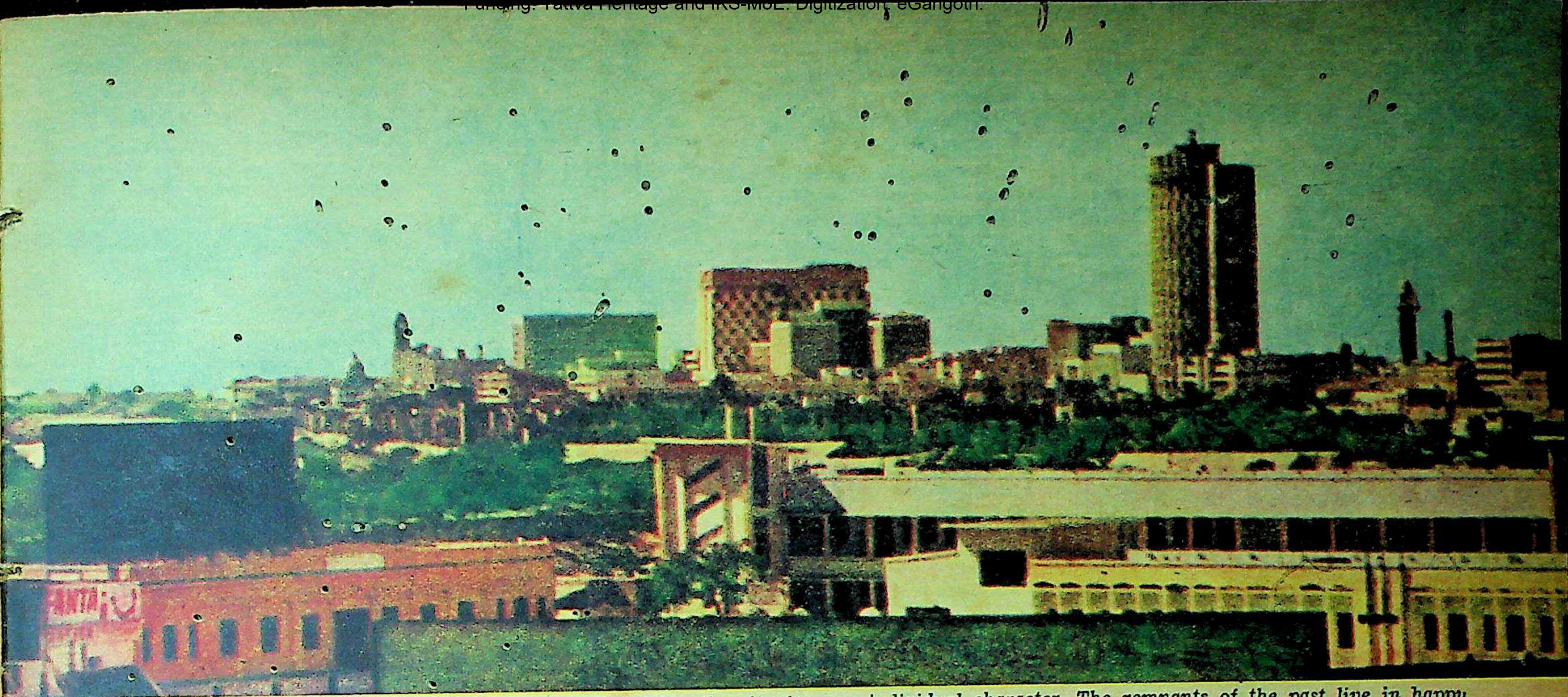
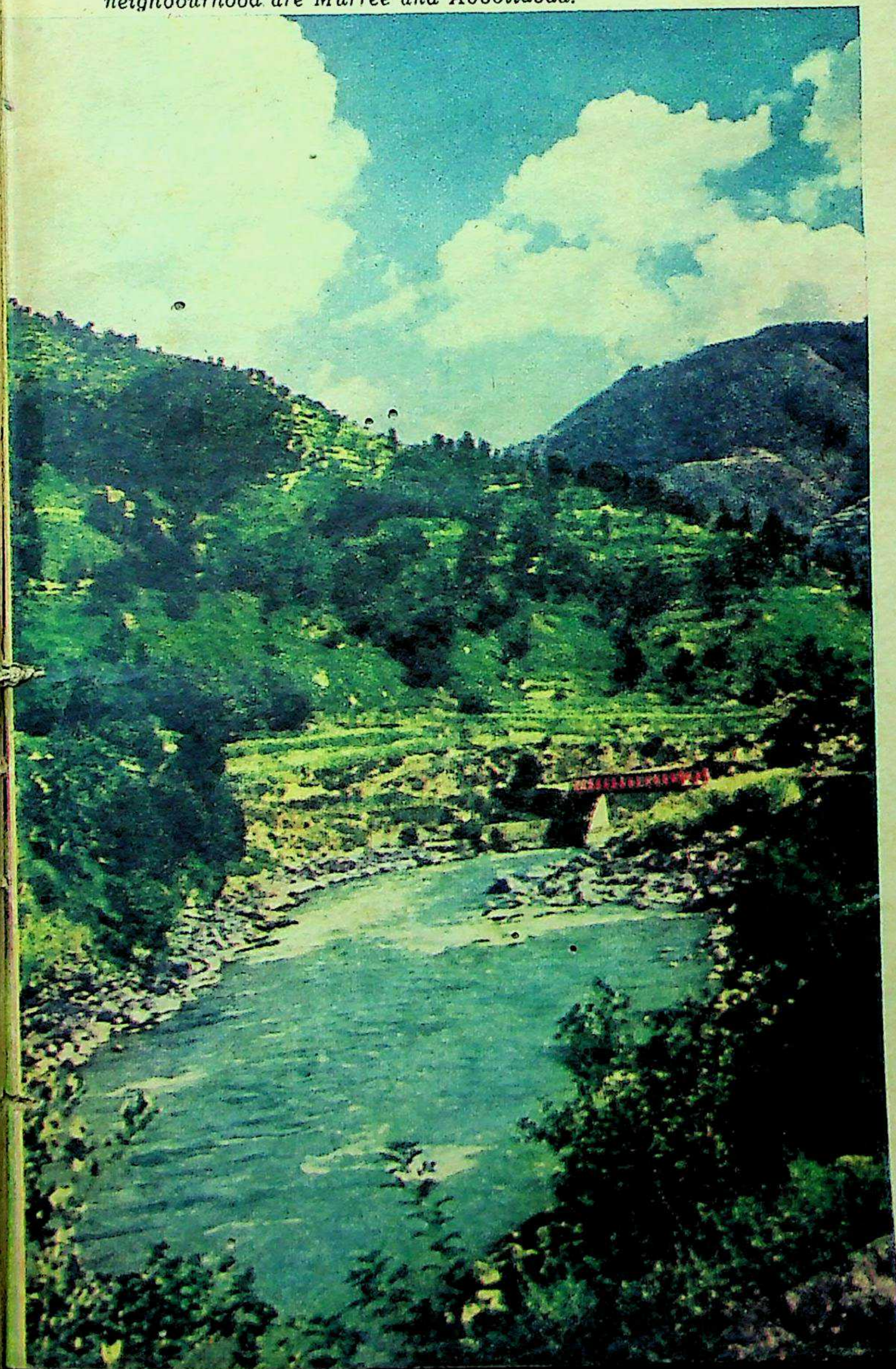


THE PAST JOSTLES THE PRESENT IN KARACHI, *giving the city its own individual character. The remnants of the past live in happy coexistence with modern giants of concrete and steel. The population has swelled from 3.5 lakhs in 1947 to approximately 3.5 million today.*

MOUNTAINS OF MIST. *The hills of Nathiagali are breathtakingly beautiful. On a clear day you can get an excellent view of Nanga Parbat (26,180 ft) from this resort. Other popular hill-stations in the neighbourhood are Murree and Abbottabad.*



"THE SIKH HAS BECOME AN ODDITY IN PAKISTAN." *Sikh shrines are well looked after, but besides the caretakers there are few left to offer prayers to these temples and tombs. However, a trickle of pilgrims continues to flow in from the Pakhtoon areas and Swat.*

IN STEP WITH PROGRESS. *Though the burqa is more in evidence here than among Muslims in India, Pakistani women have been fairly liberated. Legislation has made it easier for a wife to obtain divorce and almost impossible for a man to marry more than one w[illegible]an.*

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

state I cannot believe I am in a foreign country. The realisation dawns later when I am in my hotel room trying to catch up with the lost sleep. I am awakened by a splutter of motor scooters.

FIRST DAY

I switch on the radio. Instead of hearing speeches of Indiraji and veiled innuendoes against Bhutto (All India Radio), I hear Bhutto Saheb extolled and Indiraji denigrated (Radio Pakistan). The morning papers, *The Sun* and *The Dawn*, have thick black headlines on the shooting of three more POWs. The most widely circulating *Jung* describes Mrs Gandhi as a "Lady Killer". The remaining six pages of the journal are devoted to the text of President Bhutto's speech in the National Assembly.

It is full of eloquent rhetoric. He flays the opposition for having at some remote past shouted *Zindabads* to Gandhi, Nehru, Bose and for recently adding Arora (General Jagjit Singh) to their list of heroes. How can any Muslim be so base as to allow Muslim Bengal to be Hinduised? asks President Bhutto. The appeal to Islamic ethics runs as a refrain throughout his speech.

I realise I am at the eastern tip of the Islamic crescent moon which curves across the Middle East to the Maghreb (West) on the Atlantic. Muslim countries like Bangladesh, Malaysia and Indonesia seem to be beyond the Islamic pale.

IT COULD BE INDIA. A bazar—like the people—looks the same on either side of the border. This photograph was taken in one of the older quarters of Islamabad. The new capital is only seven miles from the former First City, Rawalpindi.

Nondescript

I take a quick shower and step into Pakistan. Karachi is a big city with a population of nearly four million. It sprawls over a pancake flat terrain. After the teeming crowds in our cities, the streets of Karachi look deserted. Its roads are broad, the bazar nondescript consisting of a succession of little shops crammed with shoddy *bric-a-brac.*

I spend the morning going round the bookstores looking for literature on Iqbal, contemporary writers and poets and on the confrontations with India. There is very little and that too badly printed. The only worthwhile purchase is General Muqeem Khan's version of why Pakistan lost the 1971 war.

The Sikh has become an oddity. People point me out to their friends. Wherever I stop a crowd collects. They are curious but never unfriendly. Shopkeepers press Cokes and "7-Ups" on me; strangers greet me with Sat Sri Akal. In the Hotel Intercontinental, waiters serve me double portions so I am with them longer to talk to them. The one question everyone asks is, "When are you going to release our Prisoners of War?"

A gentleman who seems well oiled stops by my table, peers uncomprehendingly into my face and remarks, "Well, well, well! A Sikh—from nowhere! Swat? East Africa?"

I stand up to take his proferred hand and reply, "No, from India."

"India?" he shouts in disbelief. "Who the devil let you in?"

"Your Government."

"Good show! When are you going to return our people to us?"

"Mr President, Sir"

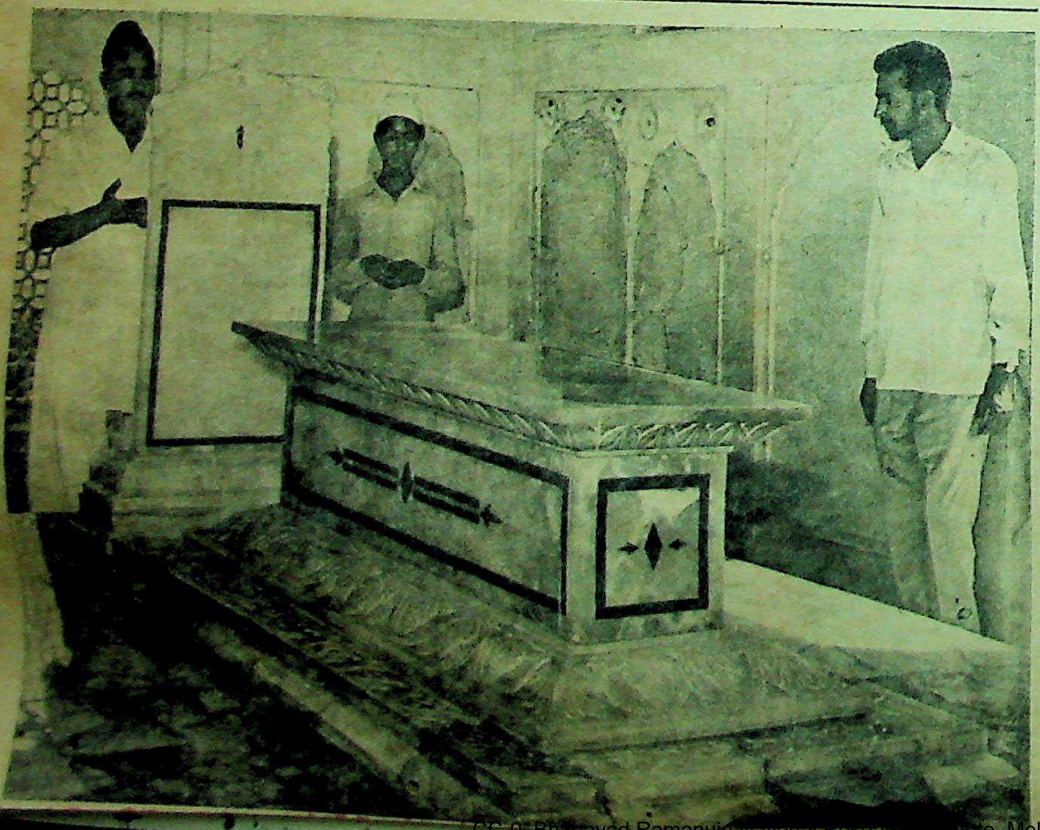
In the evening I have my scheduled meeting with the President. It goes very well. He is an excellent talker. I have one hour of tete-a-tete uninterrupted by telephone calls, visitors or flunkeys. He gives me a personal message for my Prime Minister. I feel very elated.

Later I go to his press conference on the lawns of the residence of the Chief Minister of Sind. There is the usual paraphernalia of microphones, television cameras, arc lamps and pressmen with notebooks. I run into many friends—Pasha and Kutub who were in Delhi for many years; and Yunus Saeed, a passionate Bhutto supporter who is now director of some kind of Book Trust.

It begins to drizzle. No one minds a few drops but, by the time the President makes his appearance, the drops turn into a regular shower. We are about to get up and go indoors when Bhutto Saheb strides in and takes his seat in front of the microphones. He looks up angrily at the clouds. It stops raining.

SECOND DAY

I take my first ride on a Pakistan International Airlines plane. Everything looks Indian except the uniforms of the air hostesses and the Urdu and the Bengali writing on the panels exhorting me to fasten my seat-belt and refrain from smoking.



A POET'S TOMB. Iqbal's mausoleum at the foot of the Badshahi Mosque, Lahore, is made of beautiful alabaster. There is a constant stream of visitors who recite the fateha. The poet was one of the founding fathers of Pakistan. Iqbal died in 1938.

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The voice over the speaker system assures me in impeccable Urdu that Inshallah (if God wills) I should be in Islamabad in an hour and a half.

Other passengers are curious about me. One man takes courage to ask me who I am and what I am doing in Pakistan. Very soon I am ringed in by men and women asking me all kinds of questions on Indo-Pak relations. **Not one unfriendly word, not a remote suggestion that they will take us on again. On the contrary, one after another they ask, "Don't you think we've had enough? Why can't we be friends?" And at the end of every dialogue is the refrain, "Why are you holding our men in gaol?"**

Allah wills it and we are in Islamabad on schedule. My friend Manzur Qadir—once Foreign Minister in President Ayub Khan's Government and, for the last 30 years, Pakistan's leading lawyer—is there with his son Basharat to welcome me. We persuade the officials to leave us alone.

We drive around Islamabad. It looks like a replica of Chandigarh with the same range of mountains to serve as a backdrop, the same kind of uneven terrain with wide roads lined with ailanthus and bauhinia, and the same kind of houses (Chandigarh's are better designed, Islamabad's more spacious). Public buildings are of massive proportions; the President's mansion still under construction is going to be as big as Buckingham Palace. **There are even fewer signs of the socialistic pattern of living in Muslim Socialist Islamabad than there are in Gandhian Socialist New Delhi.**

After a hurried lunch with officials and local pressmen we drive away into the mountains. There is a lot of traffic on the road. I note all the cars are foreign: Toyotas, Opels, Mercedes, Volkswagens, Chevrolets. **Pakistan has yet to start an automobile industry of its own. They cannot even make scooters. How in the name of all that is unholy can they hope to take on a country like India, which is manufacturing three varieties of cars, its own supersonic jet aircraft, armoured tanks and frigates!** I expel ugly thoughts of war from my mind, inhale the pure scented air and let the names of towns bring back happier memories of past days: Ghoragali, Dungagali, Murree, Abbottabad —and finally our destination Nathiagali.

Auld Lang Syne

There is a reunion of old friends, introductions to their grown-up children, their wives and grandchildren. Lots of embracing, tears and bawdiness. Apart from the Manzur Qadirs, there is his brother-in-law Arshad Hussain, once High Commissioner in Delhi, Mazhar Ali Khan, at one time editor of *Pakistan Times*, and his beautiful wife Tahira (daughter of Sir Sikandar Hyat Khan, mother of the firebrand Tariq Ali) and an old lawyer friend Mohammad Anwar, a prominent member of the anti-Bhutto *Tehrik-e-Istiqlal*. Anwar lost his brother in the 1965 war and thereafter renounced whisky and carried "Crush India" stickers on his car. All he does now is to crush me in a bear hug and recite some Punjabi doggerel. We talk late into the night with only I breaking the provincial law against prohibition. When we finally retire, the bottle of Scotch is still almost full but I am drained of all my words.

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS. Jams are the bane of Karachi's motorists. The city has a head-splitting traffic problem—there are now approximately 1,30,000 vehicles here, as compared to 2,500 in 1947. In comparison there are 1,80,000 in Bombay. A large number of foreign makes are seen on Pakistani roads—the country manufactures no cars of its own.

THIRD DAY

Next morning I find the bottle almost empty. Which of the devout Muslims or their Begums have been at it? Anwar recounts an anecdote. A Pakistani Wog suspected his cook-bearer of dipping into his sherry. To teach the servant a lesson against stealing liquor the Saheb filled the bottle with piss. To his amazement the level of the piss in the bottle also continued to fall. He asked his servant for an explanation. "Saheb, I am a good Mussalman. I never touch liquor," protested the cook-bearer.

"Can you then explain why the level in the bottle drops?" asked the Saheb.

"Yes, sir," came the reply, "I always put two glassfuls in your soup."

Mazhar and Tahira take me for a walk. The road is muddy. Mist floats about among the rain-soaked fir and pine. They assure me that on clear days they get an excellent view of Nanga Parbat. We climb up the hill towards a forest rest-house. A young lad comes running down the lawn and tells us not to go any further—there are purdah ladies in the bungalow.

It takes me back 30 years. I also realise that burqas are much more in evidence in Pakistan than they are among the Muslims in India. And yet Pakistan has laws which make it almost impossible for a man to take more than one wife and have made it easier for a woman to obtain divorce. Our Muslims refuse to allow any changes in the Shariat Law.

We end the morning at the Nathiagali club. I play table tennis with the youngsters. They ask me if I know Bishen Singh Bedi. We have a verbal wrangle on an India versus Pakistan Test Match. I concede The Ashes to Pakistan; they generously give the series to India.

Once more we drive along the same mountain road. We deposit Begum Manzur Qadir at a wayside campus where she is to preside over a family planning seminar.

My first engagement is with General Tikka Khan. He had been reluctant to see me till Manzur Qadir had assured him that I was a friend of the Muslims and Pakistan. No one is as bad as he is made out to be and we had made the General into an ogre, the "Butcher of Bangladesh" and the "Butcher of Baluchistan". It came as a surprise to me to find out that he is held in great esteem in Pakistan, respected as a God-fearing Muslim enjoying almost a film star's popularity among his troops.

Tikka Khan fills me with lots of tea and information on how he suppressed the rebellion in East Pakistan and why the Pakistanis lost the war. He had many sarcastic things to say about All India Radio and the Indian press. I will tell you of my hour and a half with the General in a later issue.

A Mother's Anguish

I was an hour late for my meeting with the families of POWs. I wish I had never gone. Their shrill voices and their sobbing still echo in my ears. "Indira Gandhi is herself a mother; how would she feel if both her sons were held in a Pakistani gaol? 93,000 of our sons are behind Indian bars." I feel very apologetic and give them my word that I will continue to do my best to expedite the release of their men.

My last engagement of the day is with my old friend and idol, the great Faiz Ahmed Faiz. He has a beautiful home full of flowers, pictures and lovely people. Good

—Continued

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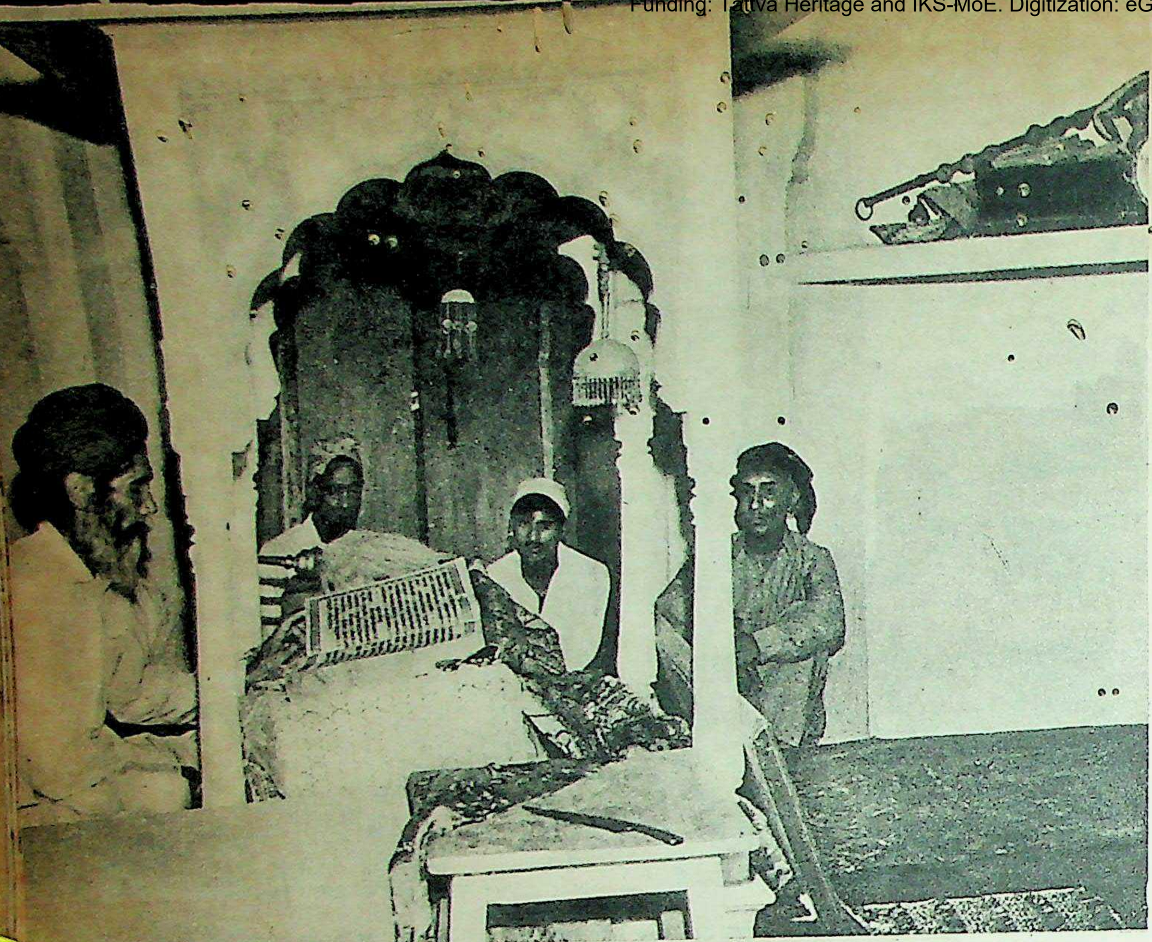

BIRTHPLACE OF GURU NANAK. At this spot the founder of the Sikh faith was born in 1469. At one time it was the most important place of pilgrimage for the Sikhs. Today only two priests, Manek Singh and Partap Singh (seen reading the Granth Saheb), and their families live here. Pilgrims from Afghanistan and Swat are known to visit the shrine regularly.

Scotch is served by dainty hands and Faiz's Scot wife, Alice, lays out the dinner table. Faiz is, as usual, very reticent. **He had read our articles on Bangladesh and remarks somewhat wryly, "'Why is Faiz silent?' (the headline of one of our articles). Faiz was not silent. But under a martial law regime voices of protest are seldom heard beyond prison walls."**

A girl who needled me all evening on the subject of POWs makes up by insisting that I hear her sing one of Faiz's lyrics. Her voice is as lovely as her face. Faiz listens in embarrassed silence while I record the song. When it is finished, the girl says, "You are Punjabi, let me sing you another song in your mother tongue." This time it is Amrita Pritam's immortal lament appealing to Waris Shah to cease the feuding between Muslim Punjabis and Punjabi Sikhs.

FOURTH DAY

I arrive in my beloved city of Lahore, where I lived for many years. The first object which catches my eye as we are taxiing towards the airport is the burnt-out Indian Airlines Fokker Friendship which set our two countries on the collision course. I wish the Pakistanis had the common sense to put the debris out of view.

However, they receive me as the prodigal son come home—with garlands, bouquets and explosions of camera bulbs. Even the teenage girl doing up my room in the hotel delivers a neat little speech of welcome. Then Satnam Mahmud Ali bursts in like an impatient hurricane and clings to me. I can feel the volcanic eruption of sobs that well up in her bosom.

Tragedy

Satnam's life is rich material for a story of the genre of Manto's epic *Toba Tek Singh*. Satnam's father was the eminent Sikh journalist Charan Singh Shaheed, her mother a Muslim. Satnam, though brought up as an orthodox Sikh, married a Muslim, Nawabzada Mahmud Ali Khan (nephew of Sir Sikandar Hyat Khan and elder brother of Mazhar). On Partition, she and her family decided to stay on in Lahore and, despite the fierce resentment against Sikhs at the time, truculently proclaimed her Sikhism and continued to be the only Sikh in the employ of the Pakistan Government.

When Mahmud suddenly died ten years ago her friends tried to persuade her to migrate to India where her mother, sisters and

GURU ARJUN'S "DERA SAHEB" in Lahore, where the fifth of the Sikhs' ten Gurus was martyred. This historic shrine, like all others, is looked after by the Evacuee Trust Property Board of the Government of Pakistan. S. Asad Ali (left) is Assistant Secretary and Chaudhury Mohammed Sadiq is in charge of repairs and maintenance. In the centre is Giani Hari Singh, priest of the temple and member of the Board.

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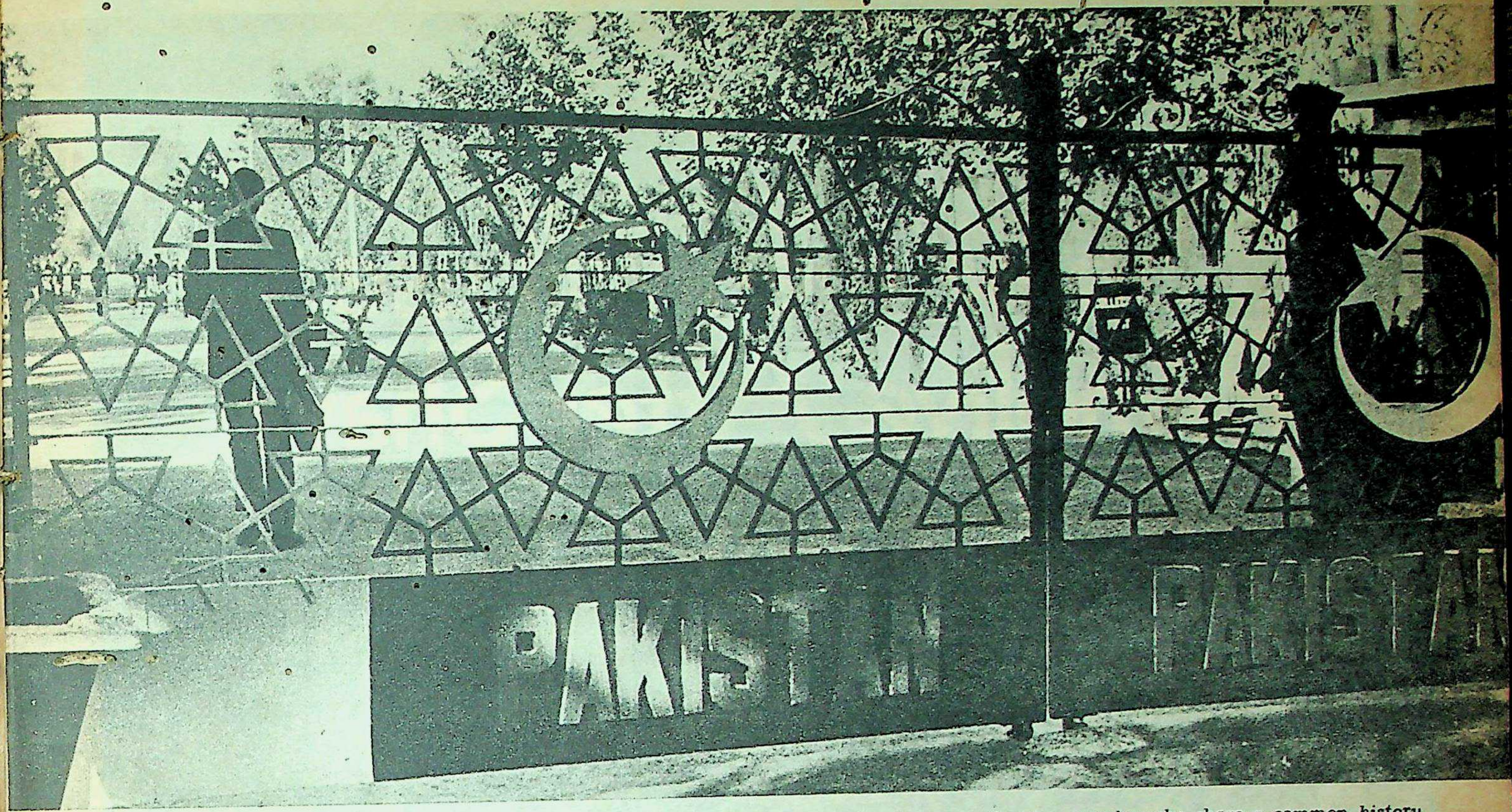

THE DIVIDING LINE. The India-Pakistan border post at Wagah has become a barrier separating two peoples who share a common history and heritage. Wagah is today associated mainly with the exchange of Prisoners of War. It was here that Indian troops crossed into the Lahore Sector in the 1965 *confrontation.*

brothers (one an officer in the Indian Army) were living. She refused to give up her Pakistani nationality and, though herself a Sikh, brought up her three daughters as good Muslims. Her only real contact with her family was her mother who, when the two Governments permitted, travelled between Amritsar and Lahore.

Two years ago her mother was taken ill in Lahore and died. Her body was brought to the Indo-Pak border. Satnam was not allowed to meet her brothers and sisters assembled on the other side of the barbed wires. The brothers and sisters looked helplessly at each other and cried. The corpse had to be identified by an official in no-man's land and handed over by the Pakistani border police to the Indian officials and then cremated by Sikh rites in Amritsar.

Old Haunts

It is desperately hot and humid. Nevertheless I have promises to keep. The Pakistanis want me to visit Sikh shrines and see for myself how well they are looked after. We drive along the Mall. They have built a beautiful little marble mosque commemorating the dead in the Indo-Pak war of 1965. We go past my old haunts: the High Court, Kim's Gun, Government College, the Eiffel Tower-like memorial marking the site where the Pakistan resolution was passed, across the muddy waters of the Ravi, past Jehangir's tomb and out into the open countryside.

Once again the slow pace of Pakistan's industrial development strikes me. The approach to every Indian city is lined with avenues of factory chimneys. Going out of Lahore I see nothing bigger than small foundries, iron-smithies and only one large fertiliser plant. The stress continues to be on agriculture. I see tracts growing jute (unknown in the Punjab till last year) and orchards of Malta and the hybrid Keenoo oranges. And so to Nanakana Saheb.

Yes, it is well maintained. There is no great problem keeping it clean because there are no Sikh pilgrims except on the Guru's birth anniversaries. There are two priests—one has never left Nanakana and the other has been sent by the Shiromani Gurdwara Prabandhak Committee from Amritsar. A Sikh peasant cultivates the Gurdwara lands. There are a couple of pilgrims from Swat and Kabul. I am told that in many villages in Pakistan families of Sikhs—farmers and tradesmen—still remain. Nanakana has a girls' college named after the Guru: all the staff and students are Muslims. They also have a small museum. Pakistani Gurdwaras are looked after by the Waqf Board represented by two dedicated Muslim officials (oddly enough more devout in the observance of Sikh ritual than Satnam or I) and the Sikh priest of the Dera Saheb Gurdwara in Lahore.

We drive back through the sweltering heat stopping twice to slake our thirst with "7-Ups" and Cokes.

In the evening the Chief Minister of Punjab has a small dinner party for me. I discover he is related to our film star Begum Para (so is the Law Minister, Hafeez Peezada). Sitting next to me is another youthful Minister, Haneef Ramay (Finance). I ask him about the condition of Bengalis in Pakistan. Everyone joins in the discussion. They insist there has been no case of violence against Bengalis. Except for military personnel confined to cantonments, Bengalis move about freely everywhere. Bengali chefs and waiters are hauled up from the Intercontinental kitchen and presented to me for questioning. No sooner do I accept their word than they switch on to the plight of the Biharis in Bangladesh.

No Reprisals

I tell them they are misinformed about the Biharis in Bangladesh. I have seen Bihari shops open in Dacca and Bihari concentrations in suburbs like Mohammedpur now completely free of fear of reprisals. We decide that hereafter we will take everything we read in the papers with a handful of Pakistani salt.

I bid Lahore a tearful farewell. In the airport lounge I run into Sir Khizr Hayat Tiwana, once Chief Minister of United Punjab. He has become very frail but has not lost any of his Bourbon-nosed aristocratic dignity or his Punjabi *bonhomie.* He reels off a list of names of his Indian friends to whom I must carry his greetings.

I find myself in Karachi's Intercontinental once again. Since the morning papers have carried my pictures, friends and friends of friends who had not known of my presence in their country catch up on me. First comes Farooq Garib who in a few years has built himself into a sizable industrialist. He is a Memon and

—Continued

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Memons and money go together. He is full of praise for Bhutto. **"We business people were very apprehensive of his socialist pro-labour policies. He gave everything the trade unions wanted. But having conceded their demands he told them bluntly: 'Now get on with the work. If you go on strike, I'll flog you with a danda.' There have been no strikes since then."**

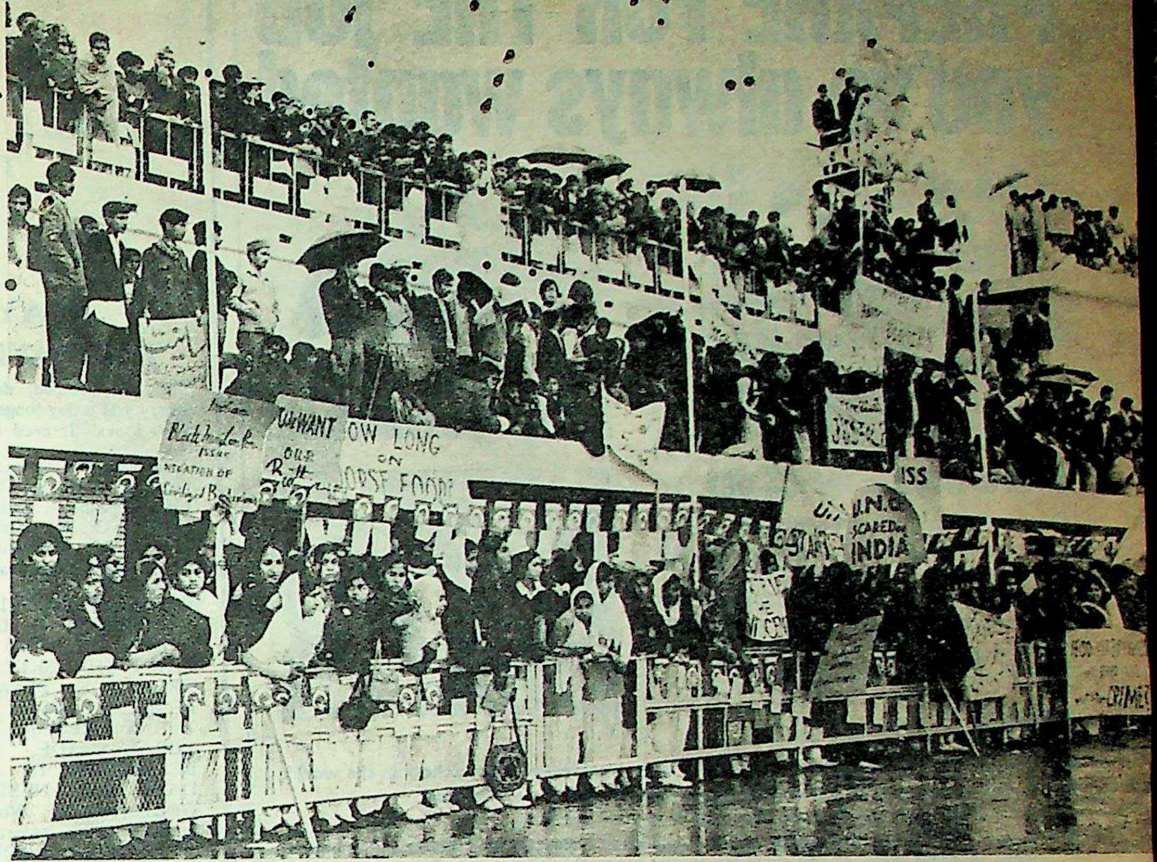
At night my friend from college days Rashid Ahmed (retired Director-General, Radio Pakistan) and his wife Zeenat throw a large dinner party for me. Once again there are tearful reunions and enquiries about mutual friends separated by frontiers of misunderstanding and hate.

Misinformation

For a brief while I allow myself to be drawn into argument about the hijacking of our Fokker Friendship. I am appalled to find intelligent people like Yunus Saeed really believing that the hijackers were Indian agents and the entire episode was manoeuvred by us to stop overflights to East Pakistan and so add to the difficulties of transporting troops. I tell them angrily that they are nutty. The debate becomes acrimonious. Our hostess relieves the tension by announcing that dinner is served.

Back in the hotel, a dark, slim youngster grabs me by the arm and drags me into the bar. "I will not allow an Indian to leave Pakistan without having a drink with me," he says "To India." I am compelled to take a double Drambuie. Then another. The third one I quietly pour down on the carpet. A fourth one is ordered.

This young man belongs to one of the 22 families who are said to own most of the wealth of Pakistan. He is known to run a bill of several thousand rupees at the bar every month. He is drunk and maudlin. He expresses his affection for India by planting kisses on my beard. It is 2 a.m. My patience runs out and I sternly ask permission to retire. The young man becomes very truculent. "Who the hell do you think you are? I can inscribe names of chaps like you on my...." I ask him whether he will use a ball-point pen to do so. He doesn't catch my *double entendre* but staggers up to the bar to get another drink. I slip out and run back to my room.



"GIVE US BACK OUR MEN." A mammoth demonstration of wives and children of Pakistani Prisoners of War greets Kurt Waldheim, UN Secretary-General, at Islamabad airport. Despite assurances by Red Cross International that the POWs are well looked after, most Pakistanis believe they are maltreated. One poster reads: "How Long On Horse Food?"

The last morning is packed with engagements. An interview with Radio Pakistan, a meeting at the Press Club where once again I am needled into a passionate defence of the Indian point of view and finally a television appearance where I make a miserable showing of my Urdu.

The Indo-Pak Friendship Society have a coffee party for me. The President is a comely lady, Professor Imam, who has taught Urdu in Peking University. She lets loose a flood of impassioned oratory on how she will mingle the waters of the Ganges with those of the Ravi and get Faiz and Josh to embrace Qurratulain Hyder and Amrita Pritam. She reels off the names of Ali Sardar Jafri, Rajinder Singh Bedi, Kaifi Azmi, Ismat Chughtai, Krishan Chandar.

I have barely time to catch my plane. My friend Rashid Ahmed (once of Pakistan Tobacco Company) drives me to the airport in his air-conditioned car. All passport, customs and security formalities are dispensed with and I am whisked to the aircraft.

I am hot, tired, and thirsty. I press the service bell and ask the air hostess to get me a glass of chilled beer.

"Sorry, Sir, we do not serve any alcohol on Saudi Arabian Airlines. But I can give you a glass of Pakistani Keenoo juice." I accept the offer. The cool liquid tastes like the waters of *zam zam*.

I raise my glass and drink a solitary toast to Indo-Pak friendship.

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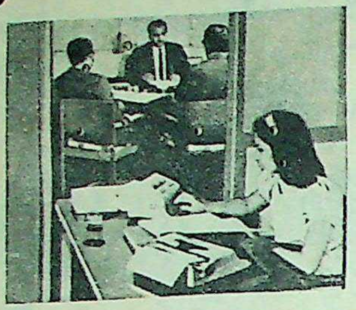

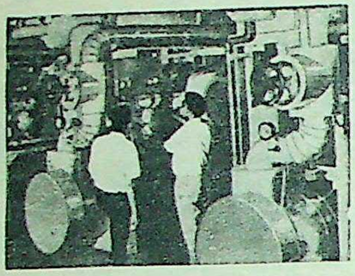

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LAHORE LOVE SONGS

The General

I know the cheering of frightened people.
I know the salutes of dying men.
Medals and skeletons on my breast
I cannot see a birth again. But afraid
And trapped by fear, frozen into position,
I shake my fist, wag my finger, blindfold
Half my nation.

I have sterilised the written word and
Castrated imported opinion.
Let my people live contentedly,
Never shaking hands with corpses.
Fearing only foreigners,
Needing me.

Like a madonna I have cradled them.
It pleased me to think I suckled them, till
now
This terror bites my breast. Rigid,
I pat and pacify the limbs
Which hang upon my arms —
Or do I hang on them?

The female rabbit, gaping-mouthed, devours
her young.
In my belly we are warm.

The President Prepares to Speak

Palm trees rise to the morning sky.
Their heads burst, ridiculous.
At the first touch of blue.

Coming into the city
I knew exactly what I wanted
To say: cool words and reason would be
The order of the day—
An oration not too far beyond
The comprehension of the masses,
To secure the sympathy of
All classes and kinds of people
Inside the country
And, perhaps, out.

But passing these trees I see myself
And recognise (with pride) my own
absurdities—
The absurdity of every man
In this unpatterned world.
I strike the philosophic stance.

My head breaks into infinite sky.
My head is fronds of palm.
Blue air flutters on my cheek.
Other men's breath roosts on my neck.
Their beaks are at my eyes.
I'll make a variation in the dance.

I'll tell them
Yesterday's sentiments were wrong
Or inappropriate (avoid the moral
implication).
Change the words. They can be changed
When every order hangs on chance.

Crawling

The road stretches straight to Lahore,
Fat and deep with trees
Through our flat, familiar land.
Wide plains spill to the ends of our earth,
High fields of maize, tender stalks of rice,
Pattern of leaf on leaf throws shade
Upon our watchful tanks which crouch
Along the green cocoon.
Our people are contained here:
Turbaned farmers of the Punjab, eyes silent,
Driving lumbering buffaloes unhurriedly by;
Bicycle-loads of machine men, waving their
way
From villages to towns; women veiled
With speaking hands.
This is the known, the accustomed route
That carries them from day to day.
And what more need they know?

Our shadow sidles over them.
They fall still,
Thank God for our protection, then
Curse the generals for a set of fools.
Each having vocalised his remedy
Crawls into the groove of his complacency.

Move gently, do not shake them. Only watch
Their faces. Our shadow lies upon their
faces.
Cool green it falls and laps around them
Like shade of leaves on stagnant pools.

The Broken

You would laugh your guts out at
A good joke or a situation
Fruity as Punjabi soil,
In the bazaar at Anarkali or
Cross-legged at a tea stall
Under a peepal tree,
Rolling your tongue around
A late lost reputation
And everybody's business

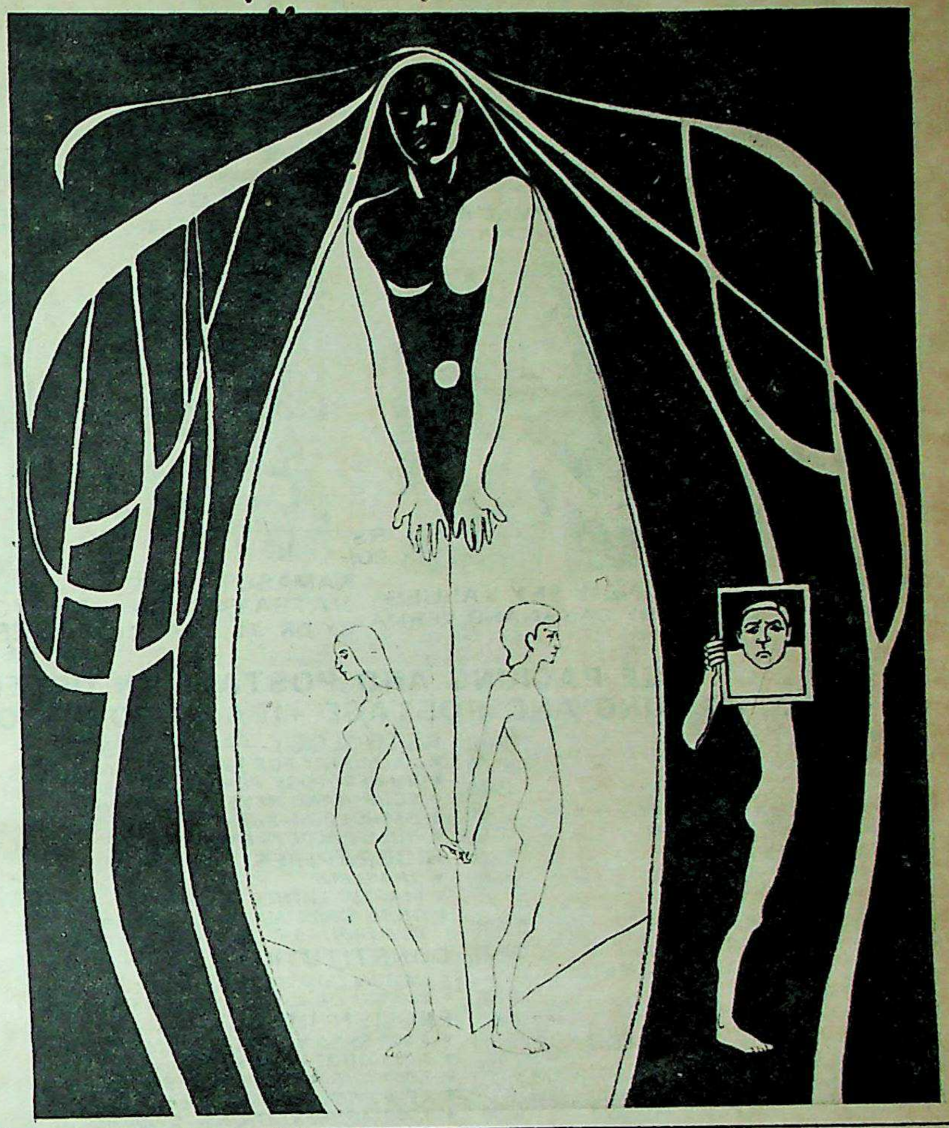
Lahore.
"Lagta nahin hai dil mera. . ."
Nuzzling into your chest and armpits
Nostalgia comes so easily.
But let's wipe our moist eye,
Blow our sentimental nose and listen.
For there is more.

You would not be laughed at,
Nor allow a flow of humour
Into self-directed mirth,
But gossip and retreat with honour
(Hack at the contemptuous face)
To all that's dignified and grave,
Your serene women in an ordered house.

You could have laughed yourself to death.
Instead you died of shame.

Now hold your honourable
Entrails in your hands.
Use them in place of catgut.
Sing
And laugh, my broken country.
Only that will give us dignity.

IMTIAZ DHARKER



—from a painting by the poet

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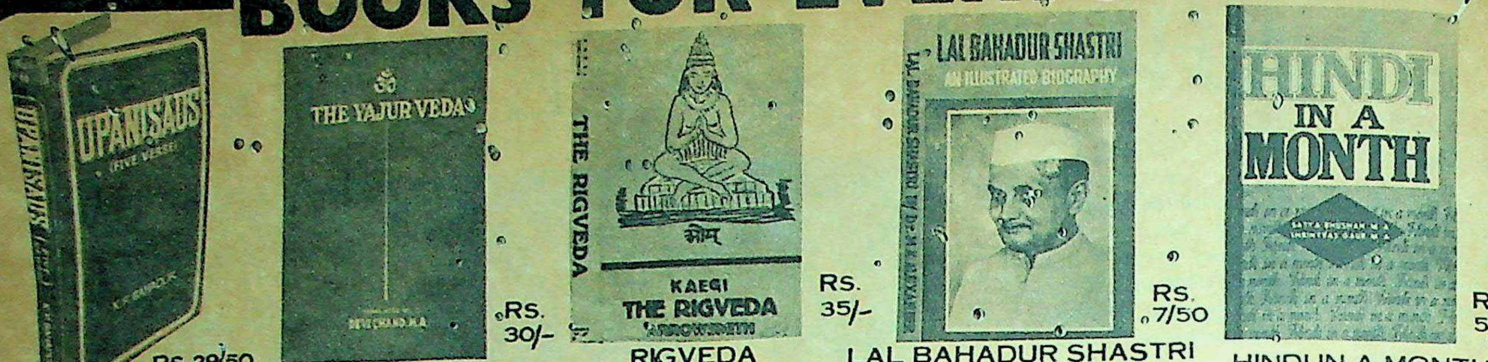

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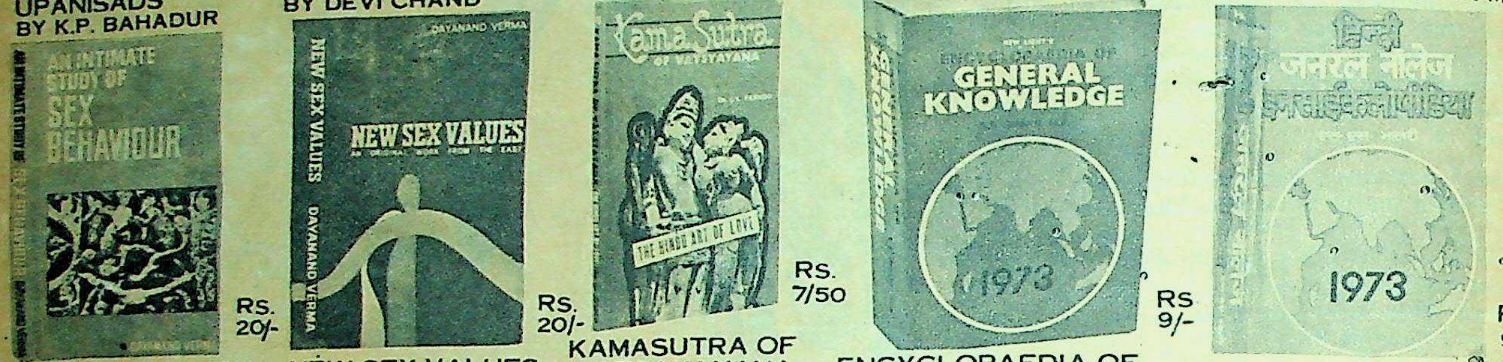

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TRENDS

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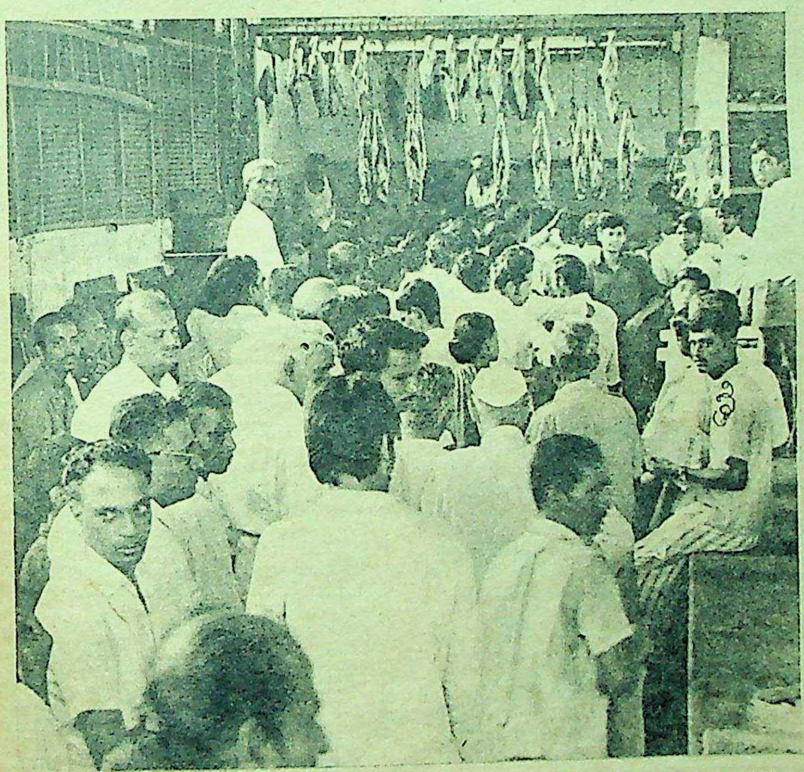
DON'T BE IN LEAGUE WITH THE "LEAGUE". Sheikh Abdullah branded the Muslim League as communal saying its revival was dangerous. He asked the Muslim community to stay away from it. They would be wiped out, he warned, if they adopted a communal approach and aligned with such political parties as the League. They should take a rational attitude instead of being swayed by religious sentiments. The Sheikh made these statements at a prayer meeting near Ahmedabad. He is seen here in the city speaking at a symposium, "Let Us Save Democracy", organised by the Gujarat State Muslim Majlis-e-Mushawarat—a party for which the Sheikh has all praise.

BUT I STILL HAVE THE CONGRESS ON MY SIDE! V. P. Naik, Maharashtra Chief Minister, being gheraoed by Opposition MLAs for having gone back on his word to pass a resolution on the Mysore-Maharashtra border dispute. However, Mr Naik's position has been strengthened by his own party. S. B. Chavan, State Minister for Agriculture, had staked his claim for the Chief Ministership on a regional consideration, claiming that it should, by rotation, go to Marathwada after the 1972 general election. But the Prime Minister allowed V. P. Naik to continue. Mr Chavan is unhappy and his group has started agitating again. They received a great set-back, however, when 21 out of 31 Congress MLAs and 70 out of 11 Congress MLCs from Marathwada disowned Mr Chavan's regional leadership and "deprecated his activities in encouraging groupism in the Congress and allowing himself to be presented as the Chief Minister-designate of Maharashtra". The other three Ministers from Marathwada and the Vice-President of the MPCC, M. Palodkar, MP, are also said to be anti-Chavan.

IN THE NEWS



BUTCHERS "SLAUGHTERED". The Shiv Sena has been on a rampage in Bombay against soaring prices, forcing shopkeepers to sell at reasonable rates. In some markets they managed to make butchers give meat at Rs 7 a kilo as compared to the current price of Rs 10. In protest against "pressure tactics" and "looting", retail traders in the city downed their shutters. The police allegedly fired upon a group of people trying to loot an eating house in Null Bazar; grain merchants clashed with MLAs and Congress workers.

YET ANOTHER ACCIDENT. Twenty people were killed and fifty injured when the Bihar Express rammed into the Amritsar Mail near Madhupur Station, Bihar. The engine and two bogies of the Express and three bogies of the Mail were derailed. According to Railway Minister L. N. Mishra the accident was avoidable and due to human error. Mr Mishra also announced the consideration of an insurance scheme whereby the family of each passenger killed in a railway accident would receive Rs 50,000. Replying to Rajya Sabha members, he said the Board was thinking of installing automatic electronic train control to reduce the present alarming accident rate.

THE GURU'S TURBAN IS CRASH-PROOF. The controversy continues: will the turban triumph or the crash-helmet conquer? The Sikhs of Britain are colliding head on with the authorities who insist on all motor-cyclists wearing safety helmets. The Sardars say the new headgear won't fit over their turbans which are protection enough any way. The convert is no less zealous—here Mohan Hartung Singh, an Englishman turned Sikh, clashes with Bedford Bobbies on the issue.

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THE ARTIST WITH AN UNFINISHED PAINTING.

Paintings by B. Prabha

Nissim Ezekiel interviews the artist

She is one of our most successful artists. What does she feel about her work and its place in contemporary Indian art?

Nissim Ezekiel—How do you see yourself as a painter in the contemporary Indian art scene? Do you feel that you represent a particular tendency or effort?

B. Prabha—I never think of other artists or of tendencies and movements. I know what the others are doing but I never compare myself to them, because I have my own defined sphere and my own distinctively individual style.

N. E.—What is the main source of your inspiration as an artist?

B. P.—The people of our country and our environment. Sometimes I document what I see, but as a rule it is only a starting point for the creation of my images.

FOLK SINGER

AS LONG AS I BREATHE I HOPE.

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N. E.—Do you make sketches on the spot?

B. P.—No, never. I store up impressions, particularly when I am travelling.

N. E.—Is human interest, then, your main motive? Do formal questions interest you less?

B. P.—I have no formal problems. I rely on subconscious processes to attain form.

—Continued

ONG AS I BREATHE I HOPE.

FIVE ELEMENTS OF LIFE

FISHERWOMAN

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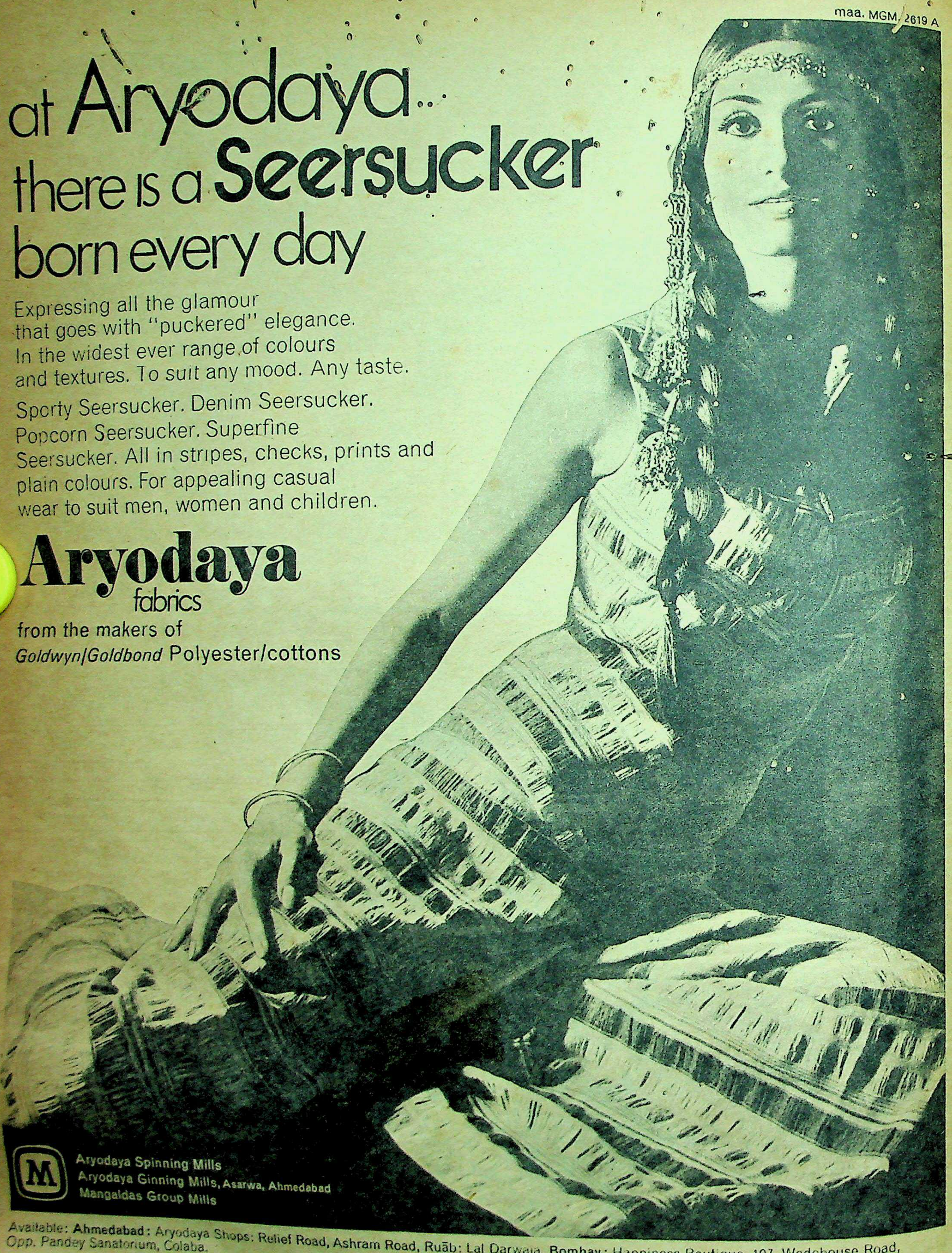

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N. E.—And you communicate effortlessly?

B. P.—Yes, people understand my paintings, except that they sometimes demand greater realism.

N. E.—Various modern and post-modern movements, internationally, don't interest you?

B. P.—No. In creating forms and images, I depend wholly on my intuition.

N. E.—Don't you experience conflicts and contradictions?

B. P.—I do, but I paint only to please myself, not other people.

N. E.—Yet you sell very well?

B. P.—I do, because people happen to like my images, even my images of poverty and suffering.

N. E.—During your travels abroad did you not see art which affected your way of thinking about your own work?

B. P.—I enjoyed seeing their art, old and new, but I was not influenced in any way. I stayed in Hawaii for six months. The colour there influenced me. I am responsive to different kinds of colour and light.

N. E.—What do you feel about abstract art?

B. P.—I enjoy the abstract aspect of painting; but figures always enter my canvases, naturally, as Nature does. I cannot confine my painting to abstract patterns. But if you imagine the figures wiped out, the abstract patterns are clear, obvious and strong

Portrait Of The Artist

Mrs B. Prabha, now in her early forties, was trained in the J. J. School of Art, Bombay, and held her first exhibition with B. Vithal, the sculptor, in 1956. She married him later that year. Mrs Prabha has won a number of awards including the first prize at the Bombay State Art Exhibition in 1958. She has travelled widely in Europe, America and the Far East as well as in South-East Asia. Her work is represented in the Museum for Indian Art, Berlin, the National Gallery of Modern Art, New Delhi, and in a number of other Indian museums. Her latest assignment is the mural for Air India's office in Washington D.C.

N. E.—Do you ever meet other artists and discuss art with them?

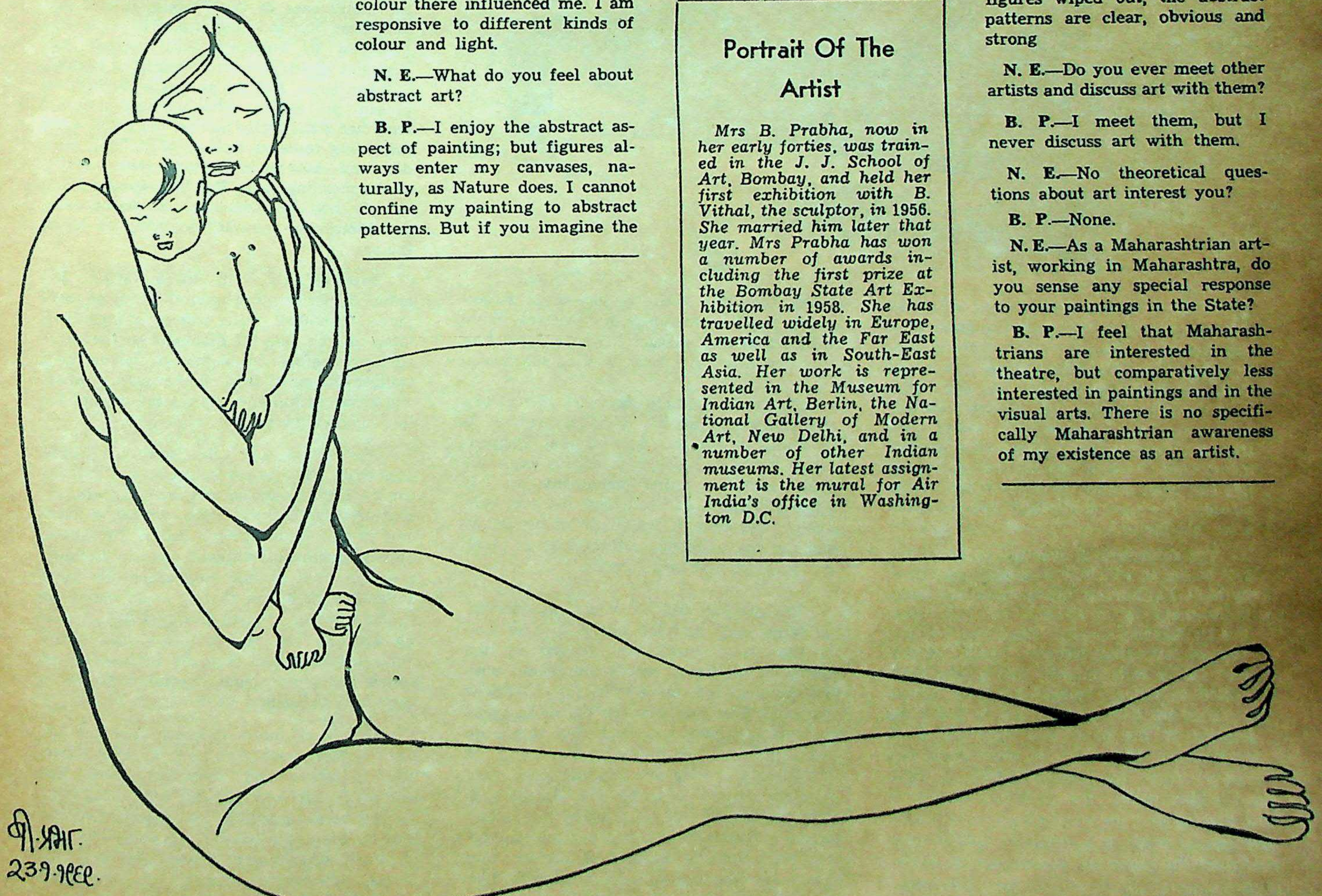
B. P.—I meet them, but I never discuss art with them.

N. E.—No theoretical questions about art interest you?

B. P.—None.

N. E.—As a Maharashtrian artist, working in Maharashtra, do you sense any special response to your paintings in the State?

B. P.—I feel that Maharashtrians are interested in the theatre, but comparatively less interested in paintings and in the visual arts. There is no specifically Maharashtrian awareness of my existence as an artist.



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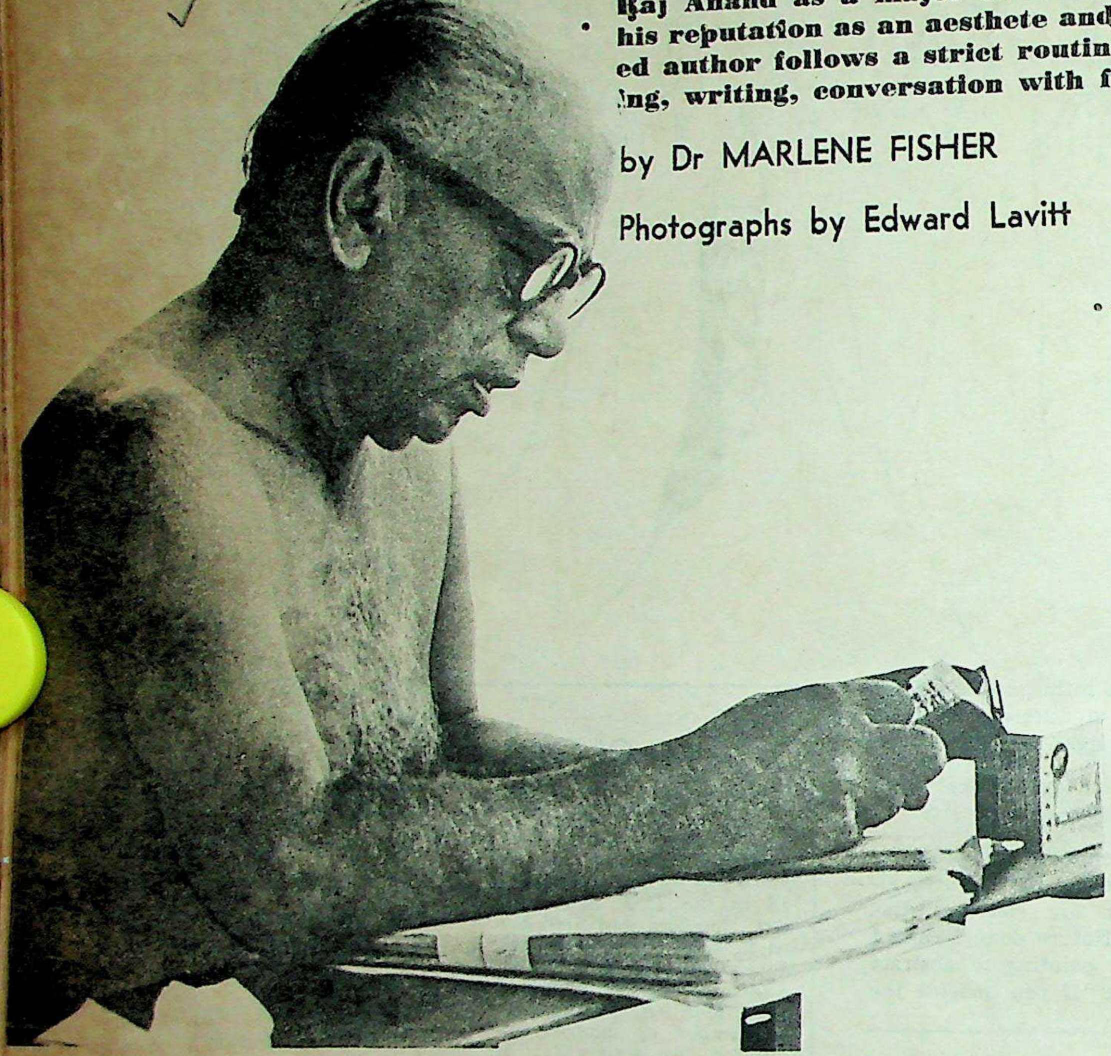
A Day With Mulk Raj Anand

Books like "Untouchable" and "Coolie" have established Dr Mulk Raj Anand as a major novelist just as his "Marg" has established his reputation as an aesthete and critic. Each day this much-honoured author follows a strict routine which includes yoga, walks, reading, writing, conversation with friends and a drink or two.

by Dr MARLENE FISHER

Photographs by Edward Lavitt



EVERY week-end from Friday afternoon through Tuesday morning finds Mulk Raj Anand in Paradise—Khandala. Seventy miles from Bombay (one passes the Duke of Wellington's nose on the way) is a small cluster of houses, including a new studio-house still under construction. Originally purchased with 'tainted' money left to him by his father, all of this has been deeded to a Sarvodaya Trust already. The new studio will also be given after his lifetime.

The refurnishing, over the years, of the two houses in which he lives was supervised by Mulk Raj himself, but the new one being built—that's a matter of true love. For Dr Anand—novelist, short-story writer, essayist, art critic, lecturer, "bogus professor" (as he calls himself) and a man committed to human beings—this new studio, designed by him, is truly his. It bears the imprint of his hand and eye, his mind, imagination, and heart, in every nook and cranny; from the design which is open and which brings the outdoors inside, to the placing and the plastering of the bricks. His special pride is a ten-foot cantilevered roof over the patio, an innovation in India. With a special gleam in his eye, half mischievous and half serious, Mulk Raj confesses that this house is his secret sweetheart, that sometimes he derives more satisfaction and pleasure from constructing this dwelling than from writing his books.

To spend a single day with this eccentric individual at his Khandala retreat is to attend a Happening. And that Happening is the man himself, in all his explosive ebullience and quiet generosity, in his sense of drama and fun and his ever-conscious awareness of the plight of his fellow man, in his patterned alternations of work and play, of rest and activity.

The normal day at Khandala (normal for Mulk Raj, that is) begins at 5:30 a.m. At that hour, Mulk Raj awakes by the alarm on his Swiss watch, purchased with the earnings of an article for UNESCO Magazine. The first item on the day's agenda, rain or shine, is a walk. But this is no ordinary walk, no idyllic, rustic stroll. It is, rather, a week's exercise for most men, accompanied as it is by the Anand zoo. That zoo consists of four frisky dogs-cum-people—related to one another and almost constantly fighting. Moti, Toti, Sunder, and Alexander (the last so named because, like Alexander the Great's eyes, one ear is up and the other down) keep their master busy, and both man and dogs get a good run.

By 6:15, Mulk Raj is meditating, seated on a carved bench overlooking a ravine. The seat was carved by the parson who built the first Khandala house 125 years ago, and it is here that Dr Anand performs his yoga, his breathing exercises. It is here that worrisome dreams or terrors of the night are soothed. And it is here that he gets inspiration for the day. The natural view from here is magnificent. Also visible are Jesuits across the ravine, engaged in welfare work among the Katori aboriginals. A little further away Anand works among Marathi villagers.

An Unusual Raga

Then, after a look at the property to check on the cowshed screening and on the *mali's* care of the flowers, it is 7 a.m. and time for morning tea. The first cup, prepared by Tukaram Mali (named after the saint of Maharashtra, famous in hymns) is taken alone. But the second is livelier, for present are Shirin, who has just returned from her walk, Dolly Sahiar, the artist, after inspecting roses, as well as Moti, Toti, Sunder, and Alex who provide their version of the morning raga. The blue-eyed cat has already had her breakfast of stolen milk, and Motasheh, the rat, is trying to avoid the cat.

From about 7:15 to 8, Mulk Raj paints, experimenting with all kinds of techniques—montage, water colour, collage. This interlude too, like the moments on the carved bench before the ravine or the morning walk in the clear, fresh air, unties any knots and kinks within and assures the continuous flow of creative energy.

And at 8 a.m. the writing begins. This daily ritual is performed in the still incomplete studio-house and with certain accoutrements. These include a chair, wooden and straight-backed, designed by Dr Anand himself during his student days in London, a design used by him ever since. Its great advantage then was that it could easily be moved towards or away from the fire. Across the arms of the chair and over its owner's lap is a board, also designed in London, on which are pens, paper, manuscripts to be corrected, perhaps a book.

This first, uninterrupted stint of the day's writing continues until 10 a.m. when, after a shave and breakfast, Mulk Raj sets off in his ever-faithful Fiat, Henrietta, for the bazar, shopping list in hand, except, that is, when the list is forgotten. And the excursion often has its adventures and vignettes, touching, amusing, or dramatic, which later find their way into his stories

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and novels. Home again by 10:30 or 11, it's then time to settle down for concentrated work on *Marg* with Dolly Sahiar, Art Editor of the magazine. This lasts until 1 or 1:15 p.m.

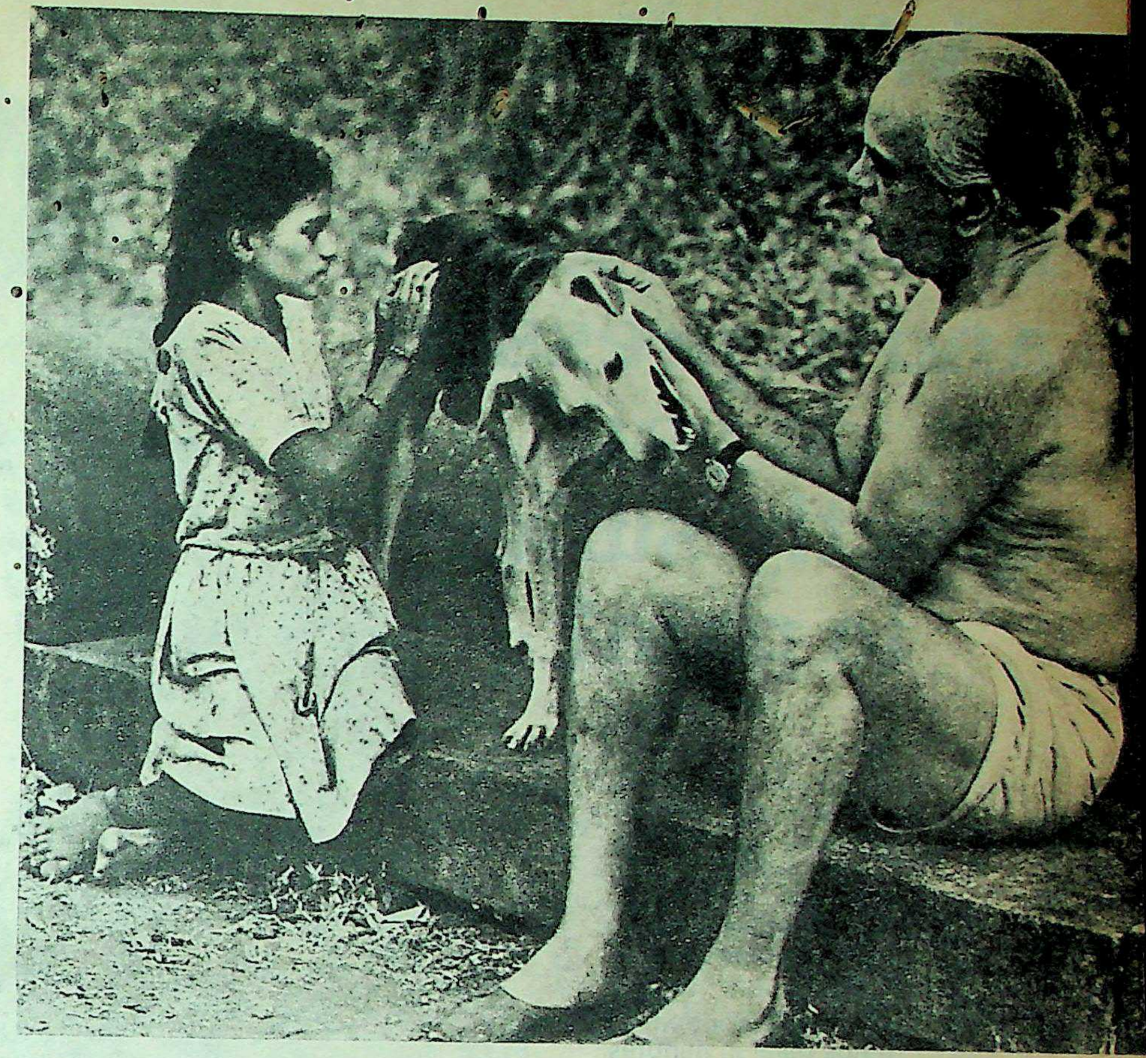
After a shower, Mulk Raj lunches at 1:30, almost always with company. Guests are welcome. At 3:30, after a fifty-minute nap, he's back in the studio for another spell of writing.

An Article Per Cigar

This time, Dr Anand concentrates on articles rather than on fiction. Drawing upon memories culled from years of reading, thinking, observing, and feeling, he works at a steady pace: approximately one article per cigar. Following a brief tea-break, he turns to letter-writing, note-taking, and the checking of references until 6 or 6:15 p.m. Throughout this period of about two and a half hours, the hammer-sounds and voices of the labourers form a constant background score. They work in the new house each week-end and often interrupt the writer with questions about the placing of a stone or the levelling of a board.

Then, at this lovely hour of the evening, there is another two-mile walk, not to be missed even during the monsoon. As in the early morning, Moti, Toti, Sunder, and Alexander come along. Missing on these walks is Blackie, the much loved spaniel who, before he died, had been Mulk Raj's companion for 14 years.

Mulk Raj walks briskly towards Kune village, where he has had the well and road cleaned, and where he is building a school, and advising on horticulture. Along the way, he helps some of his impoverished friends who are in debt, and checks how far the fight against one of the Municipality's decisions has gone.



A FRIEND OF THE "COOLIE" AND THE UNDERDOG. Helped by a friend, he removes ticks from one of his dogs. Mulk Raj Anand (b. December 12, 1905) got the International Peace Prize from the World Peace Council in 1952 and the Padma Bhushan in 1967.

Dr MULK IN SEARCH OF ANANDA. After an hour's walk in the morning, he is seated on a carved stone bench near his house in Khandala, before doing his yoga. This is the time when he gets inspiration and peace of mind for the day.

Also, in passing, there is inevitably the settling of a row, more often than not between a drunken Katori husband and his Christian wife. One wonders if sometimes these little feuds might not have been prearranged in order to detain the friendly, helpful neighbour from Khandala a bit longer in order to obtain the dole for an extra bottle of liquor as the doctor invariably advises drink, though not too much, as a solution to difficulties.

The end of the evening walk at 7 or 7:15 signals the beginning of conviviality with friends and week-end guests. Conversation, over two pegs of brandy, is animated and wide-ranging and continues through dinner, which is at 8:30 or 8:45. Once a month there is a musical for guests and once or twice a year, certainly at Divali, the Katoris are invited to dance, the host providing refreshments. Otherwise, at 9:30 a final, brief walk is followed by an hour or more of reading, and then to sleep.

That sleep is well deserved. If Khandala is Paradise, it is also a green hell, says the Doctor, where misery dwells in the huts built in the shadows of the big bungalows in the Sahyadri mountains.

In twenty years there Mulk Raj Anand has completed twenty books, and done all of the *Marg* work. Each volume of the magazine is a work of art. This Khandala home is a retreat into a life of productivity, warmth, generosity and love.

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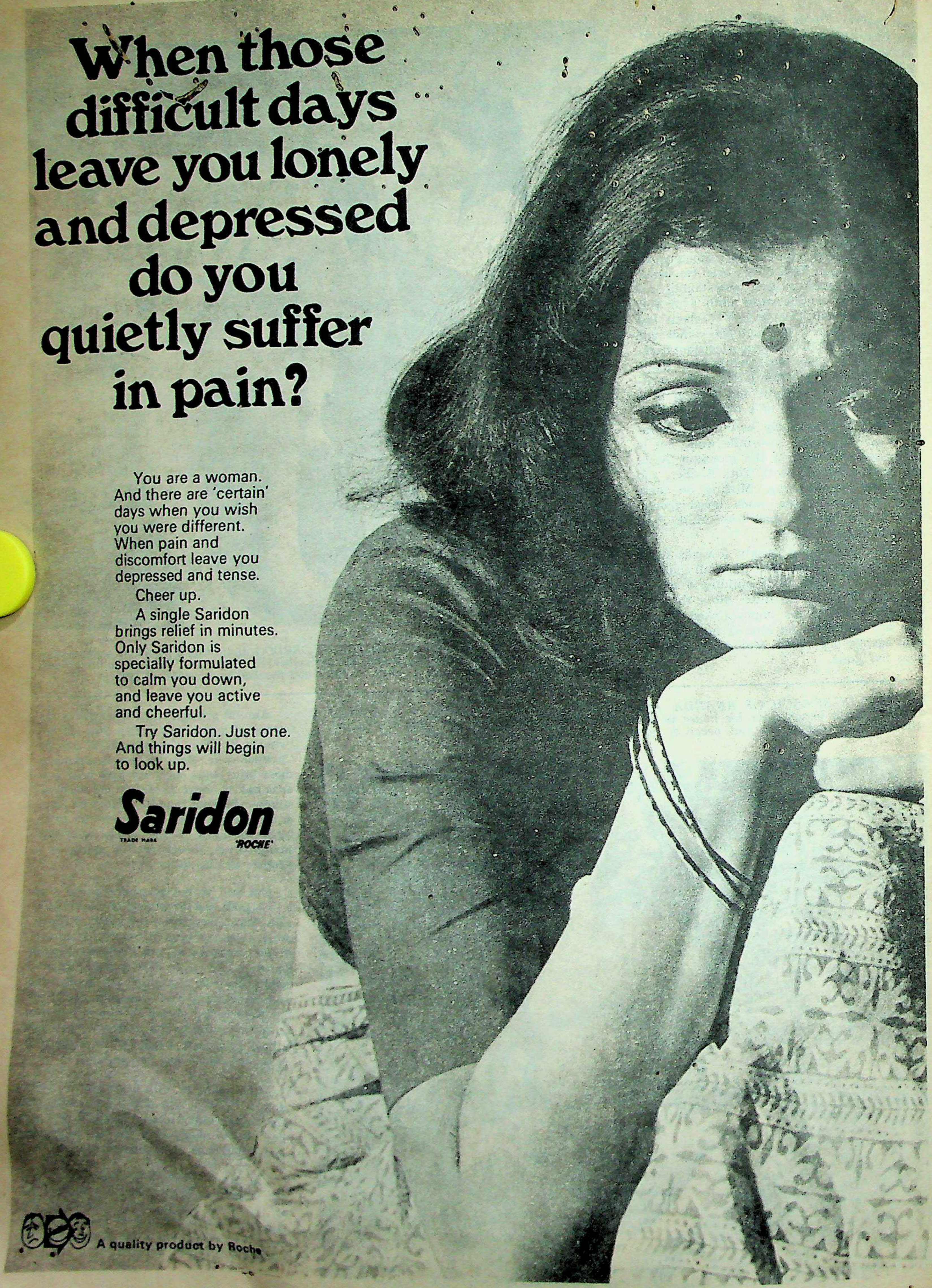

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On The Use Of The Telephone

by SUKUMAR MAZUMDAR

Do you know what the MQSA told the DMQSA?

THE telephone is a very useful instrument whenever it is serviceable and gets you the number you want. PBX telephones are even better, being more homely than their public counterpart, and you can always trust your operator to connect you to someone or the other. Belonging as they do to your own family circle in the office, they hate to see you feeling disappointed or lonely, and always rise to the occasion when the number you have been wanting is engaged or out of order.

In India we do not make enough use of the telephone out of an inborn sense of philosophical objectivity. From the moment we are born, we are taught by our elders that the greatest safeguard invented by man consists of the lock and the key which epitomise his most sublime wisdom. Having got off to a fine start, we relentlessly make use of these excellent devices until the time arrives for friends and acquaintances to assemble and observe two minutes' silence in our honour.

The more sophisticated and adult counterpart of the lock-and-key philosophy is the unshakable faith in black-and-white, for the gospel says that if an interested party gets a chance to deny a past commitment or involvement in a time of need, he will do so without fail. No subject is too trivial for this principle to operate. This is also the established means of communication, much more traditional than the use of the telephone. It is for this reason that the telephone as a mode of communication is still considered to be second best.

IN the good old days there was a Major-General who was then the QMG. Being a crack-soldier, he had a strong dislike for note-writing in any form and, in a moment of anger, he issued an order of the day saying that if any officer was found sending notes to a colleague in the same building, the QMG would see to it that the officer was out of his office within 48 hours. There was brisk use of the available telephones in that office for some time, until there was a new QMG. You know the fast changes in Army postings.

While telephone talks are useful and lead to time-saving, it is no use wasting your breath talking to someone who does not know one thing from another. Unless you happen to contact someone you personally know, the telephone will probably go on ringing in a room where many people are sitting or moving about. If the telephone is an exclusive one in the name of an individual, it will not be picked up unless that person happens to be in his seat. If it is a general telephone, it will be promptly picked up, and after you have said what you want, you will be asked to hold on. Thereafter it is entirely a matter of the caller's luck, for every person passing near the desk who sees the instrument off the hook, will pick it up and say "Hallo, who is speaking? What? O.K., hold on." He will then go about his business, but another man will come soon enough and say, "Hallo, who's speaking? O.K., hold on," and go away.

The caller will get his man if he is patient but he may have to repeat his problem a few times before he is told that he should ring up the next day as the person concerned is not traceable. The caller can cause a lot of irritation by saying at the very beginning: "Hallo, is that so-and-so office? O.K. Can I talk to someone responsible?" The chances are that no truly responsible person would come up and the phone would be hung up.

TELEPHONE talks are extremely helpful for pitchforking a point which you could follow up by a demi-official with the preamble that the recipient may kindly refer to the telephonic "conversation" on so-and-so date about so-and-so subject. The telephone talks can take many forms, but only one type is mentioned below by way of illustration.

Ring .. Ring .. Ring .. Ring ..

"Hallo, AADDMQSA ispeeking here."

"Hallo, whose that?"

"This is AADDMQSA ispeeking here."

"May I speak to Mr Srivastava?"

"Yes, Srivastava ispeeking here."

"This is Chopra, DDMQSA. Good morning."

"Sir, this is Srivastava ispeeking here, Sir. Good morning, Sir. Any service for me, Sir?"

"Look, Srivastava, I want to know something."

"Sir?"

"You had better get hold of last year's statistics on incentives for better inter-

THE AUTHOR, Sukumar Mazumdar (1920-73), graduated in science and mathematics from Allahabad University. He was a prolific writer both in English and Bengali. His publications include short stories and poems.

departmental coordination and come to my office at half-past ten. I spoke to you about it last month. Understand?"

"Sirrr. But I think, sir..."

"Don't think anything. Come to me at half-past ten, O.K.? DMQSA wants to see me at eleven."

Mr Srivastava did go to Mr Chopra at half-past ten, but without the statistics, for none was available and he did not know what it was all about. Mr Chopra was not happy to see Mr Srivastava come empty handed and left him in no doubt of what he thought of him. At 1.45, Mr Chopra rang up Mr Ahluwalia, P.A. to Mr Venkataraghavachariar, Director, MQSA.

Ring .. Ring .. Ring ..

"Hallo, is that Mr Ahluwalia?"

"Hanjee, Khushiram sapeeking here."

"Sat Stree Akal, Khusiramjee, Sab theek thak?"

"Ahojee. Thank you. Hor dasso."

"DMQSA in his seat?"

"Hanjee. He is sitting."

"Is he in a good mood today?"

"No idea. Shall I put you on?"

"Er ... All right ... Good morning, Sir, Chopra here. Any service for me, Sir?"

"Khushiram here, Ik mint hold on kariye, DMQSA is busy on the other phone."

"Yes, Chopra, what is the matter?"

"Good morning, Sir. How is that pain of yours, Sir?"

"My what?"

"That toothache which was troubling you, Sir?"

"Why did you ring me up? Anything special?"

"Sir, I just wanted to keep you informed that that statistics which you wanted has been completed. It is under typing and will come to you half an hour later."

"What statistics? Anyway, I can't remember. But I have no time now. I was about to go out to the Ministry. You can send me your statistics later on."

Ring .. Ring .. Ring ..

"Hallo, Srivastava ispeeking here."

"Chopra here. Look, Srivastava, DMQSA is very unhappy about your performance. I did not like him to get away with a wrong impression about you, so I plead your case and told him that you are doing your best and, besides, that you are short of staff. Anyway, I am glad that I could convince him and persuade him to give you another chance."

"I do not know how to thank you, Sir."

"Well, that's all right. But get me the statistics by 2 p.m. today, as soon as I am back from lunch. O.K.?"

"Sure Sir, I shall istudy the case and put it up to you for orders."

"That won't do, I'm afraid. The statistics must be on my table by 2 p.m. O.K.?"

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"But will you please tell me what is the subject on which you want istaticstics?"

"I told you, Srivastava, I have no time. I am going to the Ministry with DMQSA to attend an important meeting."

Mr Alvarez, JDMQSA, walked into Mr Srivastava's office for a chat and found him worried and looking lost. Mr Alvarez has just a few months more to retire. He makes full use of his freedom of speech, having been bypassed for the post of DMQSA which Mr Venkataraghavachari now adorns.

"Kyon, Srivastava, what's the matter? Anything the matter?" said Mr Alvarez.

"Good morning, Sir. Excuse me, good afternoon, Sir," said Mr Srivastava. "I am trying to prepare some staticsticks which DDMQSA says Director wants immediately after fourteen hundred hours sharp today."

"What statistics?"

"I don't very well know, Sir, but DDMQSA says that it should be on incentives for better inter-departmental coordination."

"Have we any sense left? And for whose benefit is this blooming statistics? Can you connect me to Venkat?"

Mr Venkataraghavachari is connected on phone.

"Kya, man, what's wrong with you, Venkat? Double—ADD tells me that you want some statistics on incentives, or some stuff like that, immediately after fourteen hundred hours, and I know nothing about it! What's up? Do you want me to call the fire brigade or something? What's all this talk about incentives? I wish I could see some of this precious stuff down here."

"Frankly, Sir, I myself do not know much about incentives. Now, let me see, I did mention to DD some weeks back that it would be a nice thing to streamline our work so that our sections do not keep on chasing in different directions. But did I ask DD to set the ball rolling with some statistics? I can't remember, Mr. Alvarez."

"So you agree that we can call the bluff off? I guess DD has too much time hanging on his hands, so he keeps on worrying the weaker species for cock-and-bull statistics. You'll speak to him, or shall I?"

So the statistics were not prepared as they were not needed. But it equally well might have been prepared and started off a chain of notes and high-level discussions. Only AADD was shaking in his shoes, for he knows that one swallow rarely makes a summer.

THE advantage in transacting business on the telephone is that the call can be terminated, at will, if the discussion becomes inconvenient or more lively than one may wish it to be. But it is always desirable to eschew violence on the telephone receiver as the penalties attached are not negligible. It is also of advantage to the caller and the called not to reveal the identity (unless the voice betrays it) in order to keep each other guessing as to who is who.

Politeness always pays. Through international contacts, we have recently learnt the elegant expressions "Can I help you?" and "What can I do for you?" but elderly people, especially elders who hold (or once held) a high designation, sometimes forget them and ambitious young men, imitating the breathtaking public-relations style of the bustling white-clad traffic staff of airlines, sometimes overdo them. When the old and the new are poised at the two ends of the telephone wire, the inevitable happens—which can be briefly described as manifestations of incompatibility. However, whether old or new, everyone knows that except for friendly calls, it is best to put off a caller finally in the very first instance in order to avoid needless bother and additions to workload in a world where there is no time to spare. Shall we take a couple of illustrations?

Ring ... Ring ... Ring ...

(Pick up the receiver and listen, but do not speak.)

"Ailoo, who is it ispeeking?"

"Double three. Can I help you? Good morning."

"Who is it ispeeking?

"But whom do you want?"

"Is it the, I m'n to say, is it the rat-catching department?"

"Sorry, wrong number."

(Receiver down.)

Ring ... Ring ... Ring ...

"Double-three here. Good morning, can I help you?"

"Who is it ispeeking?"

"Double-three here."

"Can you tell me, I m'n to say, I have an urgent inquiry to make, I m'n, is it the rat-catching department?"

"What double-three! Is it, I m'n to say, the rat-catch-department?"

"Sorry, wrong number."

(Receiver down.)

Ring ... Ring ... Ring ...

"Double-three here. Gud morning. Can I help you?"

"Mister, every time I am telephoning you and you are not helping me."

"What can I do for you?"

"Tell me, mister, are you ispeeking from the rat-catching department?"

"No, no."

"Then from where are you ispeeking? I am reliably informed that telephone number two-seven-phor extensun thiree thiree is the rat-catching department."

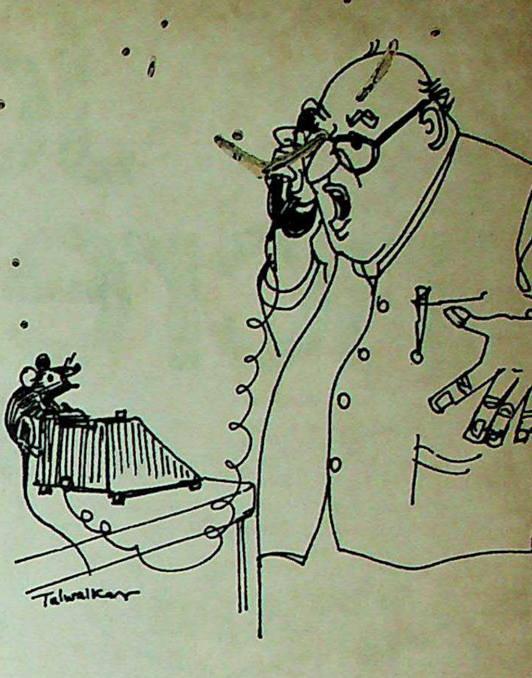
"This is double-three, Rodents Eradication Publicity Sub-Regional Centre Headquarters."

"All right, but do you not catch rats?"

"What is your problem, Sir? Can I help you?"

"What help! Every time I ispeek to you, ug-gain and ug-gain you simply say can I help, and you say dubbal-thiree. This is not nice. How many times I will complain to you what I want? If you can't under-istand, I will complain, I m'n, explain, one more time. You see in my godown there are many rats, big like cats. I want some suitabal arrangement for catching the cats, I m'n, rats. Have you got those things, those box-like things, with which I can catch the cats, I m'n rats? If you can't supply, I shall explain. I m'n, complain, to your boss."

"Sir, this is the Rodents Eradication Publicity Sub-Regional Centre."



"But you don't help the public. You m'n to say you don't have those boxes for catching cats yanee, I, m'n, chooa."

"Sir, we might have some for our own use, not for the public."

"Then what kind of rat-catching department do you have? I approached the municipality fellows for the boxes, they said go to the rat-catching department, and you say you don't have boxes. This is not nice."

"O.K., Sir, as you wish, Sir. Kindly send someone to my office for the loan of a mouse-trap for temporary use. Kindly send a receipt in triplicate saying that you have received it in good condition and that you will be responsible for any damage or breakage or loss of the article between the time when it leaves our premises and the time when it is returned in good condition. Your signature should be duly attested by at least one witness, in a responsible position, who should also say in writing the period for which he has personally known you. Two copies are required by audit and one is our office copy. Is that O.K., Sir?"

"Why I should sign, I m'n, before I have taken the box from you. This is not possibal."

"Sorry, Sir, our rules are very strict on this subject, I can't help."

"All right, I don't want any box from you."

"It's up to you, Sir." (Receiver down.) And one other.

Ring... Ring... Ring...

"Hallo, is that the Complaints Section?"

"Speaking."

"I want to lodge a complaint."

"The persun concerned is not on his seat. Ring up after half an hour."

"Where is he gone?"

"Don't know, may be for tea or WC, I don't know."

(Receiver down.)

(From "P.U.C. or Don't do today what you can leave for tomorrow"; Jaico, Price Rs 4.50)

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

BOOKS

All-Time Favourite

"The New Oxford Book Of English Verse"; Edited by Helen Gardner; Oxford University Press (1972); £3.25.

For half a century, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book of English Verse* has been an all-time favourite of poetry lovers. According to his lights, he chose the best. His tastes were conventional. He liked the lyrical and was allergic to blank verse. And he took liberties with the original by omitting passages he did not like. Dame Helen Gardner has sought to fill in the gaps left by "Q". So we have another anthology (alas! too big to go under the pillow) but containing the quintessence of seven centuries of English poetry beginning from "Anon" down to 1950. Why she has ignored contemporary poets is not hard to guess. She loves her peace more than controversy. The last lines of "Epilogue" by Louis Macneice explain Dame Gardner's motif:

As horsemen fashion horses
while they ride,
As climbers climb a peak
because it is there,
As life can be confirmed
even in suicide:
To make is such. Let us
make. And set the
weather fair.

Chronicle Of Sikhs

"Umdat-ut-Tawarikh" by Sohan Lal Suri (Translated from the Persian by V. S. Suri); Panjab Itihas Prakashan, Chandigarh.

Sohan Lal Suri was a chronicler of the Sikh Durbar. Instead of restricting himself to recording the events of the day, he decided to write an entire history of the Sikhs from their inception to the fall of their kingdom. He left behind him 7,000 pages of a closely-written account in Persian. It was left to his great-grandson, V. S. Suri, to translate it into English. It was the work of a lifetime and V. S. Suri has dedicated the best part of his life to translating, annotating and now publishing at his own cost this most valuable source of the history of the Panjab under Sikh rule.

The volume published is not in fact chronologically the first, but the fourth, dealing with events in the times of Maharaja Ranjit Singh's sons, Kharak Singh, Sher Singh and Dalip Singh, covering six bloody years of intrigue, assassinations and widespread violence from 1839 to 1845. Students of Panjab's history will find this book most useful. They will sense how the spirit of the great Maharaja continued to haunt Panjab after his death, the hour-to-hour record of how an Oriental court functioned, the comings and goings of foreign ambassadors, minute details of expenses incurred and bazar gossip regarding the private lives of courtiers. What more can anyone ask of a historian?

The Price Of Money

"Captains & The Kings" by Taylor Caldwell; Collins; £2.50.

Miss Caldwell's favourite theme is making money and the price one has to pay in terms of human emotions and respect. It rears again and again in her many novels and is for the *n*th time the preoccupation in *Captains & The Kings.* A penniless Irish immigrant makes a multi-million dollar fortune but loses the esteem and affection of his own family. Like all other Caldwell novels, eminently readable.

K. S.

Illuminating Insights

"The Future That Was" by Urmila Haksar; Allied Publishers.

Genuine simplicity and honesty in life and letters are rare to come by. Rarer still among those who inflict the stories of their lives on the world. Most autobiographies lie too much. Their eminent authors have pasts to tidy up. Their efforts to explain away bring truth into disrepute.

It was, therefore, with relief and pleasure that I read Mrs Urmila Haksar's unpretentious book, *The Future That Was.* Disarmingly candid, sincere, full of feeling but free of humbug and cant, this story of the life of a middle-class Kashmiri girl makes fascinating reading.

An undramatic life (even her birth was "not considered important enough to warrant an expenditure that a telegram would have entailed and a postcard was sent, instead") comes alive. Through all the torments, taunts, troubles, tempests, inner loneliness, family disputes and the petty unselfishness of unimaginative parents, runs the authentic thread of integrity and character. These the young Miss Sapru possessed in abundance. Add to these a flinty independence of mind, unconventionality, a passion for reading and you have a rebel in a conventional Hindu home of the 1920s.

Illuminating insights are given of the daily life of an Indian home. How remote it all seems. The parents doted on the elder sister. She had been wanted. The second child was expected to be a boy. Instead a girl arrived. Her birth was not a joyous event. The psychological problems this parental lunacy and partiality produced for the author as a child are described with devastating frankness but without rancour or fuss. Like Hinduism, the joint family has room for all. Even the unwanted are never totally rejected. Modern psychology might have a lesson or two here.

The lasting achievement of the book is its sustained honesty. On this point Mrs Haksar never compromises. Here is one example. It is fashionable to glamourise Anand Bhavan, the Nehru home in Allahabad. This is how Mrs Haksar describes it on page 44: "It was then that I saw Anand Bhavan in a new light. Three young girls and an aging woman, without a man in the house. Far from being an abode of pomp and splendour, it looked a pathetically lonely place."

The book is a protest against the emptiness of life as experienced by a young girl. It has value as a social document of an era that has passed, more importantly as the personal testament of a sensitive human being groping for purpose and identity. We don't get the answers in this volume. The search will perhaps bear fruit in the next volume.

K. Natwar-Singh

Elementary Effusions

"Bitter Fruit" by Veena Raghavan; The Bookshop; New Delhi.

Veena Raghavan's book is lavishly produced but unpriced. It has twenty-two poems. Printing is on one side only. The cover, with reverse printing, reproduces a drawing by the author.

Acknowledgement is made for one ... which appeared in a Delhi newspaper. The other poems are published here for the first time, obviously by the author at her own expense. There is no harm in this, if the work is good and a publisher is not easily available. In such cases, I feel production should be modest. Otherwise, it creates an impression of wealth promoting itself in literature or art by means that are suspect in the eyes of the knowledgeable. Mrs Raghavan should have known that the poetry of even the greatest of poets is not printed only on one side of the page.

I quote from a poem entitled "Why?"

Why do I see the agony of
life,
the pain, the fear, the terror?
Where is the joy, the care-
free heart,
the happy child, the girl in
love?

If the reader cannot judge that, I need not do it for him. Such elementary effusions surely ought not to be published or criticised. They should be noted, if at all, only to be dismissed, with a warning to others innocently inclined to make similar mistakes.

From His Workbench

"Silences" by Vijay Munshi; Writers Workshop; Calcutta; Rs 8 (Popular Flexiback Edition).

Vijay Munshi is 25 and an engineer. This is his first collection, and a second is announced from another publisher in Calcutta. It has thirty-one poems, two per page, some of them ranging from five to ten *words.* The longest poem is ten lines—thirty-six words, including the title and dedication. I quote the first lines of five poems:

Silences are hard to define.
Let us celebrate the gay
evenings together.
Men record changes, women
create them;
At Ranchi junction, a frag-
rance.
Farewells are always sad . . .

I don't blame the poet this time. I blame the publisher for cheating him out of his birthright of self-criticism.

Nissim Ezekiel

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Aiming For The World Cup

Our last win in an international competition was the gold medal in the 1964 Tokyo Olympic Games. Pakistan are no longer our only rivals—we lost to West Germany in the semifinal at the Munich Olympics last year. For the World Cup at Amsterdam, the only thing certain is that India will field their fittest team ever, following the tough conditioning exercises at Patiala.

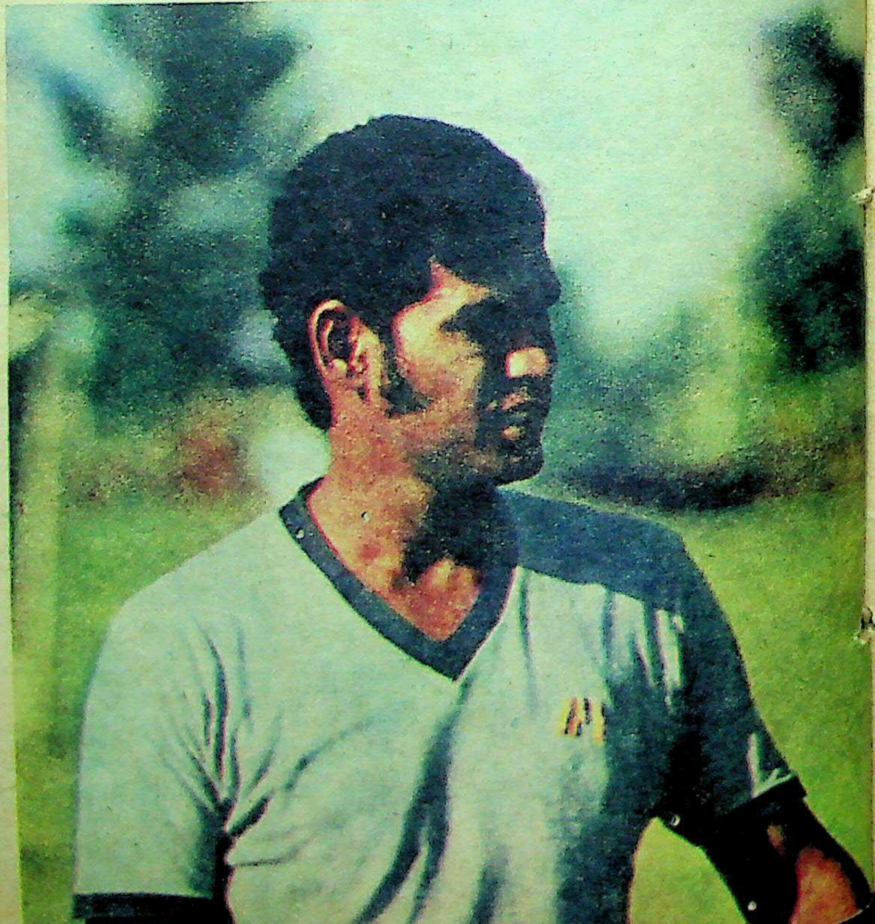
by RAJU BHARATAN

Photographs by S. J. Singh

WHAT a sense of timing our hockey mentors have for settling scores! Here we are, set and ready to aim for the World Cup, and what do we find but the usual mindless politicking that has made such a shambles of our hockey! It may be the privilege of the Indian Hockey Federation Executive to appoint the Coach and Manager of the team. But surely the kind of situation which arose on the eve of the team's departure—in which there was a general air of insecurity all around with Coach Gentle expressing his unhappiness at B. R. Bishnoi being appointed Manager and Vijay Gupta as his stand-by—was eminently avoidable.

Jos Gonsalves was lined up for the position of Manager following the three months of hard work he put in at the Patiala Camp in the most rigorous conditioning given to an Indian hockey team going abroad. Then one fine morning he found himself out in the cold. It is not as though Jos Gonsalves has been without his stake in the erosion of our world hockey authority. Therefore, when he resigned as Selector in the aftermath of the Munich reverse, he should logically have had nothing to do with the proposed rejuvenation of our hockey. But to have resurrected him when there was no call to do so and then thrown him out by the ear is not hockey. If nothing else,

ASHOK KUMAR, with his stickwork and ball-control, will at last be playing in his true position of inside-right at Amsterdam. M.P. Ganesh leads the 16-member India team for the World Cup starting August 24. The other members of the team are goalkeepers Cedric Pereira and Charles; full-backs Michael Kindo, Surjit Singh and Baldev Singh; half-backs Ajitpal Singh, Harmik Singh, Virender Singh and Bhaskaran; and forwards Govinda, Ajit Singh, Vijay Phillips, Chand Singh and Harcharan Singh. Below: Seasoned wing-half Krishnamurthy—India will miss him at Amsterdam. Virender Singh kept him out of the team.



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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE.

up

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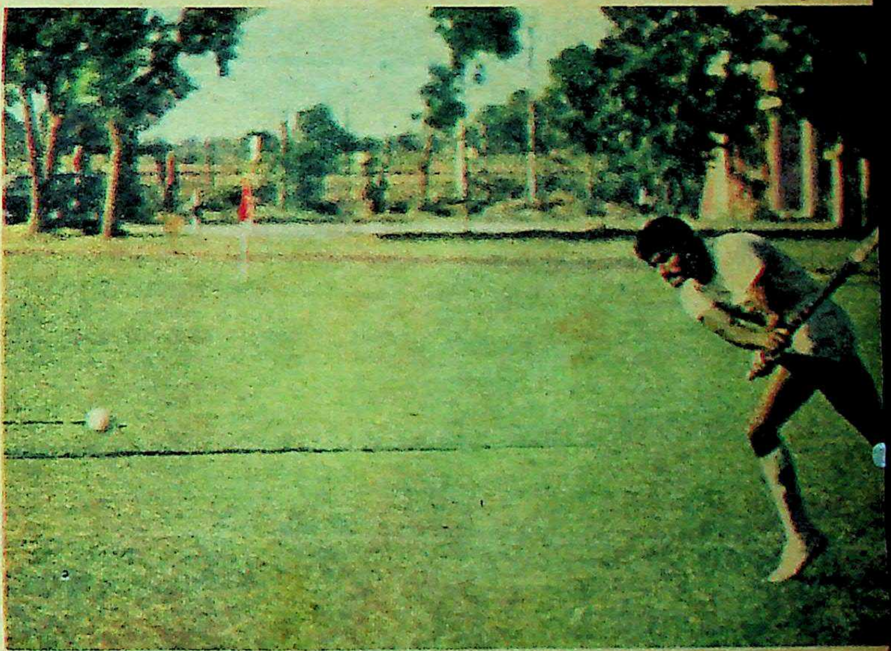
nder Singh

AJIT SINGH, who played at inside-left for Railways in the Nationals, is one of three who will bid for a place as centre-forward—the other two being Govinda and Vijay Phillips. Seven of the sixteen chosen are new to the international scene.

VIJAY PHILLIPS AND AJITPAL SINGH—youth and experience. Ajitpal led India in the inaugural World Cup at Barcelona where—as in the 1970 Bangkok Asian Games—we lost to Pakistan in the final. Vijay Phillips is a forward of promise.

LEFT-HALF HARMIK SINGH, who captained the India team that could finish only third in the Munich Olympics last year, is lucky to retain his place. He can double for Ajitpal Singh at centre-half.



BELIMOGA GOVINDA, a centre-forward of dash, was—like Darshan Singh at the 1962 Jakarta Asian Games and 1964 Tokyo Olympic Games—shunted to the outside-left berth for the Munich Olympics. He is now back in the reckoning as leader of the attack—a typical example of the thoughtless way in which we "switch" our players. Govinda, along with Skipper Ganesh, first attracted notice at IHT 70 in Bombay, when he spearheaded the Light Blues.

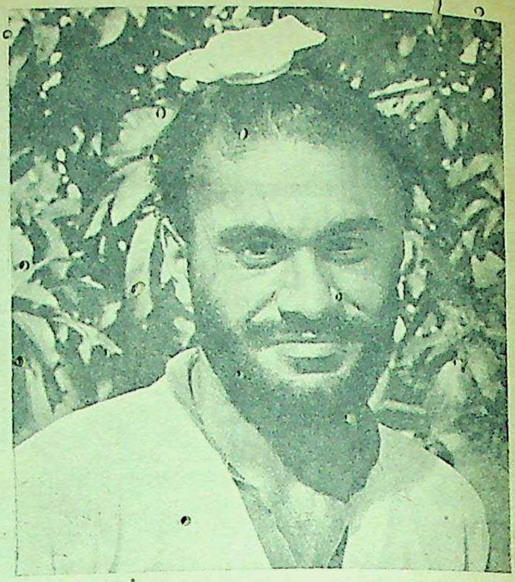
Jos Gonsalves at least had the benefit of having worked with the sixteen chosen for the Amsterdam operation and knew all about the strategy to be adopted by which we would concentrate on field goals rather than penalty-corners—our big failing at Munich.

No less unsavoury has been the spectacle of certain players being pressured to quit; and the appointment of Harmik Singh as a second vice-captain. Only in our hockey can there be such an absurdity. For the 1968 Mexico Olympic Games, we recalled Prithipal Singh out of

—Continued

CC-0. Bhagavad R

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



CAPTAIN GANESH **AJITPAL SINGH** **HARMIK SINGH**

Ganesh has emerged as Captain of the India team to Amsterdam in one of the quickest promotions in our hockey—he first attracted attention in IHT 70 and has since developed into our best right-winger. He was perhaps the ideal "compromise candidate" in the tussle between Ajitpal Singh and Harmik Singh. Ajitpal and Harmik have both been made vice-captains of the team to Amsterdam. This on the plea that the two of them wanted it that way!

the blue to make him captain. This was interpreted as a personal affront by the bespectacled Gurbux Singh—otherwise a fine player—who, in an unprecedented show of pique, succeeded in getting himself named as "Joint Captain"!

Ajitpal Singh has been named as vice-captain for Amsterdam. He was our captain two years ago in the inaugural World Cup at Barcelona, where he made his mark as the finest centre-half in the game. In the circumstances, there was no reason at all to scale him down. But then the Establishment in our hockey wanted Ajitpal to get so big and no bigger. So he was promptly cut to size and Harmik Singh named captain of the team for the 1972 Munich Olympic Games. This when there were two opinions about Harmik's value to India as a left-half while there was no doubt about Ajitpal's class.

The position today is that Ajitpal has grown in stature; Harmik on the other hand must consider himself distinctly lucky to retain his place at left-half when Bhaskaran, his understudy, is by far a more attacking choice for the position, with Albert Shaw the next best. Even so we have had the astonishing spectacle of Harmik—*a la* Gurbux in 1968—extracting from our hockey authority a unique concession as a salve to his wounded pride—the position of Joint Vice-Captain!

Seeing the exertions at the Patiala Camp with its scientific method of conditioning and training, one thought that at least a sincere effort was being made to fashion a new young team with the 1976 Olympics in view. Even allowing for an element of "brainwashing" in the reports from Patiala, there can be no doubt that the team Ganesh leads is a team fit as fit could be—it will in fact be the fittest team India have fielded in an international competition.

It has two fine wingers in Ganesh and Harcharan Singh. Ashok Kumar, playing in his customary position at inside-right, is a reminder of the forgotten art in hockey. A wonderful prospect is full-back Surjit Singh (20), the "baby" of the team who is a robust tackler and a wristy hitter of the ball. So is Baldev Singh, the third back chosen, good at converting penalty-corners, though here our true ability can once again be known only in the cross-fire of world competition.

Ajitpal Singh and Michael Kindo provide the requisite international experience. Virender Singh is a resourceful and attacking right-half who plays close on the heels of his forwards. Cedric Pereira in goal has the flair, Charles the consistency. Chand Singh at inside-left may seem a gamble, but Govinda is now a seasoned forward, and both Vijay Phillips and Ajit Singh are not lacking in potential.

There may be no Balbir to give us a head start—otherwise it certainly looks a better team on paper than the one we sent to Barcelona. But then on paper we have always had it all neatly worked out! Like, for instance, Coach Gentle saying he will quit hockey if this team fails to bring the World Cup home. All of us know Gentle is in dead earnest, that he is not merely "whistling" for courage, but is this kind of bravado any longer necessary? Why try to pass off as current coin when we have been fairly and squarely devalued? Hasn't our hockey reached a stage where the golden rule would be to maintain a discreet silence and just wait on events?

The unholy wrangling that brought the AICS into the picture on the issue of Manager, the ultimatum, Wimbledon style, of certain team members at the reported instance of an "interested" IHF official on the issue of Manager, the upsetting of applecarts all the time—this has only given a further fillip to the attitude of cynical apathy towards our hockey on the part of the public. At a time when, with the players rarin' to go, we should have concentrated on essentials, our hockey mentors have been busy horse trading. In such a setting, can we even hope for the best while being prepared for the worst?

DIGVIJAY SINGH "BABU", Chief Coach of the India team that was cut to bronze-medal size in the Munich Olympics, added pep to the controversy over the appointment of Manager for the team to Amsterdam by belatedly charging top bosses of the Indian Hockey Federation with interfering in the selection. "Whenever I and other selectors did not agree with the views of the people at the top," says Babu, "telephone calls were made and big personalities were rushed to influence us and make us change our views."

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Hockey—No Longer Our National Game

by Prithipal Singh

The famous full-back, who packed a rare punch in his penalty-corner hits, outlines the strategy to be adopted in restoring to hockey its status of being our national game. Prithipal Singh represented India in the 1960 Rome, and 1964 Tokyo, Olympics, and captained our team in the 1968 Mexico Olympics.

HOCKEY, which was once the pride of the nation, is no longer so if we look back on the trend of events. For nearly 30 years our hockey reigned supreme in international and Olympic competition, starting with our participation in the Amsterdam Olympic Games in 1928. Amsterdam is now once again the setting of international competition, so it would be meet to reflect on some aspects of the game as developed by this country.

We see that, after 1958, the Asian and Olympic titles kept changing hands between India and Pakistan; right now we have neither the Asian nor the Olympic title, leave alone the World Cup. While we have been humbled, even humiliated, in international hockey competition, our cricketers have won laurels for the nation, having defeated renowned countries like the West Indies and England on their own soil. **It would therefore be befitting if cricket, and not hockey, is now called our national game.**

What ails Indian Hockey? Have standards in the game gone down or is it that we just don't have enough talent in the country? I had been repeatedly warning those at the helm about the threat to our supremacy in the game and also offering certain suggestions that would help put our hockey back on a world footing.

The first of these is that, whether the matches are national or international, the main criterion for a good performance by the players is their physical fitness. I am happy we have concentrated on this aspect for the present World Cup. Even so there is no denying the fact that we are a starving nation and sportsmen form a part of this starved society. So long as our players are underfed and undernourished, what do you expect?

The players may know perfectly the techniques of hockey in theory and practice; but when they don't have the stamina to run up and down the field for an hour and a half, of what use is their knowhow?

Again, even in terms of technique, we seem to be forgetting our traditional style of hockey and are trying to adopt the techniques of European teams. This only leads to a mixing up of styles, resulting in a "hotch-potch" type of game. Until and unless players are cared for right from their schooldays with regard to their physical fitness and aptitude for the game, until they are made familiar with the basics of the game at the grass-roots level, no useful purpose will be served by feeding the selected players at a two-month training camp and by trying to teach them new techniques when they have already evolved a style of play.

It is a hard fact that, while our standards in the game have not improved, the European countries have made tremendous strides in the last few years. They were already superior to us in speed, stamina and physical fitness but lagged behind in the playing skills. Now they have acquired these skills too, so our defeat at their hands should not really be a cause for surprise.

No Nutritious Diet

It is essentially a nutritious diet resulting in peak physical fitness that makes all the difference between victory and defeat. No number of coaching camps can help if the players are not physically fit for the challenge of international competition. For such a big nation, we have not a single gold medal to show—even the one we had in hockey is now lost.

Actually, from such a vast nation, we should expect at least a dozen hockey teams of interntional standard; but we have failed to produce even one such team for so many years now.

The reason for this is simple: the game is not being popularised in schools and colleges, which have all along been the nursery of our hockey, providing reservoirs of talent for the State and National teams. Looking at the playfields in these educational institutions, I am shocked to see how the younger generation seem to have lost interest in sports and games. It is true sports facilities are lacking in most of our schools and colleges; but even where these are available, the position regarding the participation of youngsters in sports is very discouraging.

Why this abject indifference? On inquiry you find that students today are more concerned about their future. Their counter-question to your inquiry is: "What is the benefit we stand to gain from participating in sports and games at the expense of our future career?" They rightly point out that it is specialisation in a certain subject and the marks they have to show that will count when they start looking for jobs.

Participation in sports and games, especially where hard labour needs to be put in to acquire perfection, makes heavy demands on a student. This leaves him with little time for studies, which alone can help him advance in his career.

So long as due encouragement and recognition are not given to sportsmen and they are not helped to settle down in life on the strength of their sporting prowess, and sporting prowess alone, nobody will risk his career for playing a game. Government must therefore do something more than express concern at the deteriorating standard of sport in the country; it must provide would-be sportsmen with ample job opportunities if it is really interested in promoting and popularising sport among the nation's youth.

Faulty Approach

Our approach to the participation of our teams in international hockey competitions has also been faulty. The team is selected just a month or so before the event, thereby giving very little time to the players to develop a sense of understanding, coordination and confidence among themselves. What is more, the team reaches the venue of the competition hardly a few days before the tournament, thereby effectively denying the players the opportunity to get themselves properly acclimatised.

Another development that has proved disastrous is the tendency of our hockey authorities to cold-shoulder players of proven name and merit without assigning any legitimate reason for such an attitude. There is always a hue and cry in the press and among the public but such "intentional lapses" in selection continue to recur. Railways' Balbir Singh's omission is a case in point.

Another reason for our poor performance is that the coaching and training of players is entrusted to a number of coaches. Too many coaches—like too many cooks—spoil the game. It has been noted that the aim of most such coaches in the camp is to wangle a foreign trip with the team.

Last but not least, the newfangled policy of "fitting" a player selected for a particular position into another position is just incomprehensible to me with all my knowledge and background of hockey. One who has been playing in a certain position for a long time and has perfected himself in that position cannot be expected to perform better in any other role? It will be difficult to convince even a layman on this.

If the suggestions made here are not taken into account, if no earnest effort is made to spread the cult of hockey all over the country, if we continue to plan without purpose and pick players on considerations other than merit, there is little chance of our regaining the art that will restore to our hockey its honour of being our national game.

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja National ...

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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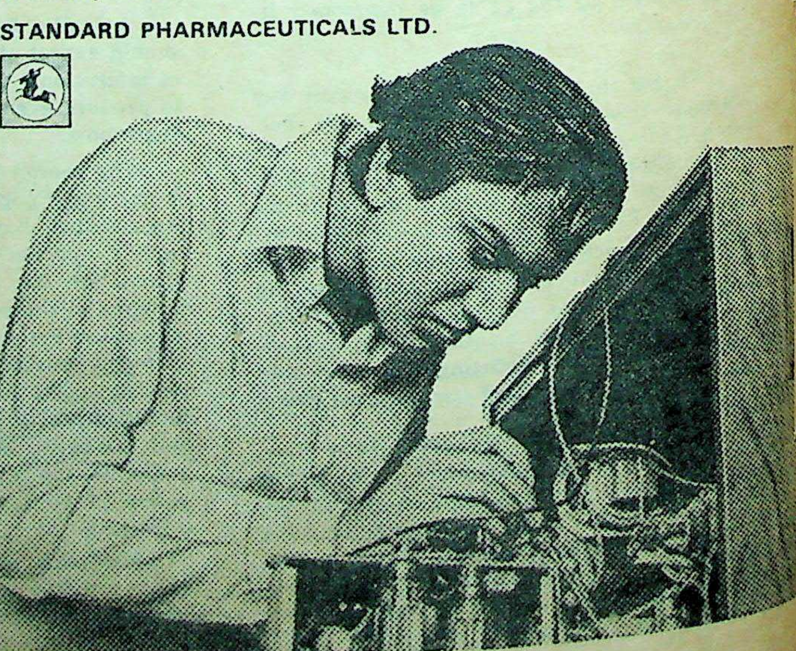

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

A YOUNG man spent a pleasant evening at his girl's home. Just as it was time to go, it started to rain hard. The girl said she wouldn't think of letting him go out in such terrible weather, that he might catch a cold. "Why not stay over for the night?" she said. "You can sleep in the spare room."

The boy agreed to stay and the girl went upstairs to make sure the room was in order.

When she came down the boy was gone. Twenty minutes later, the door opened and the boy friend walked in, soaked to the skin.

"Where have you been?" she asked incredulously.

"You asked me to stay overnight," he explained, "so I went home to get my pajamas."

AND then there was a drunk who started to write a drinking song but never got past the first two bars.

A VERY pompous shopwalker approached a customer and said very patronisingly: "Good morning, Sir, and what is your desire?"

"My desire, Sir," retorted the man, "is to kiss Venus, but what I need is a bowler hat."

A MAN had car trouble on a back country road. He opened the hood and inspected the engine.

"The trouble is in the battery," came a voice from behind him.

The man turned around quickly to see who had spoken, but the only thing in sight was an old horse watching him over the pasture fence. Completely unnerved, the fellow took off down the road.

About twenty minutes later he came to a filling station. After he caught his breath, he told his story to the owner.

"Was it by any chance a black horse, sway-backed with bow-legs?"

"Yeah, that's right."

"Oh, don't mind him," said the gas pumper. "He doesn't know a thing about engine trouble."

ONE of the favourite war stories concerns the RAF pilot who was ordered to make a flight over Germany to scatter propaganda leaflets. When he finally returned two months later, his squadron leader said to him sternly: "It seems to me that two months is a rather long time for simply dropping a load of leaflets over enemy territory."

The dishevelled pilot glanced up in surprise. "Drop them? I thought I was supposed to slip them under each door!"

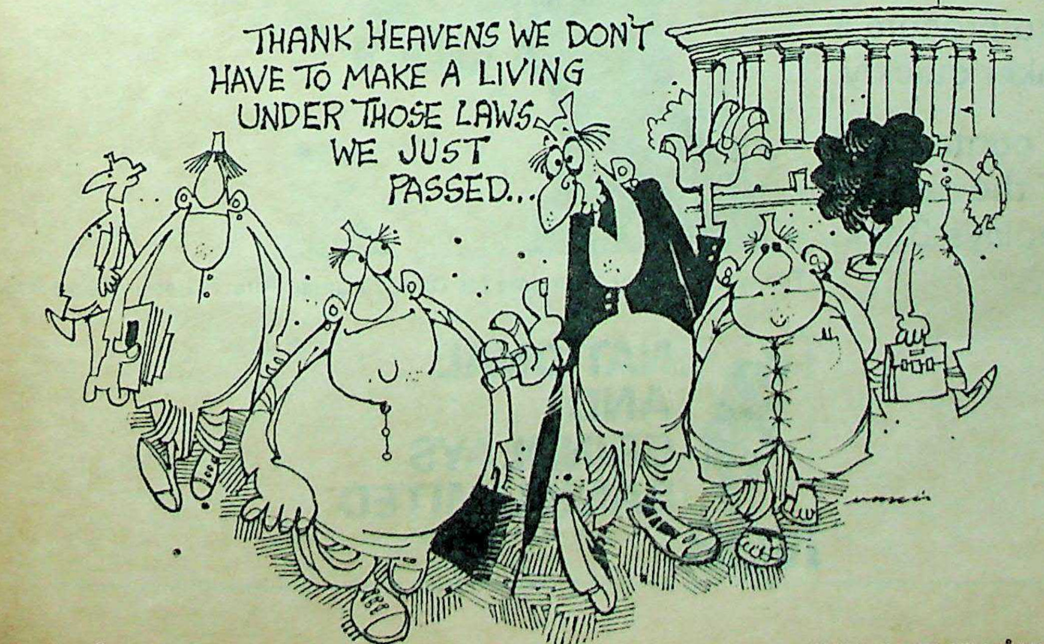
AN authority on art was giving a lecture on famous paintings, painters and the history of the world of art. He talked on and on, covering the situation from ancient to modern times. When he finally finished his talk he asked: "Are there any questions?"

A little old lady in the rear of the hall raised her hand. "What kind of oil did you use on the floor to make it so shiny?"

"GOOD heavens, Doctor! What a terrific bill", the patient protested.

"My dear fellow," the doctor replied, "if you knew what an interesting case yours was and how strongly I was tempted to let it proceed to a post-mortem, you wouldn't complain of a bill three times as big."

THIS WEEK **by MARIO**



—*from* Punch

YOU heard about the scientist who

Crossed a carrier pigeon with a woodpecker so when he delivers a message he can knock on the door.

Crossed a wrist-watch with helium so he could watch time fly.

Crossed a raccoon with a skunk and got a dirty look from the raccoon.

Crossed a meadow with the farmer's daughter and got nothing.

Crossed sheep with kangaroos and got woolly jumpers.

THE plane on which an actor was flying across darkest Africa crashed in a very thick jungle. He was the only surviving passenger able to walk so he started out for help. He had gone a few miles when he was set upon by a band of half-naked cannibals. They quickly subdued him, tied him up, and carted him off to their village. He was brought before their chief.

"So you're an actor," the chief said. "That's fine. Sit down next to me. I want to tell you a few stories."

The stories that the chief told were risque but they had the actor holding his sides with laughter.

When the chief finished his joke-telling one of his subordinates came over and whispered in his ear. "You know we are going to eat this guy," he said. "Why are you making him so happy?"

"I have a yen for spiced ham," explained the chief.

A MISERLY MAN was approached by a friend who did his best to persuade him to dress more in accordance with his station in life. "I'm surprised," said the friend, "that you've allowed yourself to become shabby."

"But I'm not shabby," said the miser.

"Yes, you are," insisted his friend. "Take your father. He was always neatly dressed. His clothes were always well tailored and of the best material."

"You see!" cried the other triumphantly. "These clothes I'm wearing are father's!"

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Last March his heart nearly killed him...

National and Grindlays helped save his life with a Pacemaker

Here's the whole story as told by NGB:

Mr Brij Kumar, 42, is a successful and popular lawyer.

One day, his heart let him down. Oxygen gave him temporary relief. The doctor's verdict was a Pacemaker, which is not available in India.

That's when we were approached. We sent a telex message to our London Office and a Pacemaker was despatched on the next available flight to Calcutta.

Today, Mr Kumar lives and we are justifiably proud of our part in his recovery.

National and Grindlays can help to procure a Pacemaker quickly.

For information and help contact the Branch Manager of the nearest National and Grindlays Bank.

The worst is over. Fun time for Daddy Kumar, Rita 7, Rahul 5 and Rohit 3

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What The Stars Foretell

by S. K. KELKAR

Sunday, August 12

For luck today, wear or use: Royal blue, 4, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A spell of good luck is going to bring you success and prosperity. Part-time jobs will increase your income. You may purchase a house or a vehicle. Special luck awaits politicians and industrialists. All is well on the home front.

Monday, August 13

For luck today, wear or use: Silver grey, 2, aquamarine.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Quite an auspicious year is indicated. Act according to your own intuition and inspiration. Consult others only if necessary. Promotional chances await the employed early next year. Scientists and mechanics will receive awards for new ideas. Family life is under happy stars.

Tuesday, August 14

For luck today, wear or use: Rose red, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Your efficiency and sincerity will be amply rewarded if you take proper stock of the situation and move quickly. An upward swing in business is indicated, but do not attempt expansion. The employed will get promotion with higher salary and status. A good year for cine-artists. Writers too will receive recognition. A pleasant domestic atmosphere will keep you contented.

Wednesday, August 15

For luck today, wear or use: Dull blue, 8, jade.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The stars are going to bring you ample opportunities to show your skill and ability. Certain unexpected changes are going to prove a blessing in disguise. Good chances await army men and engineers. Domestic conditions will be peaceful but avoid conflicts with neighbours. Youngsters should bear in mind that hard work alone will pay dividends.

Thursday, August 16

For luck today, wear or use: Royal purple, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Your solar horoscope warns you to move with caution and to maintain the status quo in all walks of life. Remain content with the existing situation and await a more auspicious time. No new investment is advisable unless it is absolutely necessary. Domestic peace may be disturbed due to prejudices and your own eccentric behaviour.

Friday, August 17

For luck today, wear or use: Scarlet, 9, bloodstone.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Remember that this year timely actions and calculated steps alone will be successful. So plan ahead and move accordingly. Avoid haphazard actions which may land you in trouble. A trip abroad to tap financial sources for business expansion is going to prove very beneficial. Monetarily, you will be free from worries, but check your spending. Family life will be happy. Youngsters should avoid a complacent attitude.

Saturday, August 18

For luck today, wear or use: Bright yellow, 5, onyx.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Do not expect last year's lucky phase to continue. Make honest efforts to maintain your position. Of course there is no need to lose confidence but be cautious and vigilant. The same care is necessary about money. Tackle seniors tactfully to secure their co-operation and goodwill. Take care of your health in October and in early January.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

(December 21 to January 19)

Capricorn (Makara)

Make up your mind to reap the maximum advantage of favourable planetary aspects on Sunday by being not assertive but eloquent and persuasive. Wednesday is good for business or for a short trip. Saturday should be spent indoors.

(January 20 to February 18)

Aquarius (Kumbha)

A meeting that may take place on Sunday is going to prove far more important than you think. Tuesday-Wednesday are good for money transactions, but discretion in putting them through is necessary.

(February 19 to March 20)

Pisces (Mina)

An old relationship is likely to be renewed due to healthy mediation. You will be encouraged to take part in group activities but avoid getting too deeply involved. Confidential information received on Sunday may improve business.

(March 21 to April 20)

Aries (Mesha)

There will be an unexpected rise in income in the next six months but make determined efforts to hold on to the money. A meaningful and lasting relationship may develop on Sunday. Saturday is excellent for games.

(April 21 to May 20)

Taurus (Vrishabha)

You will be full of enthusiasm but take due care that an extreme step does not spoil the fruits of honest labour. Politicians and social workers should be careful not to be taken in by appearances in the next couple of months.

(May 21 to June 20)

Gemini (Mithuna)

Early in the week you get news from abroad concerning your career prospects. Contacts made on Sunday are going to prove very lasting. Monday is auspicious for tackling new assignments.

(June 21 to July 20)

Cancer (Kataka)

Assurances given by friends and associates regarding loans for financing your projects will be fulfilled in a rather strange manner. You will be busy with group activities but do not compete for a post or position. Just be an onlooker.

(July 21 to August 21)

Leo (Simha)

You will find yourself in a comfortable position after overcoming opposition. Temporary promotion is in sight and may materialise next week. Some readjustment in the present job is likely. On Sunday adopt a sporting attitude.

(August 22 to September 23)

Virgo (Kanya)

Mixed influences are indicated. Health will improve and vigour and vitality will be restored. Writers and artists will receive good news of their work being accepted for publication. Wednesday-Thursday are good for business.

(September 24 to October 23)

Libra (Tula)

Take good care of your health for the next six months. The current week is generally good for business. Sunday will bring money gains and also a good contact. Friday-Saturday are suitable for an outing.

(October 24 to November 22)

Scorpio (Vrischika)

Careerwise and financially you are placed in a happy position. Members of the opposite sex will be very entertaining and will make you happy. Job activities are remunerative. Do not, however, be too generous with your money.

(November 23 to December 20)

Sagittarius (Dhanu)

Industrialists may have to face labour trouble in the coming six months. Those in employment will find this week beneficial. Promotion awaits representatives and salesmen.

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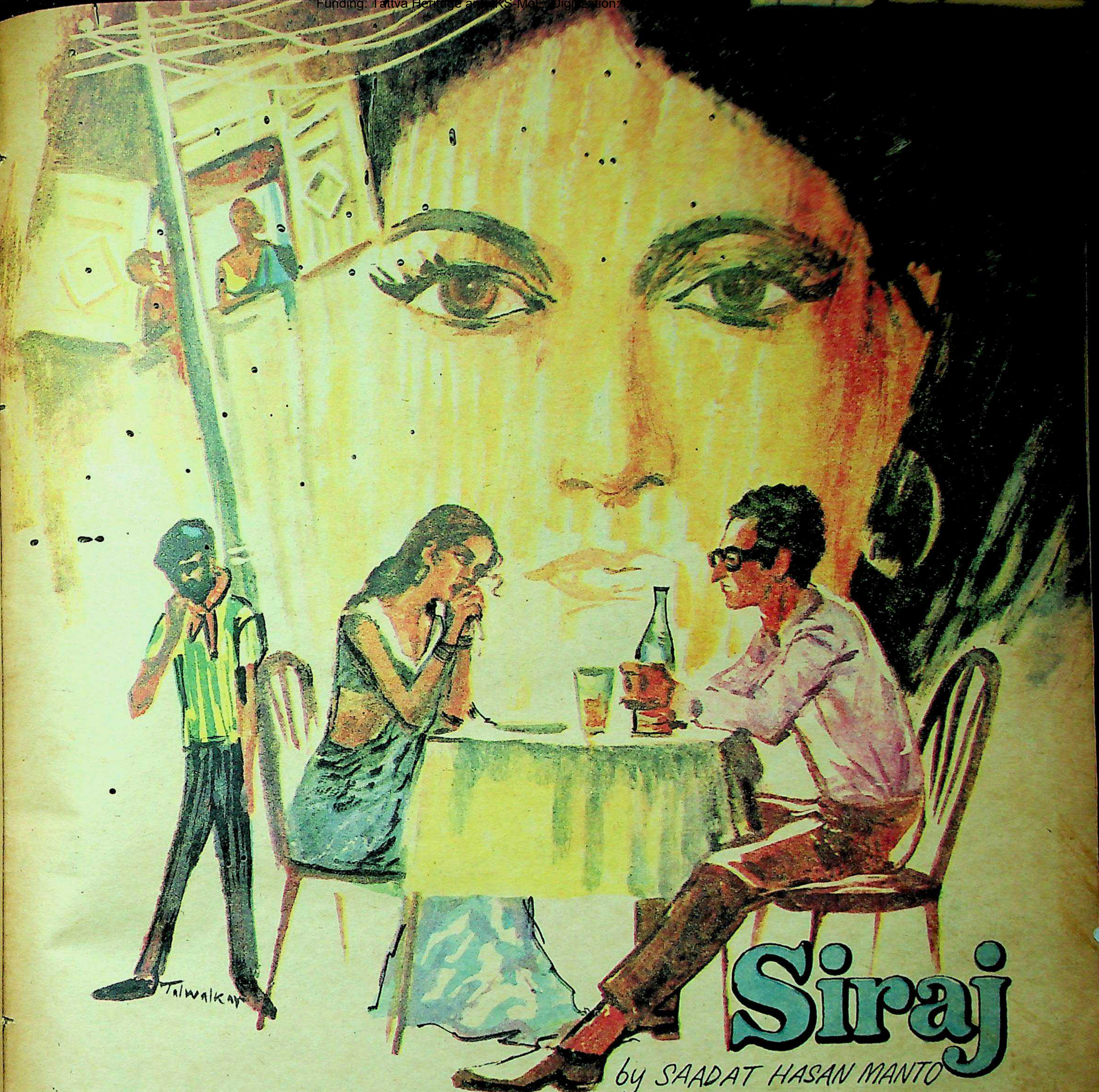
Chiffon with hi-waist & frilled bottom



Siraj

by SAADAT HASAN MANTO

Manto was one of the best short story writers in Urdu. He belonged to a Kashmiri family of Amritsar and began writing in the 1930's. Manto had a sharp eye for the absurd and lovingly portrayed his anti-heroes and anti-heroines. He migrated to Pakistan soon after Partition. Before his death in Lahore, in 1954, he wrote his own ironic epitaph.

CLOSE to Nagpada police station, in front of an Irani restaurant, slouching against a lamppost, was Dhundu.

His nickname Dhundu (the finder) fitted him like a glove. Pimping was his profession. He could find a girl to suit every requirement. For ten long years, he had been a pimp. He had traded in countless girls. Of every religion, description, and colour.

This had always been his favourite spot—close to Nagpada police station, across the park, in front of the Irani restaurant, against the lamppost. In my mind the lamppost was completely associated with him. I could not see it without picturing Dhundu against it, chewing *pan*.

The lamppost was tall. So was Dhundu. Several electric wires sprang from the lamppost and ran across the city sky in long receding lines. They joined other wires. And through this network the lamppost seemed to reach the remotest corners of the city.

The Telephone Department had affixed a box to it for periodic check-ups of wires. I always compared Dhundu to this box. Posted, as he was there, for a frequent check-up of the sexual wires of his rich clientele. He could put his finger correctly on every sexually taut or loose wire that needed repair.

He knew all the girls in the profession. He could tell every contour of their bodies, every nerve that breathed under them, every shade of their temperaments. He knew which girl suited whom. Only Siraj eluded him.

—Continued

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"The wench has a swollen head," Dhundu often complained to me. "I cannot understand her, Manto Sahib. She is unpredictable. Cantankerous as hell. Quarrels with every 'passenger'. I implore her to keep her cool or get the hell out of here and go back home. Clad in rags and penniless, can she quarrel her way through life? But she remains a stone. Deaf to my entreaties."

I had seen Siraj only twice. She was emaciated yet beautiful. Her eyes were large and clear, and stared out of her face in bold self-assertion. It was on Clare Road that I had seen her first. Her eyes had intrigued me. I almost felt like requesting them to step aside so that I could see the rest of her.

She was petite and comely. A goblet, brimming full of more wine than it could hold. The surplus flowed over with throbbing intensity. I call her wine because the bitterness of a heady liquor blended with the softness of the woman in her. The ire that dishevelled her hair, puckered her nose and pursed her lips. I concluded that she was angry with everything—with Dhundu, with customers he brought her, with her large eyes that held her face under their sway.

She was annoyed with her fingers as well. Slender, tapering fingers like the sharply pointed pencils of draughtsmen. May be they could not draw for her the only image she wanted drawn across her life.

"MANTO Sahib, the wretch was up to mischief again," Dhundu said one morning. "My good luck saved me. The police officers of Nagpada post are always kind. God bless them! Otherwise Dhundu was done for. She brought the skies down. How I cursed myself! I don't have to put up with her. She is no kith of mine. I don't understand it."

We were sitting in an Irani restaurant. Dhundu ordered his special tea, poured a little in the saucer and drank with a loud slurp. "If you want the truth, I sympathise with her," he said.

"Why"?

"Don't know," he shook his head. "The day I know why my troubles will be over. Do you know something?" he asked emptying his entire cup in the saucer. "She is still a virgin!"

"Virgin? Can't be, Dhundu," I said surprised.

My incredulity displeased him.

"Upon your life, Manto Sahib. She is a hundred per cent virgin. Take a bet if you like!"

"How can that be?" I wondered.

"Why can't that be? A girl like Siraj can stay in this profession all her life and yet remain a virgin," Dhundu said emphatically. "She does not let anybody touch her. I know only a part of her history. She is from Punjab. As a newcomer to Bombay, she was staying at a Madame's on Lamington Road. Was out shortly because of her bad temper. Madame had thirty other girls in the house. She was not prepared to look after Siraj for nothing. The wretch then walked over to another Madame on Foras Road and even there she fared badly. The third month saw her on the streets. Then, God bless you, she landed in a hotel in Khetwadi. And the scene was repeated. The manager threw her out in sheer disgust.

She lived near Byculla station in an ugly slum. A goat was tied to her hut. An old woman came out and sat down on a bench. She looked like a witch straight out of a fairy tale. A pair of wide open eyes peeped from behind the jute curtain. And then the oval face of Siraj.

"The wretch is oblivious of everything. Her clothes are lousy. Her hair goes unwashed for months on end. She seems to have only two interests in life, hashish and film songs."

To keep the conversation going I asked Dhundu why he did not send her back. She was obviously not interested in this profession. I offered to pay her the train fare.

Dhundu was hurt. "Manto Sahib, I can well afford the fare myself!" he said.

"Then why don't you send her back?"

DHUNDU was quiet for a while. He took out the piece of cigarette tucked behind his ear, lighted it, blew the smoke out of his nostrils and said, "I don't want her to go."

"Are you in love with her?" I asked.

Dhundu reacted violently. "How can you, Manto Sahib!"

Pulling his ear lobes with his hands he said, "Upon the holy Quran, such a vile thought never crossed my mind. I just," he hesitated, "sort of like her."

I asked a very logical question, "Why?"

Dhundu's reply was equally logical: "Because she is different. The others are gold-diggers. Bloody bitches. But Siraj is peculiar. When a deal is struck she agrees. Gets into the taxi or the Victoria-gharry. Now, Manto Sahib, the passenger spends for his pleasure. He touches his ware, feels it, presses it. And that sets her ablaze. She even beats up the passenger. A gentleman runs away but a drunk or a ruffian doesn't. Each time I have to go and intervene. Apart from returning his money I have to plead guilty to the passenger. And all this only for Siraj! Upon your life, Manto Sahib, I have lost half my business because of her."

My mental picture of Siraj's background did not quite conform to Dhundu's account of it.

I decided to meet Siraj alone and keep Dhundu in the dark about it. He had once mentioned her whereabouts. She lived near Byculla station in an ugly slum. Mountains of garbage strewn with excreta surrounded her hut. I wish I had not seen the affluent mansions that stood at a respectable distance from this squalor!

A goat was tied to the hut. It bleated on seeing me. An old woman stepped out. She looked a witch straight out of a fairy tale. I was about to retrace my steps when I saw a pair of wide open eyes peeping through a hole in the jute curtain. And then the white oval of Siraj's face. I found it hard to forgive her possessive eyes.

She came out immediately, ignored the old woman and asked me why I was there.

"To meet you and take you out," I said.

At that the fairy-tale witch took on a very professional look and demanded ten rupees.

I handed her a ten rupee note and beckoned Siraj to come.

FOR a moment her big eyes lowered and made way for mine to go all over her face. I reached the conclusion, yet once again, that she was beautiful. It was a frozen, caged beauty. A beauty embalmed and preserved over the centuries.

We went to a restaurant. Siraj sat across the table clad in her simple clothes. Her big eyes were rebellious. I felt they covered not only her face but her entire being. And made it impossible for me to see anything of her.

Notwithstanding the ten rupees I paid the old witch, I gave another forty to Siraj. I wanted her to pick at me the way she did with others. So I refrained from saying anything that smacked of affection or sincerity.

She was quiet. I wanted to provoke her into being nasty. I got slightly drunk on four

—Continued

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glasses of whisky and flung a vulgar remark at her. She did not object. I did something really objectionable. I thought that would trigger off the gunpowder. To my surprise she kept her composure. She gathered me into the vast expanse of her eyes and asked for a joint of *charas*.

"Have a drink," I suggested.

No. She insisted on *charas*.

I got her a joint. She puffed at it in a way typical of junkies and stared at me. Her eyes had lost some of their power. She looked a ruined empire. Every contour of her face was reduced to a line of desolation. What could this desolation be? Was she a city that was invaded at its inception and turned to ruins long before completion? I wondered.

I was not bothered about discovering for myself her virginity or the absence of it. But in her eyes, dreamy in a haze of hashish smoke, I did read something inexplicable.

I tried conversation. She declined. Wanted her to pick a quarrel with me. She did not. I took her back to her hovel.

WHEN Dhundu learned of my secret meeting with Siraj he was offended. Both the friend and the procurer in him were deeply hurt. With a curt, "Manto Sahib, I did not expect that from you", he moved away from the lamppost.

I was surprised not to find him there the next evening. Perhaps he was indisposed. But he was absent even the day after.

A whole week went by. I passed the lamppost every day and it never failed to remind me of Dhundu. I went over to the slum where Siraj lived. When I asked the old witch about Siraj she smiled. Centuries of dormant sexual desire awoke and wrinkled around the toothless smile. "Siraj is gone," she said. "I have others. Want one of them?"

I was nonplussed. Both Siraj and Dhundu had disappeared right after our secret meeting! There was no emotional bond between them. Dhundu was above that. He had a wife and children and was deeply attached to them. Maybe he had decided at last to send her back home, I thought.

A month passed without them.

One evening I saw Dhundu against the lamppost. It was like a sudden flash of light after a long black-out. Everything was bright—the lamppost, telephone box, the wires above—.

When I passed by he caught my eye and smiled. We went to the Irani restaurant. He ordered tea. Shifting in his chair he took a stance so imposing that I thought he would come out with something really profound! But he merely said, "How's life, Manto Sahib?"

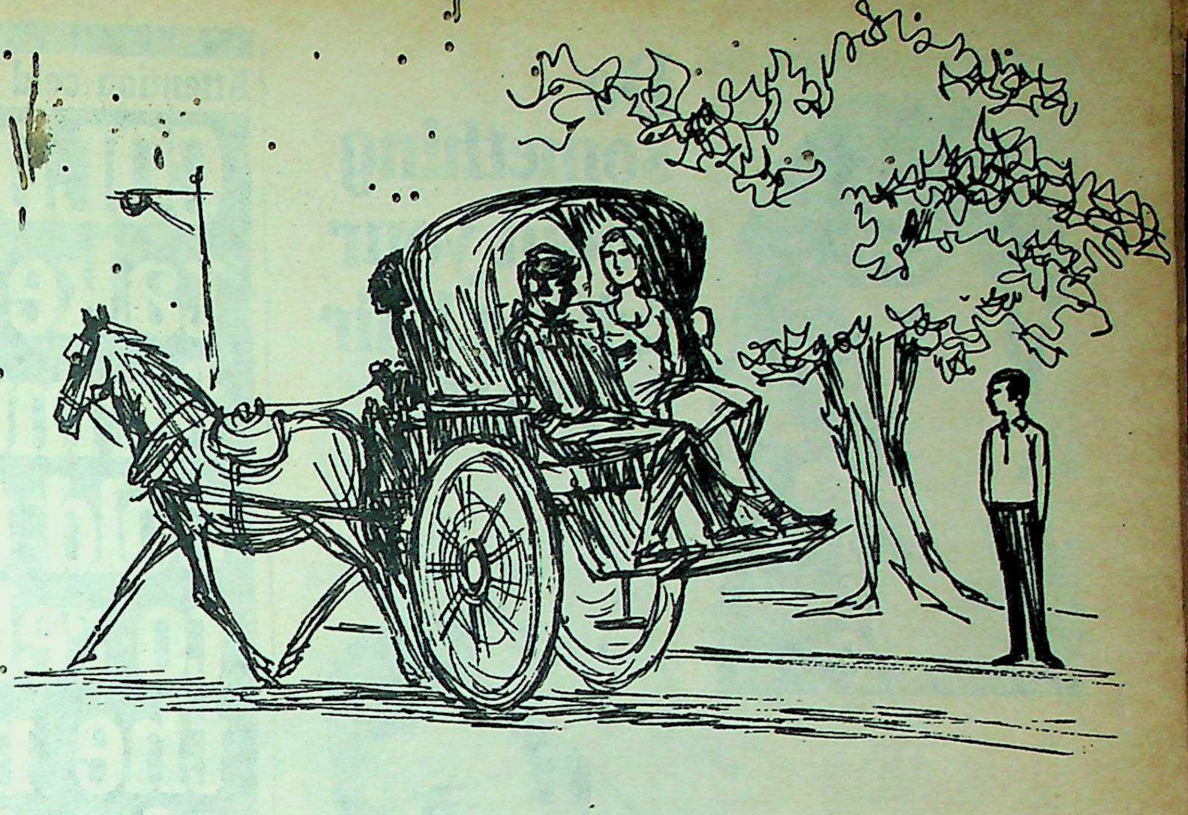
"Nothing to write home about, Dhundu. It just goes on."

"How right you are. It just goes on," he said, "All is passing. All is strange."

I agreed.

Tea was served. Dhundu emptied his cup into the saucer and said, "Manto Sahib, she has told me the whole story. She referred to you as 'that crazy *seth*, your friend'!"

"Why?" I laughed.



"One day we were out on a tonga ride when she suddenly asked the tongawallah to stop. Pointed to a man in the street and said, 'Dhundu, bring him to me. I am returning to the hotel.' I could not understand."

"You took her to a hotel, paid her well, and yet did not behave the way the *seths* do. Right?"

I felt ashamed of my naivete. "The entire episode was queer, Dhundu," I tried to explain.

Dhundu laughed and said, "I know. Forgive me. I was curt with you that day. Now that chapter is closed."

"What chapter?" I asked.

"That of the wretch, Siraj. Who else?"

I looked askance at him.

"THE day after meeting you she told me she had enough money to take her all the way to Lahore. She asked me to accompany her. I chided her for her madness. But she was adamant. She begged and pleaded.

"Manto Sahib, you know I cannot say 'no' to her! We caught the first train and went. In Lahore we rented rooms in a hotel. She asked me for a *burqa* and I bought her one. She wore it and roamed every road and street of Lahore for many days. I was furious with myself for following the whims of a crazy nut like Siraj and travelling all the way to Lahore with her!

"One day we were out on a tonga ride when she suddenly asked the tongawallah to stop. Pointed to a man in the street and said, 'Dhundu bring him to me. I am returning to the hotel.' I could not understand.

"I got out of the tonga and started chasing the man.

"By your blessing and by the grace of God I am a good judge of men. We exchanged a few words and I knew he was a gay one. I told him of a 'delicacy' from Bombay. He could not wait! When I demurred he produced a thick wad of notes. Even in Lahore I could have had a roaring business!

"It escaped me, though, why Siraj singled him out in the whole of Lahore. Anyway, I took him to the hotel. When Siraj was informed she asked us to wait. After a while I went in with this handsome man. The moment he saw Siraj he frisked like a frightened mouse.

"Siraj caught him by the collar."

Dhundu drank his tea in one gulp and lighted his *bidi*.

"Siraj caught him by the collar," I prompted.

"Yes," Dhundu raised his voice, "caught the bastard by the collar and asked him where he was off to.

" 'I loved you,' she said, 'you claimed you loved me.

" 'I left my home, parents, everything and eloped with you. We spent a night in this very hotel. The next day you ran away, abandoning me. I was prepared for anything. You left me prepared only to wait. Now I have called you. My love for you is as intense as ever. Come to me.'

"And, Manto Sahib, she clung to him for dear life. He was in tears. Said he had been scared to face the world and had decided to run away. He begged to be forgiven and swore never to leave her again.

"Siraj beckoned me to leave. I went out and slept on a cot in the courtyard.

"THE next morning, she woke me up and said, Come, Dhundu, let us go.'

" 'Where to?' I asked.

" 'Back to Bombay!'

"I enquired about the man.

" 'He is fast asleep,' she said, 'I have covered him with my *burqa*.' "

Dhundu had just ordered himself another cup of his "special tea" when Siraj entered the restaurant. The white oval of her face was beaming. On it her large eyes looked like a pair of all-clear railway signals.

(*Translated by Fatima Ahmed*)

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Do something about your falling hair TODAY

Tomorrow may be too late!

Start using Pure Silvikrin today. It's a scientifically researched and tested formula that: 1) helps stop falling hair. 2) contains 17 essential protein supplements that penetrate deep into your hair roots—make it grow thick and healthy again.

Proof that Pure Silvikrin checks falling hair

Hair growth is thin and unhealthy because of lack of vital amino acids in hair roots. Unless corrected this leads to weakening and falling of hair.

Drop of Pure Silvikrin (magnified), contains all 17 amino acids, natural protein, essential for healthy hair growth. Pure Silvikrin quickly penetrates deep into the hair root, feeds back the vital protein your hair needs to grow thick and healthy again!

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Pure Silvikrin must be used regularly for best results. Massage your scalp with the measured amount of Pure Silvikrin twice a day, every day. You'll find your hair growing better and looking healthier. In a short time the unique Pure Silvikrin treatment will restore your hair to its original growth.

Pure Silvikrin

Hair's Natural Protein Food

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Attention cold and flu sufferers!

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COLD LOGIC: take a specially formulated cold tablet to relieve the miseries of colds and flu. The added vitamin c helps build resistance to colds.

Specially formulated Coldarin relieves the symptoms of colds and flu. Plus Vitamin C helps build resistance to colds. At the first sign of a cold—take Coldarin. Only one tablet, preferably after meals.

COLDARIN

Boots

the specially formulated COLD TABLET

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS

for smiling young faces that are going places

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Everyone chooses, everyone uses fabrics from Swan Mills

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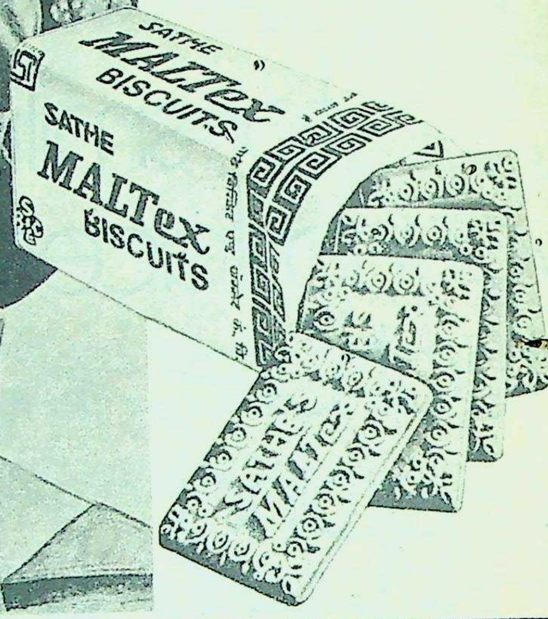
sure, taste tells!

It is more than a good biscuit, SATHE MALTex is a taste-treat!

Malt gives SATHE MALTex biscuits the unique malty taste. A taste so satisfying, you'll smack your lips and ask for more. Go ahead and eat as many as you please; you'll digest them all with ease. That's because SATHE MALTex is a malt biscuit—predigested food itself.

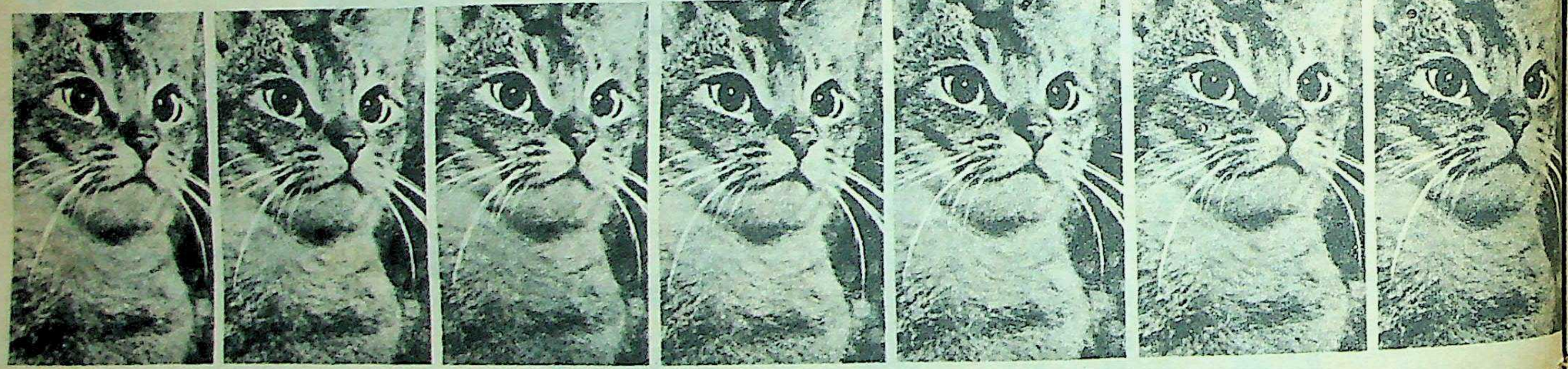


Have a MALTex the biscuit that's a taste-tr

SATHE BISCUIT

SAA/11/102

The seven who never sleep



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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

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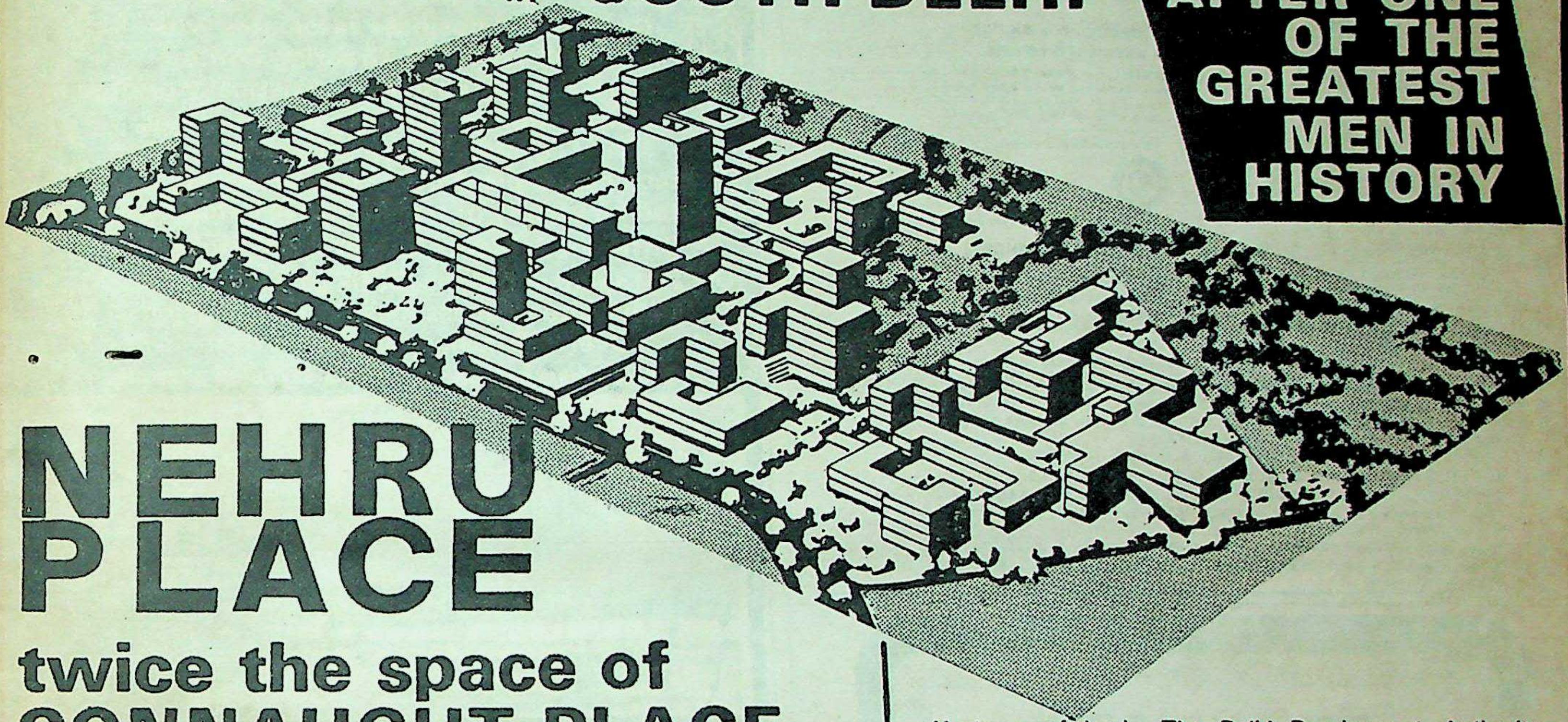
new DISTRICT SHOPPING and OFFICE COMPLEX in SOUTH DELHI

LARGEST CENTRE IN DELHI NAMED AFTER ONE OF THE GREATEST MEN IN HISTORY



NEHRU PLACE

twice the space of CONNAUGHT PLACE

The Delhi Development Authority is happy to announce disposal of another lot of multi-storeyed plots in Nehru Place, the new District Shopping Centre in South Delhi which will have twice the area of Connaught Place, New Delhi. The auction will be held on20.8.73 at 10.30 a.m. in Delhi Vikas Bhawan, Indraprastha Estate, New Delhi.

A : LOCATION

The new District Centre is located at the crossing of the outer Ring Road (now called Chirag Delhi-Kalkaji Road) and Link Road to Kailash Colony. Near this area are the colonies of Kailash, Greater Kailash I and II, Kalkaji and numerous other new colonies being developed under the Schemes of the Delhi Development Authority.

B : AREA

The total area of the Shopping-cum-Office complex is 40.5 Hectares. It inter alia, provides for :

a) 98 plots on which multi-storeyed buildings, ranging from 4 to 20 storeys, to be constructed in accordance with the architectural control of the D.D.A.
b) Three cinema sites, with a seating capacity of 1000 to 1200 each.
c) Hotel sites.
d) Workshop, automobile garages, fire stations and other essential services; and
e) Cultural complex, open air theatres, museums, libraries, art galleries, etc.

Date of Auction 20th Aug. 73 at Delhi Vikas Bhawan

C : LANDSCAPING

The entire complex and the area around it is to be beautifully landscaped for a district park enclosing 101.25 Hectares of land. The Delhi Development Authority has already taken in hand the development of the Park.

D : PARKING

Adequate parking, keeping the present and future requirements in mind, have been made.

E : DISPOSAL

In the fourth phase, the D.D.A. will dispose of through open auction Ten multi-storeyed office-cum-shop plots ranging from 4 to 9 storeys on **20th August 1973** at 10.30 a.m.

On a group of plots, forming a block, the Delhi Development Authority is constructing its own multi-storeyed shop-cum-office complex. The work to the tune of about Rs. 1.5 crores has already been awarded and construction is about to start.

Detailed particulars about the plots and the Scheme are available in the form of a brochure from the Office of the Authority on payment of Rs. 10/- each.

Prospective bidders visiting the site may contact the Junior Engineer there for location of plots offered for sale between 9 a.m. and 12 noon on the 1st & 2nd August, 1973.

F : ADVICE

Those who have not availed of earlier opportunities of securing plots in the commercial areas or are at present misusing the residential premises for commercial purposes in violation of the Master Plan are advised in their own interest to avail of this opportunity.

(JAGMOHAN)
VICE CHAIRMAN

delhi Development Authority

Issued by the Manager, Public Relations, Advt. No. 67-H/73-74

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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अहोरात्रे विभजते सूर्यो मानुषदैविके।
रात्रिः स्वप्नाय भूतानां चेष्टायै कर्मणामहः।
–मनुस्मृति

(The sun divides days and nights,
both human and divine, the night being intended
for the repose of created beings and the day for exertion.)
– Manu Smriti

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FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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Greet your business associates with SONI THAKUR, Greeting Cards
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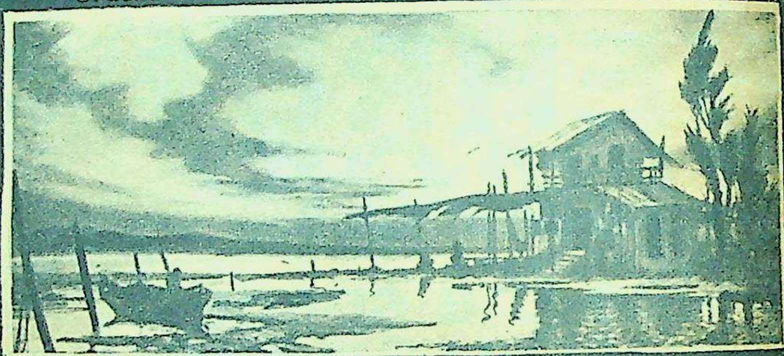

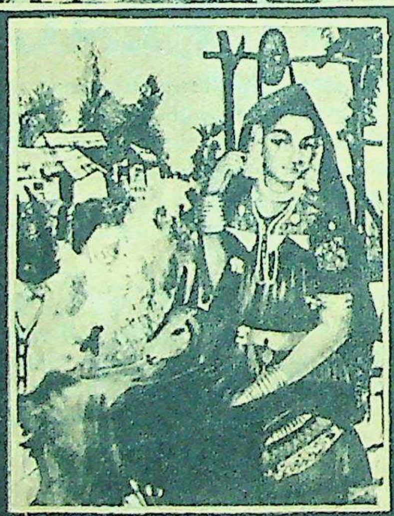

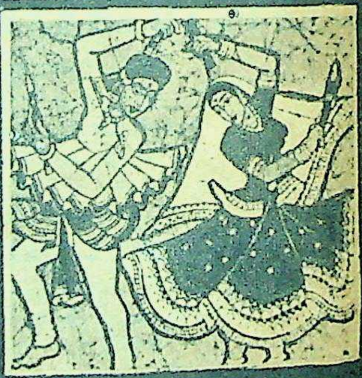

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All he'll know is you look just beautiful.

The world will look entranced upon your face
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Binaca Vanishing Cream. Smooth it gently into your
skin. It will keep your complexion soft and smooth.
Give it that dew-kissed freshness.
And then disappear without a trace.

Highlight your natural beauty. With the soft glow of Binaca Vanishing Cream.

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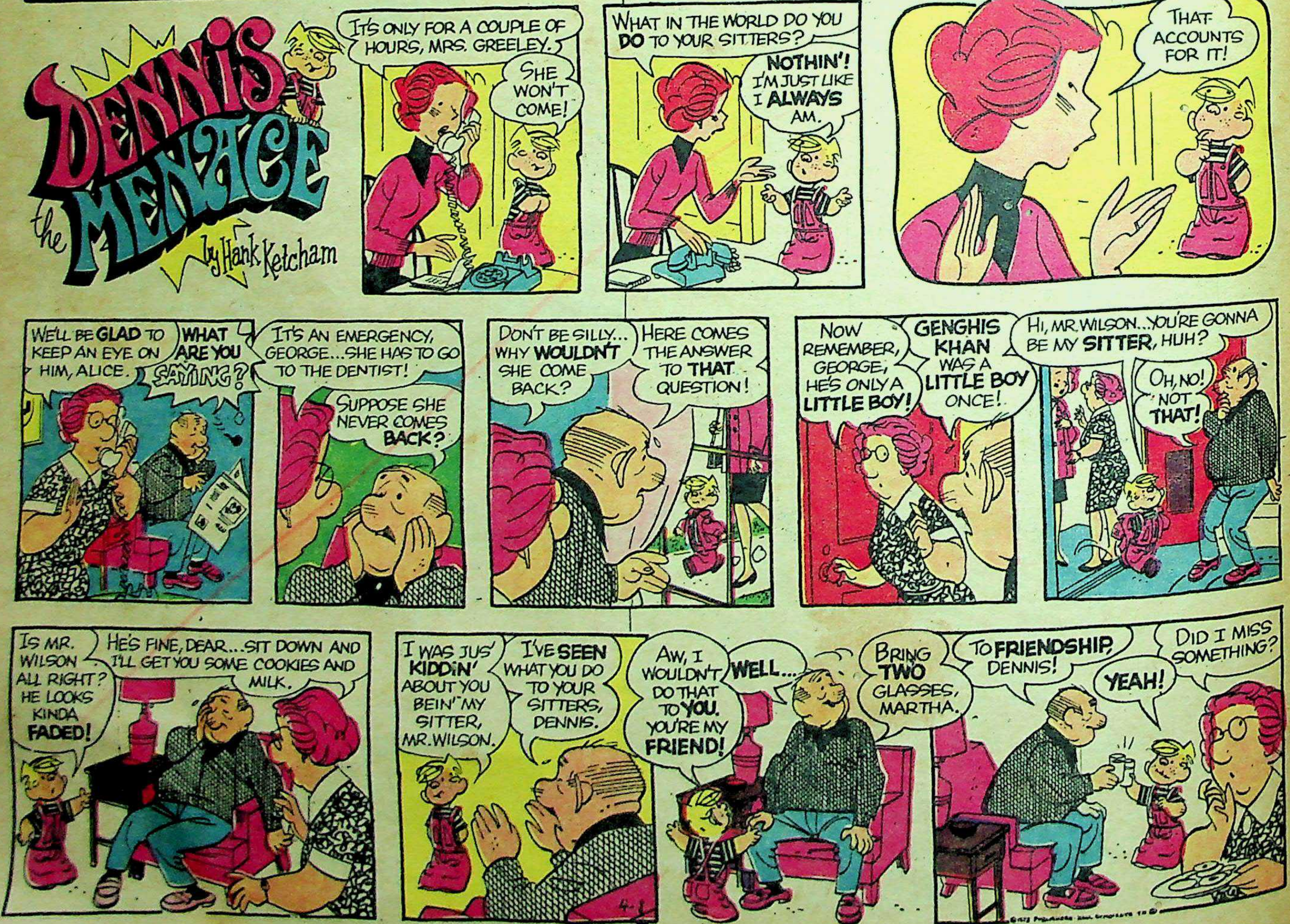
HUBERT

by Dick Wingert



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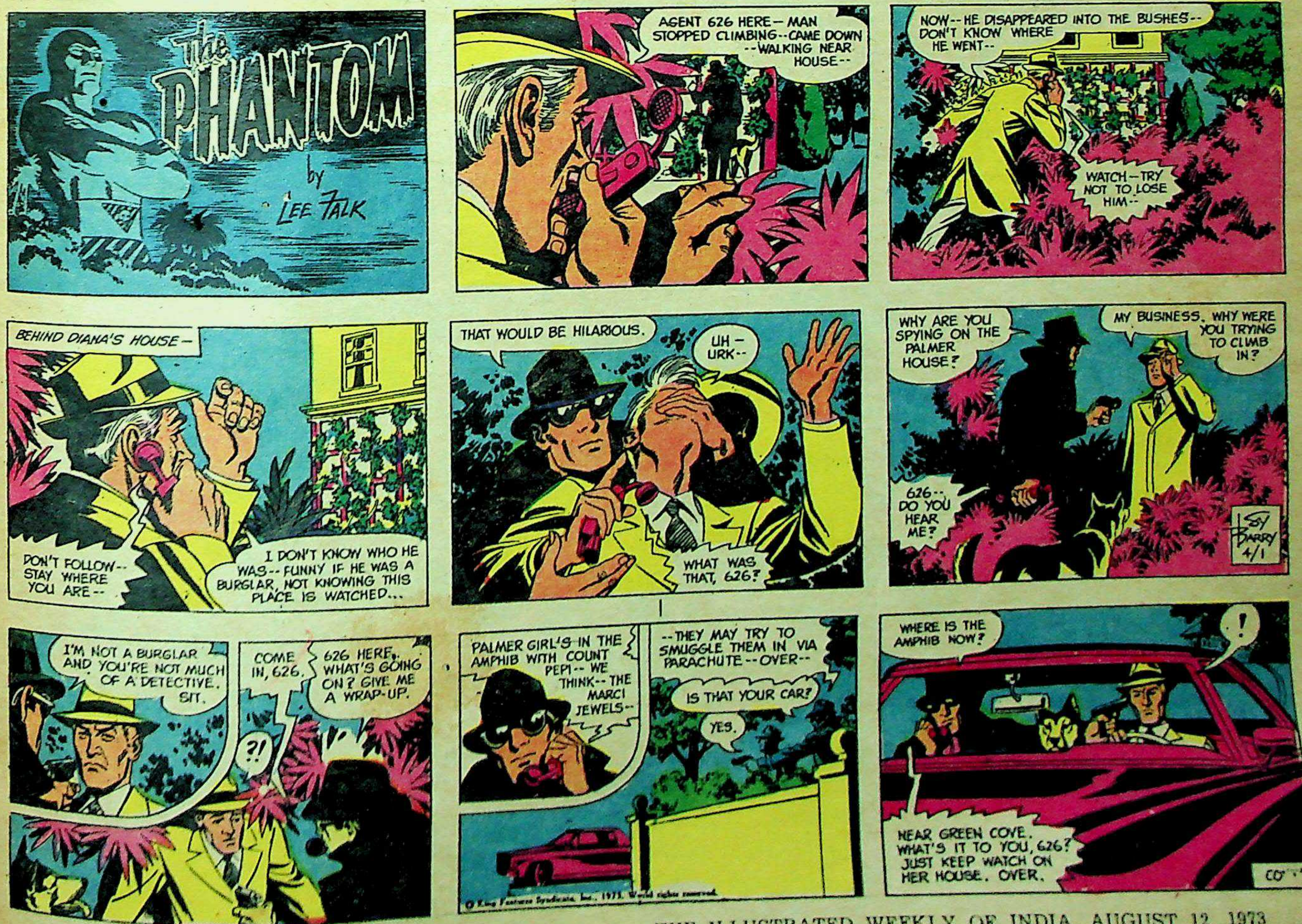

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RUNNERS UP: UNDER 3 ERRORS Rs. 3,000

CONTEST OF SKILL! ★ Re. 1/- PER ENTRY

"QUOTES" No. 197

Here's "QUOTES" No. 197, our SEPTEMBER OFFER with a handsome First Prize of Rs. 12,000!

Please remember that if you use only one of the squares, the other blank square must be struck out in ink.

Remember, regular entrants make regular winners!

'QUOTES" No. 197, appears in the August 12, 19, 26 & September 2, 1973 issues of "The Illustrated Weekly of India".

This literary pastime is purely one of skill in which every clue permits of only a one-word solution.

These Quotation Clues are actual quotations from authors, and they are sensible, witty and delightful, and, therefore, they are in themselves truly educative and entertaining. Moreover, there is no element of chance in this contest, because there is NO "Adjudication Committee" to decide the final solutions, and there is only one CORRECT ANSWER to each quotation clue—the word used by the author in his or her work.

RULES & CONDITIONS ON P. 76. ENTER REGULARLY & WIN.

Here's "QUOTES" No. 197, Our September Offer, with a handsome First Prize of Rs. 12,000! Find the suggestion in the clue or use your memory, knowledge and skill to spot the CORRECT WORD from among the words given at the end of each clue.

CLOSES: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1973.

CLUES ACROSS

1 Dictatorship, as he saw, can never be more than a temporary expedient; it is determined, as a rule, by a single ——. (LIFE|LINE)

2 "How lovely!" seemed over-enthusiastic for so expensive a ——, so I changed it to "Rather nice." (SHOP|SHOW)

4 "I'm not afraid of you," she said, ——, as she sat down. (BOLDLY|COLDLY)

9 "You see," she said in a low but angry voice. "They're ——." (SORE|SURE)

10 The underlying notion was, 'It disgraces me to have been mentioned in connexion with such a ——.' (BAG|HAG)

11 If there was anything wrong with his angle of vision, there would always be plenty of others to correct it. For himself, he wished to —— deep. (DIVE|LIVE)

12 When he had made an opening, he plunged his hand in, as if into a vault and brought out a dust-incrusted ——. (BASKET|CASKET)

13 After all, you're a year younger than most of your classmates. You could still catch up with them if you ——. (WAITED|WANTED)

CLUES DOWN

2 She started to whirl and run for the door, but from behind her a hand reached to —— hard over her mouth, and an arm pinioned her arms to her sides. (SLAP|SLIP)

3 There was a great —— of lightning and a long bumping of thunder as we reached the edge of the woods. (FLASH|SLASH)

5 'It's time these —— came out,' he said. (SEAMS|TEAMS)

6 All I know is the press, and the law of libel, and the laws relating to invasion of privacy: that's required of every newsman down to the lowliest ——. (CUB|SUB)

7 He can do anything the law will let him do, and he can —— a stab at doing some of the things the law won't let him do. (MAKE|TAKE)

8 But they were socially far apart, so it took time and female artfulness to —— her way with him. (HAVE|PAVE)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF SEPT. 30; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF OCT. 7. Address Envelope: "QUOTES" No. 197, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702, BOMBAY-1.

ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" NO. 197

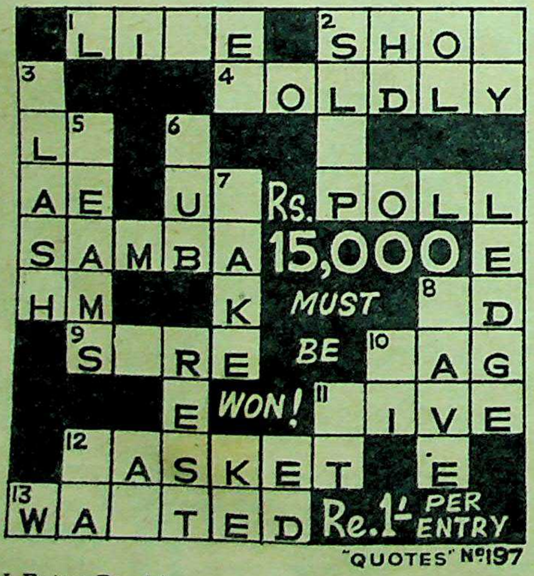
"QUOTES" No. 197

CLOSING DATE:

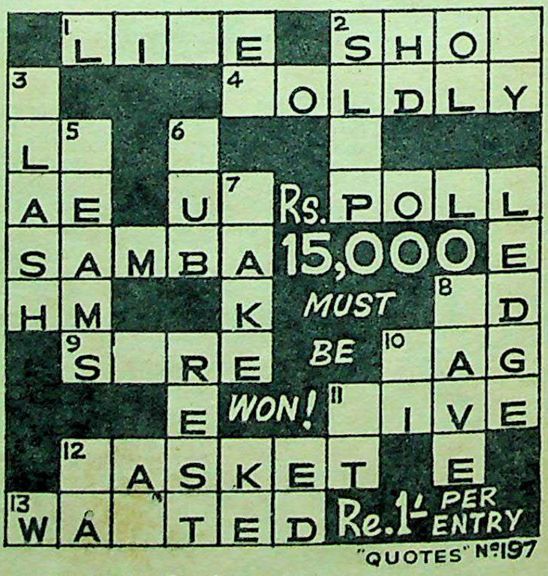
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1973.

Enclosed Money Order Receipt/ Postal Orders/ "Q" Cash Receipts

Nos. ....



I Entry Re. 1/-.



II Entry Re. 1/-.

In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

FULL NAME IN INK & BLOCK LETTERS Mr. / Mrs. / Miss ....

ADDRESS ....

CUT ALONG THIS LINE — CUT HERE — CUT HERE — CUT ALONG THIS LINE

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and

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I developed a Beautiful Figure in just 4 weeks

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'I had never been really satisfied with my figure. I had tried everything for almost two years, but nothing seemed to work. And then, just when I began to feel really disheartened, I heard about Feminique.

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WHAT IS THE FEMINIQUE METHOD?

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The 3 women shown here are just a few of the many, many women who are reporting gains of 7.5 cms. to 12.5 cms. on their figures. While we do not state that every woman will receive these results, thousands of women are reporting that the Feminique Developer has given them the kind of figure they have always dreamed of.

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RULES AND CONDITIONS OF "QUOTES" CONTESTS

CLUES AND ENTRY FORMS ON P. 74

1. All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with INK in **block letters or typewritten.** Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1/- per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order, Money Order or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. **Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps, or currency notes or coins** will not be accepted Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 197. Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 197, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order **receipts**, Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the space provided on the Entry Form. If this is not done, the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the sender.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing Date for all entries is Friday, September 7, 1973. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. **Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.**

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 12,000 will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications. are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form contaning the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes", Messrs. Bennett, Coleman & Co. (Ltd.) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the first publication of the prize-list of the Contest.

10. In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

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The Correct Solution and "Sources" of "QUOTES" No. 197, will also appear in "The Times of India" dated Wednesday, September 19, 1973.

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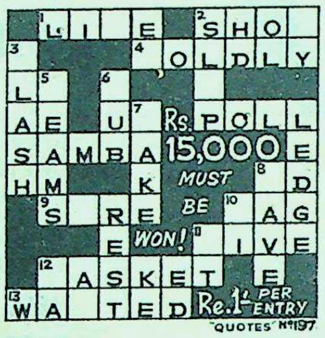

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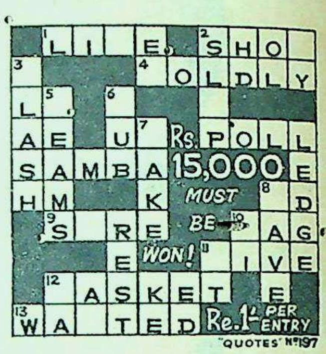

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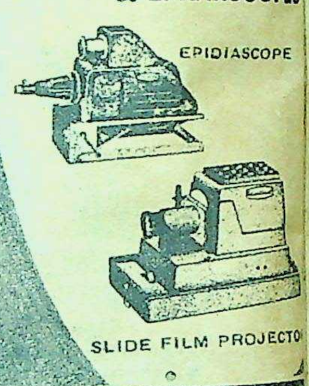

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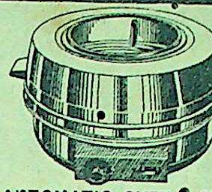

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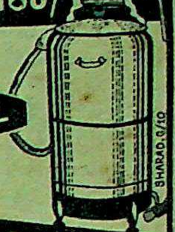

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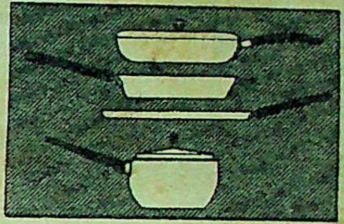

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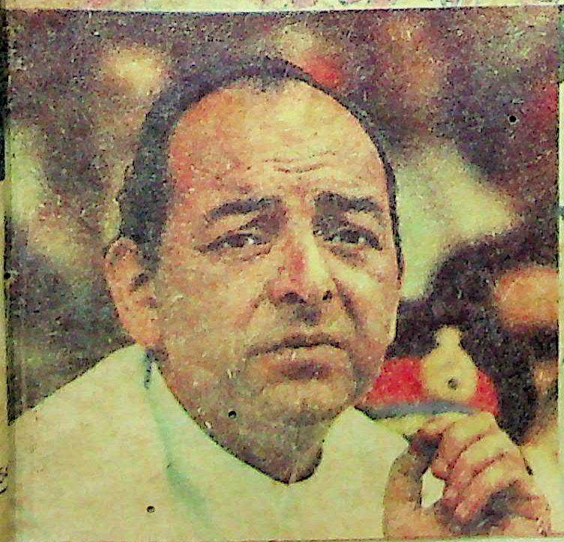

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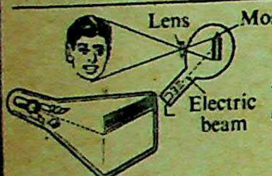

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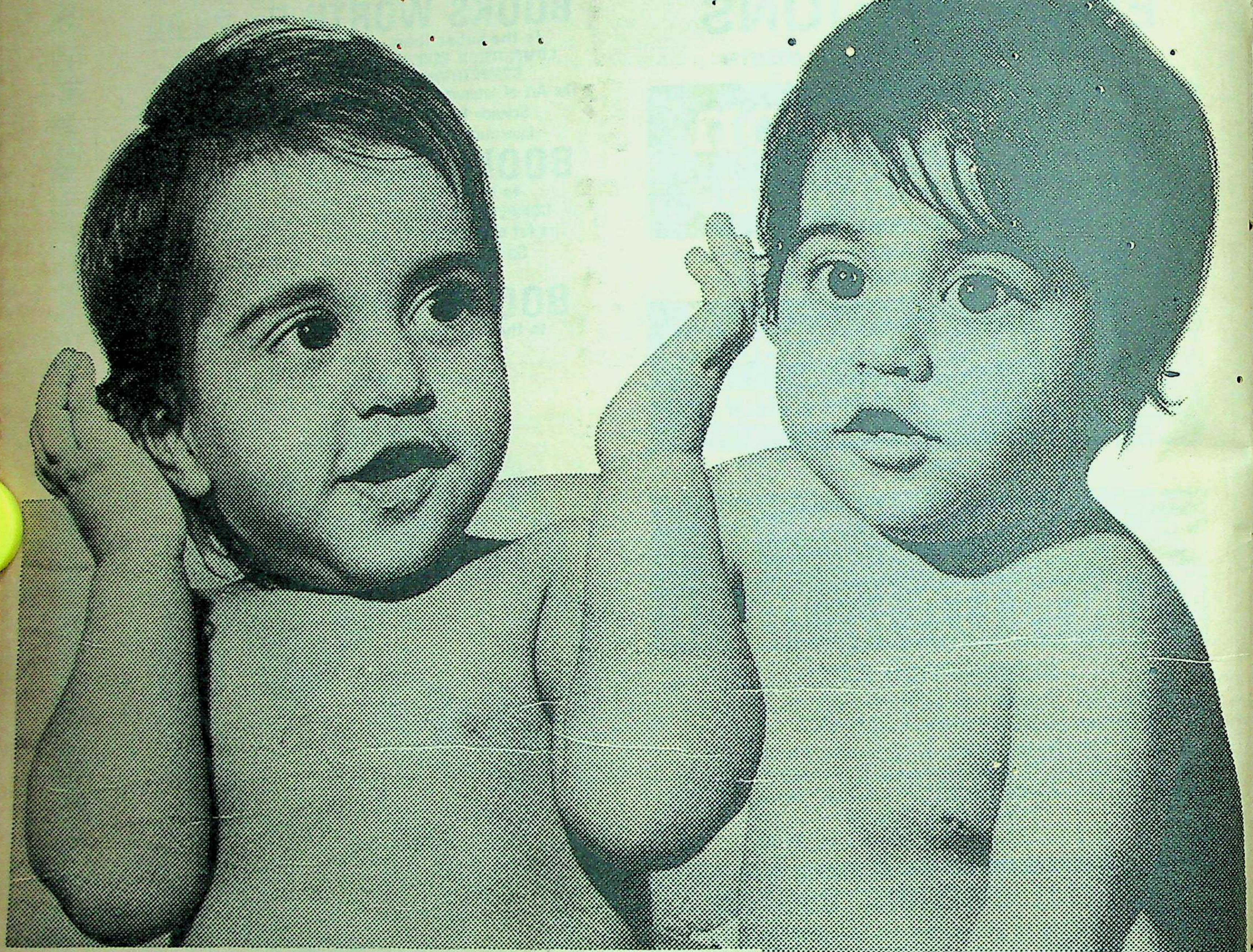

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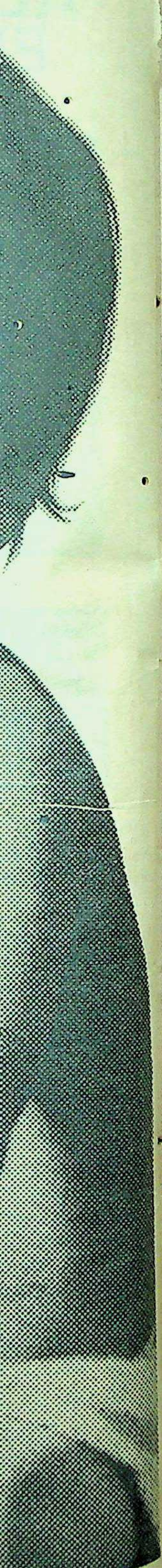

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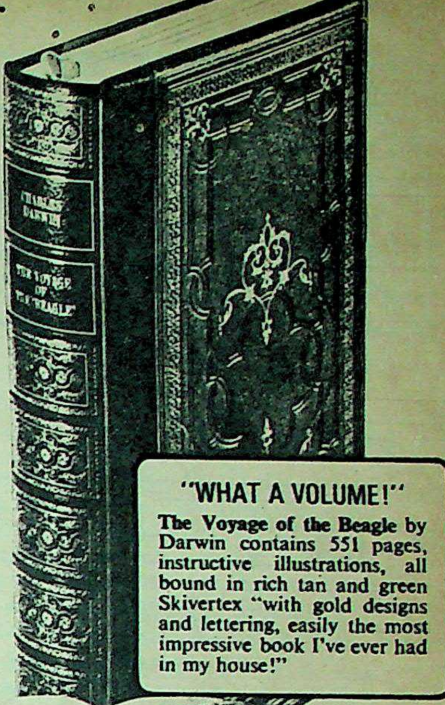

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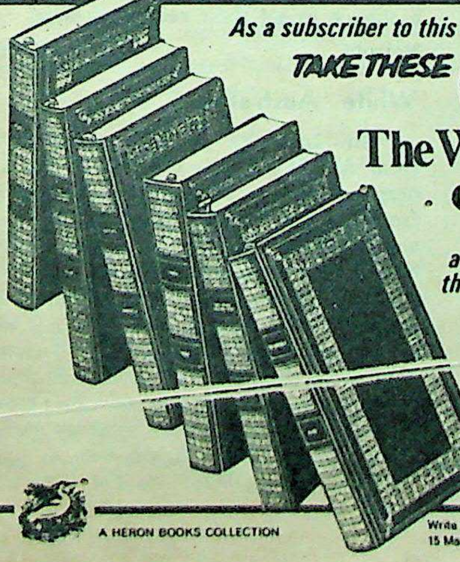

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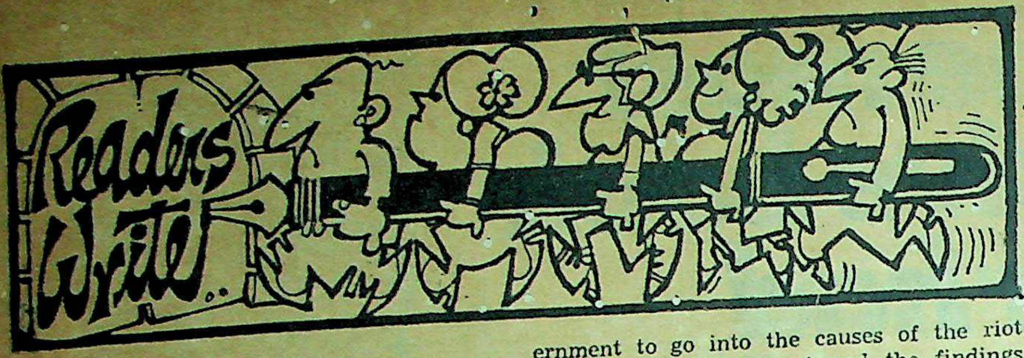

Is Our Democracy Cracking Up?

Sir—I wish to refer to one sentence in Ajit Bhattacharjea's bold and brilliant article, "Is Our Democracy Cracking Up?" (July 15): "Had the option of importing foodgrains under PL 480 been available today, the possibility of massive imports would have discouraged hoarding and kept prices in check."

This is a frightening prerequisite to maintain internal supply and price structures at reasonable levels. It reflects not only the weakness of the Government internally but also a centuries-old traditional way of Indian thought and action. It was always the foreigner on whom we depended to keep our house in order. Indian history is replete with instances of Indian princes inviting outsiders to help them in their wars with their neighbours. After centuries of slavery we got rid of the political domination by one country only to allow economic domination by a dozen others.

The foodgrain take-over has run into stormy weather because it was a half measure. In a developing economy like ours, where demand always far outstrips supply, can anyone control distribution without controlling production? The answer to this problem is not to be found in hanging up the Damocles' sword of foreign imports but in the stern and, if necessary, coercive action of a determined government which has the true welfare of its people as its sincere objective.

New Delhi K. V. PILLAI

Sir—Today we are in the same position in which the Chinese Kuomintang found itself on the eve of the Communist take-over in China in 1949. The difference is that, while in China the Communist Revolution ruthlessly stamped out corruption and gave a firm alternate government to the country, there is no such prospect here when the Congress caves in by the weight of its own iniquity.

Bombay KRISHNA NARAIN

Sir—Ajit Bhattacharjea's article reminds me of a story in Malayalam in which a stupid student tells his teacher, "Sir, why do you beat me? I will not improve."

Mangalore A. SANKARAN NAIR

Sir—A riot took place in Tellicherry at the end of the year 1971 and it was of a communal nature. But it had nothing to do with the alleged celebration of the Moplah Rebellion (also called the Malabar Rebellion). The fact is that neither at Tellicherry nor anywhere in Kerala has the anniversary of the Rebellion been celebrated so far. The Commission appointed by the State Government to go into the causes of the riot has submitted its report and the findings are yet to be known.

Cannanore V. K. MOIDEEN KOYA

Sir—Ajit Bhattacharjea has rightly pointed out that power has been concentrated in the hands of the Prime Minister. She directs the foreign policy and is conducting her policy of appeasement of Bangladesh. We should return the POWs to Pakistan, except those whom Bangladesh wants to try. Why does India insist on the repatriation of Bihari Muslims to Pakistan and of Bengali Muslims to Bangladesh? This is a matter for direct negotiation between Pakistan and Bangladesh.

Are we to maintain the POWs permanently if the talks fail due to the refusal of Pakistan to take back the Bihari Muslims?

Bhubaneswar AJOY DAS

BREAKING THE THREE-LAKH BARRIER

With our August 12 issue, the circulation of the "Weekly" has reached the figure of 3,06,000—an increase of over 2,10,000 in four years.

Indians In Africa

Sir—We refer to your review article "Why Africans Dislike Indians" (January 7). The Community Relations Committee, established by the National Christian Council of Kenya, is endeavouring to foster better understanding and more harmonious relationships between the races living in Kenya. Articles such as the one published by you can only do a great deal of harm to the cause of racial harmony in East Africa. We would expect that responsible magazines such as yours would support and promote this cause rather than sabotage it for the sake of cheap sensationalism.

The article is replete with errors, archaic information, hoary cliches about Asians in East Africa and sexual material designed to titillate rather than enlighten.

Briefly, we would like to point out that the book reviewed (*The Asians In East Africa*) is eight years out of date as the author (Agehananda Bharati) has not set foot in East Africa since 1965. Great changes have taken place in Africa since then. An NCCK study entitled "Who Controls Industry in Kenya?" and published in 1969 leaves no doubt whatsoever as to the identity of the real "owners" of the economy. It is the large international companies based in Europe and America and not the Asians as had always been asserted.

Asians do not "urinate and defecate on the streets" here. To anyone with any knowledge of Asians in East Africa, such a statement gives rise to serious doubts regarding the credibility of the author. Contrary to the impression the article creates, the leadership in Kenya has constantly reiterated its aim of establishing a non-racial society through constitutional means. This is today an integral part of the process of nation-building.

We in the Community Relations Committee are making every effort possible to hasten this process. We are amazed at the total lack of any positivism in your article. Communal and racial tension is not an East African problem, it is a world problem. We would urge those who have concern for the betterment of human relationships—especially if they are in a position to influence others—to adopt a more positive and constructive approach to this vital problem.

JOHN C. KAMAU
(General Secretary, The National Christian Council of Kenya)

Nairobi

Sir—Once again you have made my blood boil. Your review of Agehananda Bharati's book contains wrong and disgusting details about Indians in Kenya. And, what is even more annoying, it projects all the preconceived notions of Western "hit-and-run" authors who debase scholarship by writing a book after a lightning visit to Africa and claim to be "experts" overnight. Even the population figure overestimates us by 100,000.

I don't know whether I should lower myself to challenge the statement regarding sexual relations which this author gives without citing any source or making any serious survey. The list of Asian women who have married Africans of their own accord should now run into dozens. I doubt if the sexual prowess of the Sikhs outlined by the author is a compliment to this community; no *dukawalla* will confess to a *sadhu* about his sexual relations with another woman in those titillating terms.

I challenge this author or you to find me a single Indian defecating on the streets here or spitting *pan* everywhere. Who are the 1,300 Asians whom he interviewed?

The Indian public has been recently fed only on the prejudiced Western press agency reports. At least in the land of their forefathers, Kenya Indians should be given a chance to set their record straight.

Nairobi KUL BHUSHAN

White Australia

Sir—In spite of extensively quoting from Ajit Wadekar's *Cricketing Years* in a desperate attempt to remove the prejudice from Indian minds, Ray Robinson's account (June 24) amply betrays the discrimination against Indians (obviously based on colour) in the Australian Immigration Policy. Mr Robinson is not able to cite more than a handful of Indians—as against the hundreds of thousands from European countries—taken in as permanent settlers in recent years. Most of these are, again, fair-skinned Anglo-Indians and the rest are distinguished intellectuals working

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in the universities. Naturally, thinking Indians are more likely to be guided by the forthright statement of their ex-High Commissioner, General K. M. Cariappa, than by the flattering remarks in the Indian skipper's book.

Mysore — P. K. KARUMBAYA

Sun-Spots And Air Crashes

Sir—Apropos Bikram Vohra's account of air crashes (July 1): in the past two years, whenever there have been dust-storms with a microfine dust haze suspended in the atmosphere for days together, I have meticulously observed sun-spots. A couple of such occurrences were reported the world over in August 1972 as "Sun Shake" and "Storm on the Sun", and more recently I have observed sun-spots from March to June this year. Even the astronauts were reported to have been on the look-out for solar flares when they were up in the Skylab in June. The solar flares of August 1972 and June this year coincided with the August 1972 air crash of JAL and the IA Fokker plane and the Boeing 737 crash this year. When the JAL crash occurred last year there were four sun-spots visible on those very dates and, when an Avro crash took place on March 15 this year, there were a cluster of sun-spots visible.

Each time sun-spots were visible there was a dust haze in the sky. And whenever air crashes took place in India and elsewhere due to poor visibility and failure of electronic instruments, there were invariably disturbances on the sun, visible to us in the shape of sun-spots. This could perhaps be the relevant cause of most of these accidents.

Dehra Dun — K. M. VAID

What About Medicine Now ?

Sir—Mr Jagjit Singh in his "Medicine Then and Now" (July 15) has ridiculed the system of medicine practised in the past, by providing specific examples of its failures and comparing it with the general advantages of modern drugs. He has not even made a passing reference to the side-effects of these medicines which are sometimes more dangerous than the diseases they are meant to cure. I know a number of persons who have become dumb, deaf or blind by taking antibiotics and sulpha drugs for the cure of minor ailments.

New Delhi — NEELAM BHATIA

Indian Envy

Sir—The concluding hopeful remarks of Kamini Kaushal in her article "Filmi Envy" (July 22) are thought-provoking.

The new generation in India is doing its best to come out of its shell. If they are left alone, they will create a new integrated India. Our politicians have proved themselves the most cunning and envious lot. And because of their "success" in life, through immoral methods, the young generation is likely to be led astray.

Ahmedabad — T. S. SHANKER NARAYAN

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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Sunday, August 19, 1973

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AND OUR REGULAR FEATURES

Cover: (Left—Ruling Party Leaders): Mrs Gandhi, Y. B. Chavan and D. P. Dhar. (Right—the Opposition): Morarji Desai, Jyoti Basu, Atal Behari Vajpayee, Minoo Masani and Madhu Limaye. (Photographs by R. Bedi)

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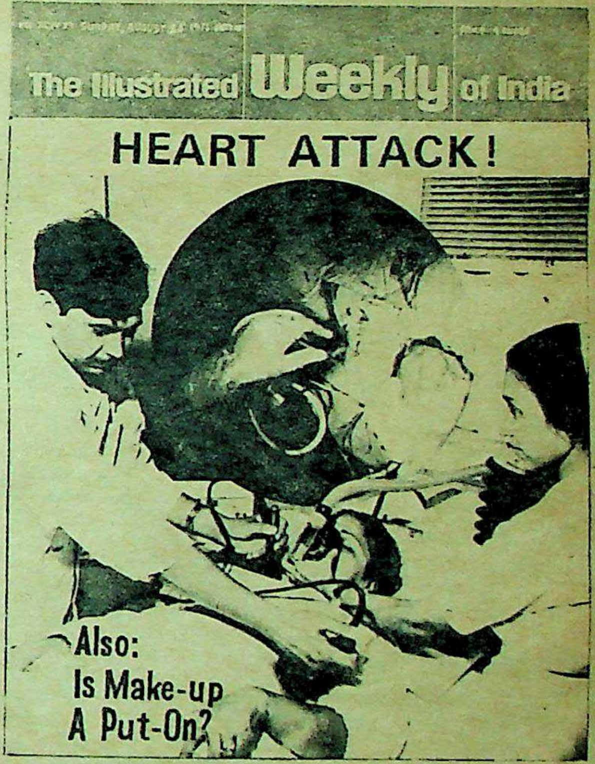
NEXT WEEK



HEART ATTACK! By eminent cardiologist Dr K. K. Datey. What are the different diseases of the heart? What precautions should you take to avoid them? Can a heart patient fully recover? Photographs in colour and black and white.

INTENSIVE CARDIAC CARE: Dr B. K. Goyal tells Benedict Costa how modern science rushes to the aid of a man stricken by heart disease.

IS MAKE-UP A PUT-ON? Bachi J. Karkaria surveys the Indian cosmetics industry. Are their claims justified? Are they improving their products or only their profits? How serious is the threat from spurious concoctions? Also, "Cosmetics—For Men Only". Illustrated in colour.

GANESH CHATURTHI: R.G.K. writes on its significance.

AN INDIAN DREAM: Story by M. J. Akbar.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

The worst year did you say?

Yes... and no...!

Don't soar up in the sky nor sink down...

1973. The Worst Year Since Independence

by Khushwant Singh

We've never had it so bad. Our food and clothing have never cost us so much, our rupee has never bought us so little. There have never been so many strikes, gheraos and bandhs, never so much defiance of the law nor so much violence in the streets; never have the State Governments displayed more gutlessness to govern.

All political parties, ranging from the ruling Congress, the Opposition Congress, the Socialists, the Communists, the Marxists, the Jana Sangh and the Swatantra, have splintered into factions whose sole aim is to manoeuvre themselves into positions of power. The people have a right to ask the leaders what they are up to, where they are taking the country.

In this vital debate, the Establishment is represented by the Prime Minister, Mrs Indira Gandhi, her Finance Minister, Yeshwantrao Chavan, her Planning Minister, Dwarka Prasad Dhar, and her trusted adviser Rajni Patel, President of the Bombay Pradesh Congress Committee.

The critics are represented by Morarji Desai (Cong. O), Atal Behari Vajpayee and Lal K. Advani (Jana Sangh), Minoo Masani (Liberal-Swatantra), Jyoti Basu (CPM) and Madhu Limaye (Socialist).

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, COMRADES! Protest, often erupting in violence, has been the only safety valve of the people plagued by a multitude of problems. Factories are brought to a standstill, buses burnt and shops looted. Political capital has been made out of the poor man's misery—without alleviating any of his troubles. Picture shows the Communists march held early this year in New Delhi.

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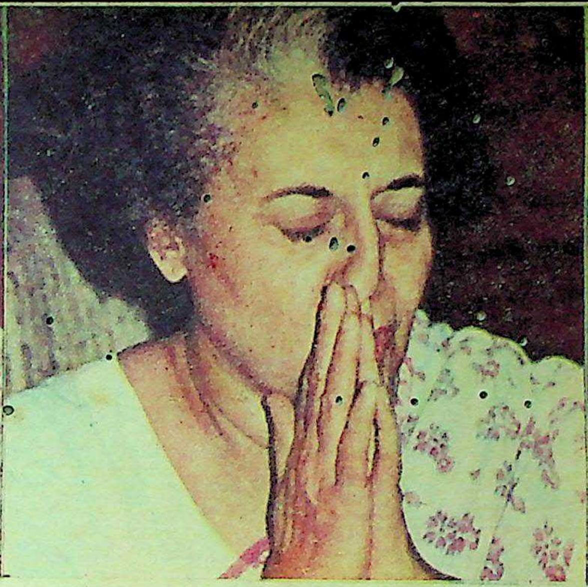
There is a silver lining...



The situation is bad but not desperate...

We shall overcome...

INDIRA GANDHI has worn the crown of thorns of India's Prime Ministership for over seven and half years; but she looks remarkably fresh, free of strain and without the slightest diffidence in her own handling of the affairs of the country. The confidence she exudes leaves you in no doubt that she is still the undisputed mistress of her household—India.

I ask her if she agrees that 1973 has been the most difficult year for India since Independence; she smiles one of those bewitchingly enigmatic smiles which leave you guessing whether she is pleased, displeased or neither.

"Yes, indeed!" she beams. And that's that.

I fumble with my questionnaire. "Why? Why do we find ourselves in such a mess after having had 26 years of freedom to run the country the way we wanted to?"

Photographs by R. BEDI

She takes a lozenge to soothe her throat (having just got over the 'flu) and replies:

"Well, some of the causes are pretty obvious. There was the enormous expenditure in 1971 because of Bangladesh—first on the refugees and then on defence. That was followed by an exceptionally bad drought in 1972 which gave rise to acute food and power shortages. Along with all this, there has been worldwide inflation. Prices everywhere are soaring. In fact, our steel prices are lower than in other places. The price rise is of course partly real and partly psychological. Once there is a rise in prices everybody wants to put up the rates of everything.

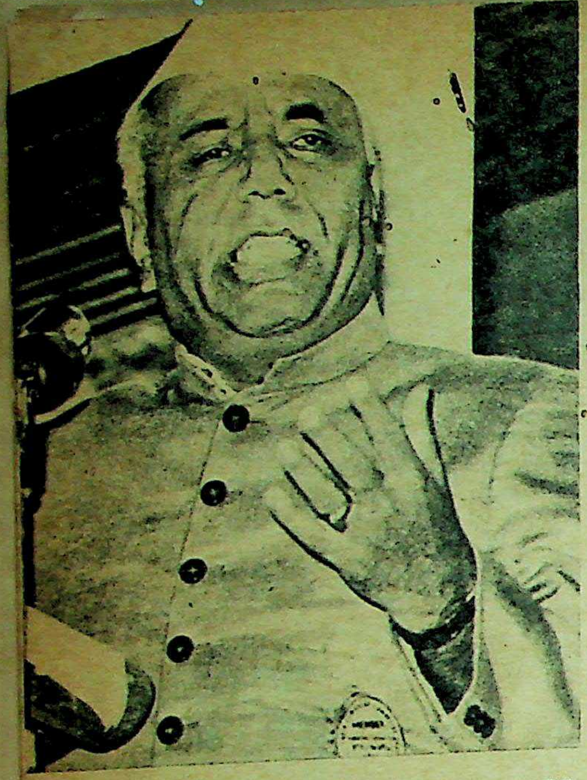
"The other problem is that instead of people getting together to meet a very

—Continued

NOT WANTED IN PAKISTAN—MOST WELCOME IN BANGLADESH. Refugees from East Pakistan return to free Bangladesh. Ten million Bengalis had fled from the terror of Tikka Khan's forces into sympathetic India. We scraped together Rs 700 million to feed, clothe and shelter them in giant camps for over a year. The strain on our resources because of increased expenditure on them and later on defence has been estimated at half our national revenue for 1971-72.

NO FOOD TO COOK, NO OIL TO COOK IT WITH. The near non-availability of oil and vanaspati fed the flames of the most intense agitations led by the CPI, Jana Sangh, Shiv Sena and other parties. In Bombay, the rates of essential commodities soared by twelve-and-a-half per cent in July alone. The all-India picture is equally grim: the rise in prices of mutton, eggs and fish range between 40 and 100 per cent. Rice and sugar are almost impossible to get in the open market. Black prices are getting blacker.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri



I TELL YOU MY CALCULATIONS ARE RIGHT. The Finance Minister Yeshwantrao Chavan was the only leader interviewed who did not consider 1973 the worst year since Independence. "Neither the breaches of law and order nor the extent of corruption have in any way been more than in other years," he declared. "Our economy is under a tremendous strain but it is basically sound."

NAHIN CHALEGA! NAHIN CHALEGA! Agitations break out all over the country almost every day. "There is total anarchy," insisted Atal Behari Vajpayee. "A sense of cynicism and frustration prevails all round," added L. K. Advani, President of the Jana Sangh. D. P. Dhar hit back: "Millions of people pursue their daily activities. And yet some temporary interruption of the rhythm of work is enough for the 'prophets' to pronounce that things have gone to pieces."

—P. Dayal

genuine crisis, some want merely to take advantage of difficulties by making the utmost demands. This naturally aggravates the situation.

"We have had to bear the burden of relief programmes in our drought-affected States. It was really a gigantic task. I do not think any country in the world has ever undertaken anything like it. It involved 180 million people. Over 90 lakhs were given employment in relief works such as on irrigation projects, building roads, etc. We have been able to avert a calamity. It was difficult; it involved hardships—nevertheless we were able to get through.

Food Import — Marginal

"In order to meet the food shortage, we have imported foodgrains but only marginally—2½ million tonnes, whereas in 1965-67 we practically had to be bailed out by the imports of food. It was a state of collapse then.

"We are thinking of importing some more now, not so much because of there being any drastic need for it but more to reassure people with buffer stocks. If there is a buffer stock it eases the general supply situation.

"We are also trying to reduce Government expenditure. We have succeeded to some extent, especially on non-Plan expenditure. But the difficulty lies in the fact that so many items which do not seem essential, for instance buildings and roads, if curtailed, affect employment. So we have to have a sort of balance. Apart from cutting down the non-Plan expenditure (and here also we are trying to have priorities) what is very essential is to meet the constant demand of higher wages.

"I would like to say that, in spite of these extremely difficult problems, the economic situation is not desperate. Our exports

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—P. Dayal

are better—I shall only call it a little silver lining. And the foreign exchange position in spite of food purchases abroad is also..."

"Better than before?" I ask her somewhat incredulously. "I will say, it is encouraging," she assures me.

* * *

I put the same question in precisely the same words to the other leaders. With the sole exception of the Finance Minister, Yeshwantrao Chavan, the others agree that 1973 has indeed been the worst year since we came into our own. So let's first hear what Mr Chavan has to say because he is, like Babu Jagjivan Ram, the only important member of the Establishment who can be said to have a solid political base and a substantial personal following of his own.

The Establishment Speaks

As leaders in our country go, Chavan is not old; he is in good physical shape and bears an image that has never been tarnished by the breath of scandal. He is cautious and soft-spoken; a stolid peasant type who is unperturbed by the march of events and who, however much needled, retains the expressionless calm of a pin cushion. Chavan is not a man of big words or flamboyant gestures. To my statement that in 1973 not only the economic situation but corruption and violence have been unprecedented, he makes two reservations.

"We have been through unusually difficult times but neither the breaches of law and order nor the extent of corruption have in any way been more than in the other years."

Then he proceeds to analyse the reasons for the spiralling of prices. "It is due to the accumulation of many factors operating over the last few years; refugees from Bangladesh, the war, a succession of bad monsoons—these have put a tremendous strain on our economy. But our economy is basically sound."

Since much of the analysis of the predicament we find ourselves in is ascribed to droughts, relief works and war, it is best to hear what the Planning Minister, Dwarka Prasad Dhar, has to say. He is to plan the ways and means to get us out of the economic slough of despond.

Dhar is younger than Chavan, a shrewd analyst, with a scintillating mind. He is 'committed' (whatever the word means), and is generally regarded as a man with a still greater future ahead of him. He is also said to have the ear of the Prime Minister more than any other politician.

Crippled Economy

"Let us look at the facts to get our perspective right," he says. "There has been an extraordinary rise over the last twelve months in the prices of essential commodities. Agricultural production, which had declined marginally in 1971-72, went down further in 1972-73 due to a widespread drought—the worst in recent history.

"The crops to suffer most from the unkind weather were coarse grains and oilseeds. Shortfalls in foodgrain production have created a sizeable gap between the demand and the supply.

"The drought had another dimension too. It led to a crippling shortage of power in States largely dependent on hydro sources. As a result, the industrial output declined in many vital sectors such as steel, fertilisers, textiles and cement. This was unfortunate as industrial production had begun to look up in 1972 and a suitable climate for investment had been created.

"The disequilibrium in the economy, caused by this imbalance between the demand and supply of goods and services, would have created serious problems even in the absence of other factors.

"But there were other factors too; the heavy burden on our slender resources of the refugees from Bangladesh. And then came the war which was not of our seeking, but which nevertheless we had to fight for the sake of upholding human dignity. The nation rejoiced in the birth of the new Republic of Bangladesh, but the very process of liberation had imposed severe strains on the economy of our poor society. The effects of massive deficit financing were not visible straightway; over a period of time the bill had to be paid in one form or another.

"However, this was not all," Dhar went on. "With drought there appeared on the

—Continued

CHEER UP, MY PLANS ARE BOUND TO SUCCEED. "The economy has not reached a dead end," said Planning Minister D. P. Dhar. "The crisis is not unmanageable. The Government spending is being reduced drastically...We are planning for better results in rabi... more fertilisers, more irrigation... The overriding objective will be an increase in production... At the same time we shall go ahead with our Fifth Plan... I have no doubt difficulties will be overcome."

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE GREEN REVOLUTION? "It has faded out and famine has become a continuing reality," asserted Minoo Masani. Madhu Limaye blamed the Government's thoughtless and reckless policy for our failures... "Vagaries of the weather have not caused the calamity," he added. Mrs Gandhi replied: "I do not think any country in the world has ever undertaken anything like our Relief Programmes in the drought affected States. 180 million people were involved in it, over 90 lakhs were given employment on various projects."

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

—S. K. Chadha

BUNDLES OF HOPE—AND (below) THE FACE OF DESPAIR. Budget papers arrive at Parliament House. "The country is on the ver ge of bankruptcy," charged Mr Vajpayee. Mrs Gandhi's answer: "In spite of extremely difficult problems, the economic situation is not desperate. Our exports are better and the foreign exchange position, despite the food purchases, is encouraging."

national horizon the tragic face of hunger. Millions were on the move in search of food, of water and of work—any work anywhere. Could we sit back and watch helplessly the pathetic struggle for human survival in order to appease the deity of economic orthodoxy?

"The moral implications of such a policy are appalling. We had to do everything that we were capable of, to help those who were not in a position to help themselves. It was, by all standards, a stupendous effort. Let me say we are proud of what has been done.

An Intellectual Defence

"A sick society in a decaying social order could hardly have brought forth the resources and the normal resolve needed to organise relief on such a vast scale. But this was made possible only by stretching ourselves to the utmost." D. P. Dhar is at pains to present an intellectual defence to the mess we are in. He explains:

"The present difficult situation is the cumulative result of many factors. I am painfully aware that explanations, however well reasoned, do not mitigate hardships. However, those who have, in the last few months, talked in prophetic tones about the impending disaster owe it to themselves to try and understand the fundamental features of the contemporary situation. We have to separate the purely temporary factors from the more basic ones. Then alone can we begin to analyse meaningfully the real nature of the problems of our economy. This is precisely what is not happening.

"Just because certain imbalances assumed a particularly aggravating form in 1972-73, it does not follow that the economy has reached a dead end, it does not mean that the system is overwhelmed by an unmanageable crisis.

"We have had, over large parts of the country, a normal monsoon this year. The kharif crop is expected to be good. We have put on the ground a coordinated programme of production, with particular emphasis on areas with assured irrigation. Timely rains have helped power generation. Detailed exercise has been made to improve the maintenance of existing thermal plants and to expedite the construction of ongoing projects. Action has also been taken to correct the balance between thermal and hydro sources of power. The improvement in the power situation is expected to be maintained over the next year as well.

Planning For Better Results

"In the months ahead this will show up in an increasing tempo of industrial production. We are planning from now for better results in rabi. This means getting more fertilisers and more irrigation. The Government spending is being reduced drastically in non-development fields; even development expenditure will be subjected to rigorous tests of social and economic priorities. Policies and procedures are being oriented to the overriding objective of increasing production. A system of public distribution, backed by an efficient mechanism of procurement, is being established. There are transitional difficulties in it, but I have no doubt they will be overcome.

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"And we are not surrendering our long-term perspective of development to the exigencies of the current situation. We are going ahead with the formulation of the Fifth Plan because we believe that the answer to our economic difficulties does not lie in a retreat from the planning process. That has to be strengthened to make the economy less vulnerable to the kind of pressures we face today.

"These are not responses of a leadership in despair. These are responses of a leadership committed to a clearly articulated framework of socio-economic development.

"What did we do when we were faced with a similar situation in 1966? We imported nearly 10 million tonnes to tackle the drought conditions. In 1972-73, despite the overall shortage of foodgrains and with large areas of the country affected by the drought, we have managed with only marginal imports. In 1966 we obtained foodgrains under the PL 480 programme of aid; in 1972-73 we have paid for every single grain we have imported. Even before the scarcity conditions in 1966, the factor attendant on the 1965 Indo-Pak conflict had prompted us to embark on the Plan holiday; in 1972-73 the imbalances in the economy have only served to fortify our determination to move forward on the path of planned development.

Grim, But Not Hopeless

"We are up against a serious situation, even a grim situation if you like, but it is not something we cannot get over.

"But then the economy, so the argument runs, is not the only sphere where symptoms of decay have become evident. Indiscipline is rampant in all walks of life. Law and order is breaking down. Corruption has sapped the vitals of national life. Political parties, chiefly the Congress, are cracking up. Political instability is undermining the whole fabric of national existence. Result—death of the patient. *Q.E.D.* We can all creep into our holes and await the inevitable.

"I am both amused and saddened by this preoccupation with the gutter. Millions and millions of people pursue their daily activities in peace over large areas of the subcontinent. Yet an incident here or an incident there is enough to provide the basis for a sweeping generalisation about law and order.

"Tens of hundreds of workers in innumerable organisations are working and producing things. They are working in difficult circumstances. They have all manner of problems. Nonetheless, they are trying gamely to run the establishments on which depends the life of the nation. And yet some temporary interruption of the rhythm of work is enough for the prophets to pronounce that things have gone to pieces.

"Admittedly some people are corrupt. But has the entire leadership and the nation as a whole lost its moral and spiritual anchor? Presumably those who thunder against corruption—and their number is legion—have not allowed themselves to be corrupted. Maybe there are others whose moral integrity remains unimpaired. Isn't

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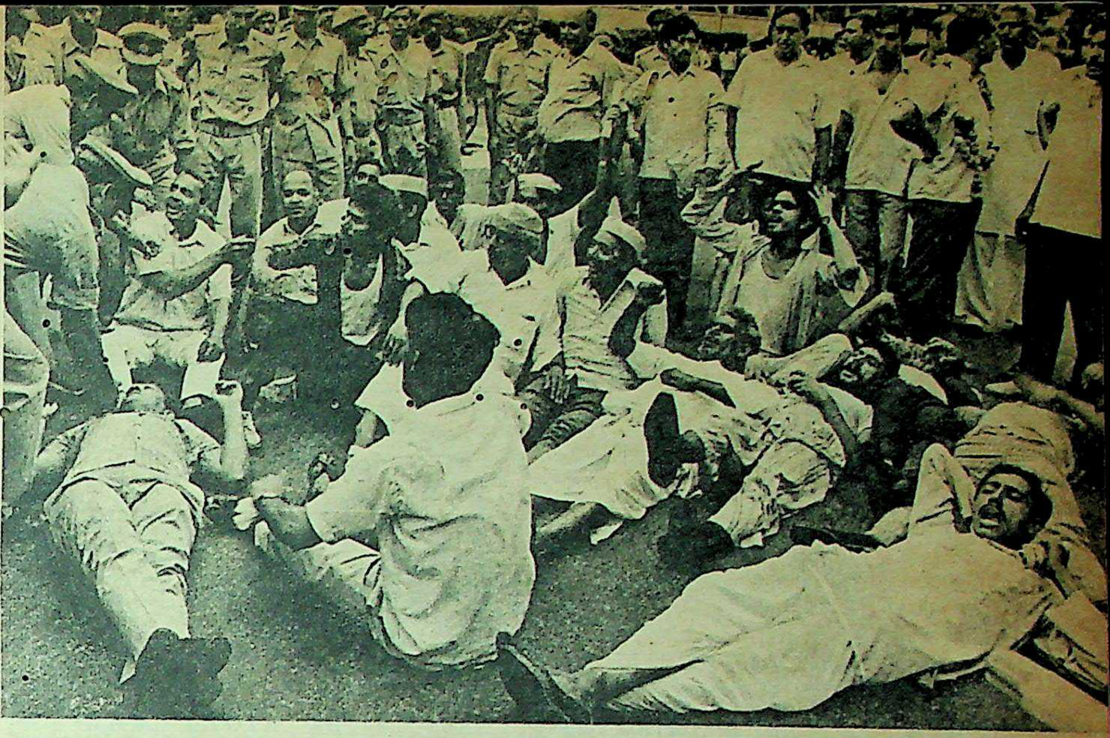
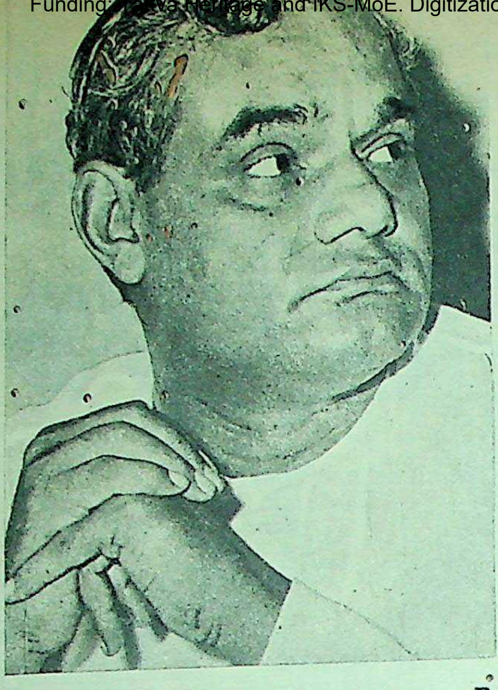
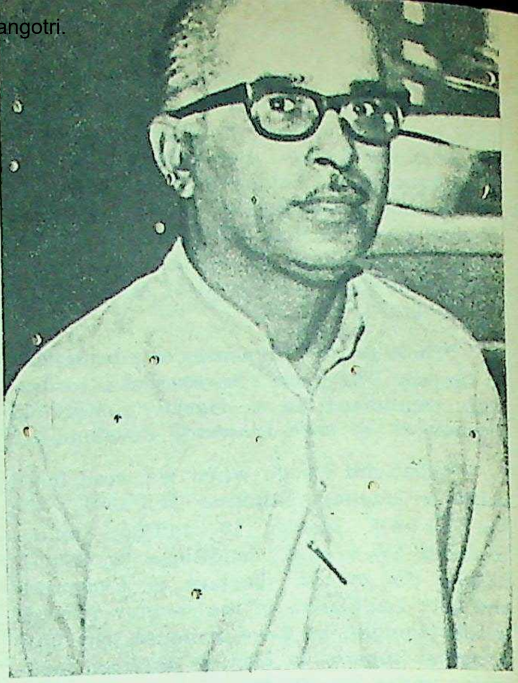


WILL THEY TAKE IT LYING DOWN? When asked why State Governments did not suppress violence with a strong hand, Mrs Gandhi said: "It works both ways; if you are too strong and people are hurt then the resentment snowballs. And that doesn't stop the violence either. We have seen this happen everywhere—in other countries as well." Above: A demonstration outside Parliament House. Below: A police officer, injured in a stone-throwing incident in New Delhi, is carried away by his colleagues.

—P. Dayal

Funding: ... and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.





—P. Dayal—

THE MONEY-BAGS GET INFLATED. Says 'leftist' Congress leader Rajni Patel: "Inflation, even according to capitalistic statistics, has affected only capitalist countries. The same is true of corruption. Government must ruthlessly implement its declared policies no matter whomsoever it hurts."

—G. Datta

AREN'T I THE "RIGHT" MAN? The Jana Sangh leader Atal Behari Vajpayee said: "In the eyes of the world, India today is not only a non-entity, it is a non-country. The economy, administration and the moral front of the country have collapsed. But I have faith in the future."

IS THE JANA SANGH PUTTING ITS BEST FOOT FORWARD? The Jana Sangh President bemoans the fact that the common man has been bled white by the spiralling prices. "The crippling power famine and acute scarcity of coal, cement and diesel have paralysed the country," said L. K. Advani.

this ground for hope? This whole problem is blown up out of all proportion.

"The critics proceed, first of all, to disrobe the king, and then ridicule him because he has no clothes. The poor fellow doesn't even have a chance to protest, because the rules of the game are made that way.

"I am all for fairy tales, ancient and modern, but I suppose it is too much to ask that the fairy tales have a realistic distribution of the goodies and the baddies in the real life story of a nation trying to establish new norms of political and social action, both individual and collective."

Close Adviser

I choose Rajni Patel because he is at once an outsider and a supporter of the Establishment; he is able, dynamic and with a viewpoint uniquely his own. He is one of the most trusted advisers of the Prime Minister. His analysis of our problems was however along the same lines:

"The backlash of the economic stringency created by the war with Pakistan... feeding and maintaining 10 million refugees for 10 months... the worst-ever drought... and mistakes in the planning in the first 20 years of freedom" (thus exonerating D. P. Dhar).

However he adds his "leftist" sting in the tail. "Inflation is a worldwide phenomenon affecting almost all capitalistic economies. Even according to capitalistic statistics the only countries that have not been affected by inflation are socialist countries."

WHERE DOES ALL THAT MONEY GO? Minoo Masani said corruption and nepotism were rampant in the ruling party. "But what kind of leaders does the Opposition throw up?" he asked. "Men... who have been notoriously discredited." To the question why corruption had increased to unprecedented dimensions, Mrs Gandhi replied, "I think such things do become worse in a period of crises and difficulty." Picture shows police officers with the money recovered in the Nagarwala case.

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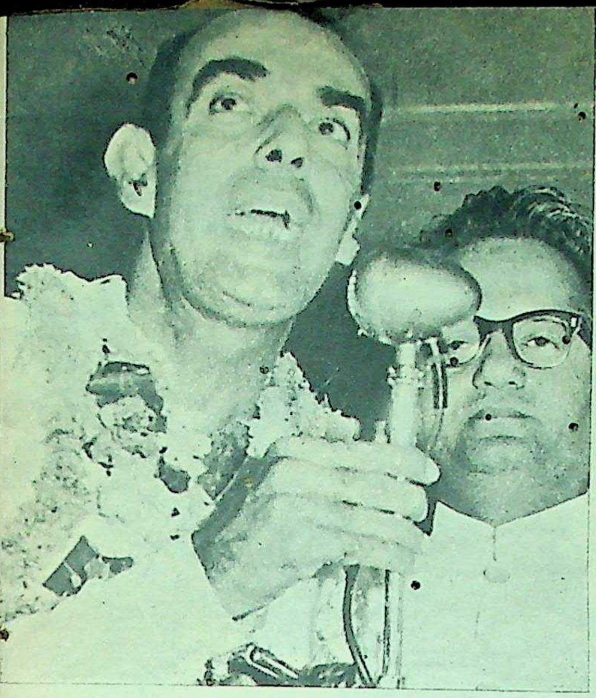

I CAN PROVE IT WITH STATISTICS. Minoo Masani quoted figures to show up our economic crisis. "We have 14 million unemployed; the number goes up by 8,000 every day; it will make a grand total of 37 million by 1980. Prices continue to rise: this year they rose by 25%. And the population increases...It is a triple crisis."

Critics of the Establishment do not mince their words and come down upon the Government like the proverbial ton of bricks. Let us first call on Atal Behari Vajpayee.

The Critics Attack

The pictures, books and objects, a person surrounds himself with are good clues to his personality. The pictures in Vajpayee's room are understandably those of right-wing Hindu leaders, Syama Prasad Mookerjee, Savarkar and Upadhyaya, there is also a plaque given by the Deen Dayal Bhavan of Nairobi on the mantelpiece. There is a picture of Swami Vivekananda on one wall and a larger one, with its frame draped with a saffron garland, of Sardar Patel. One of Vajpayee striding along with the Rajmata of Gwalior in a silver frame. There are emblems of militant Hinduism: an equestrian statue of Shivaji and a silver-plated figure of a horse rearing on its hind legs given by the Border Security Force. There are two models of the chariot with Sri Krishna delivering the sermon of the Gita to Arjuna.

Atal Behari is a photo-journalist's dream; he speaks with animated gestures of his hands and is a safe bet for good copy.

About the year 1973, he agrees. "Yes, of course, it's been the worst year with the collapse of the economic, administrative and most of all, the moral front of the country. The country is on the verge of bankruptcy; in the eyes of the world India is not only a nonentity, it is a non-country." He repeats: "Not only a nonentity but a non-country. There is total anarchy."

Lal K. Advani, President of the Jana Sangh, is more measured in his speech but equally vehement.

"Without doubt, the year 1973 has been the worst since Independence," he replies.

"The country is in the grip of a severe politico-economic crisis. The fact that this crisis has come so soon after a phase of general euphoria generated by our military victory over Pakistan has made it all the more galling.

"The common man has been bled white by the current phase of inflation. A crippling power famine, combined with an acute scarcity of inputs such as coal, cement, diesel, etc., have paralysed the country's economic growth. Even worse than all this—there is the breakdown of public faith that things can at all be improved. A sense of cynicism and frustration prevails all round."

Minoo Masani, who prefers to describe himself as a liberal rather than as a Swatantrite, strikes a note of academic authenticity as he quotes statistics to prove his points:

"Sham Lal in *The Times of India* made a correct analysis when he wrote of a triple

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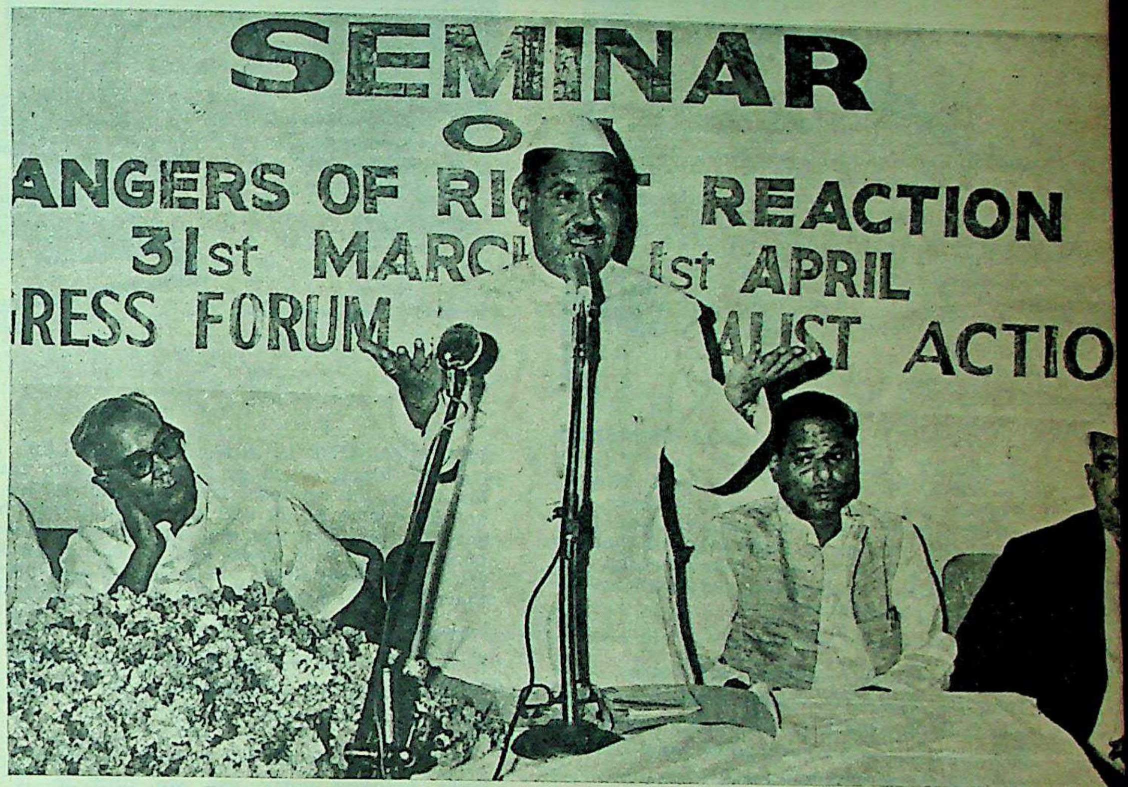

—S. K. Chadha

"MY PARTY IS NOT DISINTEGRATING," said almost every leader interviewed. But no political party is able to hold together for any length of time. The Swatantra, the Communists, the Socialists have all splintered into groups and sub-groups. The Congress, which had remained united in the first 22 years after Independence, also split in 1969. All our parties today are plagued with infighting and groupism. Above: A meeting of the Congress Forum of Socialist Action is addressed by Shankar Dayal Sharma. Below: Jana Sangh and Congress workers clash in New Delhi.

—P. Dayal

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS MoE, Digitization: eGangotri.

—Mona Chowdhury

ARISE YE INDIAN MASSES, DON'T GIVE BLIND SUPPORT. Jyoti Basu said: "Empty slogans like Garibi Hatao may mislead people for some time but cannot solve their problems." Mr Rajni Patel insisted that the slogan could have been implemented had Mrs Gandhi "not been bogged down by unforeseen circumstances".

THE MINORITY IS A MAJOR PROBLEM. No one has done more for our Muslims than Mrs Gandhi. When asked as to why, despite this, the Muslims have alienated themselves from her party, she replied: "It is true that all we should have done for the minorities we have not been able to do and yet a great deal has been done in the last two years... with regard to their employment, and also for Urdu. We have been able to bring about a change of mentality. Five years ago, it was unthinkable that a Muslim could ever be C. M. of a Hindu majority State." Mrs Gandhi was pained that Muslims constantly raised the issue of their Personal Law although she had made it clear that she "had no intention of changing it."

crisis—economic, political and moral. Let's take the economic crisis. First, unemployment. B. K. Nehru in his Madon Memorial Lectures last year gave some very revealing figures of unemployment.

"Today we have 14 million unemployed. With our current policies, the number of unemployed goes up by 6,000 every day. By 1980 we will have added another 23 million, making a grand total of 57 million.

"Secondly, there is this rise in prices. In 1973 we have broken all previous records—they have risen by 25% and in one particular week, by 2%. And they continue to rise.

"Thirdly, we have the problem of a rising population. You might describe it as food versus population. **The Green Revolution has faded out and the prospect of famine has become a continuing reality.**

"Authoritarian Rule"

"On the political side we have this trend towards authoritarianism. The press is continually under attack; the import of books and films is now controlled by the Government. All India Radio and Television continue to remain Government monopolies, despite the Chanda Committee's recommendation that they should be autonomous. There is the erosion of Fundamental Rights by the 24th and 25th Amendments and assaults on the independence of the judiciary.

"Most of all it is the destruction of the federal structure and the tilt towards the Presidential system that make for authoritarian rule. As economic conditions worsen, the tendency to grab more power will increase.

"I need not say much about the moral crisis. Corruption and nepotism are all too apparent to everyone."

When the country is in such bad shape, what political party can we turn to in order to be salvaged? Here the picture is equally grim. It is a strange phenomenon of our political life that no party is able to hold together for any length of time. **Before elections, aspirants scramble to get tickets of the party most likely to win; during elections they abandon principles and make alliances with Opposition parties to gain votes; after elections those successful create factions within their own party to get ministerial positions and those in the Opposition to gain party leadership.**

A Threat To Democracy

At no stage are political ideals at a premium. No wonder our parties are constantly splintering into groups and subgroups. This national characteristic poses a serious threat to the functioning of our democratic institutions.

Let us first ask the Prime Minister what she has to say on the subject. Like the other leaders I interviewed she firmly maintains that her party is not disintegrating.

"But some divisive factors have always been there—below the surface," she explains. "When it is a period of difficulty, lots of people feel, 'Well, it is time to take advantage; the Government is in a tight corner and it is time to push our demands.'

"In India there has never been any such discipline in politics. Even before Independence, in almost every State there were groups. But sometimes this was suppressed because of bossism. The boss is able to suppress it, but only for a time. It simmers and erupts every now and then."

Rajni Patel, who has suffered the consequences of disloyalty of some members of the Congress in Bombay, readily agrees that "the craving for personal power to the detriment of ideals is the main cause of the infighting in political parties. These parties, after all, reflect the general trends and aspirations in the country. Greater discipline and more concern with proclaimed ideals and objectives alone can stop squabbles. They will naturally be more in the ruling party where the chances of acquiring public office are greater. Discipline and a cadre-based party can check this rot. Indiscipline has to be put down with a firm hand".

"Who Started It All?"

Morarji Desai is firmly convinced that Mrs Gandhi is the mother of divisions in the Congress. He fumes:

"People like Subhas Bose and Acharya Kripalani had left the Congress earlier, but without hurting the party; they did not start rival Congress parties. What Mrs Gandhi did in 1969 was unparalleled in the history of democratic parties. Her subsequent attacks on the Congress have not been on an ideological, but on a personal basis."

Having ascribed the split in the Congress Party to Mrs Gandhi, Morarji Desai insists that there is no disintegration of his (Congress O) party. On the contrary, "it has survived the most violent assault".

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"Mrs Gandhi gave it a jolt," he adds, "and a setback. When a Prime Minister becomes Prime Minister by encouraging indiscipline and thereafter utilises all her powers to raise a new party, you can hardly expect the old one to survive. But it has. That shows its vitality. And now it is getting to its feet again."

"The Jana Sangh is not disintegrating," maintains its President Lal K. Advani. "The only major defection was by Balraj Madhok, but he took no one with him. So, as in the case of the Communists, there was a split but no disintegration."

Minoo Masani does not express himself on the split within the Swatantraites—but he let go at the ruling Congress. According to him, Mrs Gandhi has not only succeeded in destroying the Opposition, but her own Congress Party as well by picking up nondescript men and women and raising them to positions of importance—to wit Barkatullah Khan and Nandini Satpathy.

Jyoti Basu, the Marxist-Communist, who was a terror to the capitalists and the "haves" as the Deputy Chief Minister of West Bengal, maintains that not all political parties are disintegrating, but each has its own problems.

Parties In Disarray

"The ruling Congress is already rent with dissensions and intrigues and as the economic crisis deepens and the party's double-talk is revealed before the people, group and factional squabbles get further intensified.

"The Cong. O and Swatantra parties' attempt at revival cannot succeed because they have lost many of their reactionary patrons to the ruling party. The Jana Sangh, despite some dissensions, has been able to preserve its base and is making attempts to extend it. The Muslim League is certainly making headway, taking advantage of Congress policies and sometimes with the support of the Congress. In the CPI, which has turned itself into an appendage of the Congress, serious questionings have started as the suffering people are moving into action.

"The leadership is even now taking an ambivalent attitude of standing for the alliance with the Congress as well as pleading for action against Congress policies. The Socialist parties are setting their houses in order after the rift. Differences persist in both parties with regard to their alliances with the rightists and the leftists. A firm policy has yet to emerge.

"The Naxalites, because of their utterly mistaken and harmful policies and inability to analyse the Indian political situation, have disintegrated with very large numbers in West Bengal—which has been their main base—joining the ruling Congress and acting as their storm-troopers against the democratic forces."

When political parties are in a state of flux, the people turn to individuals for guidance. Are new and younger leaders coming up or are there only what in bazar slang are known as *chamchas*? Mrs Gandhi is particularly sensitive to the charge that she has destroyed State leadership and replaced it by puppet regimes led by nonentities nominated by her.

"There has been a very deliberate attempt to paint a picture of me which is entirely baseless and without foundation," she says warming up.

"The Queen Empress' image?"

"Yes, that I want everything to go just the way I like. On the contrary, some of these (changes in the State Governments) happened because I was not strict and I do not want to be strict."

When I remind her that there is no second ladder of leaders with a popular base, she replies: "I think this situation has arisen because for so long people were used to the old kind of bosses. If a voice of dissent was heard, the dissenters were sent for and silenced. But what happened thereafter? They did manage for some time but resentment kept simmering within. That is why there has been infighting and splits in so many States."

"The State leaders only survive because you support them," I remark.

"No! No! This is not so!" she replies emphatically. "We try to work democratically and I think we will succeed. But if we try to smother all opposition within the party, it pushes some people to the wall."

"A very serious outcome of these constant changes can be that the 'Indira Wave' which swept the country only two years ago will peter out," I say.

"Was that a good thing, even if it did exist?" she asks. "I was never for any wave."

"But it was there." I persist

"I don't think it was there in the sense you mean," she replies. "The Press picks up a word and everybody repeats it. We offered a certain alternative to the people which they thought was a good alternative, and it is still a good alternative. No other party has been able to offer a better choice or a better programme. That is why all their concentration is on trying to destroy me as a person rather than the policy that I proposed."

Mrs Gandhi and The Secret Police

There is an impression in certain quarters that Mrs Gandhi makes use of the Secret Police. It is alleged that intelligence is assiduously collected and then used against people. I ask her about it.

Mrs Gandhi reacts sharply, "I can tell you it is utter nonsense. Nothing of this kind has ever been done. I saw a newspaper cutting recently that said that we have Special Intelligence and that I act on the reports supplied by it."

"The Watergate kind of thing?" I ask.

"We do not have any such thing," she continues. "The only intelligence I get is from the very large number of people I meet from all parts of the country. And they certainly give me a lot of information about things and people and I find that almost always what I gather from them is accurate. Sometimes I pass this information on to the Intelligence staff before they can give it to me. They check and say, 'Yes, it is so.'"

"SOCIALISM WITHOUT A REVOLUTION WON'T DO," asserted the fiery Socialist M.P. Madhu Limaye. "It has resulted in endless Government controls and state take-overs executed by a corrupt and inefficient bureaucracy interested only in increasing its privileges, perquisites and authority."

"We've Had No Time"

"It is not the Opposition as much as the infighting within your own party that reduces your image..." I don't give up.

She ignores my interruption and continues: "You see, we did not bring about the kind of change in policy which should have come about... We had little chance because immediately after the parliamentary elections, there was the Bangladesh crisis.

"Otherwise I would have first got down to economic planning and programmes, made changes not of individuals but in the functioning of the party and made it more systematic and effective. But we were overwhelmed by the Bangladesh crisis which lasted for over a year. And then came the drought. We really have not had any time to do these things."

Yeshwantrao Chavan does not agree that the States have produced no great leaders. "Siddhartha Shankar Ray and other leaders of the eastern States have done a splendid job in the most trying circumstances... So has V. P. Naik and his team in maintaining a stable Government in Maharashtra," he says.

—Continued

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

For a counterblast, Atal Behari Vajpayee has this to say:

"She (Mrs Gandhi) has destroyed leadership at the State level and raised men who pay court to her—*Jo bhi Dilli ke Durbar mein huzoori kartey hain.*"

Madhu Limaye describes her rule as a "Subedari" form of Government. The recent months have seen the collapse of the Subedar regimes in the States.

"During the days of the Indira Wave," he continues, "the provincial *satraps* were installed as Chief Ministers although they had no support in the Congress Legislature Parties. They are now the first victims of the deep economic crisis which has gripped the country. Among them the first to fall was Nandini Satpathy, followed by Narasimha Rao, Kedar Pande and Ghanshyam Oza. But those who have replaced Messrs Oza and Pande are not likely to last either. The myth of a stable one-party rule has been blown sky-high."

—P. Dayal

THAT'S NOT A TRUE PICTURE OF ME. "A deliberate attempt has been made to paint a picture of me which is entirely baseless," protested Mrs Gandhi. "It is said that I want everything to happen just the way I like. On the contrary some of these things (trouble in the States) happened because I was not strict and I do not want to be strict... We try to work democratically."

Mrs Gandhi Then And Now

Minoo Masani makes a distinction between Mrs Gandhi that was and Mrs Gandhi that is today:

"In 1969 or 1970 I described her as the only man in the Cabinet. But, alas, the hope she raised remains unfulfilled. As for the rest of the ruling party, they are a bunch of stooges..."

He agrees that the Opposition parties are no better. "They have no policies; in 1971 they came out with nothing better than the negative *Indira Hatao.*

"All that the Opposition does is to play the fool. And what kind of leaders does it throw up? Men like Biju Patnaik and Mahtab who have been notoriously discredited!"

Having discussed the political parties, I turn to the attitude of the Muslims, the most important minority and, according to some, the only minority in India. Resurgence of Muslim communalism is a post-Bangladesh phenomenon. We saw its manifestations in the *Vande Mataram* agitation during the Bombay Municipal Corporation elections, in the exploitation of the Aligarh Muslim University Act and the agitation over Urdu throughout the country.

I restrict this question to the Prime Minister, D. P. Dhar and Rajni Patel on the one side and to Atal Behari Vajpayee of the Jana Sangh on the other.

The ruling Congress is most vitally affected. In the past it has relied on the solid backing of the Muslim vote; now it is no longer sure. And in a few months there will be elections in Uttar Pradesh, the largest and most crucial State in the Union. I start by paying Mrs Gandhi a well-deserved tribute as the best friend of the Muslims:

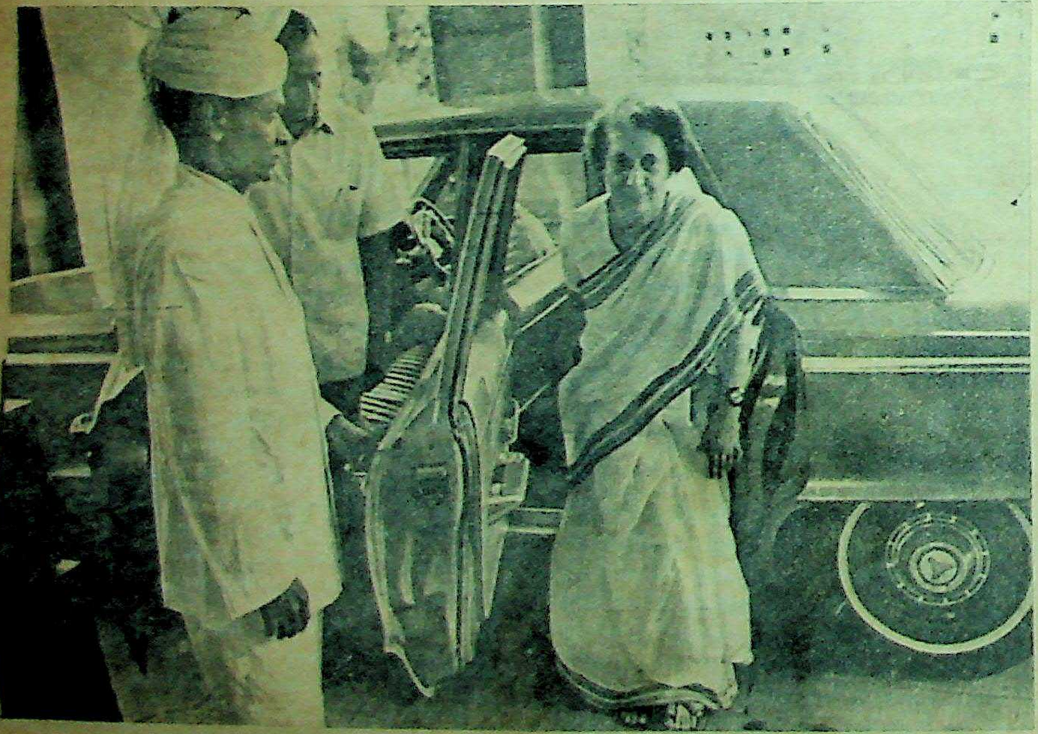
"About your father it used to be said that he was the only nationalist Muslim in the country. I think that the epithet could be used for you with greater justification. You have done more for the Muslims than anyone else. Why then have the Muslims alienated themselves from your party?"

Best Friend Of The Muslims

She graciously acknowledges the compliment with a smile but I can discern the pain and concern in her voice as she replies: "It is a little difficult to understand. I think that partly it is the economic situation which is responsible. Also, when there are shortages, although everybody suffers, the minority feels that they are suffering more.

"The Muslims certainly did suffer more because many of the poorer Muslims belong to the weaving community and the shortage of yarn hit them. But a lot of misunderstanding has also been raised over some of our problems with Pakistan and Bangladesh. Issues like the Aligarh Muslim University Act have been magnified out of all proportion. What was done for Aligarh was done with the best of intentions. We thought it would be a good set-up for a university and a model for other universities. But somehow they (the Muslims) took it to mean that it is only being done to Aligarh.

"Another point which the Muslims raise constantly is about Personal Law. I have made it very clear, not today but



THE EMPRESS ARRIVES FOR THE DURBAR. Mrs Gandhi said there was never an Indira Wave and, "even if it did exist, I was never for any wave. We (the Congress) had offered a certain alternative to the people which they thought was good...and it still is a good alternative...No other party has been able to offer a better programme. That is why all their (Opposition's) concentration is on trying to destroy me as a person rather than the policy I proposed"

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long ago, that we have no intention of touching their Personal Law. And yet they keep on saying in their conferences that this must be resisted.

"There is a definite attempt to create misunderstanding. This is very unfortunate because if the Muslims go to such extremes, it encourages extremism on the other side. And then there is a confrontation. My basic policy is to try and avoid a confrontation of this kind."

"Have you anything specific in mind to win back the alienated Muslims?" I ask her.

"I really do not know," she admits. "It is true that all that we should have done for the minorities we have not been able to do. But that is equally true of the majority community. Everything that was in our programmes has not been achieved.

"In the last two years however, a great deal has been done for the Muslims. We have tried to do specific things with regard to their employment and also for Urdu. We have been able to bring about a change of mentality; there is now an all-round appreciation of their difficulties.

"Five years ago, it was unthinkable that a Muslim could ever be Chief Minister in Hindu majority States such as Bihar and Rajasthan. Now we have them and there is a general acceptability about them. I think this is really a very big achievement—to break down this mental barrier."

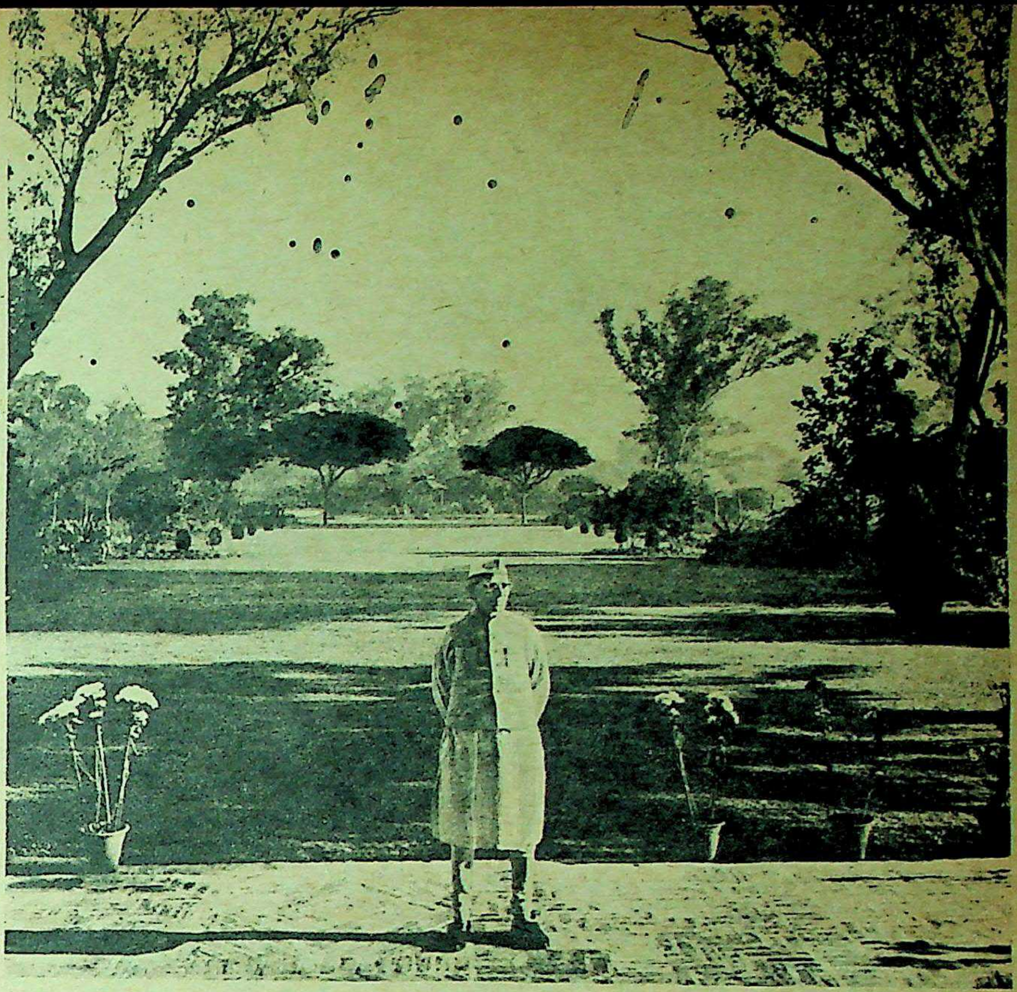
"The Muslim Problem"

D. P. Dhar says that we refuse to face the problem squarely by euphemistically calling it a minority problem not giving it its proper name, which is, "the Muslim Problem".

"We refuse to do so because we do not wish to display openly our oppressive burden of guilt. All political parties share in the accumulated guilt... What would really help is a frank recognition of the fact that the Muslims have to be helped through special programmes to overcome their educational and economic backwardness. It is true that this may turn them inward. But we have to go beyond economics. India's composite culture owes an enormous debt to the Muslim contribution which has to be preserved and enriched. It is no longer their exclusive preserve, but they have the legitimate pride in the language and the culture which they built over the centuries, not in isolation but in close cooperation with the Hindus.

"Why should their contribution be buried under layers of unmitigated communal nonsense? Why should Urdu be denied its legitimate place in the land of its birth? Why should the role of Muslim freedom fighters be relegated to the background? The Muslims of India do not have to atone in perpetuity for the historical mistakes of a section of their leadership. We cannot consign the Muslims to an intellectual, moral and social ghetto, and still hope to build a secular social order.

"It is not a problem of doing something about Urdu or the Aligarh University, or about a dead poet. It is a problem of the broad masses of the people. Only mass action on a wide front—social, economic and cultural—can bring the Muslims into the mainstream of national life. When we undertake mass action, the communal organisations will disappear like dry leaves in a storm."



—Jitendra Arya

HE DOESN'T SEE ANY LIGHT. Mr Morarji Desai said: "There is darkness all around us." But he added: "It is the darkness before the dawn. India has survived many crises over the centuries." He compared the state of the country today with that of Vaisali 2,500 years ago, when drinking and promiscuity were common. It was the time when the most beautiful girl in the country, Ambapali, was made to remain single so that she could be enjoyed by everyone. The Cong O leader predicts the collapse of the Government by March 1974.

Rajni Patel who had to bear the brunt of Muslim alienation from the Congress in the Bombay municipal elections insists:

"There has been no alienation of Muslims from the Congress. All that has happened in the last few months is that some selfish, parochial vested interests that have been dormant till now have raised their heads and have begun exploiting the backwardness of the Muslims and other sections of society for their personal and political advantage. In the present economic plight, it is indeed easy for them to do so."

Atal Behari Vajpayee has no doubt that the Muslims resent the break-up of Pakistan and the emergence of Bangladesh.

"The Indian Muslim is not involved in the future of the country," he says. "He will indulge in trading (*Sauda Bazi*) for leverage. Now the Muslim League is trying to bring all Muslims under one banner so that it can increase its bargaining power.

"The Muslim attitude is not a political but a national problem. We did not do enough after 1947 to rehabilitate them in the national mainstream. The Muslim has closed his mind, he has withdrawn himself as a tortoise withdraws into its shell. He suffers from a fear complex which the communalists have exploited. Where there is discrimination against Muslims it must be righted," admits Vajpayee, "but talk of reservation of seats for them will be wrong.

"Urdu is being made into a communal issue. It is not the language of the Muslims only but of Indians. When a man like Sulaiman Sait (President of the Muslim League), whose mother tongue is Malayalam, pleads for the cause of Urdu in English, it is as ludicrous as the attitude of Panjabi Hindus, whose mother tongue is Panjabi but who propagate the cause of Hindi through the medium of Urdu...

"Aligarh should like every university be Indian in character. What does the expression 'Muslim character' mean? By all means teach Muslim theology, Islamic culture but do not allow Aligarh to become a citadel of Muslim obscurantism and anti-Indianism. Do you know that when Pakistan beat India at hockey, there were celebrations in Aligarh University?

"The best way to approach the Muslims is to ignore the present leadership and go to the people and tell them what price they have had to pay for separatism."

Mrs Gandhi's Rule

Morarji Desai, Jyoti Basu, Vajpayee, L. K. Advani and Madhu Limaye have no kind words for Mrs Gandhi's stewardship of the country. All of them hold her responsible for the present crisis. They tend to be bitter and personal in their criticism.

D. P. Dhar defends her eloquently: "They say she is a dictator. Her crime is that she ascertains all shades of opinion in a legislature party and then announces that a particular person commands the support of the majority. That is being described as dictatorship."

Rajni Patel, President of the Bombay Pradesh Congress Committee, is an ardent admirer of the Prime Minister. He says:

—Continued

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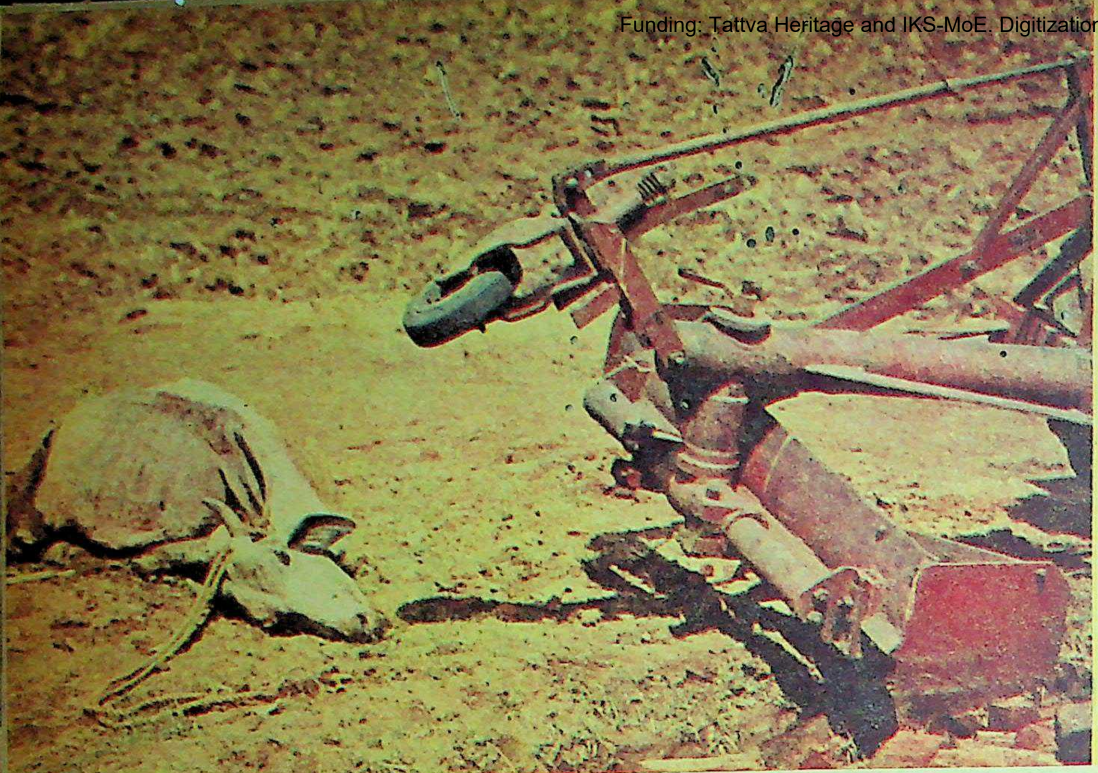

THE DEAD AND THE DESOLATE. Three successive years of drought have parched our resources and our people's morale. The farmer was forced to sell his starving cattle for as little as Rs 10 per head. Our buffer stocks have dwindled and, after three euphoric years of self-sufficiency, we have had to buy wheat from America at highly inflated prices because of the world shortage of this grain. However, whereas during the 1966 shortage we had to be bailed out with nearly 10 million tonnes of imported wheat, this year our imports have been marginal—only two and half million tonnes.

"Mrs Gandhi, more than anyone else in a quarter century of Independence, has shown her capacity and eagerness to smash monopoly vested interests which controlled the economy of the country through the banks and the distribution of foodgrains.

"What is required today is that the Government must ruthlessly implement its declared policies—no matter whom it hurts so long as it benefits the largest number of people in this country."

* * *

The two points on which all the leaders I interviewed agree: that 1973 has been the worst-ever year; that the future is not bleak.

Morarji Desai predicts a collapse of the Government by March 1974; he allows himself to be carried away with the magic of his own words.

"There is darkness all round now, but it is the darkness before the dawn. I have faith in the future destiny of this country. India has survived many crises over the centuries; it is the only ancient civilisation which has not disappeared because India always had the benefit of people who lifted it out of degradation.

"Our state today is like that of Vaisali 2,500 years ago when drinking and promiscuity were common; people were rich enough to eat out of gold plates but had become decadent. It was the time when the most beautiful girl in the country was made to remain single so that she could be enjoyed by everyone. Such a one was Ambapali.

Faith In The Future

"Then came Mahavira and Gautama the Buddha who lifted the country out of the morass. Then we had Gandhi. A man like him could not have succeeded in any country other than India. After freedom we have let the spirit of Gandhi die out; but the vital spark is still there and it will rekindle." He quotes Iqbal's lines:

"Kuch baat hai ke hasti mit ti nahi hamari."

(There must be something in us that keeps us from being obliterated.)

Atal Behari Vajpayee's vision of the shape of things to come is equally rosy.

"I have faith in the future. In the gathering gloom there is a ray of hope. People will no longer be swayed by radical slogans, they want realistic programmes, they want discipline, they want small targets that can be completed and not dogmas."

L. K. Advani, President of the Jana Sangh, strikes a discordant note: "The Government has lost grip of the administration, the country is drifting towards disaster."

He expresses qualified agreement with Morarji Desai on the date of the disaster to come. "I would not rule out a total collapse by March 1974."

Jyoti Basu's reply to the question, "What do you forecast for the future?" is couched in Marxist terminology and best conveyed in his own words:

"The people's radicalisation has grown and the disillusionment with the 'progressive' proclamations and slogans of the Congress are leading them on to the path of struggle and teaching them to discriminate between enemies and friends.

Photographs by Ashwin Gatha

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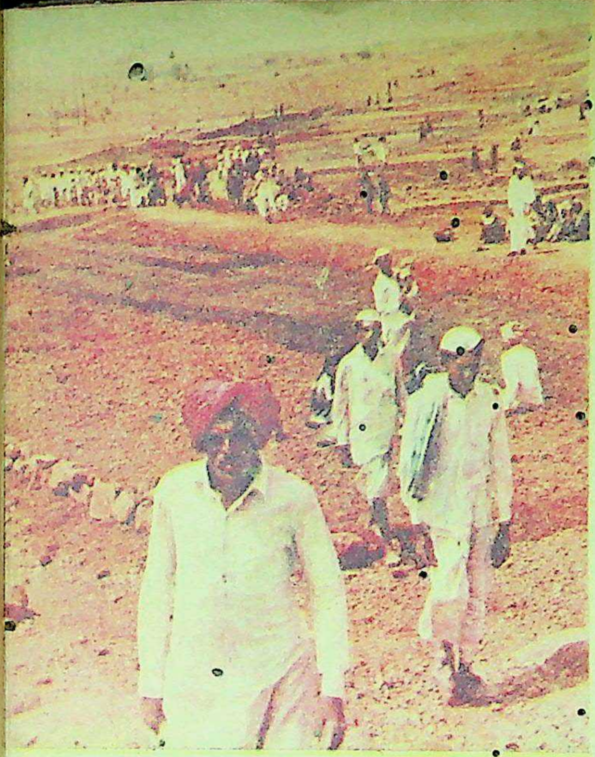


THE BURDEN OF RELIEF has been very heavy on the Government. Drought assistance to the States cost the Centre a record sum of Rs 191.365 crores last year. Apart from this, New Delhi also gave the States Rs 148 crores for crash agricultural programmes and another short-term loan of Rs 99 crores. The resources of drought-affected States have also been severely depleted. Maharashtra, for instance, spent Rs 12 lakhs every day in one district alone—employing 457,000 men and women. Despite severe criticism of such projects as metal-breaking, there is no denying the fact that relief measures have saved millions from dying of starvation.

SHE'S STILL THE UNDISPUTED LEADER OF HER PEOPLE. Despite the drought, shortages, price rise and a myriad other problems the masses have realised how overwhelming the odds are against Mrs Gandhi and have not lost faith in her leadership.

—R. Bedi

"Despite the attempts of the non-Congress right reactionary and communal forces to cash in on the discontent of the people with bogus solutions and despite the weakness of the left and democratic forces in many areas, the immediate future holds out great possibilities for a union of all sections of the people for a struggle for progressive policies and democratic rights."

The only one reluctant to paint too bright a picture of the future is the Prime Minister. I have to cajole her to end my interview with a message of hope. "I want you to say a few cheerful words as an Independence Day message," I plead with her.

"Every country has had a bleak year. And everybody is full of their own troubles—most of them are the same as ours," she replies. "But the monsoon this year, although not ideal, has on the whole been better—especially in Western India. We need not be so pessimistic.

A Balanced View

"In spite of our Indian philosophy urging us to have a balanced outlook, we Indians tend either to go up in the sky or go down in the dumps. I think we have to look at things with a more balanced view. There is no doubt that difficulties have been tremendous. It is no solace to us that other countries also have these difficulties; however we cannot ignore the international trends either.

"If only we could have a little more discipline and united action on some of these major national problems, I think India would be well on the way up."

I hope the Prime Minister is right—not only for her sake but for India's sake. Her critics apart, Mrs Gandhi gave the country bold and dynamic leadership during the critical years of 1969 to 1972. This year has, indeed, been the worst year for several reasons; over some of them neither the people nor the Government had any control—but some can justifiably be attributed to the bunglings of her Government. **As Minoo Masani points out, the old spark in her appears to have dimmed. Will it brighten again? The harassed millions of India would wish for nothing better! She seems to be their only hope.**

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Is There An Alternative To Mrs Gandhi?

D. P. DHAR

THE question is not who we can have instead of Mrs Gandhi but what is the alternative to the policies she stands for. The alternative would mean a retreat from democratic socialism, from the concept of national self-reliance and the ideal of secularism. But what if she has failed in her pursuit of these objectives, her critics ask. Does one judge a mass movement against injustice on the basis of temporary setbacks caused by factors beyond human control?

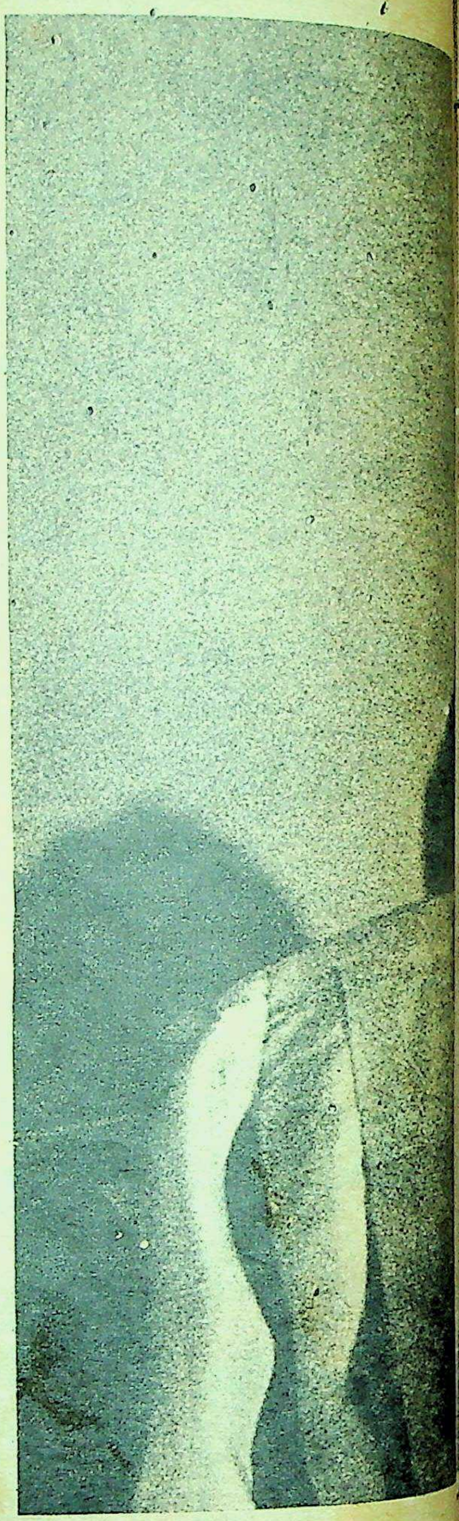
Y. B. CHAVAN

DESPITE the trials and tribulations through which the country has been passing, Mrs Gandhi is handling the critical situation with consummate tact and ability. She continues to enjoy the full confidence of her party and even today she, more than any other leader, has the people with her.

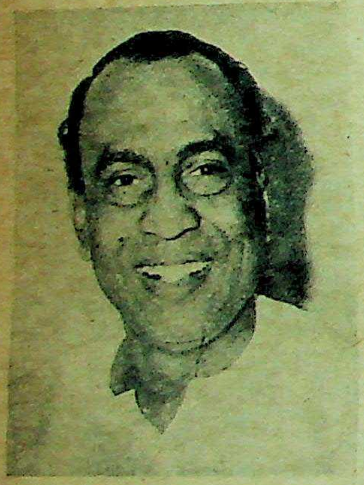
Hence, because of temporary hardships, if anyone thinks there should be a change in the Prime Ministership, then all I can say is that he is living in a paradise of his own which has nothing to do with reality.

SHAIKH ABDULLAH

TO my knowledge there is no one better than she as Prime Minister. Despite my differences with her, I must say that all the other leaders are unequal to the task. They have been tried in different spheres and have been found wanting. Of course, Morarji Desai and others of the Opposition will not agree. But what else do you expect them to say? I feel India has no other choice.



—P. Dayal



RAJNI PATEL

I CANNOT think of any other leadership that can command the mass sanction that this Government has. The present leadership has proved its mettle in times of grave crisis.

Mrs Gandhi more than any leader in 25 years has shown the capacity and the willingness to articulate the aspirations of the people. She has implemented far-reaching measures in the face of stiff opposition from vested interests. No other leader had the courage to nationalise the banks. No other leader would have had the vision to take the right decision over Bangladesh.

KRISHAN CHANDAR

GARIBI Hatao is not meant to be a "quick cure"—it is a long-term policy capable of being fulfilled not in two or ten or twenty years, but maybe in fifty years. Mrs Gandhi is not likely to stay in power that long, but at present she is indispensable.

It is wrong to blame her for all our ills. The current difficulties are not caused by the vagaries of a single individual. They are inherent in the system of a mixed economy, in our brutalised beaurocracy and in our sham democracy which tilts towards the rich. She alone can deliver the goods.

RAFIQ ZAKARIA

MRS Gandhi's leadership was the direct result of the political crisis that India faced on the eve of the split in the Congress in 1969. To overcome it, a leader with vision was required. The old bosses had ruined the entire structure; tremendous courage and imagination were needed to rebuild it. Mrs Gandhi, like a legendary heroine of the past, hit at them hard and galvanised the whole nation. In the first three years she accomplished much, including the liberation of Bangladesh. The aftermath, due to the war with Pakistan and widespread drought, has created an unprecedented economic *malaise*. But if anyone can cure it, it is Mrs Gandhi. She has guts, foresight, a certain amount of necessary ruthlessness and the knack to take the right decision at the right moment without compromising on fundamentals. She is a hardboiled realist who is never ruffled by temporary setbacks. Events in the past have proved that she is at her best when pushed to the wall.

The Opposition is a hotch-potch of opposites. They are impotent to provide an alternative. She is our only hope.

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"The supporters and opponents of Mrs Gandhi answer the question put to them by the Editor.

"'NOBODY WILL REMOVE ME TO MAKE YOU KING'—*Mrs Gandhi should say this to the Opposition leaders as Charles II said to James II. . ." declares Swatantra leader Minoo Masani.*

JYOTI BASU

MRS Gandhi's 7½ years of stewardship of the country has led to utter economic bankruptcy and an all-pervading crisis, with a fantastic price rise, the highest number of unemployed since Independence, shortage of electric power, lack of food for crores of people. Democracy has been imperilled all over India and the right to vote freely taken away in West Bengal. Authoritarianism has made rapid strides and corruption has been adopted as a policy by the Congress Party and Government.

MORARJI DESAI

WHAT Mrs Gandhi did in 1969 was unparalleled in the history of democratic parties; thereafter her attacks on the Congress have not been on an ideological but on a personal basis.

Nehru had a much bigger following in the country than the present Prime Minister. If he had wanted he could have jumped the rails but he always submitted to the view of the majority with grace.

At first Mrs Gandhi accepted this principle. When Dr Radhakrishnan wanted a third term, but the majority preferred Dr Zakir Husain, she welcomed the change because she wanted it. But on Zakir Husain's death she ignored party opinion to put in her own nominee.

MINOO MASANI

IN 1970 I described Mrs Gandhi as the only man in the Cabinet; she had guts, she knew her mind and, what is a rare quality amongst politicians, she could take risks. But, alas, the hope she raised remains unfulfilled.

In 1972 I compared her to General de Gaulle. Everyone agreed that the analogy was valid, as Mrs Gandhi, like the General, had come as the rescuer of a nation fast going down the drain. Today few people will agree with the comparison because whereas de Gaulle made good his promises, Mrs Gandhi has not. But neither the Opposition nor the Ruling Party has produced a viable alternative.

MADHU LIMAYE

MRS Gandhi's thoughtless and reckless policies of the last four years have aggravated the crisis.

After Independence the Government, led by Mr Jawaharlal Nehru and his daughter, neither undertook a radical reconstruction of Indian society nor adopted a vigorous and practical production- and growth-oriented programme. They evolved a bastard form of socialism.

When Mrs Gandhi seized total power in 1969, politics—which always dominated economics in India—established its complete ascendancy. Her main interest was to maintain herself in power.

L. K. ADVANI

SHRIMATI Gandhi is a clever politician and a shrewd manipulator of the levers of power. But as an administrator and economic strategist, she has been an utter failure.

During her regime there has been a progressive erosion of democratic institutions. The Presidency has been devalued. The judiciary has been downgraded. The Election Commission has been emaciated. Parliament and the Press too are sought to be subordinated. The pernicious doctrine of "commitment" is being used to weaken the democratic checks and balances provided in the Constitution to restrain the arbitrariness of a wayward executive.

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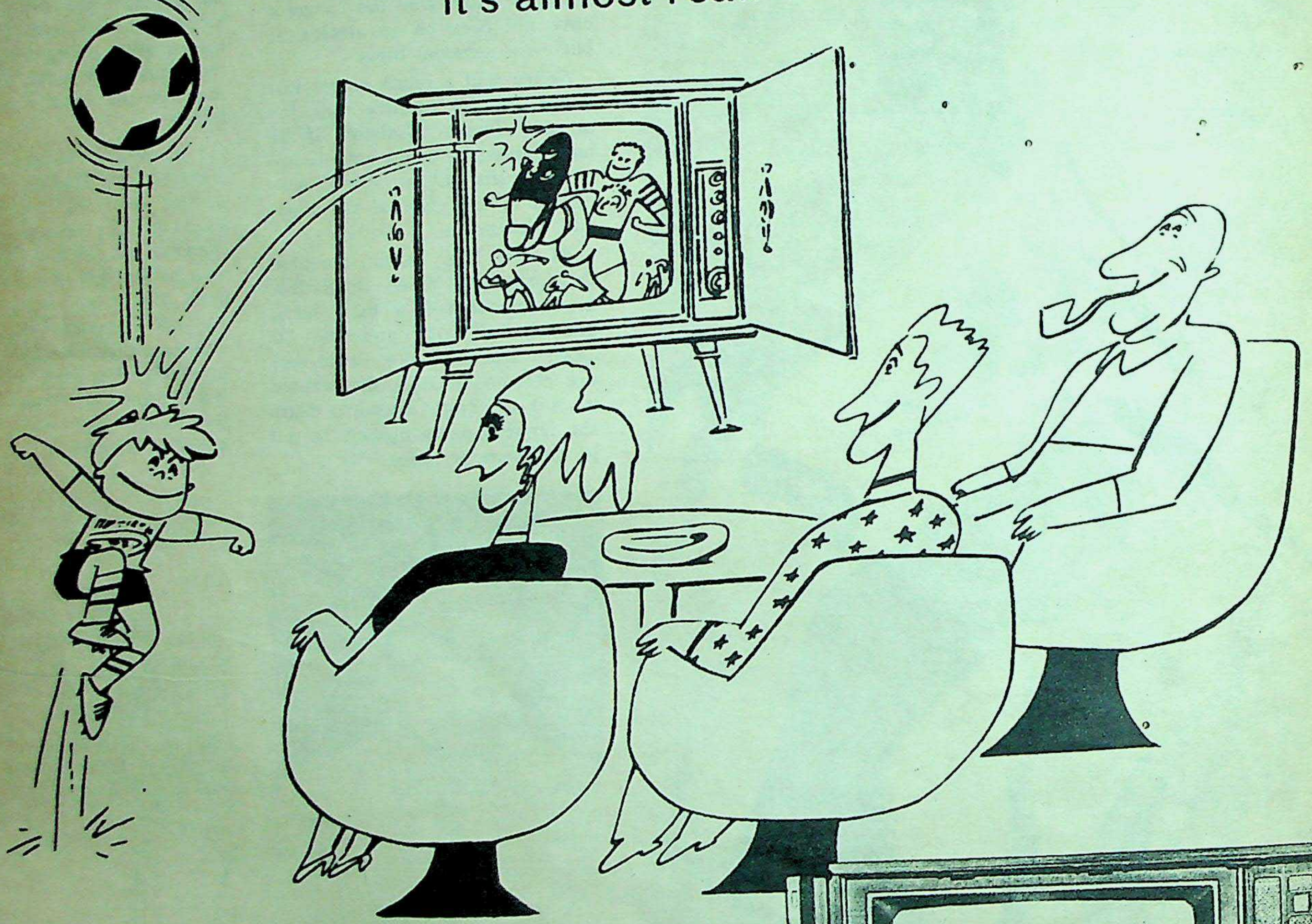

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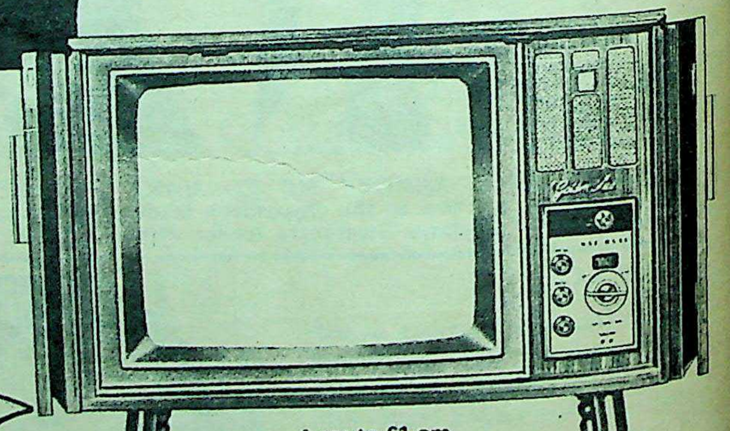

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INDIA AS I SEE IT

Last year, during the great drought, the Government "punished" the peasants by making them break stones—a discipline "inflicted in the West on only the most hardened criminals". This year the rains are satisfactory... Were the peasants to blame for the drought?

by AUBREY MENEN

—Graham Hall

"I tried all my life to be other than a writer," affirms Aubrey Menen. He was born in 1912, the only son of an Indian doctor turned businessman and an Irish mother. Mr Menen's books include The Prevalence of Witches *and* Dead Man In The Silver Market. *His* Rama Retold *and* India *are banned in our country.*

Dear Father,

What is an Indian? It may seem strange my asking you this question when you have been dead ten years, but I have a suspicion you might read this letter. You remember that when I was a boy in England I once asked you if you believed in reincarnation and you said you did. You also said that you thought you would be reborn a dog for your sins and that was why you were always very kind to them. Well, you came to me in a dream a few nights ago. You were wearing a Kerala *mundoo*, but you had a thread across your chest. I was puzzled at that because you are a Nayar. At any rate, I said to you. "Well, so you weren't reborn as a dog." And you replied in a very mournful voice. "Worse, my son, far worse. I've been reborn a Brahmin." So you are somewhere in this vast country.

Perhaps you will recall another question I asked you as a boy. "Dad," I said, "am I an Indian?" You puffed at your pipe for a while and then thoughtfully knocked it out. "If you were an Indian you would have asked your *mother* that question," you said, so I did. But I chose a wrong moment. She had lost her Irish temper over something you had done. "Mum," I said, "am I an Indian?" And she replied: "God help us: one in the house is enough."

Trying Hard To Feel Indian...

The problem is still very much with me. When your name crops up, people here ask me, "But don't you feel Indian?"

I do not know what to answer. To say "No" would be rude. To say "Yes" might be risky. As I write this letter people are looting shops for food, State Governments are falling daily, the economy is stagnant, and there are so many unemployed that it would need computers to count them and there are no computers because they would only create more unemployed. If I claim to be Indian, I might well be asked what solutions I have to these problems. I have tried. I have come up with the suggestion that the Government might pay the unemployed to count the unemployed. I would put it forward but I feel the Government would think I was trespassing on their territory. It is pretty good itself at inventing fanciful schemes. It is particularly proud of a recent one. Last year there was a great drought so the Government punished the peasants by making them break stones, a discipline, as you know, inflicted in the West on only the most hardened criminals. This year the rains are satisfactory. So maybe it *was* the fault of the peasants after all.

I do try hard to feel Indian, I like so many of them. For instance, the middle classes. They have many burdens to bear, but they bear them with philosophy. They seem to say, "Ah, well, what we lose on the swings we gain on the roundabouts." I admire that, but then comes creeping in the thought that neither form of locomotion gets one very far.

There you have it, you see. I immediately begin thinking in terms of Progress, yet every middle-class Indian knows that Progress is an insidious Western idea aimed at corrupting the morals of their sons and daughters. And I would not for a moment wish to attack the sacred institution of the Indian Family. Indeed I have often thought that if the United Nations permitted children to be included in the Gross National Product, India would take a much higher place in the world lists, one commensurate with her true greatness.

But I believe I have found a way out of my dilemma, and I have found it by thinking of you, dear Father. You remember that when you were younger you greatly admired the British. That, after all, is why you settled in England. As for their ruling India, you more or less held that a country got the government it deserved. When I was in my 'teens I disagreed with you. I remember you gave up taking me to the theatre because I always sat down when they played "God Save the King" and that created a commotion among the loyal audience, and I was sometimes threatened with violence. (When I go to the cinema here I am informed by means of a lantern slide that if I don't stand up at the National Anthem I risk being sent to jail. I stand up. How interesting that two great peoples are so concerned with what I do with my backside!)

Then came 1947 and Independence. I was in India then and I believe you heard my voice over the radio describing the ceremonies of the first day. When I returned to England I found a statuette of Gandhi in your office, a very large Indian flag folded up in the hall-cupboard at home, and learned that you frequently hobnobbed with the High Commissioner at India House. The latter fact I found moving, because the High Commissioner was an old friend of mine from the days when I sat out God Save the King. He was V. K. Krishna Menon, the same man that you had, in a fatherly fashion, warned me against as an agitator... I was happy to see you friends.

Two Fathers

So I really had two fathers. Let me call them Father I and Father II, like they do yachts. They are much the same yachts, but one of them is sunk. Father I went down without trace after World War II. You no longer admired the British, who no longer admired themselves. They became lazy, corrupt, garrulous and sex-obsessed—very like, I remember you saying, the Malabar Brahmins of your boyhood. Father II turned to the New India.

I approved of that. I thought it showed, middle-aged as you were, that you moved with the times. I have been greatly surprised to find the Indians have not. Father II is here, but so is Father I. So if I am to feel an Indian, I must feel like you—both of you at the same time.

—Continued

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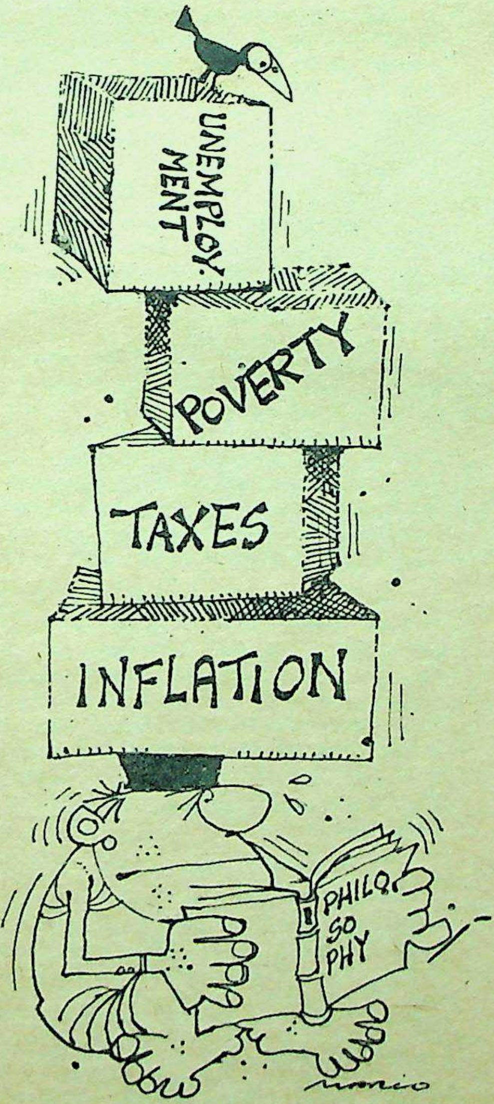
One of your favourite quotations was Mark Antony's speech from *Julius Caesar*. I can still hear your voice saying, rotundly: "I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him." Well, I came to India a year ago to praise it, I did. I annoyed all my Indian friends. They insisted that I bury it. They themselves were shovelling earth into the grave as fast as they could.

I will give you an instance, small but significant. When the English ruled India one of their justifications was that the Indians were incompetent. "They can't even make a screw properly," was one of their favourite remarks. Whenever I move among Indians, in this twenty-sixth year of Independence, I hear the same thing, but it goes beyond screws. "We can't make electrical gear," they say. "We can't make razor blades: we can't make motor-cars: we can't run power-stations: we can't run our internal outlines." And so on: Father I, you see. With knobs on. At party after party, lunch after lunch, the refrain is the same. Once, in an effort to stem the flow, I said to a high executive of Tata's that at least Indians made steel. "Not very good steel," he promptly replied.

After four months of this I was quite ready to define an Indian as an Indian who wishes he wasn't—just like you when as a young man turned your back on Malabar and settled in England.



But I have now had time to go more deeply into the matter. I have asked 'Why?' When Independence came, suddenly, in 1947, there was really no Father II. The Indians had little against the British; they wanted their jobs, it is true, but even there they made a gesture—a pretty astounding one. They appointed an Englishman as their first Governor-General, equivalent to Vietnam naming Kissinger as their first President. The best brains of the country then drew up a Constitution. It cannot be called a copy of the British Constitution, because the British have none. But if they had, this in essence would be it. In a land where 40 per cent of the people cannot read or write, Universal Suffrage was declared, something over which the British had wrangled for generations, and which was only achieved in my lifetime. India was declared independent but, cosily, "under the Crown". The Congress Party, which, in all conscience, should have been offered the highest office in the land to Gandhi, even if a special one had to be created for him, fobbed him off with a phrase. He was called the "Father of his country". Perhaps justly: the sons of famous fathers rarely come to much.

But Gandhi is forgotten now. The most Indian Indian since Asoka, nothing remains of him but his cap. By the way, did he ever wear one? He certainly did not on any of the many occasions I saw him.

Fabians And Maoists

Let the dead past bury its dead (another of your favourite quotations). I turn to the living. I have had occasion to read every word that Indira Gandhi has spoken in public or in the Lok Sabha since my arrival. They are cogent words. The Prime Minister clearly believes that what was good for Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, G. D. H. Cole, Harold Laski and other Fabians is good for India, and nothing new is needed. Loyal followers of Mao wave his Little Red Book. Loyal followers of Mrs Gandhi should wave Shaw's *Intelligent Woman's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism*. Her ideas are exactly those you discussed in long letters to the *New Statesman*—sixty years ago, when you were Father I.

There is much talk about these lofty ideas being brought low by corruption. The Indian intelligentsia beat their breasts over it. They are, of course, as fond of beating their breasts as Tarzan, though what emerges is rather a squeak than a roar. Corruption, they say, brings shame on India. It is useless for me to point out that corruption is not an exclusively Indian fault. America has its Watergate and Teapot Dome: France could not get along without its periodic scandals: Italy has so much corruption she could afford to export it to the U.S. in the form of the Mafia. I make no impression. Why? Because when you were Father I, the *British* were singularly free from corruption. There is plenty of it now, but then there was very little. Mrs Gandhi's mentors never even considered it. Hence the dismay that it has arisen in India. It's not *cricket*.

Am I too critical? Now that you are reborn a Brahmin, you may think so. As I can tell from the banning of my books,

Brahmins do not like criticism. So let me end by being helpful.

One of the things that agitate Indians still dreaming of the world of Father I is drains. It began with Katherine Mayo writing a book which Gandhiji called "a drain inspector's report". It has continued with V. S. Naipaul complaining at length that there are not enough drains to inspect: and recently we have Nirad Chaudhuri saying, that Indians being Indians, there never will be.

For those Indians to whom this state of affairs causes anguish, I have a consoling glimpse of British history. In the late nineteenth century, in the days of England's glory, a special train would leave London for Scotland, loaded with the elite of the land, men and women alike. The train had no toilets. Half way along its journey, the train would stop among some fields. The ladies in their crinolines and the gentlemen in their broad-cloth would clamber out and disappear, to relieve themselves in the open countryside. For one compartment alone there was provided a folding set of steps to facilitate the descent, and down this would come, with all her celebrated dignity, Queen Victoria, Empress of India.

So long, Dad, or rather, I kiss your feet.

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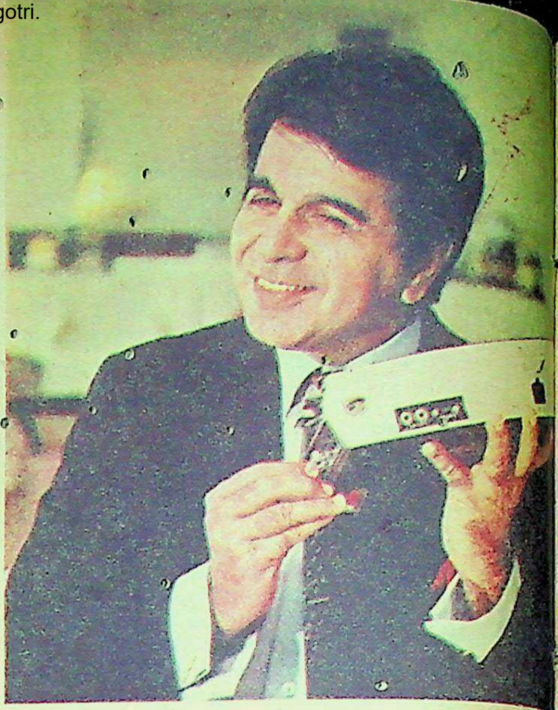
The Immortal Dilip Kumar And The Mortal Yusuf Khan

by DEVYANI CHAUBAL

Photographs by Jitendra Arya



Two young girls in Bangalore decided they would marry only after their Dilip Kumar was married; they whiled away their time, a black and white photograph of the idol tucked into their bosoms. When finally Dilip did marry, the maidens, to their surprise, discovered they had greyed and the picture kept next to their hearts had turned yellow...

Din Mohamad, a sales assistant in a footwear shop in Bombay, earns Rs 250 a month. He is a simple man with only one obsession—Dilip Kumar. He collects his money and his leave to see Dilip's films over and over again. His scoreboard reads as follows: Mughal-e-Azam: 275 *times;* Leader: 30; Dil Diya Dard Liya: 42; Daastan: 32.

Three 70-year-old ladies, residing in Chitorgar, Panvel and Juhu respectively, want Dilip to visit them at least once a year. All three feel he is their son who died thirty years ago.

In London last year Dilip was nonplussed when the chauffeur, instead of taking him to India House for a reception in his honour, drove him off to Liverpool. A smiling Sardar, popularly known as the Ice-cream King of Liverpool, cleared his doubts. "I will send you back immediately. Tusi meri ice-cream kha lao, bus. *(Please sample my ice-cream, that's all)."*

Jaya Bhaduri says she respects him; Rehana Sultan says he is the best actor; Leena Chandavarkar's ambition was to act opposite him; Sharmila Tagore says she confides in him; and Saira Banu married him. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru liked him; Prime Minister Indira Gandhi knows him; Pakistanis, if they had a choice, would exchange a thousand prisoners of war for one Dilip Kumar.

He is the stuff legends are made of...

THE BEST LEGS IN BOMBAY? Saira Banu made her debut on the Indian screen amidst a great deal of fanfare: she was hailed as the "Beauty Queen". Her first film, Junglee, *was a hit. She has not felt shy of displaying her charms on the screen; her latest film,* Victoria No. 203, *had a provocative dance item. The "meher" (dower) offered by Dilip Kumar to Saira Banu at their wedding was Rs 3 lakhs. Their marriage was a spectacular affair with a guest list which included Ministers.*

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

LIVING HAPPILY EVER AFTER. Just when Dilip fans had despaired of seeing their idol married, he wed Saira Banu, after a whirlwind romance in 1966. They still rate as a top star-duo. Their first joint appearance in Gopi proved a spectacular success. They are now working in Sagina, a Hindi film being made by Tapan Sinha. Both had starred in the original Bengali version, Sagina Mahato, another film which kept the cash flowing into the box office for a long time.

THE grey Mercedes is parked midway down the drive. A wiry, dark woman comes down the stairs, a suit on a hanger in one hand, a thermos filled with boiled water in the other. The suit is accommodated on the front seat, the flask in the "dicky".

Two-year-old Saqib comes yelling *"Mamu, Mamu."* Dilip Kumar rolls down the window, orders the child's ayah to hold him and asks: *"Aap kiske bete hain?* (Whose son are you?)"

"Mamu ka (Uncle's)," replies Saqib. A servant comes with a note, *"Ye Sayeeda bibi ne diya hai* (Sayeeda Bibi has given this)." He nods, looks back. Saqib's mother Sayeeda waves. Dilip waves back, smiles at the bunch of hangers-on at the gate and is driven away.

The scene has barely changed over the years. The only difference is that once the opulent house, with wide corridors and sunbeams lazing around, was filled with people. When Dilip's car left the gates, the first floor would be filled with his brothers, visitors and producers. The second floor had women peeping from every window. There were no skyscrapers around or a wife four bungalows away. A child invariably called out to him. The children are now teenagers.

Dilip has retained the same hair-style which many claim is the secret of much of his massive popular appeal. Two veins form a faint "V" on his forehead. He has stuck to his white shirt, not-too-tight white pants. After his marriage he has become slightly more mod: cream shirt or a mushroom coloured suit. His frame over the years has become less firmly knit, say, by a muscle or so, perhaps he has to dye his hair, and his eyes carry the grief and pain of his tragic screen roles.

But he has not found it necessary to alter his image in a changing era. He has never held a press conference, never thrown many boisterous parties, never contacted a journalist for publicity, has never had a P.R.O., yet he has the utmost goodwill among the fourth estate.

—Continued

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He shuns publicity. If you still hound him, well, then he treats you like a hound and sets his own terms. You can never get him to come to the phone. Deadlines, speed, traffic jams, the rat race mean nothing to him. I told him this was an urgent assignment; he suggested I interview him in the car. The speedometer never crossed 30 m.p.h. He looked at the waves, borrowed inspiration from the rains, and said: "We will have two or three sittings, we will do it slowly."

This man should have by now become an antique, but his popularity never seems to wane. The crowds never leave him and every time you decide to throw out his clippings when you clear your drawer, you hesitate and put them back, because he is a classic with eternal appeal. The legend of Dilip Kumar remains.

"How did you manage this?" I ask.

"God is kind," he replies. "And I have taken my work seriously. Accepted only a few films at a time, at the most two in a year. I have refused big money, though, as you know, with a big family I have at times been hard up. But I have felt stronger for having overcome the temptation. I am happy with the respect and goodwill I hold. Sometimes I feel guilty that I do not deserve all this. As I always say, 'Acting is easy. If Dilip Kumar can act, anyone can.' At times, when people break down after seeing me, or women weep for me, or like those three old ladies who think I am their dear son, well, I meet them, but I feel I am a fraud, playing on their emotions. After all it is the Dilip of the screen, that particular tragic character that has frozen a sad moment in their heart.

"I Can Live With Memories Alone"

"I immerse myself in whatever I'm doing—a function, a charity cricket match, my nieces, nephews, my wife's wardrobe, a stanza of a poem, or just memories. I can live with memories alone. I paint and repaint the scenes of the past. I love trees, especially riding a bicycle under a banyan tree. Under the canopy of those rustling green leaves, I get an incomparable thrill." He had come to his favourite topic—Deolali, the town where he spent his childhood.

"Your background, let's talk of that," I suggested.

"My background is so drab and dull. It may be precious to me, but it won't make good reading."

The story of Dilip Kumar or Mohamad Yusuf Khan reads like a novel of a bygone age. In 1926, Ghulam Sarwar Khan, a fruit merchant from Peshawar, decided to migrate to Bombay. He came with peaches from Peshawar, pears from Kandahar, grapes from Kabul, six sons and two daughters. In Bombay he added Alphonso mangoes from Ratnagiri, figs from Poona, chikoos from Golwad and four daughters. They stayed at Nagdevi Street. The fast pace of Bombay and its humid weather suffocated this Pathan family from the North-West Frontier. Besides, Ghulam Sarwar's wife Ayesha, and their third child, Ayub, kept indifferent health. So the Khans shifted to Deolali.

Deolali is the Khans and the Khans are Deolali. Every Khan talks of it, the older members recall it and have passed on the stories to their children. Ghulam Sarwar's seventeen grandchildren know everything there is to know about the place.

Mohammad Yusuf was the fourth of Ghulam Sarwar's 12 children. As a child he was tough—a mischievous and natural leader. The children fell into two groups: one led by brother Nasir, the other by Dilip. Initially, everyone would join Nasir, but Yusuf would be so boisterous, inventing all kinds of entertainment, that ultimately he would win them all over.

Later Yusuf's and Nasir's careers ran along this same childhood pattern. Nasir's was a flash in the pan, there was a time when producers flocked to him. "My husband was more popular than Yusuf," recalls Nasir's wife, Begum Para, proudly.

Ghulam Sarwar, himself only a matriculate and classmate of Raj Kapoor's grandfather, Lala Bashirnath, was very particular about the education of his children. They would cycle to school each day. The railway line lay in front of the Khan bungalow. In the backyard were an Australian spotted cow, called Quest; a goat, Bade Miya; buffaloes, poultry. A black cobra went round the garden after midnight—thrice. Neighbours said he guarded the ailing Ayub. After the cobra's rounds, came a blind man singing *bhajans*, and then, in the early morning light, galloped a six-horse cart carrying fresh milk, butter and cream for the nearby army camp. Every fortnight a train, the Victoria Mail with its red, blue and green wagons, pulled up at Deolali. The family called it 'Father', for on it Ghulam Sarwar came from Bombay. He came laden with fruits, *mithai*, dried fruits and a variety of toys.

"This *mohalla* of your childhood," recalls Dilip, "is where you have known immense happiness. Everything is a part of that happiness, the Dharna river, the trees, this almost desolate, brown landscape of Deolali and you want to go back to it."

But Dilip is wise. When he wants to go back, he just recalls the vivid picture. His other brothers, like Nasir and Noor, made the mistake of going back. Naturally it was not like the childhood days; there was the inevitable disillusionment.

In 1937 the family again shifted to Bombay. Yusuf joined the Anjuman-e-Islam School. He was fluent in English, Persian and Urdu, but an irregular student. His muster was filled with late marks. The evenings he spent on Azad Maidan, playing hockey or football. Pocket money was spent on *falooda* in the Badshah Cold Drink House or on an English movie. After matriculation, he joined Wilson College. One of his classmates was Ajit Merchant, today a well-known film critic. Dilip's academic record was indifferent. For Inter, Dilip shifted to Khalsa College. There he met the famous hockey player, Ved Puri, who later worked under him as his secretary. In fact Dilip tries, whenever possible, to employ his old classmates. One such is his recent recruit, Zaffar Idroos, a friend from his Anjuman School days.

"Nut" And "Nat"

After Inter he shifted to Poona, deciding to help out in the family finances. He worked as an assistant in the British Barracks canteen. The man who is today reported to be the highest-paid Indian star, the man who charges Rs 16 lakhs per film, started his life on exactly Rs 35 a month. Nothing exciting happened in Poona except that he met a palmist who told him he would be a "nut". Yusuf spent many sleepless nights, he even avoided looking at the Poona Asylum's grey walls, till one day a friend told him that "nut" (nat) **in Hindi means** abhineta, **actor.**

While in Bombay, he had been sitting in the snack bar of the Eros Cinema when the family doctor, Dr Chakravarty, happened to drop in. He was on his way to the Bombay Talkies studio and told Dilip to come along. There he met Devika Rani. Just one look at Yusuf and she offered him a screen role at Rs 500 a month. Yusuf asked for time to consult his family. Father objected—Ghulam Sarwar detested the idea of Dilip leaving the fruitful world of mangoes and peaches to do *nach gana*. But his older brothers gave their consent. Ghulam Sarwar found it difficult to meet the raised eyebrows of fruit merchants at Crawford Market and so in 1942 Mohamad Yusuf discarded his name for a simple Hindu one—Dilip Kumar.

Jwar Bhata came on the screen in 1944; the Dilip Kumar era had commenced. Six films later, when *Shaheed* was released, Dilip managed to coax his parents to see it. That was the first and last film his parents saw. His mother was sad that her son should die on the screen. His father, a sim-

"MAMU IS DELIGHTFUL COMPANY!" Saqib, 2½ years old, is perched on his uncle's shoulders while four-year-old Ilhaan is more securely placed in his lap. They are the children of Saeeda, Dilip's younger sister.

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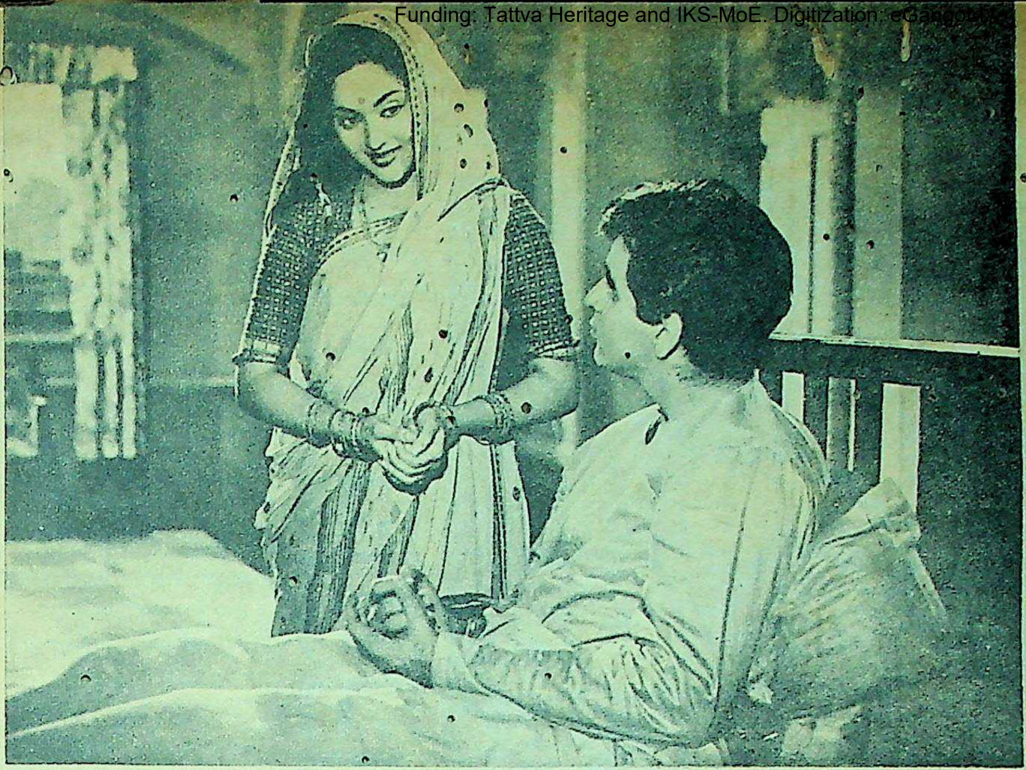

THE KNOWING SMILE. Vyjayanthimala in a scene from Bimal Roy's classic Devdas. *Dilip's favourite heroine in the sixties, she played opposite him in the role of Chandramukhi, a prostitute. The movie, based on Sarat Chandra's famous book of the same name, was much praised by the critic as well as the average filmgoer, and Dilip's acting won him bouquets.*

ple man who did not like to see his healthy, young son unhappy, called him and said: "You pined for the girl in the film so much, why don't you get her to the house and marry her?"

On the screen, one tragic role after another shaped the legend. He filled the vacuum created by Saigal's death. Off the screen, Dilip's personal life borrowed the same sad colours too. His mother died in 1948. After his wife's death, Ghulam Sarwar lost his will to live. In 1950 he followed her to the grave. Five years later his elder brother, Ayub, passed away.

The Legend and the man merged into each other, sharing each other's pain and sorrow. The tragic performance became real. The Legend continued to grow with every performance. It had devoured the man. It mattered little whether the film was a success or a flop. Dilip's kind big brother screen image was never tarnished. He remained unaffected by any scandal, be it a torrid affair with a married woman, be it ditching Madhubala or be it replacing a heroine for personal reasons.

He never lived alone. He derived strength from his large orphaned family, which was partly responsible for his image. The traditional celebration of Id, *namaz*, Appaji's Haj, the *fakirs* queueing up at his gate every Friday for alms, the prim, proper, educated, well-covered sisters and their lovely babies all gave the Legend a frilly, pretty frame of respectability.

His fans ever forgave him his contradictory statements. "Beauty lies in the heart of the woman, not the face," he proclaimed. It so happened that most of Dilip's women had more beauty on the faces than in their hearts. Could be a coincidence.

He said he would "never marry a star but a simple Cinderella"—and then he chose Saira Banu. Even though the gossip columns were at that time full of rumours about Saira and Rajendra, his fans refused to blame him. The Legend always protected the man.

In spite of his giving evidence in court against Madhubala, he won countless admirers by declaring: "I love her, she is dear to me, my justice and truth are more precious." People fell for the gallant man who sacrificed his love for the cause of *insaf* (justice). An attempt by filmstar Kum Kum, during *Kohinoor's* shooting, to claim Dilip as an unfaithful lover, died down in the force of the Legend too. The very fact that the Dilip era produced no fiery film journalist, except Baburao Patel, shows that no one dared to risk the wrath of his fans.

The Legend of Dilip gets a helping hand, now and then, from the man Yusuf Khan.

Yusuf is suave, diplomatic, says the right thing to the right people at the right time. He is patient, charming, shows sincere interest in others, never talks of himself. He has his gimmick of using high-flown, difficult to pronounce words when he wants to hoodwink you, but let a poor farmer or clerk approach him, and he will switch over to down-to-earth *Asli Lassi Panjabi*. At a public function in Poona, he won over the audience by saying Pune (not Poona) in proper Maharashtrian manner.

Cool And Magnanimous

When he is confronted with another popular star he doesn't lose his cool. For instance: at a function Rajesh Khanna entered while he was making his speech. The audience spontaneously clapped. What do you think Dilip did? He joined them in the clapping—impressing a large number by his magnanimity.

A man of simple habits—chai, khara biscuits, an omelette in a little wayside tea shop in Khandala—he sometimes displays a Nawab's whims. A servant must tie his shoelace; once he woke his valet at 2 a.m. and ordered him to sit and listen to his sitar recital, that too without a yawn.

Dilip's image is not only confined to that of a star. You can picture him as a good parliamentarian, a professor in Aligarh University, a cricket coach, a business executive, an editor. Yet beyond being a star, whatever Dilip planned went flat. His Citizen Films banner came down after *Ganga Jumna*. His Citizen Poultry project was dogged by bad luck. His plans to start a *garam masala* plantation in Ooty did not progress beyond the blueprint.

To add to his tragedies, came the death of his two brothers-in-law, followed by his own stillborn son. All this has made him more brooding. In a way, throughout his life someone or the other around him has been sick or dying. Every one whom he mentioned in his interview is dead: Bimal Roy, Mehboob, K. Asif, Prithviraj, producer S. U. Sunny, Madhubala, Meena Kumari, his brother Ayub, mother Ayesha, his own

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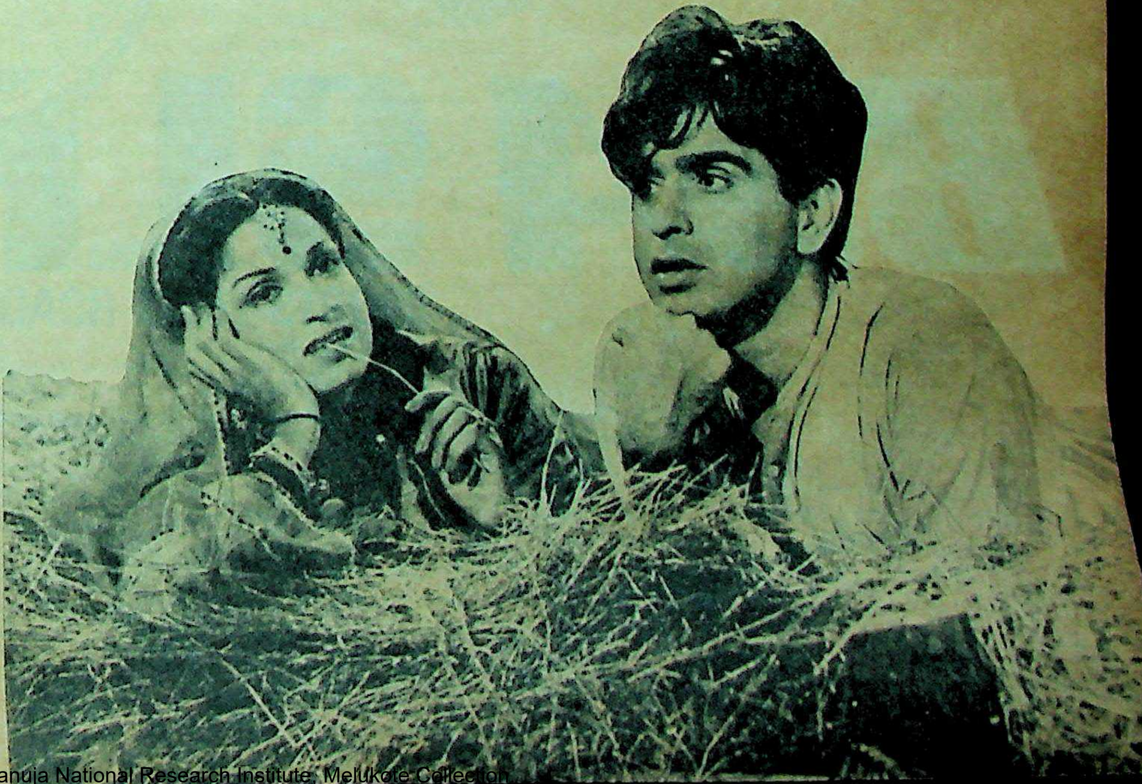
—Feroze J. Rangoonvala



AN INNOCENT TUMBLE IN THE HAY? Kamini Kaushal was the first of Dilip's "regular" leading ladies. They made an extremely successful start in Shaheed *and their names were "romantically linked." This scene is from Shahid Lateef's film* Arzoo.

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WHO'S BLUFFING WHOM? Madhubala and Dilip Kumar in Sangdil, *made by* R. C. Talwar *in* 1952. *The "disguise" is one of the Bombay film world's most enduring cliches. At right is Dilip Kumar in his famous portrayal of Salim in K. Asif's monumental film* Mughal-e-Azam. *Here too he had Madhubala as his leading lady. Dilip Kumar studied science at Wilson College and Khalsa College, Bombay. His first job was as an assistant manager in a British Army canteen in Poona—his salary: Rs* 35 *per month.*

infant son. In fact, the Dilip Kumar Legend itself has outlived its time—an era of *mushaira*, poetry, pampered women, palatial homes, sacrifices. The giants are dead.

Dilip's era was not an era of dwarfs. His popularity grew and flourished in spite of competition from such personalities as Raj Kapoor, Dev Anand, Ashok Kumar, Shammi Kapoor, Bimal Roy and Mehboob. Today of all the giants who have towered through the Indian screen since Independence, only the Legend of Dilip Kumar continues undimmed.

DILIP AND HIS WOMEN

THERE is nothing in common between Dilip Kumar's leading ladies except Dilip himself. Mridula was his first heroine, (in 1944, *Jwar Bhata*), followed by Swarnalata (now in Pakistan), Ranjana, Noorjahan (now in Pakistan), Kamini Kaushal, Surya Kumari, Nargis, Nimmi, Nalini Jaywant, Madhubala, Bina Rai, Meena Kumari, Vyjayanthimala, Suchitra Sen, Usha Kiran, Mumtaz, Waheeda Rehman, Saira, Sharmila and Leena Chandavarkar. His ties with most of them were emotional, complicated. The undercurrent of a not-too-official relationship came to the surface now and again, either in the form of a romance, an affair, or a court case.

More than once, a leading lady was replaced. Madhubala was changed in favour of Vyjayanthimala in B. R. Chopra's *Naya Daur*. After a decade, Vyjayanthi was replaced by Waheeda Rehman in Nagi Reddi's *Aadmi*. Though in both cases it was the producers who were blamed, it is a well-known fact this happened because of Dilip's "change of heart". The ill-fated lovers of *Shaheed* and *Arzoo*—Dilip and Kamini—were considered ill-fated lovers in real life too. Kamini was a married woman and perhaps it was because of this affair that Dilip first acquired the image of a tragic hero—a martyred, lonely figure.

His later romances also met with the same end. His affair with Nargis could not progress much since she preferred Raj Kapoor. The *Filmfare* of the 'fifties dripped with gossip about them. Says a report of 1952: "Producer-Director Sunny tried to bring Dilip and Nargis together once again, but Nargis refused politely saying she had seven pictures on her hands and couldn't possibly take on one more. The dinner however was a success, they parted as good friends"

Sunny's dinner must have included some ingredients for a sound friendship. Till today, twenty-one years later, Nargis and Dilip are still "good friends".

Another quip from a "Filmfare" of the same period says: "Kamini Kaushal, on hearing about the Dilip-Madhubala romance, said: 'Tell me another.'" That romance did not last long either. Madhubala they say was really interested in Premnath then.

Meena Kumari married Kamal Amrohi; Vyjayanthi he found haughty and arrogant, and they never really clicked. Waheeda Rehman was a sure bet, but whilst she busied herself making *pan* for him and getting the soup warmed again for 'Saab', he flew Saira to Madras, showed her the reels of *Aadmi*, and announced his marriage to her. After marriage he has stayed pinned to Saira's sari.

If, on the screen, Dilip Kumar has chased a village Shyama, Dhanno, a middle-class school teacher or nurse, off the screen his choice of women has befitted his Nawabi style. This taste has veered towards divorcee Maharanis, Hyderabad Nawabzadis, rich socialites and famous film stars. He succumbs to a fair skin, thick, glossy tresses, soft hands. I remember how, once, after a flight from Delhi to Bombay, he talked of nothing but the beautiful, lotus-like, white hands of the air hostess.

He never mixed his women, leading ladies or not, with his home life. The Khan household was headed, after the death of his mother, by his eldest sister, Appaji—a strong woman of austere ways, strict discipline and extremely religious. The younger sisters took after her. Not too beautiful, almost plain, they went in for education and, unlike the boys, got degrees with ease. Till they reached their early twenties, they wore baggy clothes, light make-up and were confined to the upper floor. Appaji saw to it that the household got two simple, nourishing meals, was blessed with prayers five times a day and that Dilip spent at least two hours with them and was present for at least one meal.

At the long, black ebony dining table, the family shared their bread, their joys and their sorrows. The house, like any other big family with so many women, had its intrigues and frustrations, but it was a home. Dilip, surrounded by these capable, mature, independent women (the sisters later took up jobs), missed his delicate, helpless mother. "We brothers used to carry her to the window, so that she could see the green trees," recalls Dilip.

Dilip's loves have been *femme fatales* or damsels in distress. In a way they were like his sisters, mysterious, full of intrigue, complicated but they were more sophisticated—with arched eyebrows, beautifully manicured nails, they were chiffoned, perfumed, delicate ladies always decked in exquisite jewellery. Women of a bygone era, they were pampered, spoilt, and armed with female wiles.

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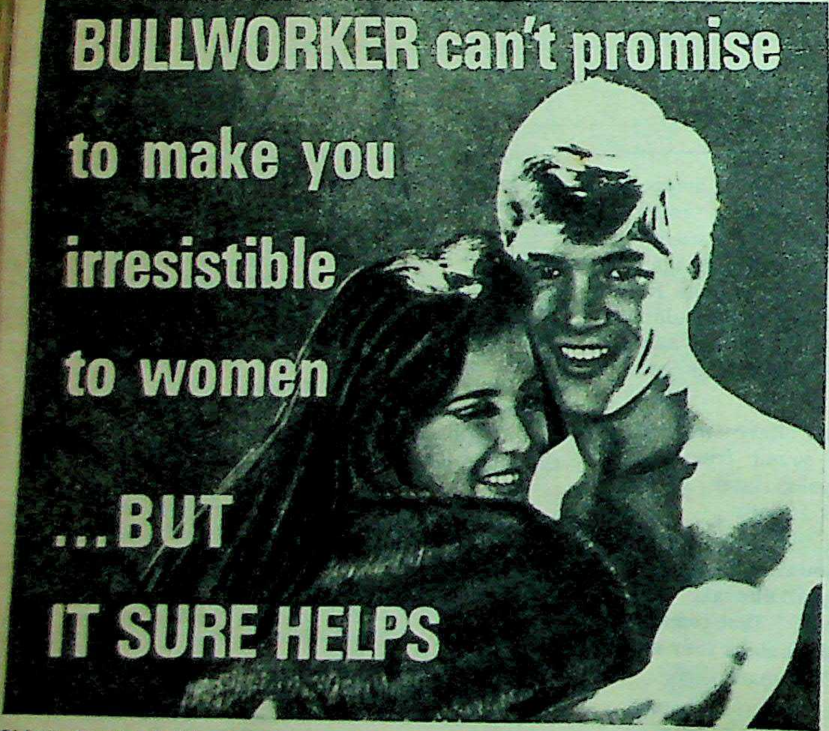

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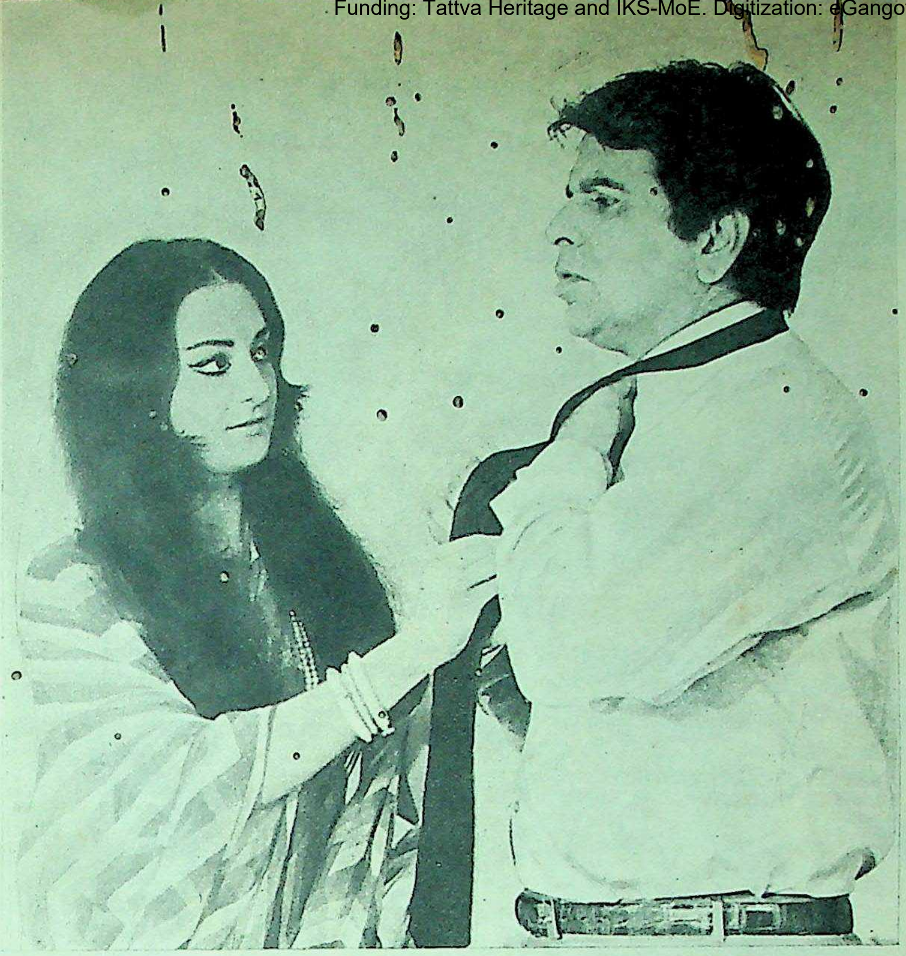

Married To A Legend

"Her nose is parroty, lips too thin, she wears falsies, she takes four hours for her make-up," women used to say about Saira Banu.

The critics are now exhausted; they just shrug their shoulders and say, "Well, she is beautiful." Saira off the screen looks very short, her bust is massive but real, her features are disjointed, but the overall effect is beautiful. "Saira has a good heart. She is a friendly soul," insists her mother Naseem. The approach to Saira's heart or friendly soul is elaborate, expansive, exhausting.

A two-day chase from studio to studio ultimately brings you to an iron gate. After passing an unfriendly, armed Gurkha, you reach the ground floor of a seablue-colour mansion. The house looks more like a girl's hostel in a hill-station.

Saira carries on a conversation from the first floor, through a young servant. Finally she decides to be more communicative and comes down. The drawing room is white, with grills, jali work, a winding staircase and maidservants dotted along the way. One of her personal maids is a matriculate. Sitar notes fill the air.

Dilip lives in his wife's home. Her grandmother plays the sitar, mother Naseem pours tea out of a silver teapot. The spoons are kept in warm water, to avoid the flies, yet the germs seem to get to Saira. She has survived three serious illnesses and is constantly sick. When ill, she declares that her last wish is to "see that Dilip Saab does not marry again after my death".

Naseem talks of chandeliers, curtains, three kitchens in the house, difficult khansamas, the tall Nilgiri trees along the boundary wall. She has planted them for privacy from the skyscrapers all around.

Saira chooses to talk of nothing but the Legend. "Saab" is how she address the Legend. She was always his fan, had decided to dedicate her life to him, had planted secret service agents (her maids) all round him, to get detailed information of her "kill". Before her marriage she kept a Persian and Urdu teacher to equip herself for her "Saab". Then coaxed him to come for a drive, and proposed to him.

"In Persian?"

"No, English. Plain prose English."

Within a week, Dilip accepted. It is seven years now. No regrets. "I am not disillusioned, I adore him, he is loyal to his family, we both love the same things, long drives, watching sunsets, no parties. I am very possessive," she says.

That she is—judging from the succession of telephone inquiries she makes even if he is on a visit to his family four bungalows away.

She can't cook, is not too good an actress, is not fond of reading, can't sing or play any instrument.

Her ambition is to get real fat and be just a Pathan's smug, secure wife. "He loves me because I love him so much."

Yes, only this fan happens to be beautiful, rich and his wife.

Only two of his leading ladies crossed the threshhold of his house—in the middle of the night. His youngest sister Fauzia recalls: "I was asleep in my bed, when Lala Yusuf picked me up, took me to the garden and told a woman: 'This is my little sister.' "

The women on the two occasions were different. One was Kamini Kaushal, the other Madhubala. Fauziya was only eight, then, but she remembers: "Madhubala was so fair, just like the moon above my bedroom window. Both the women had long nails which they tapped together. It made such a loud noise in the still of night."

Fauzia grew up, kept long nails and decided to be a rebel. She fell in love with a Maratha, Dilip Surve, but brother Yusuf saw to it that she did not have to elope. He gave her away with much pomp and show. Her wedding was followed by elder sister Sayeeda's, who married the late Mehboob's son Iqbal. Appaji was getting old. She immersed herself in mosques, Haj, prayers and almost removed herself from household duties. The place was getting lonely. Sisters would come and go with their babies. Brothers and brothers-in-law fell ill—sometimes the house was like a hospital. Dilip's two films *Leader* and *Dil Diya Dard Liya* were miserable flops. He was no longer a box-office draw. Rajendra Kumar was more popular. It was a bad period for Dilip.

Damsels In Distress

At this time, he was invited to a birthday party at the house of his beautiful neighbour, Saira Banu. It was a large mansion, ruled by mysterious women, grandmother Shamshad Begum, mother Naseem, sister-in-law Rahat, and Saira herself. Typically Muslim, it dripped with chandeliers, perfume jars, Persian carpets, *kewra attar* in the *kheer*. (Saira's father Ahsan, a business magnate from Pakistan, is now settled in London with a beautiful young Italian wife.) With no male around, the women looked the perfect damsels in distress. Naseem asked Dilip to help him with her problems. **Saira asked his advice and then proposed to him. Dilip was in search of the lost world of his youth and his helpless mother. Saira was beautiful, rich, pampered, like most of his women in the past. Besides the Legend was in danger of fading, it needed a face-lift.**

The romance grew overnight. Followed the wedding—the most sensational and well-attended one in film land (in spite of only oral invitations). In perfect romantic style, Dilip carried his tender, beautiful bride down the staircase, over the heads of the crowds to the marriage pandal.

Saira continues to be his ideal woman though she is lazy, scheming, childish, possessive. She still lives in her old house, but has changed Dilip's retinue of servants. Over a table full of delicacies at every meal at her house the women fuss around, nibble at their food and, with a great deal of *takalluf*, re-enact the old Nawabi days.

Here, too, like in the Khan household, it is another era. Dilip, not in the least embarassed, continues to be served in public by Saira's old maidservant Noorjahan. Inwardly, I think, Dilip basks in this Maharaja-ish pampering. He knows that this is the old badshahi way of spying on your husband—but he enjoys being spied upon, guarded by his wife in right royal style.

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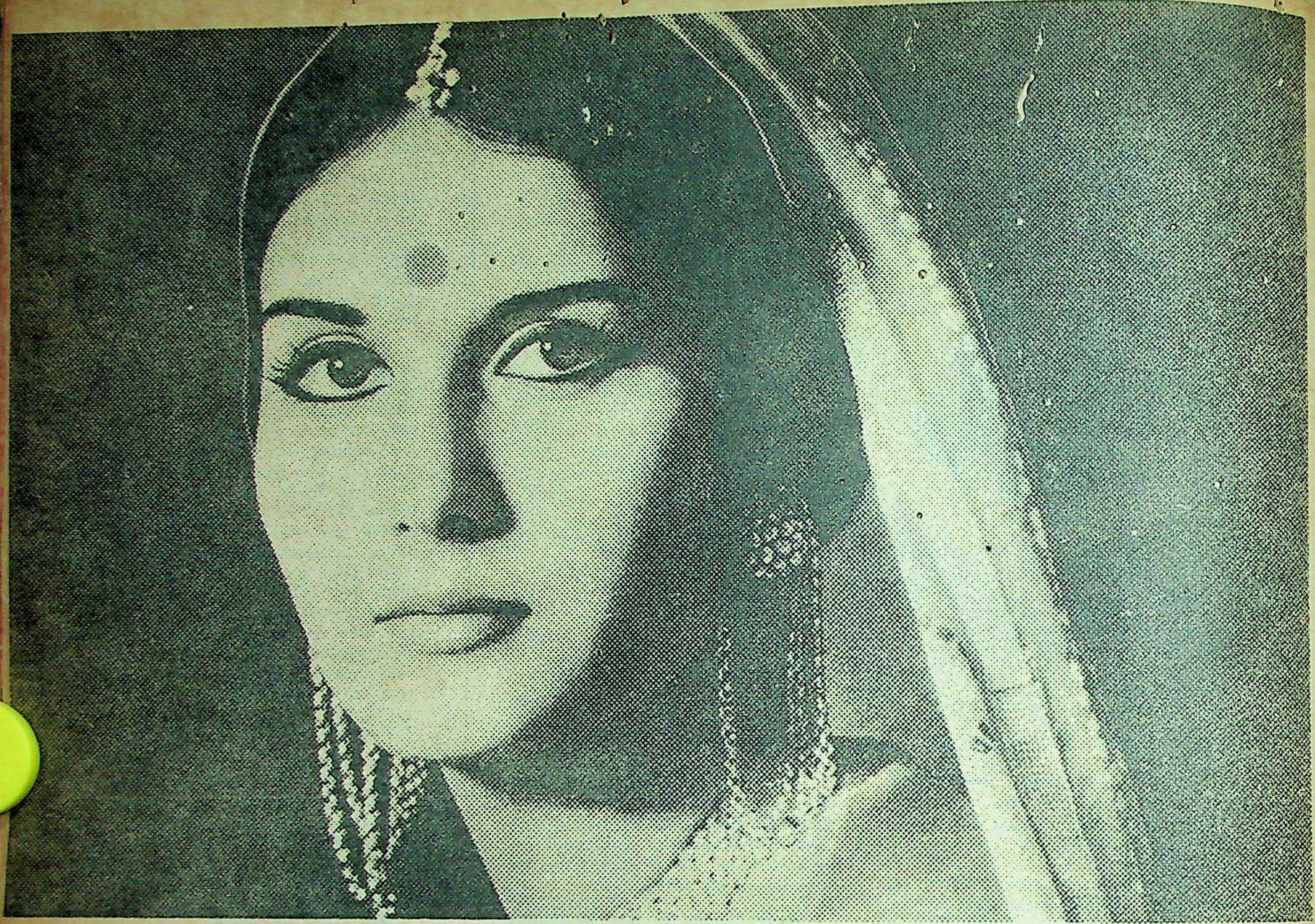

The many faces of love and care.

You fly to go places. But flying means a lot more. It means going in style, in comfort and going with the right people.

That's where the face comes in—the face you look upon for love and care. The face that speaks your language, serves your food, belongs to your culture as much as you do. The face that understands you so completely. The face of our hostess.

There's something indefinable about her. Something you may not understand, but feel; something you may not demand, but need; something you may not praise, but be secretly grateful for. Like the times when she serves you a perfect Indian meal, or gives you an extra pillow, a second cup of tea, a perfumed towel, plays with the children or lights your cigarette. Our hostess makes you feel loved and cared for like no other airline can.

Next time you fly, remember Air-India—your country's airline. We know what it means to be an Indian, what it takes to make an Indian smile.

Be an Air-Indian

FLY AIR-INDIA

AI. 6128A

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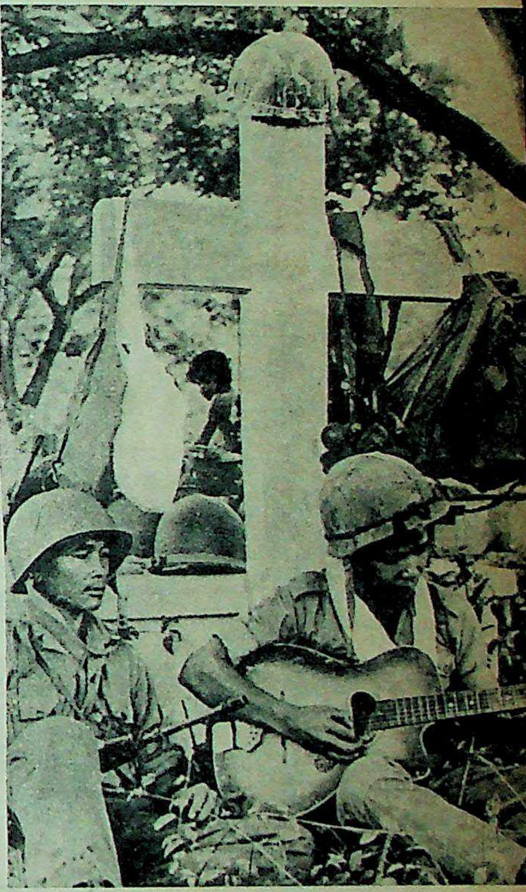
RISING AGAINST PRICES. The Maharashtra Government set up six panels, each headed by a Minister, to tackle the price rise and the scarcity of essential commodities. The panels, which include traders, discussed improvement of supplies, profit margins and a code of conduct for dealers. They fixed rates for meat, vegetables, oils and grains, and in some cases the prices have come down marginally. However, necessities such as rice, sugar and oil are still difficult to come by. Above: *Policemen tackle CPI demonstrators in Bombay.* Right: *At the Sachivalaya the panel on edible oils, vanaspati and soap meets under the Chairmanship of H. G. Vartak, Minister for Revenue and Civil Supplies.*

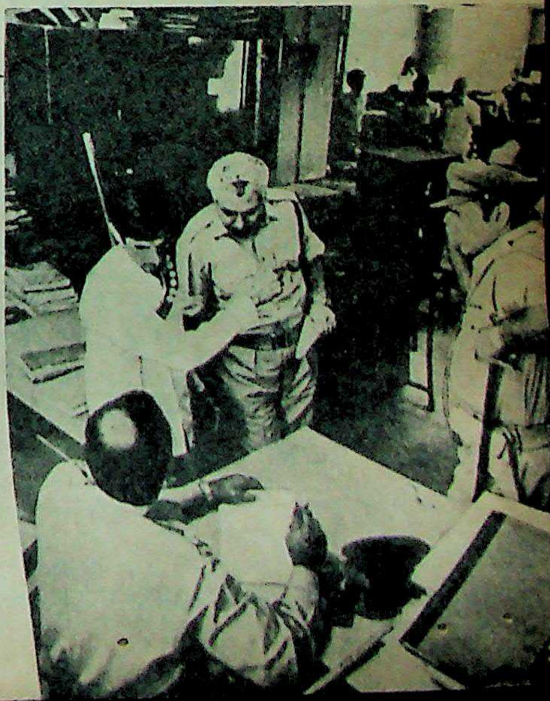
In The News

NOT MUCH WEALTH IN COMMON. Sheikh Mujibur Rehman arrives in Ottawa for the Commonwealth Conference. India's External Affairs Minister Swaran Singh presented to the delegates a nine-point plan to save the "inner cohesiveness" of the Commonwealth and to meet the challenge posed by Britain's entry into the European Economic Community. However, Prime Minister Heath turned down India's plea for a one-year extension permitting Commonwealth countries to continue trading in the British market as in the past.

THE CROSS THEY BEAR. American bombers, making their worst blunder in the current war, blasted the sleeping Cambodian town of Neak Luong, killing 137 people and wounding 268. The very next day they accidentally bombed an island near it, killing eight and wounding twice as many. The third day saw a third erroneous bombing. Here, Cambodian troops relax in a cemetery during a lull in the fighting.



THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING CASH BOX. A black box containing Rs 1.12 lakhs disappeared mysteriously from Delhi's Central Bank of India. The Head Cashier, Jai Narain Aggarwal, said he had removed it from the strong room in the presence of Accountant Sharma and peon Mishra, taken it back to his cabin, and asked Mishra to keep an eye on it while he went to sign the attendance register. When he came back the box was missing. Mishra claims he was not asked to look after it. A number of Rajya Sabha members suspected "conspiracy and collusion in the theft"—how could a 20-kg box be taken away unnoticed? Here a guard of the bank is interrogated during the enquiry.



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Cancer and **Capricorn** make a heavensent couple,
Harmonising **Lalbhai's** greens and pinks very subtle.

Lalbhai — The Lucky Matchmaker

Look for your lucky colour in the shimmer and sunshine of Lalbhai's motifs and textures. Wear it for luck and for the love of fashion. Lots of choice: for little and not-so-little people — who go so well together.

Who else gives you 7 times the choice?

Wear your lucky sign

LALBHAI GROUP TEXTILES

ARVIND
ASOKA
RAIPUR
SARASPUR
ARUNA
NUTAN
NEW COTTON

from the Magnificent 7

CMLB-23-305

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New And Old Values

by J. B. KRIPALANI

Even those who boast of being socialists send their children to expensive schools in the country or abroad. What values guide them—the old or the new? Why do we adopt double standards in our day-to-day conduct?

THESE days if any section of the population indulges in unusual or unconventional conduct, it is justified on the ground of changed values. This is more so in the case of the younger generation. It is said that there is a 'generation gap', between the old and the young, and the latter do not understand or appreciate the values and the conduct of the former.

'Values' prescribe certain principles of personal and corporate conduct. Conduct in accordance with these principles is considered desirable and good. Conduct, contrary to these principles, is undesirable and bad. In common parlance, 'values' imply the principles of morality current in society at a given time. Changed values will thus mean changed standards of morality, through which a section of society decides the questions of 'right' and 'wrong' conduct.

Are the basic values of the present generation different from those of the earlier generation? Let us first take sex-relations. **If a neighbour's wife commits adultery, we dismiss the event with a smile. But if one's own wife behaves the same way, one will raise Cain. If a neighbour's wife elopes, the new generation would dismiss the event with a shrug of the shoulders, saying the old values have no validity now. But if one's own wife elopes, she and the man with whom she elopes are vehemently denounced.**

Unconventional Sex

Recently two ministers in England had unconventional sex-relations. Even in a more permissive society than ours, the event was not dismissed in terms of the new values, but judged by the rigorous standards of what is called 'mid-Victorian' morality. The ministers accepted the public verdict and resigned forthwith from their responsible positions. This proves that basic values in sex-conduct and sex-relations have not changed, but only there are now more cases of irregularity, especially among the higher and more responsible classes than before.

Take the political and administrative fields: that in India there is widespread corruption in these professions is a well-known fact. Yet do we not praise an honest politician and administrator? We do not excuse corrupt politicians and administrators on the ground of 'changed values'. We condemn them for their greed and cupidity. If a legislator defects from his party, and unless he joins our own party, we condemn his conduct. If a lawyer takes fees from both sides to argue a case, do we condemn him or not? Are we not applying in his case the old time-honoured values and standards of conduct?

If a doctor, instead of curing a disease, prolongs it, to earn more money, do we condemn him or not? If we do what values do we apply—the old or the new?

Supposing a young teacher instead of doing his work, wastes his time and that of his pupils in vain gossip, do we not blame him? Can he justify his conduct by saying that there is a generation gap between the old and the young and that values of the latter have changed?

Commerce is an activity where the chief motive is supposed to be private profit. In our country, there is widespread tax-evasion. But we praise the businessman who honestly pays his taxes. Even a corrupt government praises his conduct! In terms of what values is this judgement passed, the old or the new? However, the new values come in when we ourselves as businessmen indulge in tax-evasion. We then justify it and mollify our conscience, either by saying that all businessmen do the same or invent specious pleas to vindicate our stand. Yet the public blame the businessmen who do not pay their taxes honestly. What are the standards the public apply—the old or the new?

To Each His Own

Wherever we can, we usually patronise those belonging to our own community. What are the values we apply in favouring people belonging to our religion? It is neither the old nor the new values. It is sheer nepotism.

The Hindus are divided into castes. Has caste disappeared even from the life of the modern educated Hindus? It is a notorious fact that the ministers collect in their offices employees belonging to their own caste. If the appointing authority is a Brahmin, he will, so far as it is possible for him, patronise Brahmins; if a Rajput, he will favour the Rajputs; if a Kayastha or bania or a hillman, he will favour his own caste-man! Are these old or new values or none at all!

Let us now examine some of the modes of functioning in our country. In earlier times, it was customary to consult astrologers, before one commenced an important work or undertaking. Do we now, as rationalists and moderns, consult astrologers on similar occasions? It is well known that the highest, if not the best, in the land, while swearing by rationality and science, do consult astrologers. The high-ups in India engage special astrologers to guide them, not only in their private but also in their public conduct and in public affairs. They forget that the old kings and princes consulted the astrologers before embarking on a war. The result was often disastrous! Some of the astrologers have acquired the reputation of being "court astrologers"!

We as moderns do not believe in miraculous cures. But if afflicted by a disease, considered by the practitioners of modern medicine as incurable, we will not hesitate to approach quacks, *yogis*, *sadhus*, *pirs* and *fakirs*. On their advice, we will wear *Tavizs* or talismans round our arms. Our women will wear strings of sacred beads round their delicate necks for good luck! After the cremation, is not part of the ashes taken to the Sangam at Prayag? Even Jawaharlal Nehru willed that part of his ashes, after his death, be consigned to the Sangam, whatever reasons he may have given for it!

Those who can afford it, even though they may boast of being socialists, send their children for education to costly public or missionary schools. Those more affluent send their wards abroad for higher education. What value guides them in this: the old or the new? The fact is that men and women are motivated in their conduct by their desires, affections and passions, and justify and rationalise it on grounds of new morals and new values! We are ashamed to own that our conduct is generally egoistic and self-regarding, in the narrow sense of that term.

Music And Communal Love

Let us take the conduct of various religious communities which make up the Indian population. The Hindus will kill a man if a cow is killed, though they consider human birth, and not an animal birth, to be a rare opportunity for self-realisation! Tell a Muslim that polygamy is an institution unjust to women and it should be abolished, even the educated Muslim will protest, saying how can he make unlawful what is lawful, as declared in the Holy Quran?

For the Hindus every auspicious occasion begins with music. The same music disturbs the Muslim in his prayers in the mosque, though Muslims are among the best masters of music in North India! Tell the Sikhs that their long hair and beard are an encumbrance and you may well get a kirpan thrust in your belly. I remember a case in Bombay a few years back, when a Parsi woman was to act in a drama. The youth of the community were so excited that they attacked the theatre house and the management had to close it. The Jains have not repudiated their old values. They see no reason to do so.

Let us then again examine the meaning of 'new values'. New values are also values; they prescribe moral conduct. This calls for a certain measure of restraint and discipline. Do those who swear by the new values live up to the discipline imposed by the new or any other values? Let us take the simple case of the behaviour of our students, who, fortunately or unfortunately, were born rather late. Between them and the older generation there is a generation gap. The students swear by the new values. Is it consistent with these to insult teachers and even to assault them? Do the new values justify attacks on invigilators? Do they prescribe walking out of the examination halls, because the question papers set are considered by them to be difficult? These are only a few examples to illustrate our viewpoint.

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VIJAY AMRITRAJ: How Bright Are His

—courtesy, "Sportsweek"

BEGINNING THE CIRCUIT. At 19, Vijay is already our national champion and is now on a European tour, his first major foreign circuit. The second of three brothers (Anand, the eldest, and Ashok, our Junior No. 1), Vijay has been described as our brightest hope since Ramanathan Krishnan.

by RAMANATHAN KRISHN

Vijay Amritraj almost got to match-point in his Wimbledon tussle w crown. Recently, Vijay won the First Open Volvo Tournament in New second seeded professional Jimmy Connors. Ramanathan Krishnan

THE first time I saw Vijay Amritraj playing good tennis was at Cochin in 1970 when he won the singles title. I watched him closely. Among half a dozen junior players, he stood out with his exceptional talent. The ground shots were executed in correct modern technique, namely, a short back swing and a good follow-through. They carried a lot of punch and depth. The youngster had shown an eagerness to attack at every stage. In addition to all this he possessed a good first serve but a not good enough second one. His volleys were fair and well hit. I said to myself, "Here is the new champion."

I was more or less certain that Vijay would make the grade—but not merely because he hit good shots at that time. For that matter I have seen many promising juniors in different countries but most of them never made it. The reason is that, without proper temperament and guts, coupled with stamina, one cannot put all one's odd shots together to win game, set and match. That is why champions are very few in number—with the right match temperament and fitness. Fortunately, Vijay has this in him and this most important part of tennis can be developed through more and more match play.

As things stand today, Vijay is our only hope in the international arena. In fact, he has arrived on the scene with a bang. He is young and full of promise. He plays fine attacking tennis and is definitely above the other Indians in class. However, he has, now and then, suffered bad losses. I would attribute it to the fact that Vijay tries to hit the ball too hard at times, very often sacrificing vital consistency. Time alone will teach him the correct combination of pace and consistency and when and how to vary it. The great tennis god, Laver, once let out the secret of his success as the ability to keep the ball in play at vital times.

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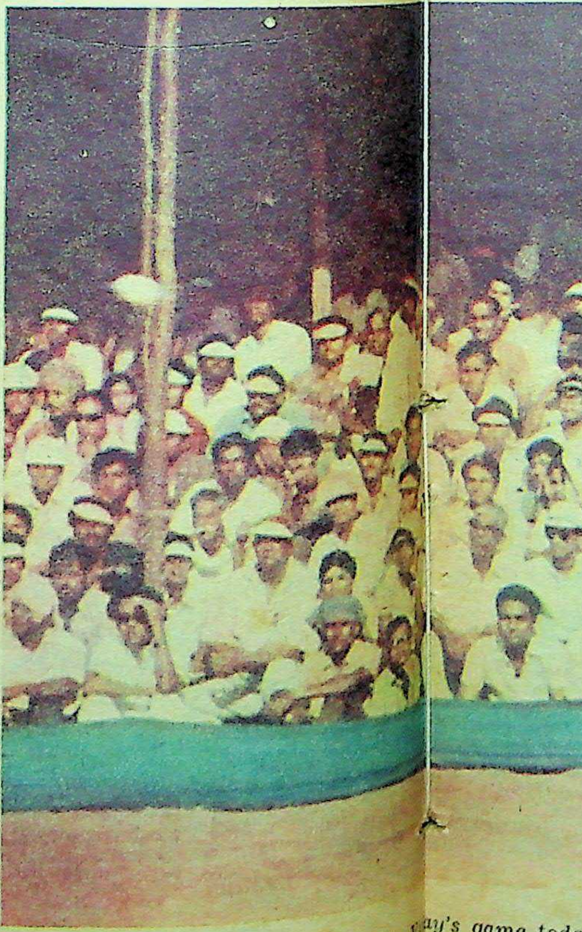
EASY DOES IT. Vijay's strong points are his ace services, his ability to hit clean winners, an attacking attitude to the game and his height (6 ft 2 in). Naresh Kumar, our former Davis Cup Captain, has described him as more impressive than 17-year-old Swede Bjorn Borg, this year's Wimbledon find.



ON THE BALL. The weak points in Vijay's game toda leaping up, a slight reluctance to be for the low b

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t Are His Prospects?

RAMANATHAN KRISHNAN

in his Wimbledon tussle with Jan Kodes, who ultimately won the 1973 Volvo Tournament in New Hampshire, United States, beating the US s. Ramanathan Krishnan gives a few tips to our new "champ".

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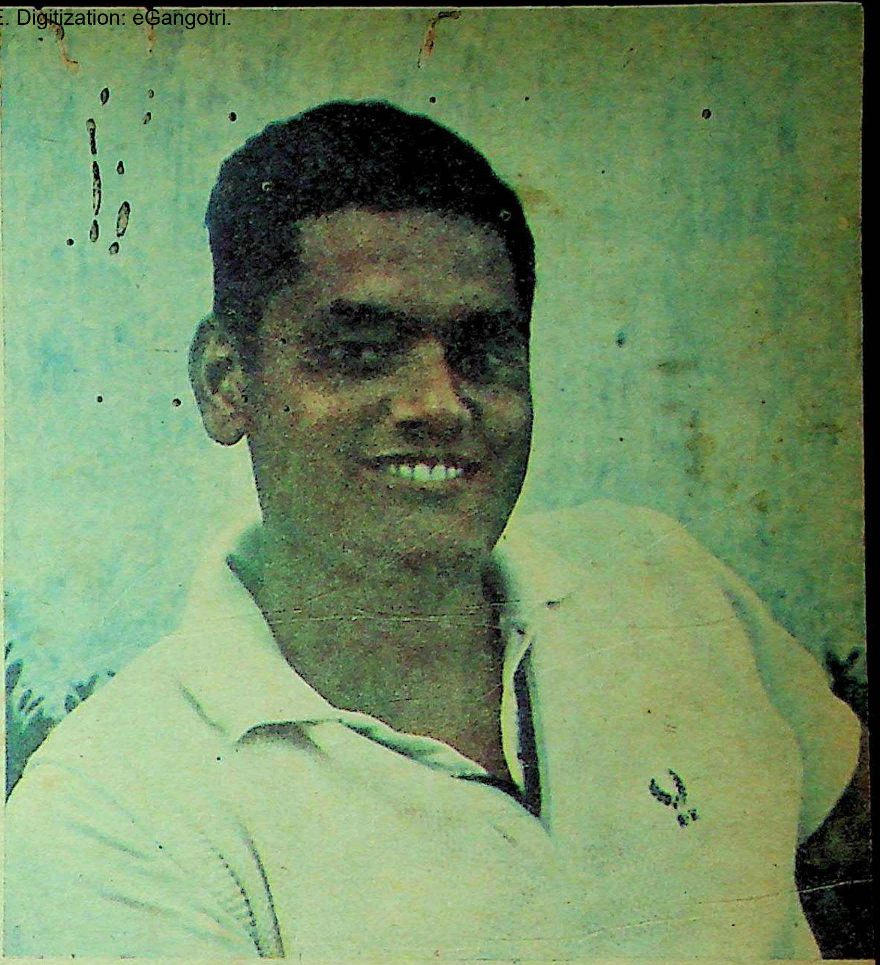
It is good that Vijay is globe-trotting today, playing tournaments all over the world on different surfaces, against different kinds of opposition. Very soon he will find out that many players can hit the ball much harder than he. Vijay can subdue them only by variation of pace in his own game.

While I agree that it is important to have a good coach who can teach the right things, there are several items in Lawn Tennis which no coach can teach. One learns by instinct and plain hard work. It requires a lot of thinking, planning and analysing of the game for one to reach the top. Ken Rosewall recently commented that tennis players fail more often mentally than physically. This shrewd remark comes from one who has been playing top class tennis for more than two decades and who has outlasted many a player mentally. There is a great deal of psychology in this game and a player has to grow mature to understand this aspect, and play his game according to opponents and field conditions. It also implies that the real strength of a champion lies in his mental guts and a 'never say die' attitude.

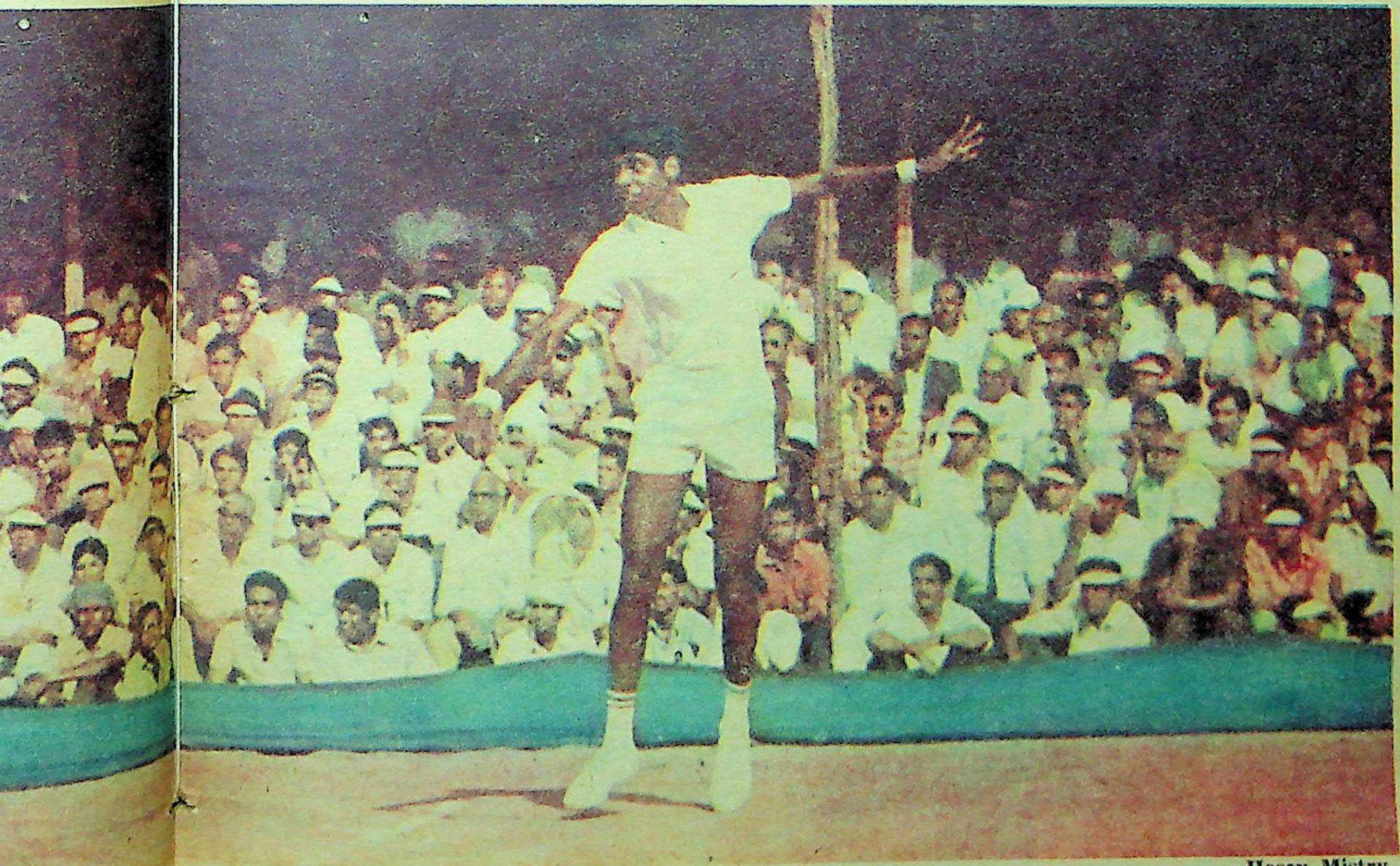
Coming back to Vijay's tennis, the best part of his game is his ability to hit clean winners. He has a good sense of timing and his strokes are quickly executed. There is no hesitation when he makes the stroke. This is the correct attitude. I only wish that Vijay steadies down and becomes more consistent with those winners. He can get this by more practice and tournament competition. I am inclined to think that for a player of his standard and responsibility, Vijay does not practise enough. It is very important to practise a lot even

—*Continued*



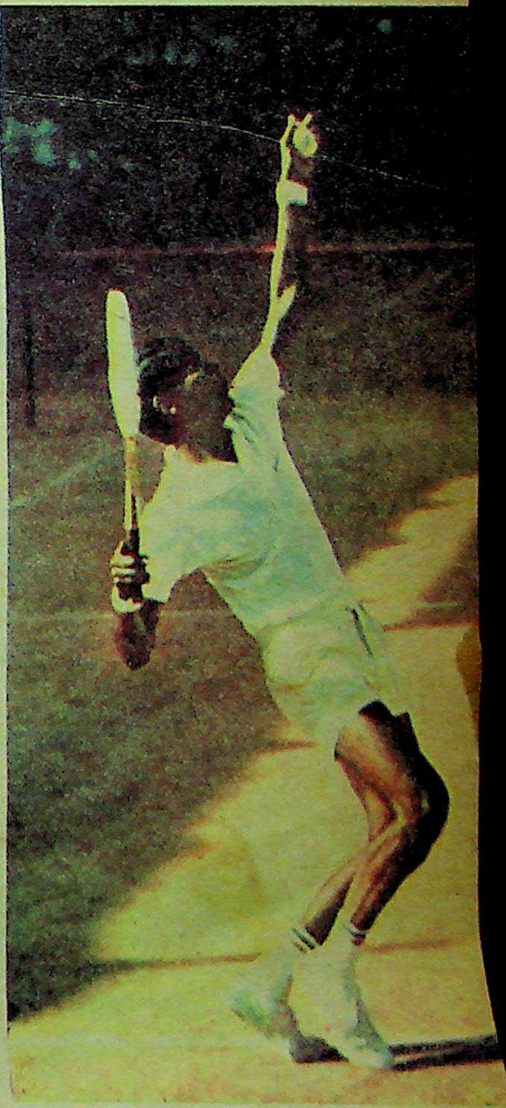
—Gopal Bhat

HE HAS SEEN IT ALL. Ramanathan Krishnan, our national champion for over a decade, is confident of his successor. Although "Krish" can still extend the youngster, he feels that another year of good tennis should make Vijay capable of facing the best of tennis talent.



—Hosey Mistry

weak points in V...y's game today are his poor second services, his habit of smashing with his feet planted on the court instead of reluctance to be... for the low balls, not enough pre-match practice and inconsistency.



IN ACTION

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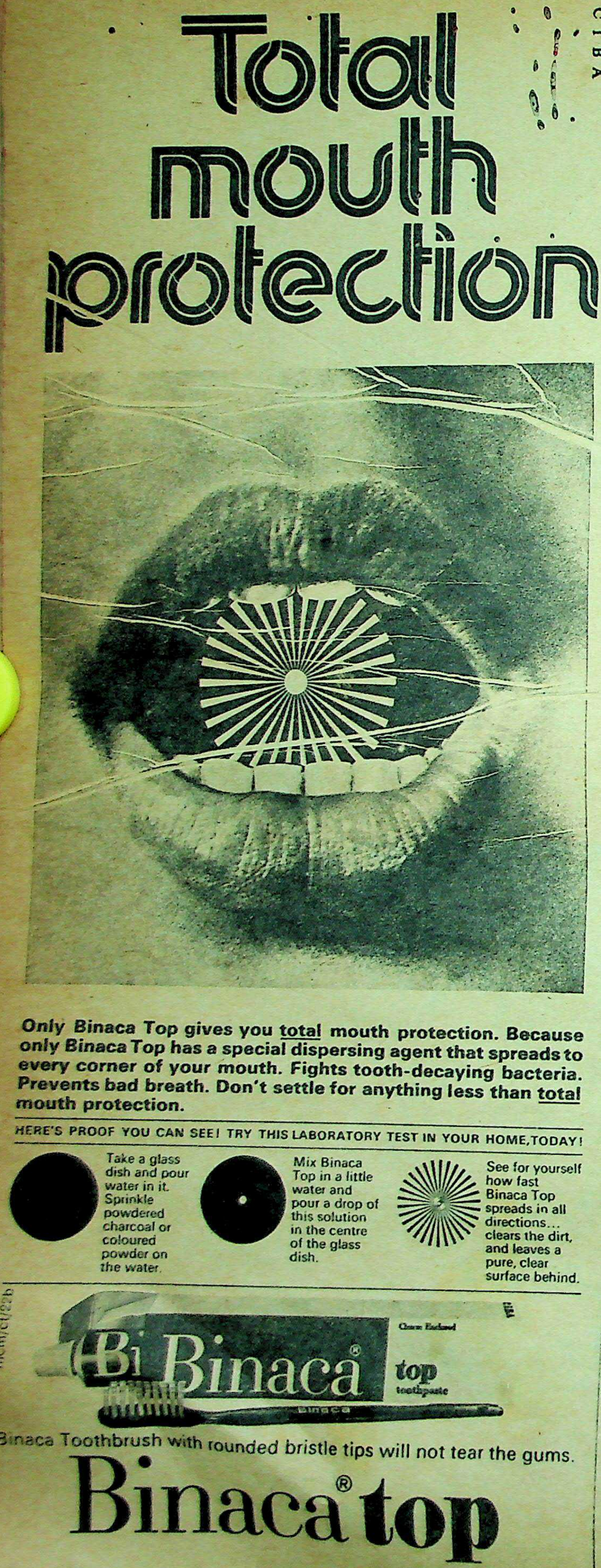

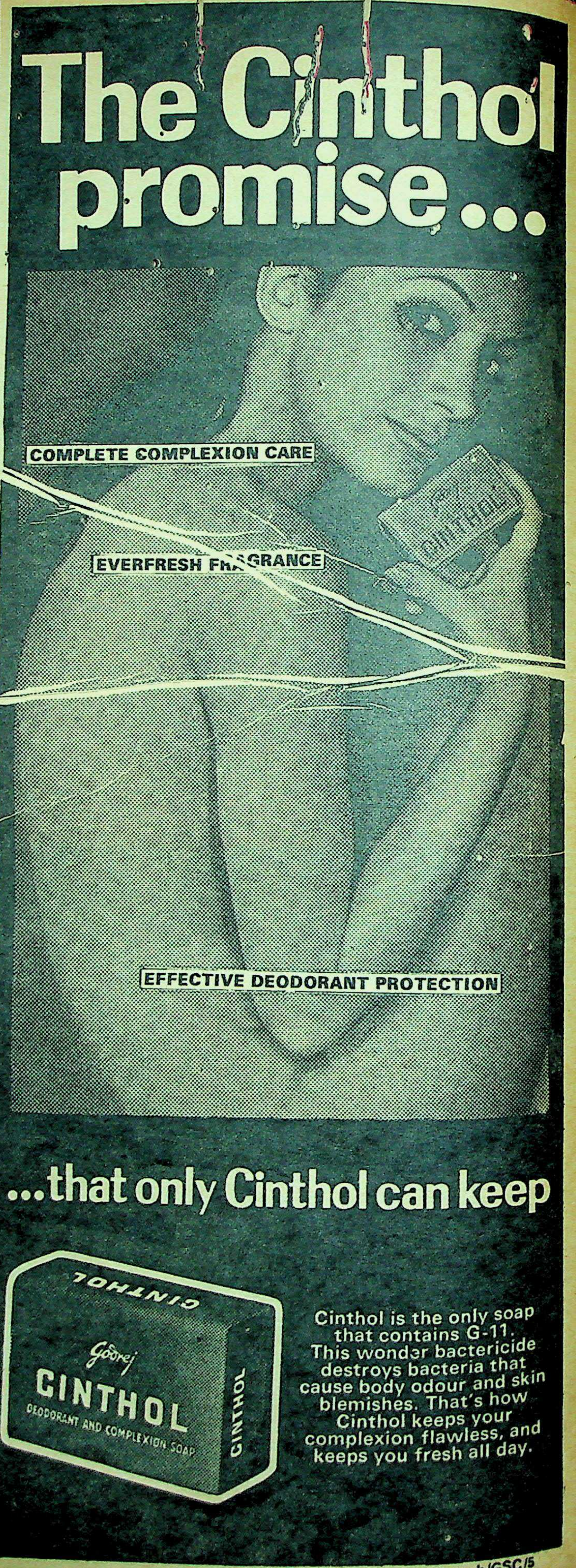

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during the tournament. I remember Drobny doing this for long spells in the morning hours, trying to get his length and rhythm for the afternoon match. The muscles get tuned like well-oiled machines. No wonder Drobny was usually the player with the best stamina.

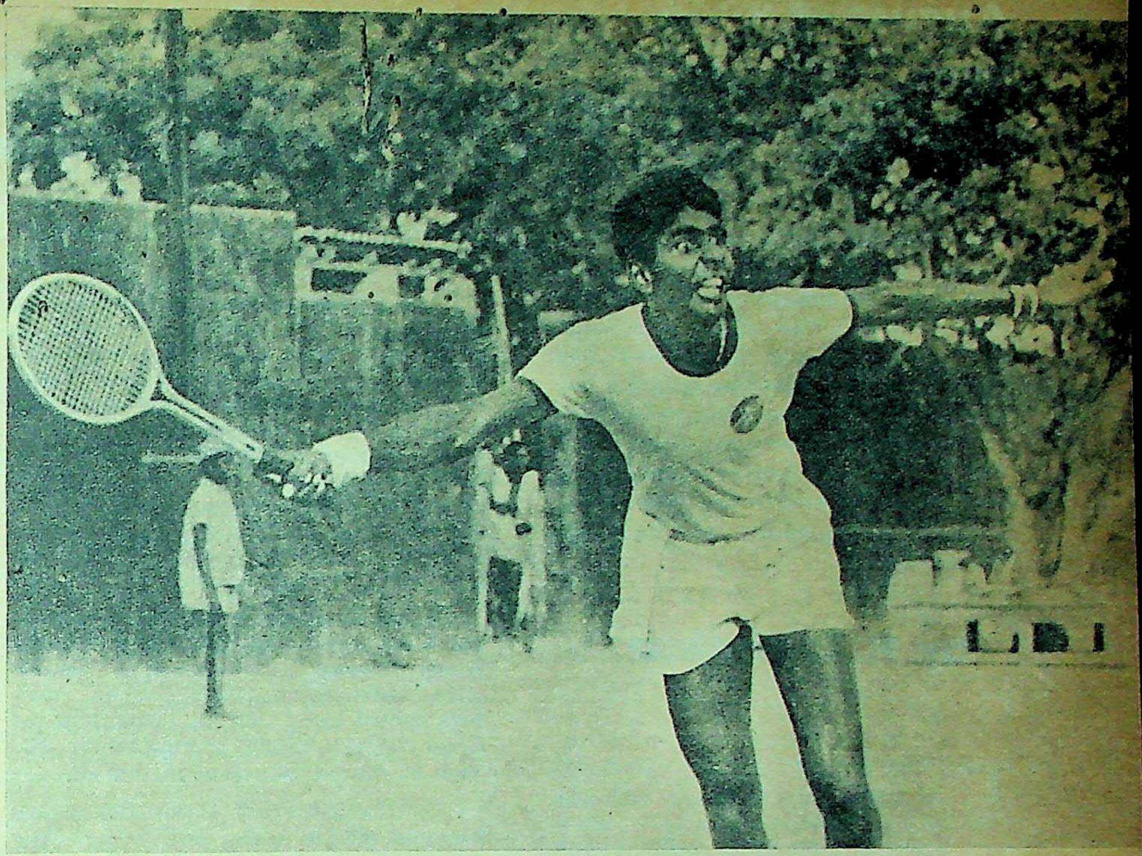
Vijay has a good first serve, particularly down the middle. He serves quite a number of either clean aces or unreturnable ones. But his second serve lacks depth and can be punished. He has improved this during the last few years, but there is room for more. I feel he prefers to spin the ball and hang it in the air. It bounces quite high. In the modern era all good servers try to use more slice than top spin, thus keeping the bounce low. Service strength depends on how good the second serve is. Vijay must concentrate here and build up a good second serve.

Vijay has a great advantage in his height. He stands 6' 2", has enormous reach and is difficult to pass. In his Davis Cup match against Mal Anderson at Madras I was sitting on the sidelines in the Captain's chair. Anderson kept playing low returns and Vijay had a lot of problems returning them. Very often, tall players do not bend much. Vijay, I feel, does get down fairly well for ground strokes but in the case of low volleys, when he is made to stretch, he fumbles. This part of his game requires strengthening. Dick Savitt, the 1951 Wimbledon champion, well above 6', went down so low for every stroke, his passing shots were acknowledged as being the best in the game.

I have noticed another defect in Vijay's game when he hits his overhead smash. One has to be perfect in this department. All great smashes are hit with the feet in the air. Drobny, Hoad, Rose, Trabert—all excelled in this department. I witnessed the 1954 Wimbledon finals when Drobny smashed Rosewall's acute lobs stone dead. In the case of Vijay he has his feet planted on the ground as a preparation for smashing. He has got into this habit, perhaps because of his height. He must change it and learn to smash while leaping in the air.

There will be better balance and timing and he will find more angles to put away the smash for a winner. From the news reports of his great match against Kodes at Wimbledon it appears that Vijay missed a costly smash when leading 5-4 in the final set at 30 all. It could have been match point for him! Sitting in Madras I sadly imagined how Vijay must have overhit.

One European circuit on the slow, red clay courts will do a lot of good to Vijay's tennis at this stage. He has a good attack and playing these tournaments will enable him to develop a sound defence to fall back upon at times. He will find the ball coming back to him frequently on the slow European courts. There are a number of Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen and Germans who could run and rally. Playing against such experts one learns to be patient and go in for good approach shots. I have said earlier that Vijay needs to improve his smash. He will get a lot of lobs from this kind of player perhaps in every game. Courts being terribly slow, one cannot run away an easy winner. One has to slog on and matches are generally long. In my own case these tournaments helped my game and physical fitness a great deal. One advantage in playing these clay court tournaments is that the player develops a strong pair of legs, a very great asset in marathon matches.



HERE IT COMES. Vijay's attacking game is his strongest asset. His major problem is lack of practice, since there are not enough good players to give him a game at home.

Vijay Wins Volvo

Vijay Amritraj scored one of the finest successes of his young career when he beat the new American pro champion, 20-year-old Jimmy Connors, in three exciting sets, 7-5, 2-6, 7-5. The win earned Vijay 5,000 dollars prize money, a shining Swedish Volvo car and a host of nicknames—'Houdini', 'Aussie killer' and 'the miracle man from Madras'.

Rarely does a tennis player survive nine match points against him—and then goes on to win a tournament. But teenaged Vijay achieved the impossible in 3 separate matches he played in Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, and cantered away with the first Volvo tournament trophy.

In his first round match, Vijay rallied from a 1-5 last game deficit and roared through six games to beat Humphrey Hose of Venezuela, 4-6, 6-4, 7-5. In the quarter final, he faced his idol, top seeded Rod Laver, and, with the Aussie maestro serving for the match, won 6-7, 7-6, 6-4.

The climax came in the final when playing before a capacity crowd under the shadow of Mount Washington. Vijay took on Connors who had come from seven straight wins in previous matches.

Though Amritraj put Connors on the defensive by winning the first set at 7-5, Connors raced through the second one conceding only two games to the Indian. Vijay did not seem to get his first serve in. The third and final set seemed like a repetition of the second and Connors breezed through to a 5-2 lead. But again with two match points (and this time the tournament against him), Vijay seemed to catch fire. He delighted the crowd by taking five successive games, the prize money and the Volvo car.

S. R.

Indian tournaments provide very little competition. Unlike in the past, no overseas player takes part in them. A player of Vijay's calibre needs tough matches four times a week but he cannot get them in India for months together. This is a sorry state of affairs and it is bad for Vijay and bad for Indian tennis. I hope more players get closer to Vijay's standard so that a healthy rivalry is created amongst them and the standard of Indian tennis as a whole is raised.

How good is Vijay Amritraj and how far up will he go? I do think highly of his tennis, particularly the potential he has. He is certainly one of the most feared opponents in world tennis today in his present form. There are a lot of good players in world tennis. Most of them are in their late twenties or early thirties and a handful of them even in the late thirties. After all, how long can they go on? They cannot improve any more. They can only hang on as long as possible—as long as their physical condition permits. Vijay has youth in his favour. He is capable of beating almost all of them but to beat them consistently in big tournaments he requires to steady down in that class of players. **Unlike most of the top-notchers in the game, he is on the way up and improving fast. One more season of hard competition and Vijay will reach the top bracket in the tennis world. That he is highly talented is beyond any dispute.**

The three or four hours of tennis depend on what one does the rest of the day. This game is considered a jealous mistress. A player has to sacrifice a lot of things, and discipline himself to a set routine of physical training, practice, tournament play, diet and rest. **It is a hard life to go through. My advice to Vijay is, "Look after yourself and do not look back."**

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August 16, 1946

The Great Calcutta Killing

The British policemen watched unperturbed while Hindus and Muslims butchered and looted each other. The day's carnage ended all hopes of amity between the two groups and lit the communal flames that eventually engulfed the subcontinent. The author, a Government official then, reveals for the first time the grim story of that unhappy day.

by P. S. Mathur

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago, on August 16, 1946, and the weeks following, Calcutta and India witnessed the worst-ever communal flare-up in recent history.

1946 was politically important for India and for Bengal. In Calcutta some men of goodwill and foresight wanted Hindus and Muslims to live in concord, but in New Delhi some political parties were spoiling for a confrontation. What eventually occurred was the suppression of administrative pragmatism by political opportunism.

India had gone to the polls in March that year, and in Bengal the Muslim League emerged as the largest party: in a house of 250 it won 115 seats. The Congress took second place with a bare 84, and the Europeans had 23 reserved seats. The Congress did not take the defeat gracefully. Even Maulana Azad described the elections as "rigged through an inter-provincial conspiracy of Government officials—and, in Bengal, in a naked form".

However, on April 2, the Governor, Frederick John Burrows, invited Hussain Shaheed Suhrawardy, leader-elect of the Muslim League Legislative Party, to form the Council of Ministers. Kiran Sankar Roy had been elected the Leader of the Bengal Congress Legislative Party. Suhrawardy asked for time for he was on the look-out for parties "that were prepared to cooperate with me, irrespective of communities," and that he would like to form a Government "with the largest measure of support".

When Suhrawardy and Kiran Sankar were in New Delhi to meet the Cabinet Mission, they took the opportunity of meeting Maulana Azad. Suhrawardy told the Press there, "I am hoping to solve the Bengal tangle and thus give a lead to India." At one time the Congress Working Committee appeared disposed to accept Suhrawardy's offer provided the League was agreeable to the Punjab formula. Suhrawardy wanted to make Bengal the testing ground "to seek a solution of the communal problem," but the Congress looked at this gesture as an opportunity to bargain, and later made demands that today look rather unreasonable.

Meanwhile, the Cabinet Mission had reached breaking point in its effort to make the Congress and the Muslim League agree to a common programme. There were deep fundamental differences. The prospects of a compromise in Bengal, therefore, began to recede fast. Whatever may have been the issues in New Delhi the Bengal experiment was well worth a trial. But then came the Muslim League directive to its party leader to retrace his steps. The talks broke down on April 20.

It was a sad day. The Congress in Bengal went under the shadow of militant Hindu elements and the League became more communal than ever before. They both drifted apart until the calamity of the Great Calcutta Killing overtook them. The seed of discord was planted that day.

In New Delhi they soon switched over from see-saw to snakes and ladders. The efforts of several days used to be washed out overnight. Jinnah knew how to pull out the brick which would cause the collapse of the whole edifice. The All-India Muslim League made, on July 29, what came to be known as the call for Direct Action. A League resolution said: "This Council calls upon the Muslim Nation to stand to a man behind their sole representative organisation, the All-India Muslim League, and be ready for every sacrifice. This Council directs the Working Committee to prepare forthwith a programme of Direct Action to carry out the policy initiated above and to organise the Muslims for the coming struggle to be launched as and when necessary." Sardar Patel said this threat was not aimed at the British but at the Congress.

The League Working Committee did not produce any programme of direct or indirect action. But Nawabzada Liaqat Ali Khan did make a misleading and provocative statement which made things worse. "Direct Action means resorting to non-constitutional means and that can take whatever form that may suit the condition under which we live." It was a blank cheque to start a communal war. No one could have done more damage in one stroke.

They Prepare For War

In Bengal, August 16 was declared a holiday by the Muslim League Government in observance of the Direct Action Day. There was tension in the air, and rumours were rampant that there would be large-scale violence. Both sides were said to be prepared.

I walked to the Writers' Building Secretariat from my Chowringhee Road residence, a distance of about three miles. There was no transport available. No Minister had come, none was expected either. The caretaker greeted me on the portico and told me that only a few rooms had been kept open, and mine was one of these. A little later arrived Martin, the Home Secretary, who peeped into my room to wish a very cheerful good morning. "You are the only one here so far, I suppose." He walked in.

"All is quiet so far," he said, curling his lower lip. It was 10 a.m. by then and

THE LAAT SAHEB DOESN'T SEE CORPSES. Lord Wavell, the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, was taken on a "doctored" tour of Calcutta on August 25, 1946, to inspect the holocaust. Government officials had spent three days removing corpses from the streets prior to Lord Wavell's visit, and he left with the impression that the police had been quite competent and the press reports exaggerated. Here he is seen walking through a riot-stricken area. Frederick Burrows, Governor of Bengal, is to his left.

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we soon discovered that it had not been really so quiet.

Walker, the acting Chief Secretary, was the next to arrive. He had planned to spend the day at the Bengal Club, and picking up a few papers, walked into my room and said: "If by any chance the Premier comes or asks you about me please tell him I will be available at the Club."

I ran through some files which had accumulated, and this took me a little less than two hours. Stracey, an ICS officer, joined us. He had come walking and had seen injured people being carried in handcarts and smoke emanating from shops in Surendranath Banerjee Road. He asked Martin if he had heard of any incidents in that area or anywhere else. The Home Secretary checked with the Lal Bazar Police Headquarters. There was no confirmation of trouble. Stracey was right in his estimation that the new scheme of Control Room Vigilance and action programme, which had been introduced that very morning without any exercise or preparation, on such a crucial day, was bound to fail. The police had already lost their grip on the situation. Writers' Building had no idea of what was happening. Stracey and I decided to leave for lunch, hoping to meet in the afternoon if all was well.

"Larh Ke Lenge Pakistan"

I saw no policemen anywhere. Processions were making their way to the Ochterlony Monument (now Shaheed Minar) Maidan. I had a hurried lunch. By then incidents had taken place in areas close to my house. A large procession shouting slogans like "Larhke lenge Pakistan (We will win Pakistan by force)" and carrying banners, flags, and, of course, lathis had been attacked and hospitals had already started receiving more casualties than they could handle. I decided not to walk back to Writers' Building or Lal Bazar. Very soon, however, a police motor-cycle arrived to take me to my office and from there to the Police Headquarters, where all the top bosses had assembled. The road to the office was strewn with brickbats and smoke was coming from the Teretta Bazar, right behind the Police Headquarters. Pitched battles had been fought in these areas, leaving many dead and injured.

I asked my escort what the police had been doing to control the situation. He was candid. Like every one else he was still awaiting instructions to go into action. He did not want to do anything on his own. Then he added that Inspector Hammond, who was alleged to have fired at and killed student leader Rameshwar Banerjee at the Dharamtalla-Madan Street crossing on November 21, 1945, was still under suspension and the enquiry was not over as yet. They could not afford to become so many Hammonds. If they killed a Muslim, of all days on the Direct Action Day, the League Government would not spare them; and if they killed a Hindu, the Congress Opposition in the Assembly would raise hell against them.

The police was thoroughly demoralised and indifferent, and for that reason as inactive as it was inefficient.

As I reached the Police Control Room I found the Incidents Board blank. No reports had been coming. No one had any idea of what was happening.

Suhrawardy was in the Control Room. He was depressed and his eyes were moist when I reached there. "No one knows what is happening at the moment," he groaned. "You can give me some reliable assessment. I know you are generally not disturbed and can be objective." He gave me an armed escort to tour the disturbed areas. I drove through streets littered with dead bodies. At places I stopped the vehicle to remove the corpses to the pavements but then it became impossible to remove all of them. I even drove over dead bodies—I was helpless. It was maddening. The whole night I could not sleep; I kept repeating to myself:

Yeh kis ki laash be-giro-kafan paamaal hoti hai;

Zami jumbish mein hai, barham nizaame aasma tak hai.

(Whose dead body is this without coffin or grave? The earth is trembling and the sky is rent with cries.)

When I came back after visiting most of the affected areas, Suhrawardy was waiting for me. Just then a senior police officer —a Hindu—who later became the Inspector-General of Police after Independence, arrived, clicked his heels and told the Police Commissioner, Hardwick, "Everything is under control, Sir. These people tell us lies. I am positive by now not more than 20 people have been killed and 200 injured."

I challenged these figures and gave the Premier a sheet of paper giving street by street figures of dead and the casualties brought to the hospitals. On this Suhrawardy made some calculations and scribbled, "200 dead, 2,000 injured, if not more." When Governor Burrows arrived at the Police Headquarters after a brief tour, Suhrawardy gave him this sheet of paper and pressed for the Army to be called out, leaning heavily on my statistical support. Chief Secretary Walker, Home Secretary Martin and Police Commissioner Hardwick opposed the idea. They thought the police could still control the situation.

British Policemen : Saving Face

Martin came out with a curious argument: "What will His Excellency the Viceroy think? That we created this mess here when the Interim Government is to take over in New Delhi this week?" Suhrawardy shouted back, "But will you please control this and give the Viceroy the comfort you want." Burrows was silent and kept on touching the rim of his hat. "Give us time and have patience." He said some such thing, got into his car and drove back to the Governor's House.

Telephones continued to ring in the Control Room. Someone, to assuage the crowd at the Maidan, had told them that Suhrawardy himself was in the Police Headquarters to ensure that there would be enough police protection for the processionists for their return home. Suhrawardy received innumerable requests for help, mainly from the Hindus on that first day. Every few minutes he sent to the Commissioner's table small slips with details of the areas and persons affected and occasionally added his own remarks—"Can you rush help to such and such area?" Shaheed Sahib was helpless between the hooligans, an ineffective police and a reticent Governor. He looked the picture of pity and pain, seeing his beloved city in flames.

—Jitendra Arya

HUSSAIN SHAHEED SUHRAWARDY (1893-1963) was Premier of Bengal in 1946-47. He founded the Awami League in 1949 after he went to Pakistan. He was Sheikh Mujibur Rahman's political guru and is today extolled as a hero of Bangladesh. Suhrawardy reached the pinnacle of his career when he became Prime Minister of Pakistan for one year: from September 1956 to October 1957.

I had overheard some shocking conversations over the telephone in the Control Room. When a call came to the Commissioner to send some European Sergeants—meaning the Anglo-Indian members of the City Police force—they would tell the caller in a cool and calculated voice, "Keya bolega, Mister, aap jo mangta hai us rakam ka Sergeant to aap ka hi hookum ke saath India quit kar gaya." Hardwick was a little stupid but a lot more crude and tactless. On other occasions when someone wanted help he would say, "Who am I to interfere in your affairs. The Hindus want us to get out. The Muslims want us to leave the country to them. I am so helpless. Why not ring up the Congress office?" Could one imagine a more irresponsible and arrogant police chief anywhere?

When the Emergency Action Scheme came into force that morning at 8.00 a.m., there were 200 sepoys at Lal Bazar and the rest were in the barracks, to be called when required. Half of the Traffic Police had been withdrawn from the roads, which made it another 150. There were, in addition, 16 Inspectors and 114 Sergeants. Today in Calcutta for an IFA Shield Match or a public meeting fifteen times this number is on duty. They hoped to save Calcutta with such a small force and with no preparation.

There was no private or public transport requisitioned to add to the mobility of the force. There were no loudspeaker-fitted vans for control of traffic or for making announcements. Writers' Building had no roster duty staff, and even the assistant who used to decode classified messages had not been called and the code was in his locker. There was no vehicle on duty at the Secretariat. I had never seen such a complete collapse of administration in 30 years. Was it accidental or designed?

Burrows went back to the Governor's House. As darkness fell over Calcutta more

—Continued

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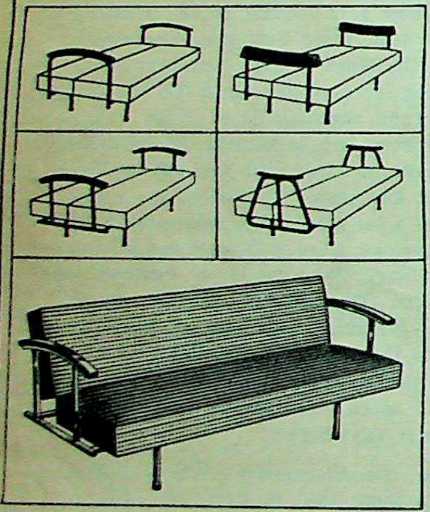

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reports of arson, looting and murder began to come in. There were wild rumours too. Suhrawardy made another vain attempt to call in the Army. Governor Burrows declined to meet him—due to high blood pressure, he said! Curfew was imposed but no radio announcements had been made, no press notes issued. In fact no one knew about the curfew.

When the fires went out, it was because sanity had returned to the people.

On August 17, I had to go to Uttarpara, a suburb on the west of the Hooghly, to fetch from a colleague the duplicate keys of my departmental store. I wanted to have some loudspeakers fitted in vans to announce the curfew orders. I passed through Howrah, which was quiet and normal. In Uttarpara too shops and markets were open. I felt as if I had come from fear into freedom.

I greedily purchased heaps of vegetables and lots of tinned food: jam, cheese, butter, cornflakes. I also bought tins of cigarettes. The only sensible thing I had done before the Direct Action Day was to withdraw some money from the bank; cash proved useful. Later, I found a bakery open and purchased bread. I had some to spare.

I put two loaves in Shaheed Sahib's car also, but this set the rumour afloat that he had been distributing bread to hooligans. I never thought a little good turn would cause him so much harm!

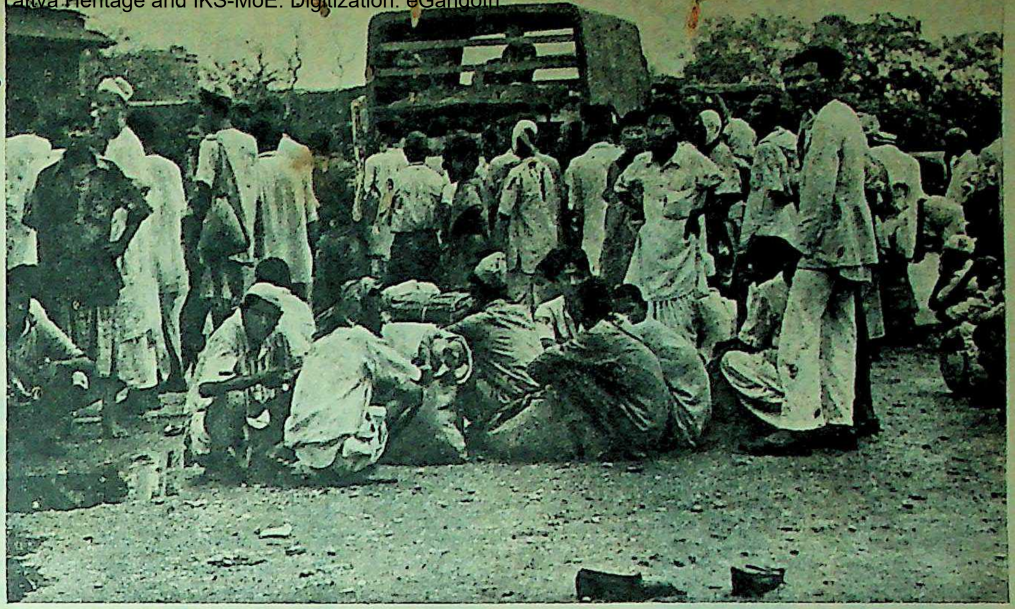
A Tired, Frustrated Suhrawardy

Late in the afternoon I went to Writers' Building. I found that Suhrawardy had arrived and was making a bee-line for my room. There was no one else at the Secretariat at that hour.

"Do you have your inseparable talisman with you, the one I am told your wife gives you before you leave home, your flask of tea? Is there a cup left for me?" He slumped into an easy-chair, fatigued and utterly frustrated. As I was pouring a cup for him he saw a tin of cigarettes on my table and got up to light one. After a few minutes he arose and before leaving helped himself to a few more cigarettes. "Can I pinch some 'if' it doesn't hurt you too much?"

As I opened the locker and he had a glimpse of the hoarded stores just brought from Uttarpara, he exclaimed delightedly: "Do you see what I see?" and helped himself to a few items. "Preserve these provisions, Mathur, you may have to stretch them quite far. No one knows when this carnage will end and where it will lead us to." On second thoughts he sat down again and began to unburden himself. He spoke haltingly; he sounded helpless, friendless.

These are his words: "What has already happened is bad. Calcutta has passed into the hands of hooligans. They are not Hindus, they are not Muslims, they are sheer murderers, looters and bad characters. They are a fraternity of their own. Their leaders are respected and feared more than any one of us. They do not know what is direct action. They know this is their day, their opportunity. The Congress leadership has long passed into the hands of militant Hindus and the Muslim leadership into the hands of the Mullah and some of those bearded folk seem to chase me wherever I go. No one will listen to me even if I cry hoarse on street corners. They will not listen to Kiran, or Sarat or Jogesh or anyone. What we leaders say, the masses do not understand. What the people want, we leaders do not care to listen to. Jinnah talks in English and others translate him into various languages, the lesser leaders down the ladder interpret it as they please or as they find it convenient. Gandhi talks in half-Hindi, half-Gujarati... He is translated first into English and then re-translated into other languages. What reaches the people is not what Gandhi says or means. This is not the fault of the people. We are at fault. Sometimes, and it is so often, we do not know what we are aiming at.



WAITING FOR RELIEF. Refugees—of both communities—at a camp on the Calcutta maidan. On the day of the killing there were only 200 sepoys and 30 police officers on duty in Calcutta. Despite repeated requests from Suhrawardy, the British Police Commissioner refused to call in the Army to control the riots.

"If I were a Hindu I would want a 'Ram-Rajya' in India. What is Pakistan? The masses think it means the return of the Sultans and Nawabs and the Kazi and the Khalifa. They do not understand our delicate discussions with the Cabinet Mission. They care so little for any constitution or laws or even governments.

"I was once told by Ramananda Chatterjee (of the 'Modern Review') that when he went to meet Lokmanya Tilak during his serious illness and offered him comfort by saying that the Swaraj of his dreams may be realised even during his lifetime, the great Tilak almost rose from his sickbed exclaiming, 'To phir Peshwai ajayegi! (Then once again we shall be the Peshwas!)' There it is, we all love power for ourselves, not for the country. Calcutta, unfortunately, will not be the same again. The cinders will continue to smoulder for many years to come. These wounds are too deep to heal quickly. The next few days may be even worse. The Army refuses to get involved. The police is inadequate and disorganised. No force will be adequate, I tell you, none. We do not want to live in peace. Even if the British quit we will be after each other's throats. We will fight a hundred years' war. We have to live through this ordeal. Keep your nerves intact. Khuda Hafiz."

He got up slowly, his eyes set at some distant object, and walked away. I had heard a Suhrawardy so different, so refreshingly different from his public image.

Lord Wavell, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, arrived on a tour of inspection on August 25. Governor Frederick Burrows went to receive him at the airport, but Shaheed Suhrawardy did not go. The police drew the route plan of the Viceroy's drive; it was a wonderful piece of bureaucratic efficiency. We went through streets that had suffered the least damage and ended up in front of St Xavier's College where there was on display British tanks, armoured cars and a reserve force.

Where Are The Corpses?

Wavell complimented Burrows: "Frederick, we were told that the streets of Calcutta were littered with corpses. We have seen none so far." Burrows mumbled something which no one could understand. George Abell, the Viceroy's Secretary, standing next to me, also joined in, "It is so amazing, isn't it?" I could not restrain myself, and told Abell, "The Viceroy has come eight days too late and we did not get sufficient notice to produce fresh corpses."

We had gone about wearing iodine masks for three days and nights preceding this visit and picked up from the street 5,869 dead bodies, whole and mutiliated, and disposed of them through mass burials and cremations.

In 1950, there was a minor flare-up in Howrah. The Army was called out. There was curfew. Norton Jones, who was the Deputy Commissioner of Police at the headquarters during the Great Calcutta Killing, had come to ask for a curfew permit. I introduced him to the Brigadier.

Brig: What a sad thing, Mr Norton Jones! The Army has to put restrictions even on the movement of decent and disciplined citizens like you. Could not the police control the situation in good time, if they wanted to?

N. J.: Of course, yes. The police can.

Brig: Why did we not do the same in Calcutta, in 1946?

There was no answer. I had waited for this for full four years. QED.

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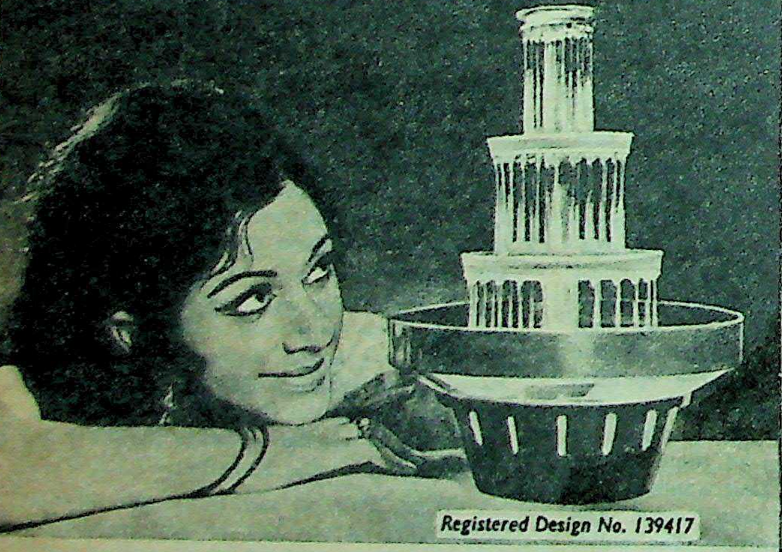

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A HOLLYWOOD producer studied the large script submitted by a new writer and complained, "It's much too long. Just give me a synopsis."

The next day the writer returned with a five-page synopsis.

"It's still too long," insisted the producer. "I'm a busy man. Just give me a digest of this."

An hour later the writer returned with a sheet of paper on which was written: "Here is a lieutenant, heroine is married to his colonel. Madly in love with each other. Commit suicide."

"It's no good," said the producer. "It's *Anna Karenina*, word for word!"

SO engrossed was the professor in writing his treatise that he even forgot to go to the hospital to await the birth of his child.

As he sat in his study, completely enveloped in his work, his secretary came in and told him that the hospital had called.

"And can you guess whether it's a boy or a girl?" she said.

"What?" said the professor, still deep in thought, and impatient at the interruption. "You shouldn't come to me about such things. You know my wife always takes care of such matters."

THE lecturer had reached the audience-participation part of his programme. "Is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up!"

A meek little man rose to his feet. The lecturer glared at him.

"Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," apologised the meek little man. "I thought you said slaughtered."

"I SHALL have to give you ten days or Rs 100," said the judge.

"I'll take Rs 100, judge," said the prisoner.

"WHAT can I do to get a good night's sleep?"

"Try taking a glass of warm milk and a little scraped apple just before going to bed."

"But, doctor, six months ago you told me to go to bed fasting."

"I know, my dear madam, but medical science has made tremendous strides since then."

THERE are beautiful people and there are people who want to be beautiful—and they want to be beautiful so badly. Our heroine wanted to be beautiful. She was walking on the beach one day when she saw a bottle. And in the bottle was a genie. She took the genie out, and, like all good genii, he said, "Ask anything, and I will fulfil your fondest wish."

Well, it isn't every day that you find a genie, but she still didn't give it a second thought. "I want hair like Elizabeth Taylor, eyes like Brigitte Bardot, and a body like Sophia Loren. I want to be beautiful."

The genie took another look at her and said, "Honey, put me back in the bottle."

MINISTER: "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead?"

Deacon Brown (sleepily): "Tain't my lead, I just dealt."

"WHAT makes you look so pale and sad?" an older friend asked the romantic boy.

"It's terrible," confessed the youth. "She's the most wonderful girl in the world And finally I—I got up enough courage to ask her to marry me, and she refused."

"Cheer up!" said the friend. "A woman's 'no' may often turn out to mean 'yes'."

"I know," said the youth mournfully. "But this one didn't say 'no!' She said, 'Aw, phooey!' "

A MAN who was down with an infectious fever cautioned his young son when he approached to greet him: "No, no, son, you mustn't hug me or you'll catch the fever."

The lad stood back and looked at his father, then asked: "Why, Daddy, who did you hug?"

CLERK: "Sorry, madam, but Mr Gotcash has just gone to lunch with his wife."

Mrs Gotcash: "Oh! Well, then tell him his stenographer called."

AN adolescent boy, going on a school picnic, asked his father for Rs 5 as spending money. The father sighed as he handed over the money.

"Make it go as far as you can," he said.

"I'll make it go so far you'll never see any of it again," was the reply.

"HOW far is it to the next filling station?" the driver asked a farmer.

"Nigh onto two miles as the crow flies."

"Well, how far is it the damned crow has to walk and roll a flat tire?"

THIS WEEK **by MARIO**

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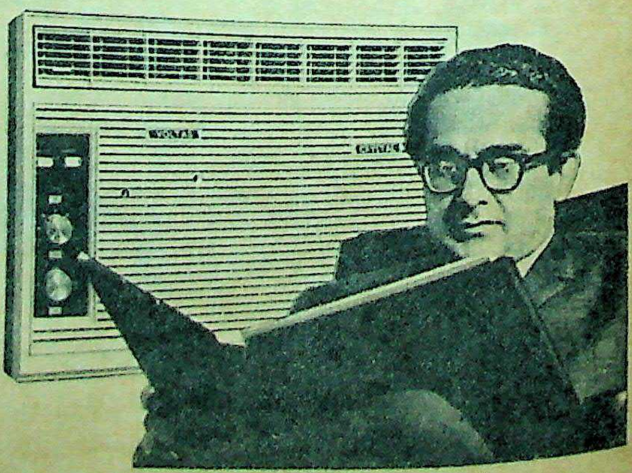

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What The Stars Foretell

by S. K. KELKAR

Sunday, August 19

For luck today, wear or use: Bright yellow, 5, onyx.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: This is going to be quite a normal year. You will feel contented and satisfied. The wise counsel of elderly people will help you to steer your course successfully. An emotional approach towards friends and associates should be curbed. Financially there are no worries except in November and February. Try to maintain domestic peace by not behaving in an eccentric way.

Monday, August 20

For luck today, wear or use: Navy blue, 8, jade.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Success in your vocation depends on how you handle ticklish issues. Be tactful and alert. Undue reliance on colleagues will put you in an embarrassing position. Extreme care while signing important documents is necessary, especially in September, January and April. Youngsters are warned to be sincere and honest in their pursuits.

Tuesday, August 21

For luck today, wear or use: Orange, 1, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Initially there will be steady progress. By the middle of the year, minor domestic worries may prove exhausting. Thereafter, however, you will progress rapidly. Barring a disturbance or two, happiness will prevail at home. Youngsters will succeed in their undertakings if they plan well and stick to the schedule.

Wednesday, August 22

For luck today, wear or use: Deep purple, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Much depends on your efforts. If you bear this in mind, you will not only maintain the present business position but also expand your activities. Promotional chances are round the corner for the employed. Financial position remains good enabling you to steadily build up assets. Family members will be cooperative.

Thursday, August 23

For luck today, wear or use: Dull blue, 8, dark sapphire.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A year of new beginnings. The adventurous side of your personality coupled with good judgement will enhance your vocational prospects. Try to tactfully break away from the present partnership, so that you can reshape your business on a more solid foundation. Financially you will be well off. Special luck awaits engineers and scientists.

Friday, August 24

For luck today, wear or use: Dark yellow, 5, dark sapphire.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Your courage and tenacity will be richly rewarded. Move slowly, get a good grasp of the situation and reap the benefits of the planetary aspects. Initially you may feel financial stringency due to unavoidable expenses. Youngsters should try to settle in the vocation of their choice and not think of marriage.

Saturday, August 25

For luck today, wear or use: Orange, 1, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A fortunate year which brings much happiness and prosperity. This is the ideal time to put in sincere and incessant efforts. For those in employment, promotional chances come after they have successfully put through certain responsible assignments. A proper understanding among family members will help to maintain domestic peace. Youngsters do very well academically.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

(*December 21 to January 19*)

Capricorn (Makara)

There will be overall improvement in health and business. The more industrious you are the better will be the results. Popularity and honours come your way especially on Sunday and Saturday. Business will be very profitable on Tuesday.

(*January 20 to February 18*)

Aquarius (Kumbha)

There is need to look after your own health. Domestic affairs should not be allowed to get complicated. Investment in a house or a vehicle will cause financial stringency. Wednesday-Thursday are lucky for financial gain.

(*February 19 to March 20*)

Pisces (Mina)

An energetic and spontaneous approach in business deals will be very beneficial. Industrialists will witness improvement in labour relations and normalcy will be restored in a week or two. The week-end brings a good turnover in business.

(*March 21 to April 20*)

Aries (Mesha)

A happy and enjoyable week. A great deal of domestic harmony is indicated. Financial gains on Sunday-Monday will help to meet extra requirements. On Wednesday a business trip will prove to be profitable.

(*April 21 to May 20*)

Taurus (Vrishabha)

This week will be remarkably free of unpleasantness. Complete the jobs on hand and get ready to take a holiday. Financial position shows an upward swing within a week or so. Outstanding dues from rent should be demanded by Wednesday.

(*May 21 to June 20*)

Gemini (Mithuna)

Till Tuesday, you will be rather anxious about the future. From Thursday onwards, your confidence will be restored and your outlook will change. Minor money gains are probable on Friday-Saturday.

(*June 21 to July 20*)

Cancer (Kataka)

You will enjoy yourself a lot with your family this week. Business will be good on Monday, but you will have to be quick and alert. Wednesday should be utilised for clearing the backlog so that you can concentrate on the current problems.

(*July 21 to August 21*)

Leo (Simha)

A casual relationship with the opposite sex may perhaps spark off a much closer attachment but do not forget to take senior persons into confidence. In social and political life, you will hanker after fame and publicity.

(*August 22 to September 23*)

Virgo (Kanya)

This week is excellent for outdoor activities. Exciting and romantic contacts are likely to develop. A startling piece of news on Sunday will make you move quickly and secure business on Wednesday-Thursday.

(*September 24 to October 23*)

Libra (Tula)

The earlier part of the week is rather dull. After Wednesday you will have a busy schedule of meetings and interviews. Job activities and business will also be heavy on Friday-Saturday, bringing good financial gains early next week.

(*October 24 to November 22*)

Scorpio (Vrischika)

A week of hectic activity. Business will indicate an upward swing. Group or club activities may engross you considerably. Sunday is good for an outing and Friday-Saturday for meeting influential people.

(*November 23 to December 20*)

Sagittarius (Dhanus)

You will be mentally and physically very active but business will be rather slack and less remunerative. It would be a good idea to sort out your problems to enable you to cope with a very busy programme.

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MR SOOKHOO AND THE CAROL SINGERS

by SHIVA NAIPAUL

Mr Sookhoo rubbed his palms gleefully together and hummed: "Christmas is coming and the geese is getting fat. Time to put a penny in old Sookhoo hat." He laughed out loud, clutching his stomach.

Mrs Sookhoo could not disguise her alarm. "Be careful man. What get into you so sudden?"

But Mr Sookhoo was busy planning and paid scant attention to her. Then the magnitude of his calculations so affected Mr Sookhoo that he let out a prolonged whistle and gazed awestruck at the sky...

MR SOOKHOO rocked slowly back and forth. He was a short, fat man with a pot-belly and a bushy, black moustache. Sitting there on the verandah dressed in a pair of short khaki trousers and a dirty white vest, picking his teeth with a toothpick, it seemed that Mr Sookhoo lacked nothing. And, truly, Mr Sookhoo had little to complain about. His wife had borne him a respectable number of children and even now, after almost thirty years of marriage, she continued to cultivate a restrained obedience in all that concerned him; he owned the house he lived in; and, the greatest blessing of all, he drove the largest truck in the village. Without the truck the Sookhoos would have starved.

—*Continued*

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Mr Sookhoo carried anything people would pay him to carry: furniture, sand, gravel and, on occasion, when the village headmaster asked, he took schoolchildren on excursions to the beach and visits to sugar-cane factories and oil refineries. It was a way of life Mr Sookhoo had found entirely to his liking: he was his own boss.

Mrs Sookhoo came out to the verandah, trailing the smells of the kitchen. "Eh man, but for the past two days all you doing is sitting here and rocking. Mr Ali ask you to carry that gravel for him to Port-of-Spain two weeks now."

"Don't give me any botheration, woman. Ali could wait." Mr Sookhoo continued to pick his teeth.

"Ali does pay we well. Suppose he go and give the contract to somebody else? What go happen then?"

"Who else it have to give the contract to? Tell me." Mr Sookhoo remained unmoved. "Who else have a truck like mine in this place?"

"All the same," Mrs Sookhoo said. She gazed vacantly at the neighbouring houses.

"So you want to know what I been doing these past two days, eh?" Mr Sookhoo left off picking his teeth and tossed the toothpick over the verandah rail. Mrs Sookhoo followed its flight with interest. "I will tell you now." He caressed the rim of his stomach contentedly. "All you could see was me rocking. Okay. I agree. I was rocking. Believe me, I would be the last man to deny that. But there was something else I was doing. Something invisible." Mr Sookhoo smiled slyly at his wife. She was silently respectful. "I was thinking."

"Thinking!" Mrs Sookhoo weighed the significance of this remark. She knew her husband to be a man of many interests, but thinking was entirely new to her. It worried her. "Be careful, man. Don't go and do anything dangerous. I sure all this thinking not good for you. I thought you been looking a bit thin in the last month or so."

Mr Sookhoo laughed scornfully. "Let me worry about my own health. Now and then a man have to do a bit of thinking about the place. Otherwise..." Mr Sookhoo, losing the thread of his argument, shrugged hopelessly.

"I still think you should go and deliver that gravel to Mr Ali."

"Mr Ali could go to hell. It don't have a bigger crook than he in the whole of Port-of-Spain."

"Crook or no crook he still pay you. In two twos we go be having the police around here."

Mr Sookhoo's chest expanded. "Let them come," he said. "Let Ali bring the whole police force with him if he want to. I go be ready for them."

"But what get into you so all of a sudden, man? I tell you all this thinking wasn't good for you. Is a dangerous thing to be doing. We go be dead from starvation by the time you finish all your thinking."

Mr Sookhoo waved a finger at her. "That is what you think. I just been working out a master plan. A master plan. You hear that!"

Once more Mrs Sookhoo fell into a respectful silence.

"Tell me," Mr Sookhoo said, "what month we in now?"

"November. November the 25th."

"Correct first time. And what does be happening around this time of year?"

Mrs Sookhoo frowned. "Well, the only thing I could think of is Christmas. As they does say in the radio and the papers, it just around the corner. In fact I think they say it have about twenty-seven or so shopping days to go."

"Right." Mr Sookhoo gazed fiercely at his wife. *"Christmas is coming and the geese is getting fat. Time to put a penny in the old man hat.* I use to learn that little nursery rhyme when I was a boy. You remember it?"

"You should know by now that I never set foot inside a schoolhouse, man."

"It don't matter," Mr Sookhoo said soothingly. "Go and bring me another toothpick."

Mrs Sookhoo went and brought him another toothpick. Mr Sookhoo scraped diligently at his two front teeth. His wife watched him.

"Yes, woman. Believe me when I tell you the geese is really going to be fat this year. And it going to have so many damn pennies in the old man hat by Boxing Day that you will bawl when you see them."

Mrs Sookhoo could not disguise her alarm. "Be careful, man. What get into you so sudden?"

Mr Sookhoo ignored her. "And guess who that old man going to be?"

"Man..."

"That old man is going to be me." He rubbed his palms gleefully together and hummed under his breath, *"Christmas is coming and the geese is getting fat. Time to put a penny in old Sookhoo hat."* He laughed out loud, clutching his stomach.

"But what you going to do? I don't want to end up in jail, you know."

"You worrying your head too much, woman. What I plan to do couldn't be more legal. You could take my word for that. How much children do you think it were in that school down the road?"

"Twenty, thirty."

"Correct. To be on the safe side, let we say it have twenty-five of them. How much is that divide by five?"

"How many times I have to tell you, man, that I never went to school?"

"Five. Twenty-five divide by five is five. Agree?" Mr Sookhoo tossed the toothpick over the verandah rail and, as before, Mrs Sookhoo followed its flight with interest. He got up from the rocking chair and leaned against the rail, staring up at the sky. "So that if I divide them up into five groups and say each time they get a little

"Okay. I agree. I was rocking. Believe me, I would be the last man to deny that. But there was something else I was doing. Something invisible."

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dollar or so and..." At this point Mr Sookhoo turned to face his wife. "How much shopping days you say it have till Christmas?"

"I think they say is about twenty-seven. But..."

"Stop nagging me, woman. Okay. To be on the safe side, let we say they have about twenty-five singing days and say each group sing about ten time a night..." Here, the magnitude of his calculations so affected Mr Sookhoo that he let out a prolonged whistle and gazed awestruck at the sky. He slapped his stomach and, as if finally to assuage his wonderment, he spat with vehemence on a rose bush. "Of course I'll have to take the cost of the gasoline into account." A shadow crossed his face. "Still, a man always have to make a little sacrifice somewhere along the line."

"You haven't tell me as yet what it is you going to do, man. You sure it legal?"

"Since when singing a few carol is illegal? Since when they does throw people in jail for doing that kind of thing? Think of all them songs you does be hearing on the radio. *Silent Night. O Little Lord of Bethlehem Its Fleece All White As Snow*—or something like that. And that one about all them shepherd watching they flock by night all sitting on the ground. People like hearing that kind of thing; especially if is little children singing it. And I was thinking that what all this carol singing really need is Organisation. If you could organise it, I feel it have a lot of money in it. What you think?"

"I feel you forgetting one thing, man."

"What is that?"

"You is a Hindu."

Mr Sookhoo laughed. "So what? Who is to know that in a place like Port-of-Spain? It have hundreds of Christians out there with Hindu name. Like you never hear about the Most Reverend Harrilal-singh?"

"I still don't like it. Why don't you go and take Mr Ali the gravel and forget all about this carol singing business? And another thing. All them children you does see singing carol singing for charity. The Red Cross and things like that."

Mr Sookhoo was scornful. "That is what they would like people like you and me to believe. All that money they does collect going straight into their own pocket. You take my word. Charity!" Mr Sookhoo spat on the rose bush and went inside the house.

"Where you going?" his wife shouted after him.

"Mind your own business, woman." There was a pause. "And keep your mouth shut," he added as an afterthought.

MR Sookhoo put on his best suit and tie and left the house pursued by his wife's anxious enquiries. He walked the half mile to the village school with a quick, firm step. Mr Sookhoo found Mr Archibald, the headmaster and sole teacher, sitting at his desk in the school's only classroom, a pile of copybooks before him.

"Good afternoon, Head. And how is life treating you these days?"

Mr Archibald stared suspiciously at Mr Sookhoo from behind his copybooks. He was well aware that Mr Sookhoo grossly overcharged him for the school's termly excursions.

"As usual," he replied guardedly.

"Good. Good. That is how I like to hear my friends talk. Especially around this time of year." He clapped his palms together, humming under his breath.

"I think I know that tune," the headmaster said. "Is a nursery rhyme, not so?"

Mr Sookhoo checked himself. "What you say, Head?"

"I say is a nursery rhyme you was humming just now. *'Christmas is coming and the geese are getting fat. Time to put a penny in the old man's hat.'*"

"First time I hear of that one, Head. You wouldn't imagine how sometimes I does regret not having a education. It must be a great thing."

Mr Archibald looked doubtfully at him. "I suppose you have a reason for coming to see me, Mr Sookhoo?"

"In a sense." Mr Sookhoo came closer and leaned his elbows confidentially on the desk. Mr Archibald drew back. "The fact of the matter is, Head, that they asking me to organise a charity."

Mr Archibald dried his forehead with a handkerchief, a symptom of his incredulity. "They asking you to organise a charity, Mr Sookhoo? Who asking you to organise a charity?"

"The Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute. They want me to help organise a little carol singing for them."

"I never knew such an institute existed."

"Is a new thing. Just start up a few months ago."

"Ah. But why you, Mr Sookhoo? Not that I want to be rude or anything like that, but to be frank..."

Mr Sookhoo smiled gallantly. "I know what you want to say, Head. I know exactly what you want to say. And believe me I not offended. I deserve it. I know that my life—up till now that is—hasn't been perfect and that like most men I have a few faults..."

"A few!"

"Well..." Mr Sookhoo laughed. "I don't know how to say this, Head—I know it going to sound funny coming from a man like me—but all the same, I think I finally see the light."

"What light?"

—*Continued*

Freshly washed and dressed in white, the children looked convincing. The choirs met with immoderate success.

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"Head! How you mean 'what light?' That don't sound nice coming from a man like you, a man of education."

Mr Archibald's vanity was touched. "Sorry, Mr Sookhoo. I didn't mean that. As you yourself say, it must sound a bit funny coming from a man like you."

"At my time of life," Mr Sookhoo said, "you does have to start thinking about things and I been doing a lot of thinking recently. I mean to say, a man can't spend all he days living just to fill he belly. Sooner or later you got to set your mind on higher things. Agree?"

"That is something nobody can teach us, Mr Sookhoo." Mr Archibald's eyes swept vaguely across the ceiling of the classroom. Then they hardened, assuming a more businesslike expression. "But why *you*, Mr Sookhoo? That is what I still don't understand. Even accepting that you have seen the... the light, surely the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute could find other people. After all —and don't get me wrong—Christmas is a Christian festival and you're a Hindu. A worthy religion but..."

"Transport, Head. Transport. They want me to help them out with the truck. And," he added hastily, "don't think I is the only one. This is a big operation they have plan. I only in charge of one area, you understand."

"I still don't see what this has to do with me, Mr Sookhoo."

Mr Sookhoo leaned even closer over the desk. Mr Archibald could retreat no further. He smiled wanly. "Let me put it this way, Head. I thought it would be a really nice gesture if your pupils could help out a worthy cause by singing a few carol. My truck is at their disposal. And don't worry. Is I who go be paying for the gasoline."

Mr Archibald opened his eyes wide in surprise. Mr Sookhoo grinned broadly at him. "I really don't know what to say, Mr Sookhoo. Your generosity is overwhelming. I feel quite faint." Mr Archibald fluttered the handkerchief before his face: he read mainly ladies' novels.

"It's a deal then, Head? You teach them to sing a few carol and I take them to Port-of-Spain in the truck free of charge. You have nothing to lose." Mr Sookhoo held out his hand.

"Your generosity makes me feel quite faint, Mr Sookhoo."

"Don't worry, Head. You should be thankful I see the light."

It took Mr Archibald a week to teach his pupils a repertoire of six carols. His enthusiasm surprised even Mr Sookhoo, who went every afternoon to the school to hear the children practise. Standing at the back of the classroom, he would beat time with a ruler and shout encouragingly at them.

"That's the way, kiddies. Remember it's a worthy cause you singing for. That's the way."

And Mr Archibald, beaming, would swing his baton (in fact a whip) with renewed vigour.

THAT first expedition into Port-of-Spain was a gay affair. Mr Sookhoo polished his truck and drove to the school. Freshly washed and dressed in white, the children looked convincing. Mr Archibald had provided them with candles. "I felt it was the least I could do," he explained to Mr Sookhoo. The children climbed into the tray of the truck. Mr Archibald beamed and waved his baton; and Mr Sookhoo, working over his calculations, wore a satisfied grin. They drove to one of the richer suburbs of the city and Mr Sookhoo parked his truck discreetly in a narrow side street. He gathered the children about him.

"This is the moment we've all been waiting for, kiddies. Now, I want you all to divide yourselves into groups of five. Each group will choose one street and work that. It have only two things left for me to tell you. First and most important, don't mention my name to nobody..."

"Why?"

Mr Sookhoo glowered at the questioner, a small, thin, earnest child.

"Because I is a modest kind of person, that's why. If they ask you who send you, say is the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute. And if they say they never hear of that before, tell them is a new thing just open up. You understand what it is I saying?" The children nodded confusedly. "Second. Try and get a dollar each time you sing. The moment they pay you, stop singing. What would be the point in singing more after that, eh?" Mr Sookhoo giggled. The earnest looking boy gazed sternly at him. Mr Sookhoo, catching his eye, turned away in discomfort. "Remember what a worthy cause it is and that your only reward will be the pleasure you bring to deaf, dumb and blind people the world over. I will sit here in the truck and wait for you to come back."

The groups dispersed and Mr Sookhoo, fetching a deep sigh, took a toothpick from his shirt and scratched contentedly at his front teeth.

The choirs met with immoderate success. Only at one house were they turned away. Apart from that the residents listened attentively to their renditions and no one gave them less than a dollar. In all, Mr Sookhoo collected just over forty dollars. He was jubilant. He handled the notes lovingly.

"Good work."

"Mr Sookhoo..." the earnest boy began.

"Later, Sonny, later."

"HAVE a look at that, woman." Mr Sookhoo displayed the night's takings to his wife. "Forty dollars in hard cash. And how? By using the brains God give me. By thinking. That's how."

"Some people does call it embezzling. They bound to find out sooner or later what you doing."

"How they go find out?" Mr Sookhoo folded the notes and put them into his pocket.

Success stimulated ambition. "We going to start earlier and finish later," he informed the children the next day. "That way you might each work through two streets instead of one."

The choirs were not quite as gay as they had been the night before, but they set about their task without complaint.

That night Mr Sookhoo collected fifty-five dollars. He could hardly contain himself, counting the notes again and again. "Organisation was all it needed," he said to himself.

"Mr Sookhoo..."

"Later, Sonny, later."

Mr Sookhoo prospered for a whole week. He had collected over three hundred dollars. And there were still two weeks to go to Christmas; and here were several suburbs waiting to be plundered. His eyes glittered. Nevertheless his wife, despite the new dresses he had bought for her, remained morose and disapproving.

"You going to end up in jail, Sookhoo."

Mr Sookhoo shrugged and continued his calculations.

Early the next morning Mr Archibald came to see him.

"How things going, Mr Sookhoo?"

"As well as could be expected in the circumstances, Head."

"What, like you not collecting enough?"

"Is a hard business, Head. These rich people tight, tight with they money."

Mr Archibald dried his forehead with a handkerchief. "You know Horace?"

"Who is Horace?" Mr Sookhoo's heart sank.

"One of my pupils. He say you working them down to the ground and that you collecting one hell of a lot of money."

"He's that thin little boy, not so? I always thought he was a trouble-maker."

"That boy is my brightest pupil, Mr Sookhoo. He's going to go far."

"They is the worst kind." Mr Sookhoo strolled out to the verandah. Mr Archibald followed him.

"Tell me something, Mr Sookhoo."

"Anything for you, Head."

Mr Archibald cleared his throat. "You sure you being honest and above board with me? I mean this institute really exist, not so?"

Mr Sookhoo gave the headmaster a pained look. "Head! Head! You mean to say that after all that pass between we, you could still turn to me and say things like that? A man of your education?"

"Just put my mind at rest, Mr Sookhoo. You really see the light?" Mr Archibald spoke in a whisper.

Mr Sookhoo rested a comforting hand on the headmaster's shoulder. "Honest to God, Head. I really seeing the light."

Mr Archibald relaxed. He was anxious to believe Mr Sookhoo.

"Just one more thing then," he said. "These children working real hard. You could buy them a little sweet drink and ice cream every day. I sure the Institute wouldn't mind."

"Anything you say, Head. But I'll have to tell the Institute about it."

"I could do that for you. I don't want them to think you cheating them."

"Don't bother yourself, Head. They trust me."

Mr Archibald smiled and left the house.

THE next day, the second week of their carolling, Mr Sookhoo took the children to the Trinidad Dairies. He bought them a

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Coca Cola each. When they had finished Mr Sookhoo got up to go.

"You forgetting something," Horace said.

Mr Sookhoo instinctively felt for his wallet. His hand caressed the square lump. "What it is I forgetting, Mr Know All?"

The children gathered in an expectant circle.

"Ice-cream. Mr Archibald tell you to buy ice-cream for we."

Mr Sookhoo scowled. "They don't sell ice-cream here."

"You fibbing. I myself see people buying ice-cream here." He appealed to the other children.

"I just see a man buy a ice-cream," one of them said.

"Well I say they don't sell ice-cream here. And therefore they don't, you understand?"

"I know for a fact they does sell ice cream here," Horace insisted. "To tell you the truth, I believe you trying to cheat we, Mr Sookhoo. I believe you keeping all that money you been collecting for yourself." Horace pouted insolently. "I have a good mind to tell Mr Archibald how you does take advantage of we."

For a moment Mr Sookhoo hesitated, resisting the temptation to slap Horace. Finally he said, "You could tell Mr Archibald anything you want, you little sonofabitch."

"All you hear what he saying to me? You hear?" And looking greatly aggrieved, Horace walked away from the bar.

"I feel like letting the little sonofabitch find his own way home," Mr Sookhoo said. Unhappily, he could read no sympathy on the faces of the choir.

TWO days later Mr Archibald had a visitor.

"I come to ask a favour of you, Headmaster."

"I will do anything that is in my power to help you, sir," Mr Archibald replied with prim satisfaction.

"I'm involved in charity work..."

"I myself have been having a little experience of that. But go on, go on, don't let me interrupt you." Mr Archibald fluttered his handkerchief.

"Well, I was wondering if as a favour your pupils would care to sing carols for my charity. We choose certain schools each year..."

Mr Archibald smiled sympathetically. "I wish I could help you, sir. I really wish I could. But how can I put it? To cut a long story short, we're already booked up this year. I'm sorry."

"Don't worry, Mr Archibald. I understand. As I always say at times like these: one charity is as good as another. The unfortunate, no matter what their affliction, are always to be succoured."

"Truer word was never spoken." Mr Archibald's eyes travelled the length of the ceiling.

For some seconds both men savoured their goodness.

"Incidentally, Headmaster—and I hope you don't mind my asking you..."

"Not at all, sir. Not at all. I have no secrets."

"What charity are your pupils singing for?"

"The Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute. I believe it's a new thing, just opened up a few months ago."

His visitor started. There was a long silence while they looked at each other.

"That's a very strange thing, Headmaster. You see I work for something called the Blind Institute. But the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute... Luckily I have a list of accredited charities here with me." The visitor took a pamphlet from his pocket and scanned it. He clucked his tongue. "Pardon me saying so, Headmaster, but I think you've been taken for a ride..."

"I feel quite faint."

"And this is the most up-to-date list I have here."

"I really do feel quite faint."

WHEN Mr Ali saw the group of children led by Horace coming confidently up the path towards him and singing *Silent Night*, he lost his temper.

"Stop that blasted racket this minute! You mean to say a man can't get a little peace and quiet in his own house these days?"

The choir stuttered into silence, their candles guttering in the wind. Loose gravel shifted under their feet. It had been their rudest welcome to date.

"Tell me who it is send you to disturb my peace. I'll have the police onto him in no time at all." Mr Ali raised his voice even louder.

"Is the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute what send we."

"The Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute, eh! Try me with another one."

"Is a new thing. Just open up these last few months," one of the children ventured timidly. The child looked round for Horace, their acknowledged leader. But Horace had detached himself from the group and stood to one side, lost in contemplation.

"You have any identification?" Mr Ali demanded, coming closer to the child. He was very threatening.

—Continued

"Mr Sookhoo! Mr Sookhoo! Wait for we! Wait for we!" The cries of the choir faded behind him, drowned by the roar of the engine.

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The child cringed. "Ask Horace over there. He will know about that."

Mr Ali walked over to Horace. "Tell me who send you," he shouted. "And remember no lies. I is a man quick with my belt. If you not careful I'll skin the whole lot of you alive."

Horace smirked. "Is Mr Sookhoo who send we."

"Mr Sookhoo! He have a moustache and big belly?"

Horace nodded.

"And he does drive a truck?"

"He park just down the road waiting for we to come back."

"And what about this so-called institute? It have any truth in that?"

Horace shook his head. "Mr Sookhoo make that up." His smirk intensified.

"What a tricky bugger, eh! So that's why the sonofabitch wasn't delivering my gravel. Come and show me where Mr Sookhoo is, Horace. I have a little outstanding business to settle with him."

Horace, abandoning his candle, skipped eagerly down the path, followed by Mr Ali and the totally nonplussed choir.

MR Sookhoo was sitting in his truck, sucking a toothpick and occasionally looking at his watch. A notebook lay open on his lap covered with scrawled calculations. The confused sound of children's voices reached his ear.

"How come they so early tonight?" he wondered, peering into the rear-view mirror. Mr Sookhoo stiffened. The toothpick hung limp between his teeth.

"Mr Sookhoo! Mr Sookhoo! I so glad I manage to catch up with you at last. I been so longing to have a little talk with you these last few weeks." Mr Ali's voice floated sweetly on the night air.

"Well, believe me when I say you still have a lot of catching up to do," Mr Sookhoo muttered. He flung the toothpick out of the window. The engine stammered into action and the truck lurched away from the curb, gathering speed.

"Don't think you could get away from me so easy, Mr Sookhoo."

"Mr Sookhoo! Mr Sookhoo! Wait for we! Wait for we!"

The cries of the choir faded behind him, drowned by the roar of the engine.

"WOMAN, bring your clothes quick! I think we have to go away from here for a while. Things hotting up." Mr Sookhoo raced up the steps to the verandah and stood there catching his breath.

"Good evening, Mr Sookhoo. Like you been out taking a little drive?" Two large policemen came strolling casually through the sitting room door, flourishing torches.

Mr Sookhoo clutched at his heart. However, he recovered himself quickly.

"Why, is you, constable?"

"I is not a constable any more, Mr Sookhoo. Thanks to people like you, I is a sergeant now." The policeman fingered the stripes on his sleeve. "He is a constable." He pointed, with just a hint of malice, at the other policeman, who remained leaning against the open door, shining his torch on the tips of his boots.

"Ah. I glad for you. I always thought you would go far in the Force."

Mr Archibald joined them, accompanied by his visitor. Mrs Sookhoo, her cheeks wet with tears, shuffled behind them.

"Man, Man..." she moaned.

Mr Sookhoo paid her no attention. "Why, Head. You here too. And I see you bring a friend with you as well."

"You deceived me, Mr Sookhoo. A most cruel deception." Mr Archibald was genuinely grieved.

"Well, Head, what to do?" Mr Sookhoo gestured hopelessly.

Mr Archibald's visitor gazed sternly at him. "This is no time for joking, Mr Sookhoo. That is to add insult to injury."

"I really thought you had seen the light, Mr Sookhoo." Mr Archibald seemed to be on the verge of tears.

The sergeant produced a notebook and licked the tip of his pencil. "Mr Sookhoo will see a lot of lights in jail," he said quietly and started to write.

Mrs Sookhoo moaned louder.

"This gentleman," the sergeant went on, indicating Mr Archibald's visitor, "is from the Blind Institute. Show him your card, Mr Harris."

Mr Harris showed Mr Sookhoo his card.

He refused to look at it. "I know all them tricks," Mr Sookhoo said. "Ask him how much money he does make out of it. Go on. Ask him."

Mr Harris flushed. "I get paid a salary for the work I do, Mr Sookhoo. Legally. A man has to earn his daily bread. Just because I'm a social worker it doesn't mean I can live on air."

"Daily bread my arse. You see the expensive suit and tie he wearing? I could tell you where he get the money to buy all that from."

"I should warn you, Mr Sookhoo, that everything you say be taken down in evidence against you." The sergeant scribbled vigorously.

"Adding insult to injury," Mr Harris was saying. "If you're not careful, Mr Sookhoo, I'll sue you for libel."

A sleek motor-car stopped near the house. Horace and Mr Ali entered the yard out of breath.

"Ali! Like is a real party we having here tonight."

"I not in a party mood, Mr Sookhoo. I come for all that money I pay you for the gravel."

"What gravel is this?" the sergeant asked interestedly.

Mr Ali outlined his grievances.

"The plot thickens," the sergeant said.

"Man, man. Remember how I did tell you to forget all this Christmas carol business and go and give Ali he gravel. Remember..."

"Shut your blasted mouth, woman. Go and do something useful. Bring me a toothpick."

Horace approached Mr Archibald. He tugged at his trousers. "And he didn't buy we any ice-creams either. And you should hear how he insult me when I remind him. You could ask the rest of them. They was there. Ask them."

"Is this true, Mr Sookhoo?"

"I think you should expel that boy from your school, Head. He's a real little sonofabitch."

"You hear? Your hear? You hear the kind of bad things he does call me?"

"Don't worry, Horace. Mr Sookhoo is going to get what's coming to him."

"One day," Mr Sookhoo said, "that same Horace you know now patting and hugging going to embezzle everybody in this island out of house and home." Mr Sookhoo spat on the rose bush. "You mark my words."

"I don't think we can do much more here," the sergeant said. "You better come to the station with us, Mr Sookhoo. You could make your statement there—for what it's worth."

"Anything you say, Sarge."

Sandwiched between the two policemen, Mr Sookhoo was escorted to the waiting car. He waved to the small crowd that had gathered on the pavement.

"I tell you all this thinking that you was doing would land you up in jail, Sookhoo. Don't say I never warn you."

Mr Sookhoo smiled at his wife. "You never bring me that toothpick in the end." He laughed. "You is a really obstinate woman."

The car drove off.

"The Good Lord is just. Isn't he, Horace?" Mr Harris curled an affectionate arm around the boy.

"Yes." Horace grinned and remembered with delight that Mr Archibald had promised to buy him an ice-cream.

THE AUTHOR, SHIVA NAIPAUL, is the younger brother of V. S. Naipaul. He was born in 1945 in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, and took a degree in Chinese from the University of Oxford. His first novel Fireflies (1971) won the Jock Campbell-New Statesman Award, the John Llewellyn-Rees Memorial Award, the Winifred Holtby Prize and the Royal Society of Literature Award. His first collection of short stories was published in Penguin Modern Stories. His second novel, The Chip Chip Gatherers, was published in April this year. He is now in India working on his third novel.

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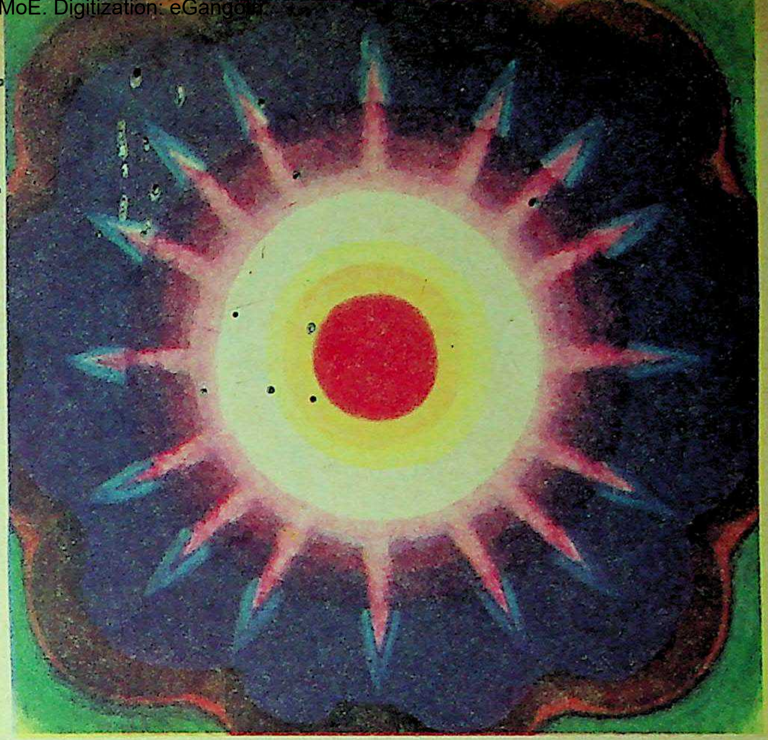
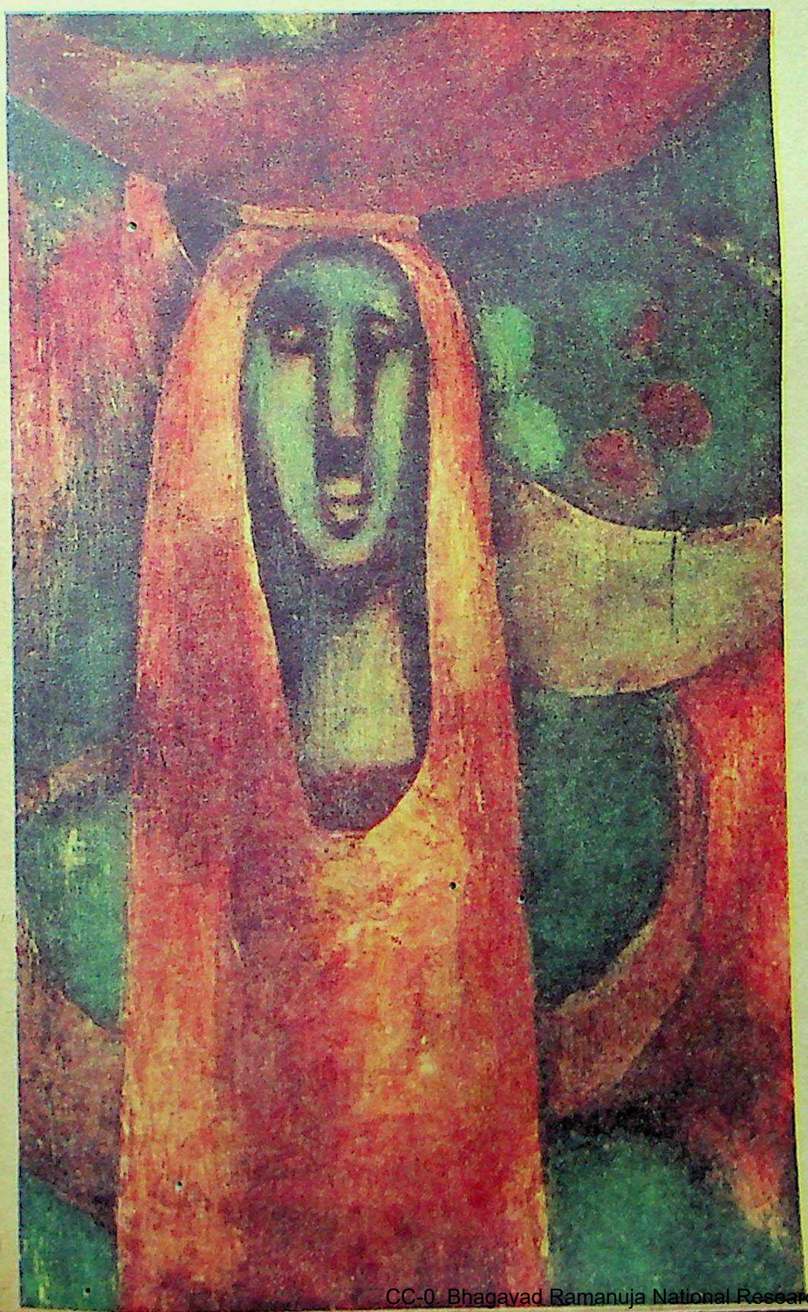
—BHUPEN KHAKHAR



—BIREN DE

Examples of Recent Indian Art

—HAKU SHAH



by

NISSIM EZEKIEL

A wide variety of styles and techniques is practised by modern Indian artists. They reveal a host of different influences, ideas and attitudes. No single movement or group dominates the scene today. The paintings selected for reproduction here are essentially unique, but they also represent tendencies which may or may not be widespread. They certainly stand for the artist's main idiom as he has employed it for several years. The critic's comments are exercises in interpretation and judgement.

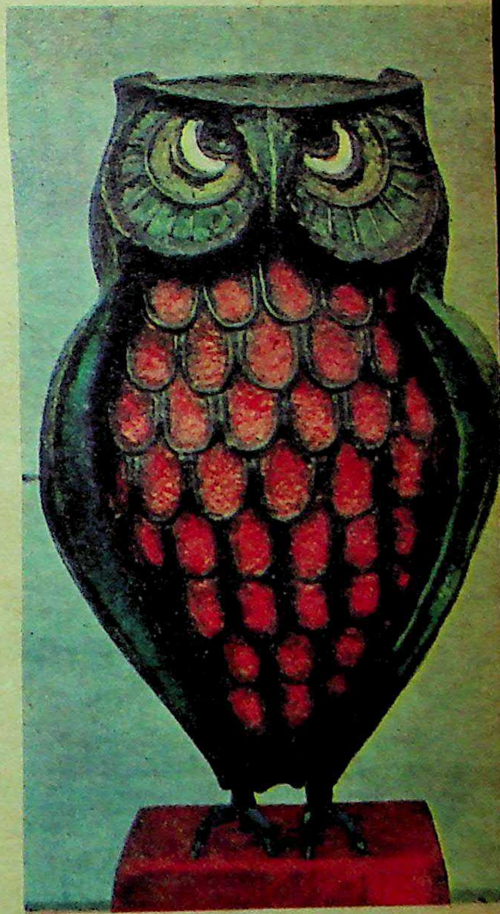
Biren De

IN the catalogue of a recent exhibition, Biren De reproduced a critic's view of his Tantric abstractions. The critic wrote of them in terms of:

(1) "the race's urge to meta-union";

(2) "a flash of flesh which is new";

—Continued



—P. V. JANAKIRAM

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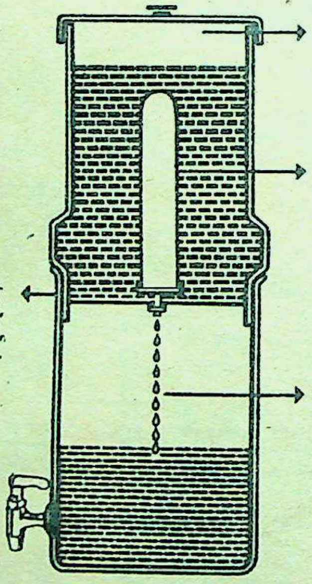

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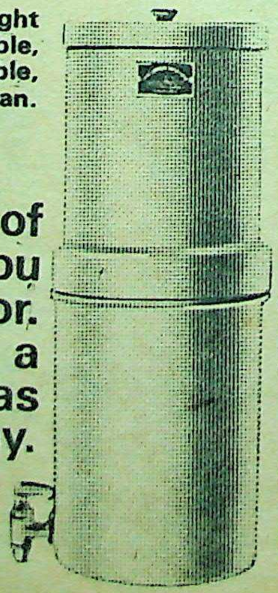

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—JAYAN...

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(3) "the in-sucking whirlpool of a divine furnace";

(4) "inspired Blakean madness and intensity";

(5) "the catholicities of pristine nature itself";

(6) "meditation", and "the certainty of human faith".

The artist apparently approves of these terms, and offers them to us as accurate descriptions of his motives as well as his products. Is he then a mystic seer on the eternal quest? Or is he, in fact, providing graphic variations of source images created within a particular Indian cult?

There is no reason why a contemporary artist should not *exploit* these images, in the best sense, for his own purposes. But he can hardly hope to be identified with their inspiration. What we actually get in Biren De is the visual residue without the spiritual dimension. That is exactly what is expected in such cases.

It may be enough but it is Tantric only by derivation, not resurrection. It is a bright and brilliant exercise in a specifically symbolic mode of art. The symbols now symbolise as allusions only. They are essentially colourful forms, claiming the meanings which belong to their originals. Their true aspect is blandness.

Jayant Parikh

TWO different procedures are used in a Jayant Parikh painting to create a total environment. One is simple, but not ordinary in adoption: the division of space with colour as the decisive factor. The other is complex, and equally personalised: the placing of figures and of recognisable forms in elusive relationships, suggestive of dream and fantasy.

These two procedures work reasonably well, separate and together. The picture, as a whole, seems firmly unified. The colours and the forms have a confident inevitability. The details are of interest even when their representative function is not clear.

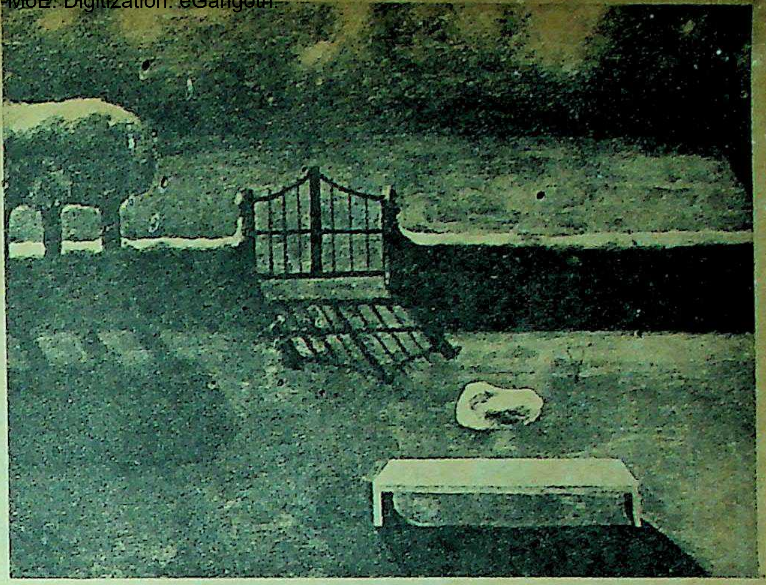
I find something sharp and true in each composition. When it is also subtle, the artist's problem is with the content. It does not rise to the occasion, so to speak. I feel the need for an existential statement of some kind, some particular human significance. Since this is either lacking altogether or is highly generalised, I tend to indulge in guess-work, for which, the artist simply does not supply adequate hints.

Haku Shah

IN ART, choice of inspiration must be vindicated by demonstrated psychological affinities. If one is hard-headed, pragmatic, career-oriented and with an aggressive personality, any naive idiom is not best calculated to result in convincing expression.

Haku Shah has the background for the natural use of Indian folk art motifs. Sophistication begins when the creator becomes a collector. As a Baroda Fine Arts College graduate and later a National Institute of Design research assistant, he completes the move into another world. He belongs there now. From vital impulse he goes to a point where only nostalgia is possible, not discovery.

What can happen to the Adivasi spirit of Haku Shah's heritage except radical modification and transformation? The artist, rightly, permits that to happen. He does not artificially preserve the pure but also crude iconography which was born in the woods. The themes are old and of perennial appeal but the treatment gives them world-weary overtones. A shadow falls on the innocence of the primal forms and makes them heavy, brooding, contemporary. The vigour of the style is muted, the joy obscure. Only the authenticity of the process redeems one's disappointment.



—PARAMJIT SINGH

Paramjit Singh

THE surprise, if the viewer is knowledgeable, is a little obvious, not entirely because it was first manipulated by Rene Magritte. And as for the mixing of real with unreal elements, not only the surrealists but many non-ideological painters have played with the formula. So what do we think of Paramjit Singh?

For one thing, we remember that the more far-out a technique, the more difficult to conceal imitation. For another, the device may not work when the setting changes. Our artist ignores the first proposition. He by-passes the second by abandoning his natural setting. He invents—by starving his imagination instead of feeding it. The novelty of the consequent imagery is desperately impressive, a *tour de force* from which it is impossible to withhold admiration.

Besides, the execution of a Paramjit Singh painting is so flawless. Its surface polish is almost embarrassing. The floating stone, allegedly a key symbol, is in truth the least important part of the picture. Remove it, and nothing is lost. The sky is still luminous. The shadow of the romantic hedges is still faithful to its artistic spirit. The table on the green is only as substantial as it is meant to be, and the blue horizontal ship retains its authority. The fantasy is of the landscape, not of any displaced object within it.

Bhupen Khakhar

IF originality is genius, Bhupen Khakhar has it. He is the humorist in the Indian art scene, the satirist and the wit, both verbal and visual. When he holds an exhibition, he plays the last cards in his pack of Jokers. The invitation card, the catalogue and the publicity release are exuberant parodies. The pedantic, the literary and the theoretical are mocked with self-deprecatory irony. Art as Fun is presented with the slogan "Truth is Beauty and Beauty is God." Persistently applying for foreign scholarships, he confesses (gleefully) that he has not obtained even a "one month's scholarship to Afghanistan".

Khakhar does the critic's work for him. This is his "symbolic interpretation" of a painting depicting a tiger attacking a stag, with a city in the background and hills around it:

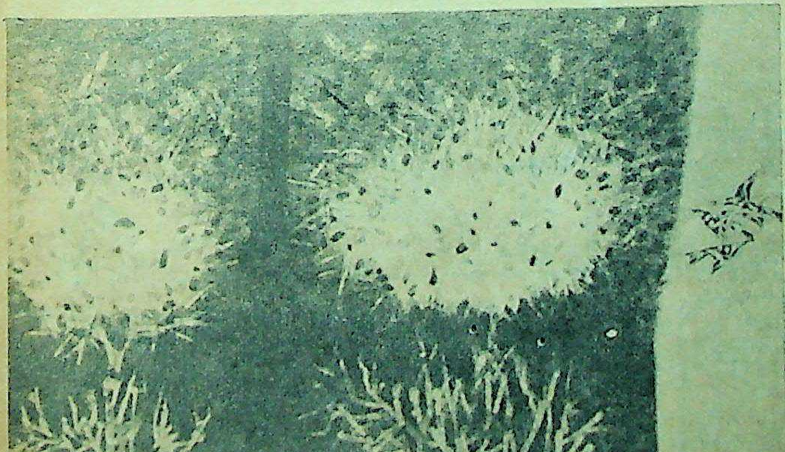
(*a*) A rich man attacking a poor man.

(*b*) India, an underdeveloped country, threatened by a developed country.

(*c*) The slightest unawareness leads to death.

(*d*) Might is stronger than right.

In the light—or darkness—of this assistance from the artist, the reader is invited to attempt a symbolic interpretation of "Old Men Playing Chess". No prizes are offered, not even booky ones.



—JAYANT PARIKH

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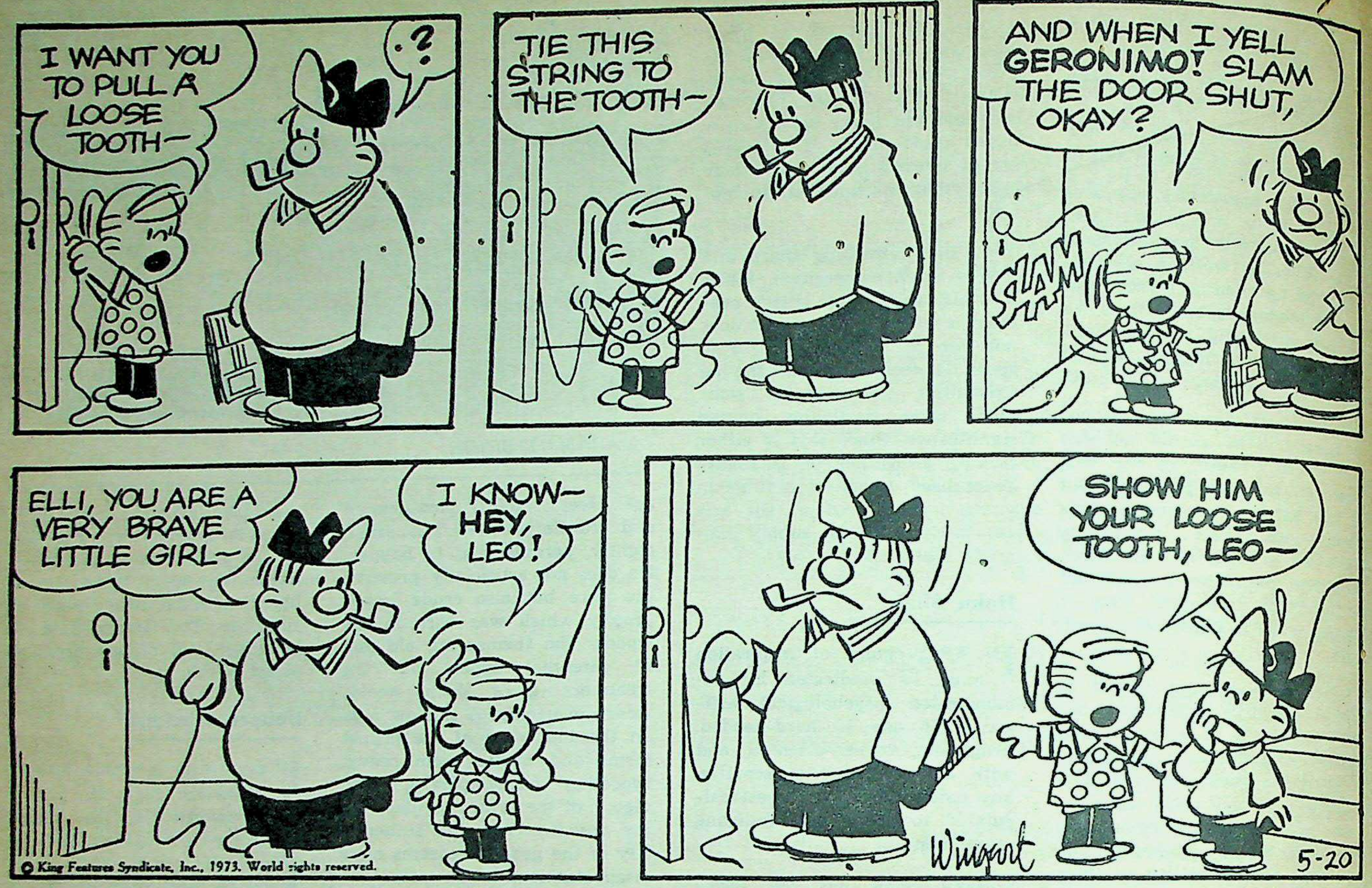
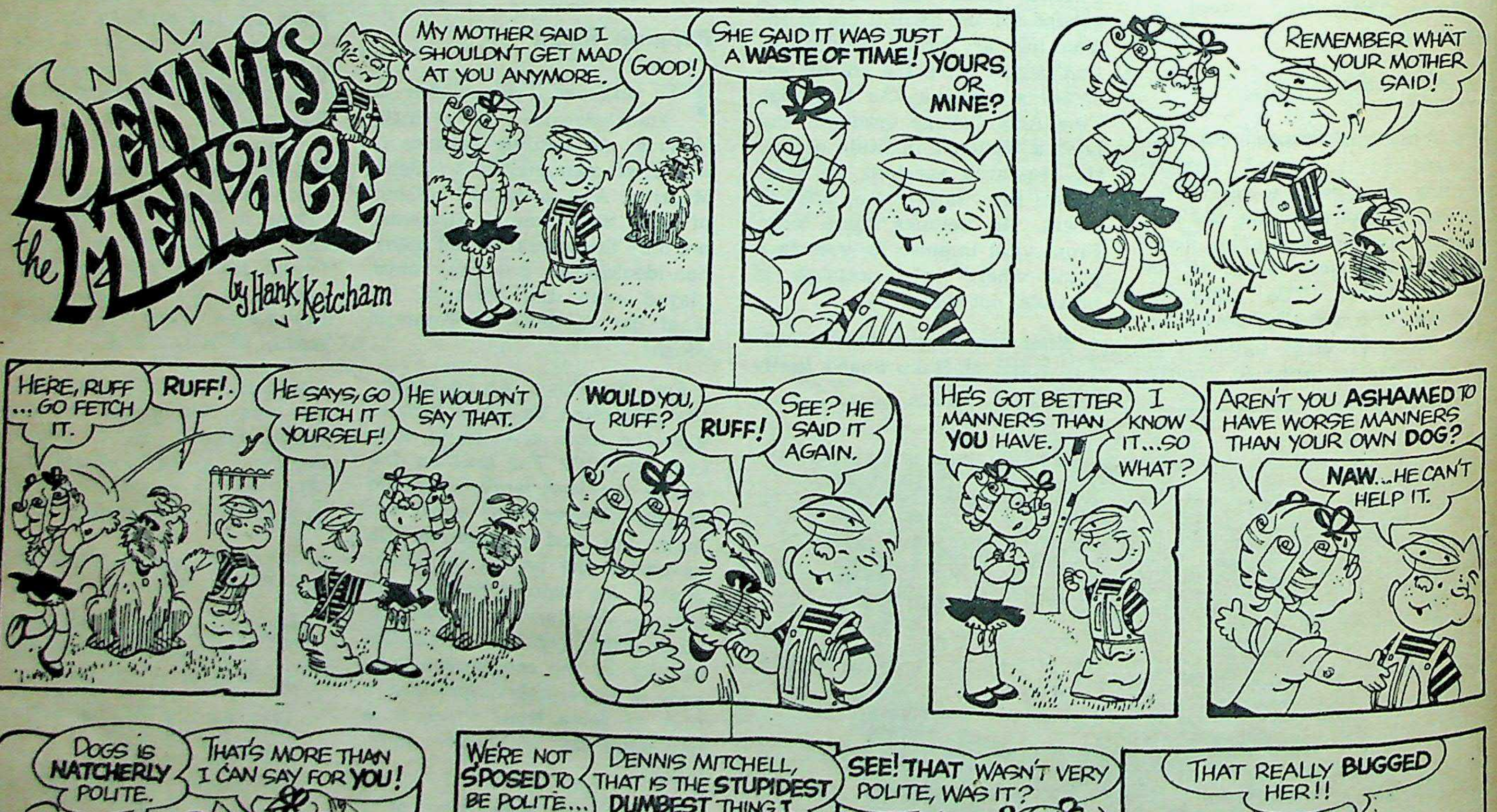
HUBERT by Dick Wingert





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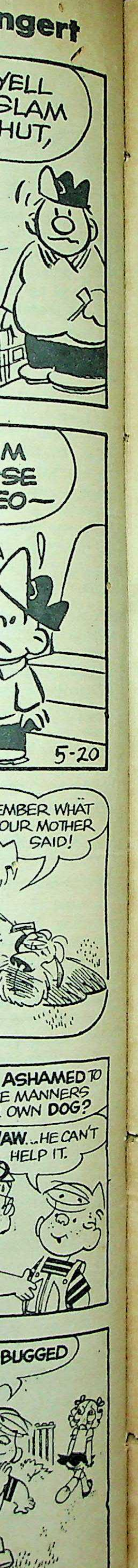

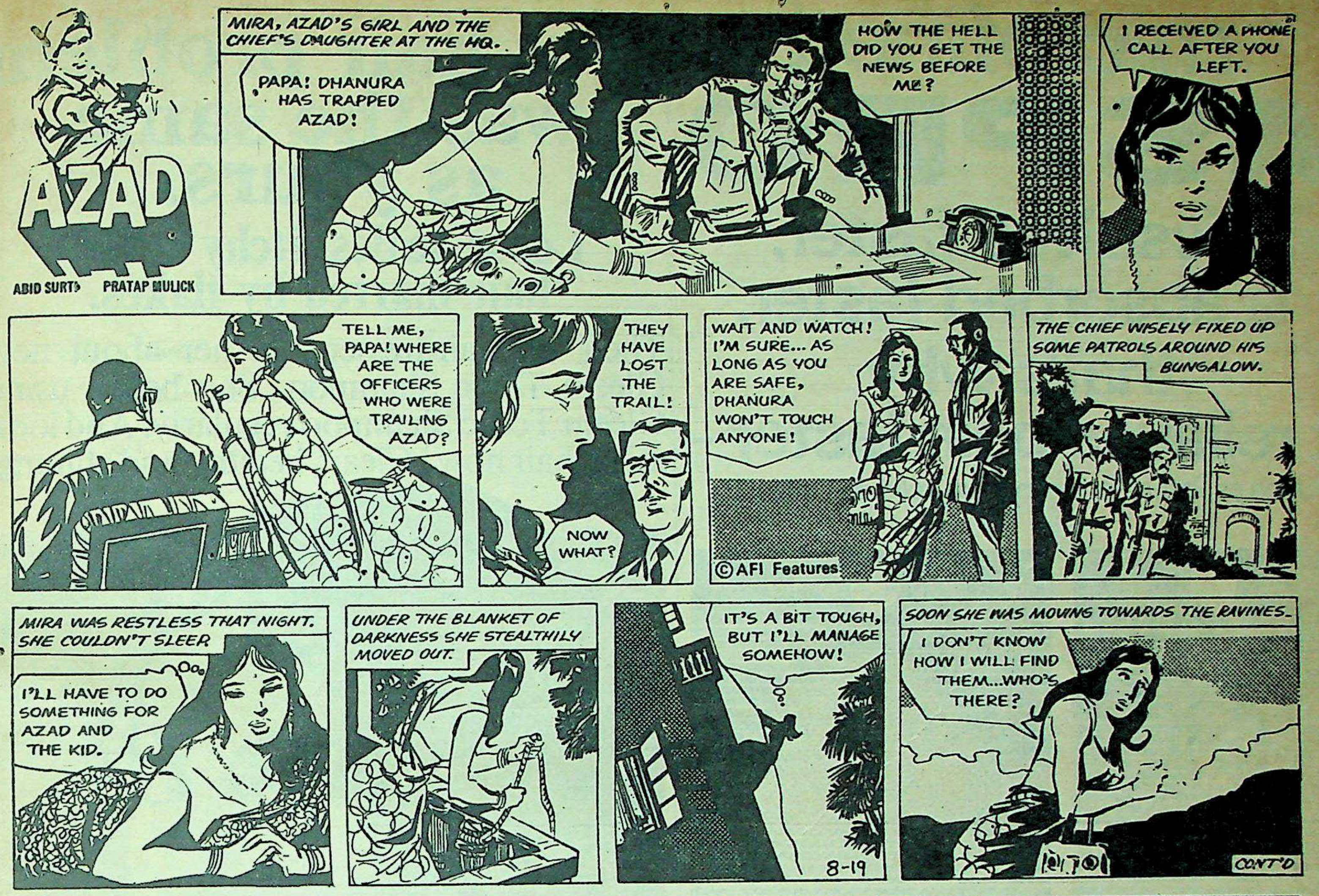

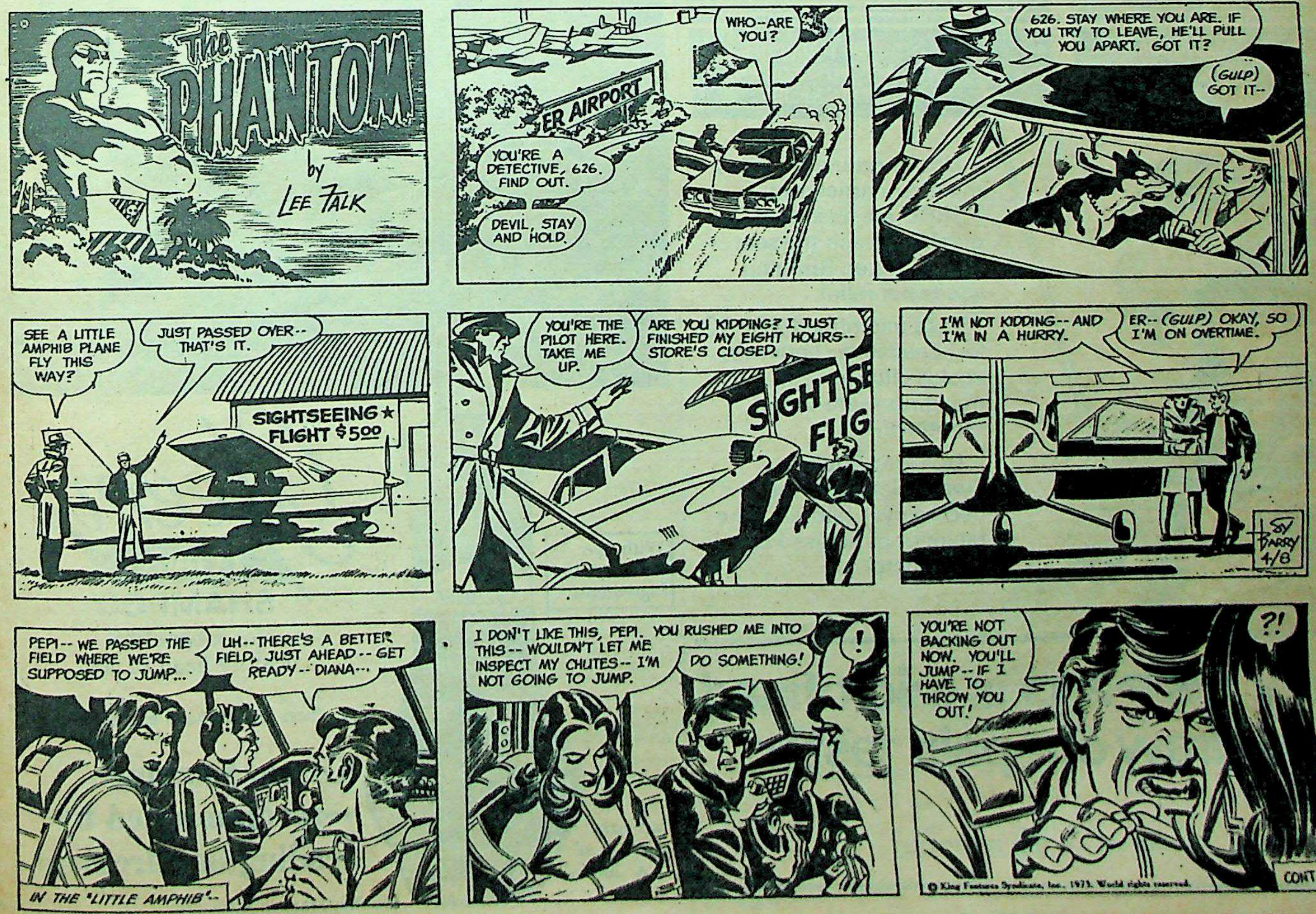

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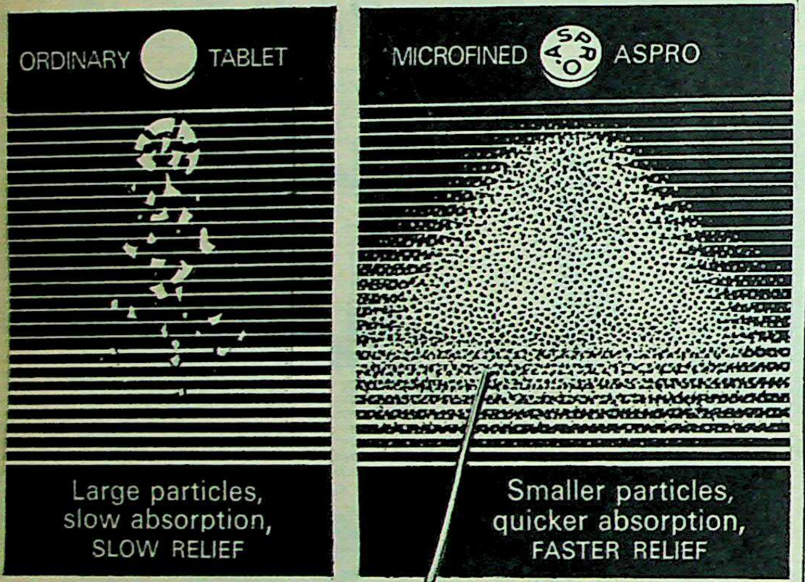

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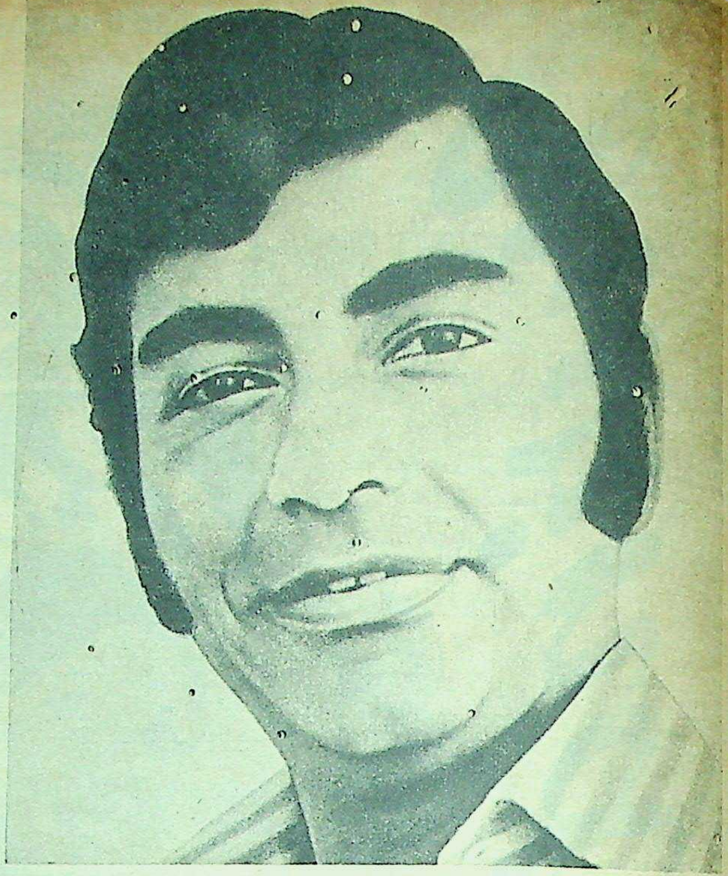

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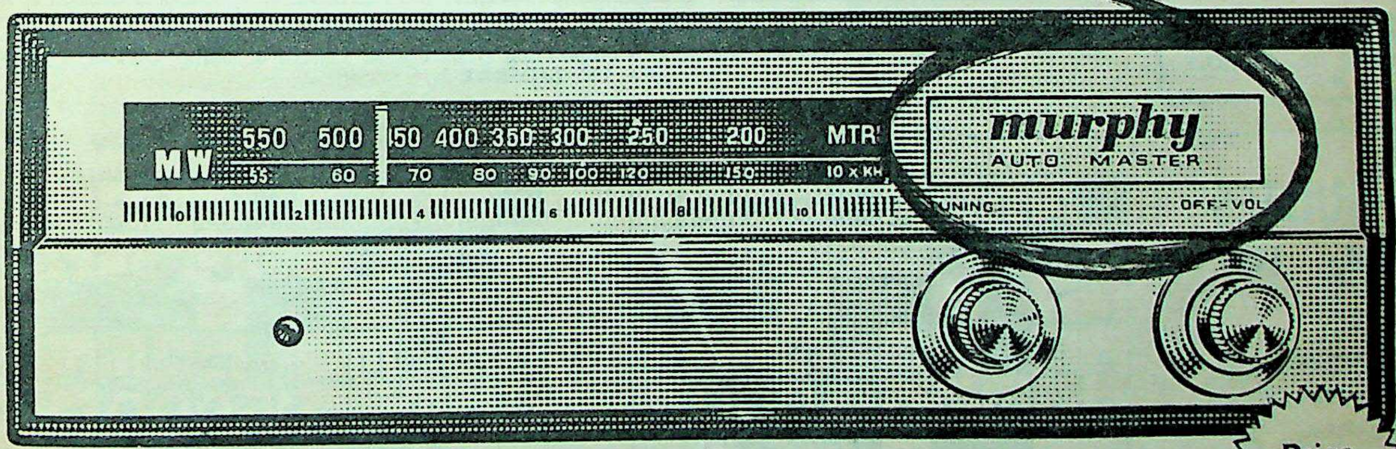

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Remember, regular entrants make regular winners!

"QUOTES" No. 197, appears in the August 12, 19, 26 & September 2, 1973 issues of "The Illustrated Weekly of India".

This literary pastime is purely one of skill in which every clue permits of only a one-word solution.

These Quotation Clues are actual quotations from authors, and they are sensible, witty and delightful, and, therefore, they are in themselves truly educative and entertaining. Moreover, there is no element of chance in this contest, because there is NO "Adjudication Committee" to decide the final solutions, and there is only one CORRECT ANSWER to each quotation clue—the word used by the author in his or her work.

RULES & CONDITIONS ON P. 76. ENTER REGULARLY & WIN.

Here's "QUOTES" No. 197, Our September Offer, with a handsome First Prize of Rs. 12,000! Find the suggestion in the clue or use your memory, knowledge and skill to spot the CORRECT WORD from among the words given at the end of each clue.

CLOSES: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1973.

CLUES ACROSS

1 Dictatorship, as he saw, can never be more than a temporary expedient; it is determined, as a rule, by a single ——. (LIFE|LINE)

2 "How lovely!" seemed over-enthusiastic for so expensive a ——, so I changed it to "Rather nice." (SHOP|SHOW)

4 "I'm not afraid of you," she said, ——, as she sat down. (BOLDLY|COLDLY)

9 "You see," she said in a low but angry voice. "They're ——." (SORE|SURE)

10 The underlying notion was, 'It disgraces me to have been mentioned in connexion with such a ——.' (BAG|HAG)

11 If there was anything wrong with his angle of vision, there would always be plenty of others to correct it. For himself, he wished to —— deep. (DIVE|LIVE)

12 When he had made an opening, he plunged his hand in, as if into a vault and brought out a dust-incrusted ——. (BASKET|CASKET)

13 After all, you're a year younger than most of your classmates. You could still catch up with them if you ——. (WAITED|WANTED)

CLUES DOWN

2 She started to whirl and run for the door, but from behind her a hand reached to —— hard over her mouth, and an arm pinioned her arms to her sides. (SLAP|SLIP)

3 There was a great —— of lightning and a long bumping of thunder as we reached the edge of the woods. (FLASH|SLASH)

5 'It's time these —— came out,' he said. (SEAMS|TEAMS)

6 All I know is the press, and the law of libel, and the laws relating to invasion of privacy: that's required of every newsman down to the lowliest ——. (CUB|SUB)

7 He can do anything the law will let him do, and he can —— a stab at doing some of the things the law won't let him do. (MAKE|TAKE)

8 But they were socially far apart, so it took time and female artfulness to —— her way with him. (HAVE|PAVE)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF SEPT. 30; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF OCT. 7. Address Envelope: "QUOTES" No. 197, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702, BOMBAY-1.

ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" NO. 197

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1973.

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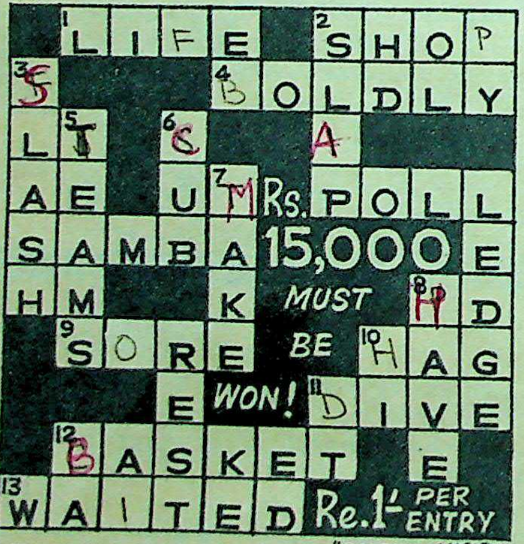

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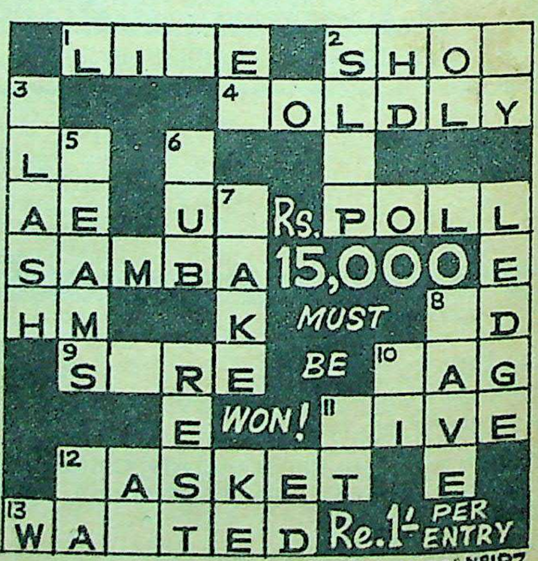

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In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

FULL NAME IN INK & BLOCK LETTERS } Mr. / Mrs. / Miss ____________________

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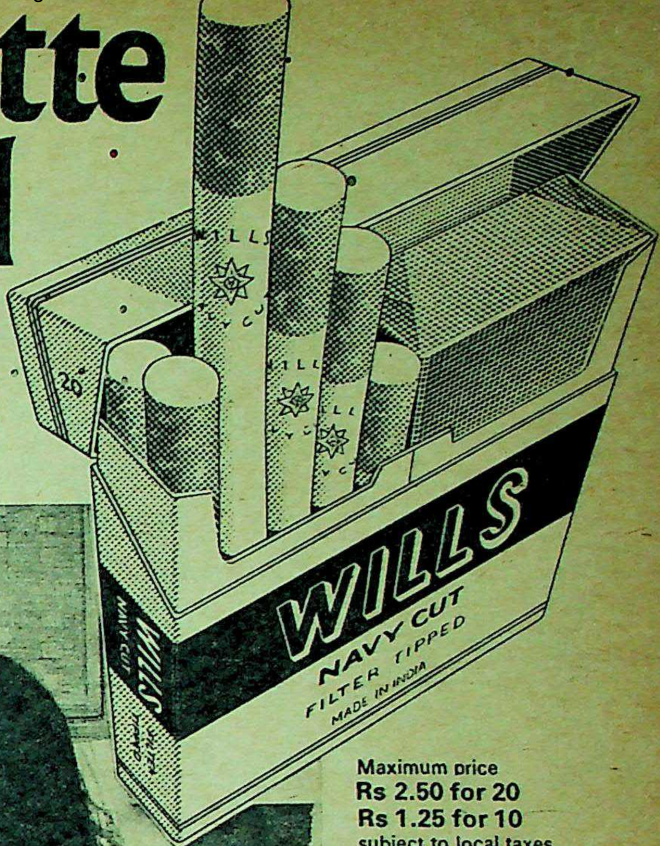

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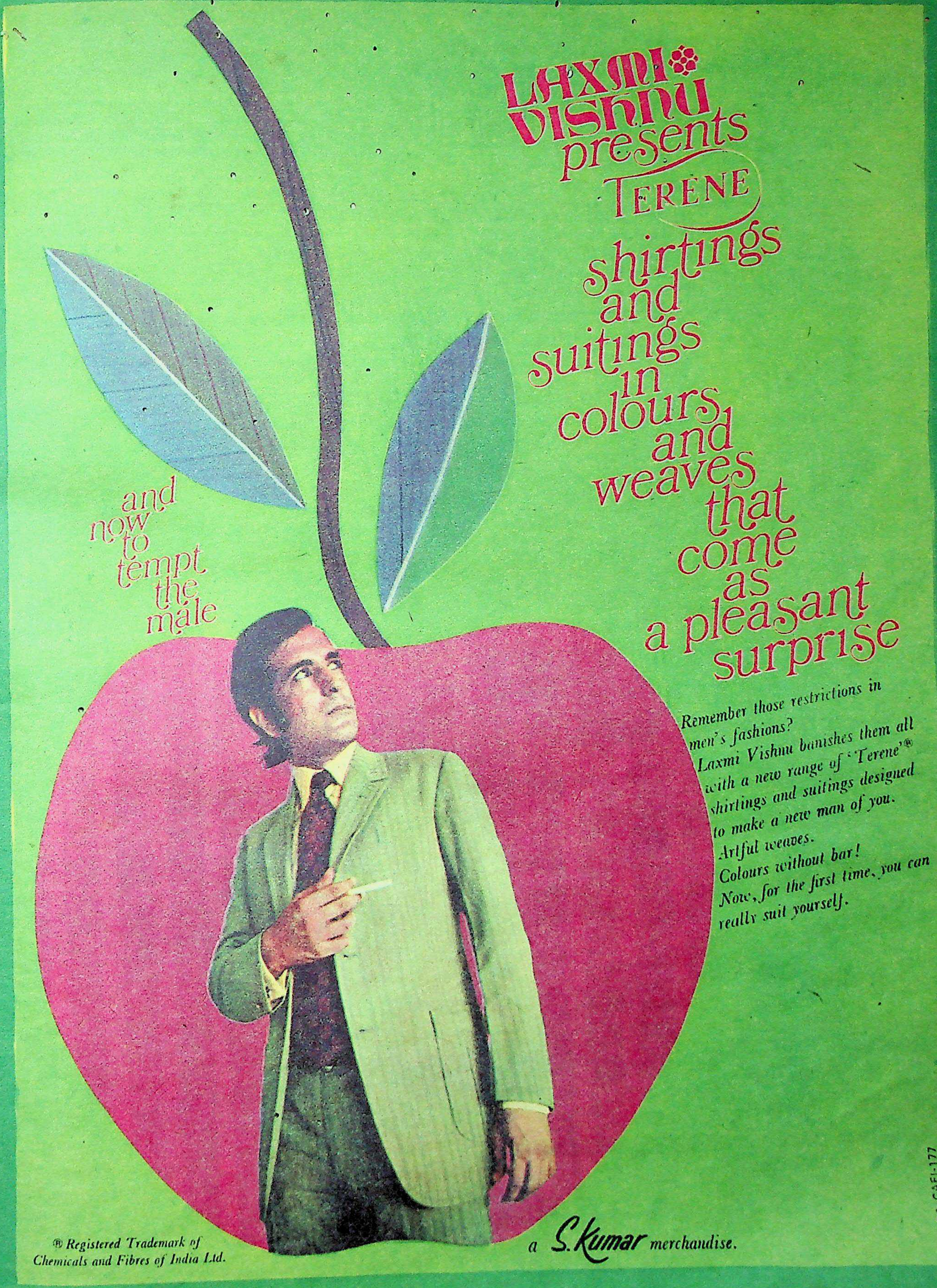

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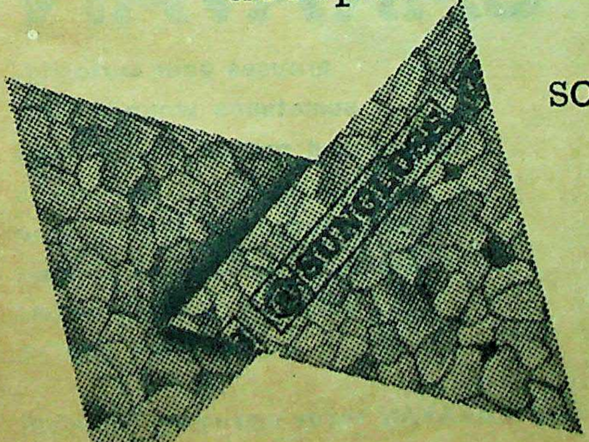

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CLUES AND ENTRY FORMS ON P. 70

1. All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with INK in **block letters or typewritten.** Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1/- per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order, Money Order or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. **Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps, or currency notes or coins** will not be accepted Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 197. Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 197, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order **receipts,** Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the space provided on the Entry Form. If this is not done, the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the sender.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing Date for all entries is Friday, September 7, 1973. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. **Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.**

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 12,000 will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes", Messrs. Bennett, Coleman & Co. (Ltd.) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the first publication of the prize-list of the Contest.

10. In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

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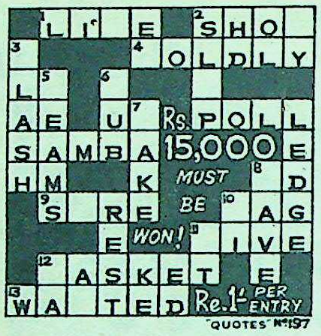

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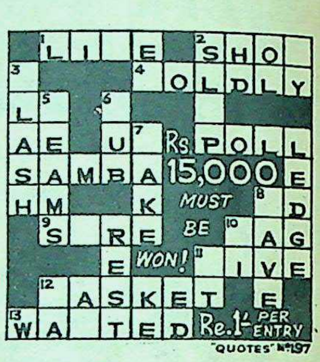

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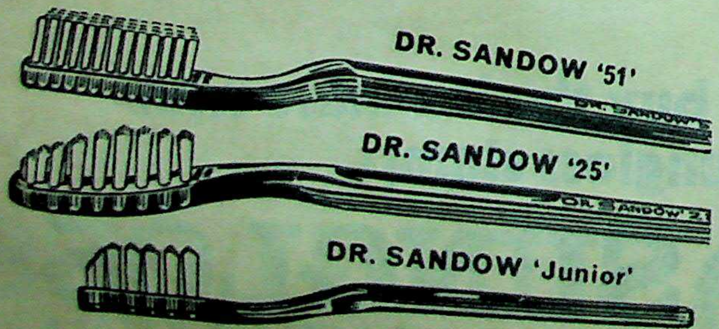

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[Not-hurrying is half the fun.]

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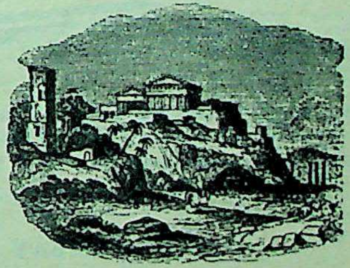

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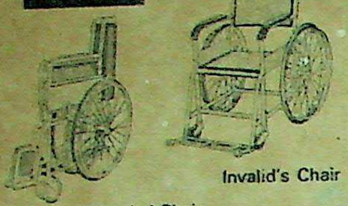

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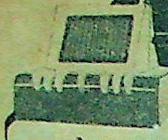

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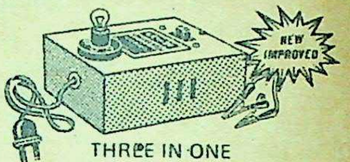

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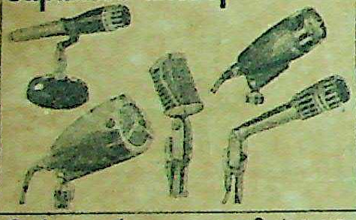

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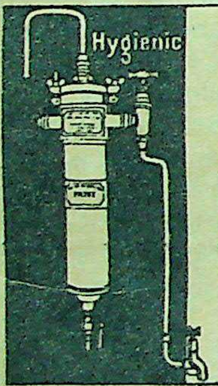

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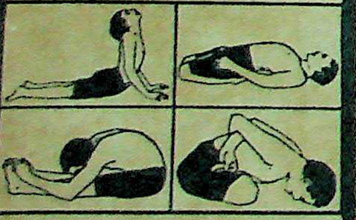

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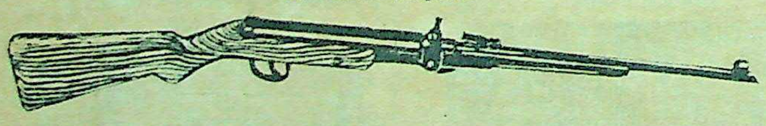

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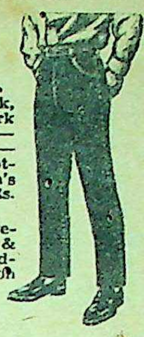

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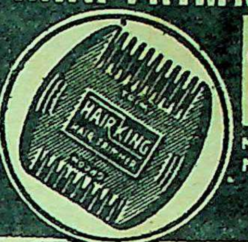

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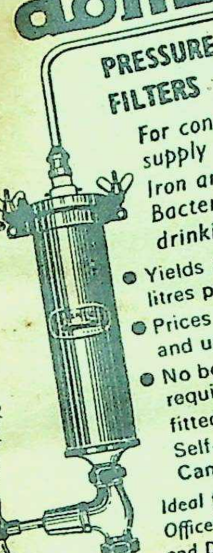

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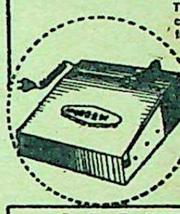

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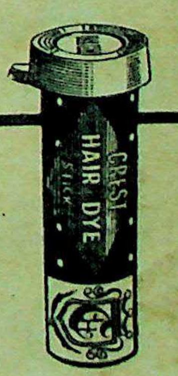

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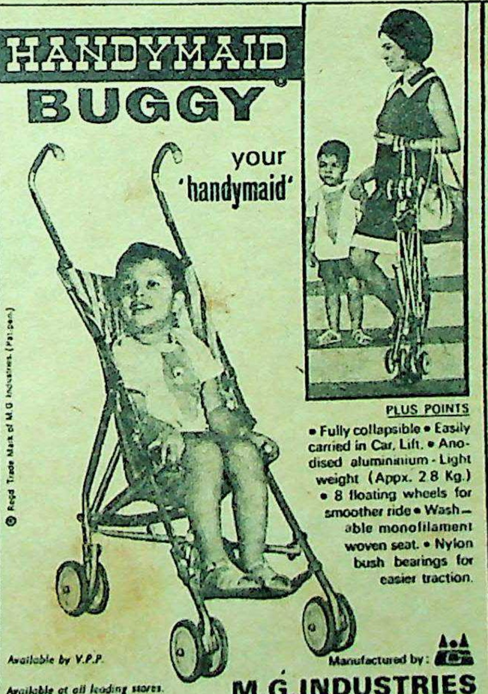

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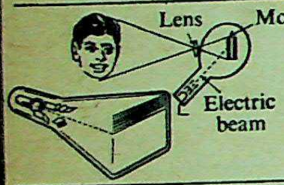

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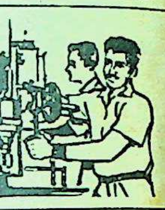

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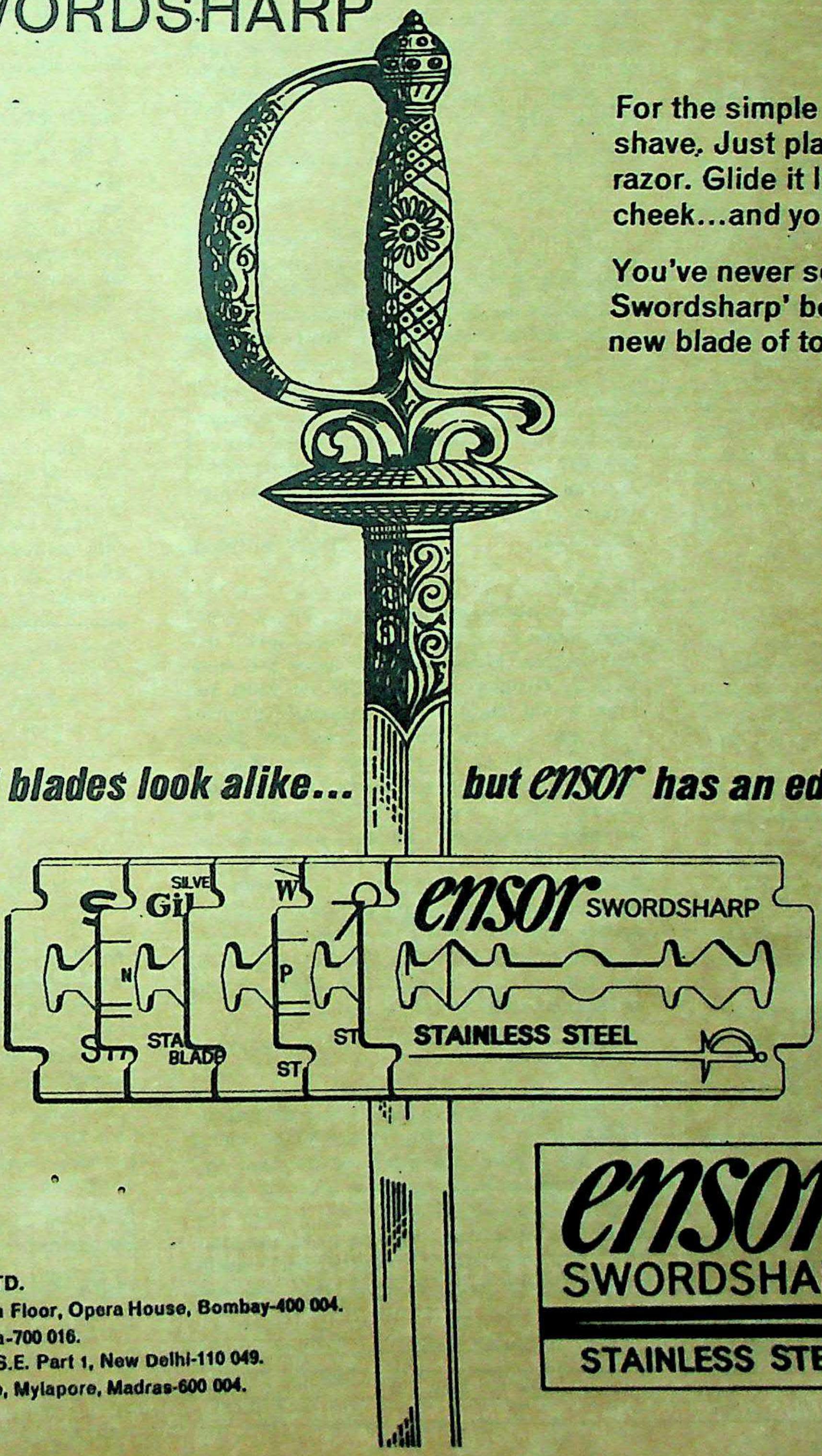

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Iran And India

Sir—Inder Malhotra rightly advocates closer cooperation between India and the Soviet Union (July 22). During the 1971 Bangladesh War, it was the Indo-Soviet Treaty that kept the U.S. 7th Fleet at bay. Some politicians opposing the friendship with the Russians ignore this simple truth. They deliberately refuse to recognise the fact that the country's security and survival comes first and everything else is secondary.

Lucknow DILSHAD A. ALAVI

Sir—Is Iran, by arming herself, doing something which the other countries in her neighbourhood are not doing? Are we not doing it? We are asking them, who is Iran arming against and why? They might be asking the same question of us. They can easily point to our immense man-power, our existing industrial capacity to produce tanks and aeroplanes and the potential to manufacture any kind or number of weapons. They can point to our helping in every manner the people of East Pakistan in their fight against West Pakistan. Iranians might be speculating that if India could assist and find good reasons for helping one part of Pakistan against the other, she might intervene in the quarrels among the provinces of what is now left of Pakistan.

The tragic fact is that each country regards the other with suspicion and mistrust. The two super powers looked at each other for years with mistrust. Now it seems that forces beyond their control have pushed them into the arms of each other and the two have decided to take to the path of peace. Here is a lesson for us, Indians and Iranians too. Let us not allow ourselves to enter inot an arms race.

New Delhi MRS ATIYA MASUD

Sir—Congratulations on Inder Malhotra's excellent article on Iran's recent rejuvenation.

Pakhtunisthan's freedom seems to be a certainty in the near future. Like Bangladesh, the Pakhtuns would always like to have ties with dear Bharat rather than with Pakistan.

Baroda DR V. D. NENE

Sir—In an otherwise excellent article on Iran, a slight error has crept in. Inder Malhotra implies that the mother tongue of the Mughals was Arabic. This is not correct. Their mother tongue was Turki. Babar wrote his memoirs in that language.

Ajmer D. N. MATHUR

Sir—If the world is to be embroiled in strategies and counter-strategies, entire humanity will have to pay the price. Superpowers tend to fight wars by proxy. Prudence alone should dictate the strategy of small nations.

The policy of enlightened countries should flow from the concept of equality of nations, national sovereignty, non-interference in internal affairs, and opposition to Imperialism. I say this in deliberate reference to our inordinate interest in the liberation of Bangladesh—let us not forget (what Mr Bhutto never tires of telling) that 105 nations wanted India to order a cease-fire in the '71 war as against only 11 on our side.

Calcutta T. R. RAMALINGAM

Sir—It is true that in the face of Iran's current arms mania and its unqualified support for Pakistan, we have to be vigilant. But this is not to undermine efforts for a detente in Asia. Even Europe is slowly moving towards an era of peace.

When Mr Malhotra advocates a 'credible deterrent' for India as a safeguard against the sinister intentions of Iran, I wonder if he is only being over-cautious. Or can it be that he is one of those who envisage an Asia led by India?

New Delhi U. DILIP KUMAR

Sir—Iran's strength can be of great advantage to us if we can realistically see the dangers facing us today after the creation of Bangladesh. But first we must see Iran in the light of her geographical position and modern history. Iran has Soviet Russia to its north: not only were Russia's tentacles over Iranian Azerbaijan *not* withdrawn after the last World War, an attempt was made to set up a puppet Soviet regime. Where also the Soviets dare not attack today directly their capacity to create mischief through the use of neighbouring powers cannot be ignored. To Iran's west lies unfriendly Iraq. To Iran's east lies the land of the Baluchis who live on the borders of both Pakistan and Iran.

Poona P. N. DRIVER

Sir—The Shatt-al-Arab river dispute to which Inder Malhotra refers to as being 'hot' has indeed lost much of its heat due to large-scale building, since 1950, of ports and harbours by Iran further down the Gulf for diverting traffic from Abadan and Khormashahr. However, the main events which have enraged Iraq are the following:

(1) Iran's monetary help to Israel's war effort and its creating skirmishes along the 500-mile Iraq-Iran border to divert Arab armies from the Israeli front;

(2) Iran's gobbling up of three strategic islands in the Gulf just a day before Britain's scheduled withdrawal; and,

(3) Iran's help to the Kurdish cause and building military bases in Kurdish strongholds.

Calcutta K. R. KRISHNASWAMI

Sir—Inder Malhotra sees "no reason why the Indian people cannot bear some extra burden for defence." He would see sufficient reason if he had ever stood in a queue for kerosene or for vanaspati. The past three wars which India fought might have gladdened the hearts of well-fed "patriots" but only the common people know what burdens our martial adventures have placed upon the shoulders of the less fortunate 90 per cent. For the moment tax evaders are a greater threat to us than the Shah of Iran.

Malerkotra MANMOHAN SINGH

Shiva Mela

Sir—Mr Lakhotia's coverage of the Tarakeshwar Shiva Mela (July 22) seems to have been a second-hand one. Otherwise, how could someone on the spot commit such mistakes as "Sheradaphuli" instead of Sheoraphuli, "Baidyanath Bati" instead of "Baidyabati" and "Nimai Nirth" in the place of Nimai Tirth?

Udaipur GAUTAM GHOSH

From Russia With No Love

Sir—So, it is not all ballets and film festivals in the USSR, as has been made out by our distinguished journalists, MPs, writers and other intellectuals who visit that country regularly. Even granting a fair amount of concession for not hurting the feelings of the host country, these conscience-keepers of our great democracy should have been objective enough to tell at least half the story.

Sushma Kumar (July 22) can afford to be honest because she spent her own money, which is a lot better than churning out propaganda material unabashedly.

Bombay E. BALACHANDRAN

Sir—Miss Sushma Kumar's travelogue is typical of articles written by people who have been sufficiently brainwashed by the West's cold war propaganda. Miss Kumar's mind appears to have been so conditioned before her trip to Moscow and Leningrad that the slightest incident was enough to make her pontificate and make sweeping generalisations.

There is nothing original in her article. Her views would have had some credibility, perhaps, during the height of the cold war when the anti-Soviet sentiment was fashionable.

Hyderabad V. M. REDDY

Hare Krishna

Sir—I am pleased that Dr N. Krishnamurthy has appreciated the many obvious strong points of the Hare Krishna movement (Redears Write, July 22). The movement is founded on the principles of the Bhagavad Gita. The order of God is received

through the scripture and through the disciplic chain of gurus, beginning with God Himself, and descended through Brahma, Narada, Vyasa, Madhvacharya, Chaitanya and the present acharya, A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada. Krishna's knowledge is perfect, and so long as it is passed on *as it is* through the disciplic chain, without adulteration or misinterpretation, that knowledge remains perfect. The ISKCON encourages any teaching or process which develops love of God. But the Mayavadis, the impersonalist speculators, do not teach love of God; they teach that you are God, or that you can become God. Krishna teaches to surrender to him. But the Mayavadis do not surrender to Krishna and therefore Krishna calls them miscreants—*na mam dushkritino mudhah prapadyante naradhamah* (BG 7.15)

The Kingdom of God is reserved exclusively for the devotees of God by the will of God. Anyone who worships an authorised form of the Supreme Lord with unalloyed devotion is eligible to enter it, and there is a list of such forms in *Srimad Bhagavatam*.

GIRIRAJ DAS BRAMACHARI
President
For International Society of
Bombay Krishna Consciousness,

Correct Portrait

Sir—Reader A. S. Rawat has alleged (July 15) that the portrait of the artist Mola Ram which accompanied Mr Mukandi Lal's article is not of Mola Ram but of Maharaja Shyam Shah.

Mr Mukandi Lal tells me that he does not make use of a fact or a statement in his writings without documentary proof or reliable evidence. The portrait in question was given to him by a great-great-grandson of Mola Ram named Balak Ram. It was a self-portrait by Mola Ram. Mukandi Lal had also met Balak Ram's father Tej Ram.

Maharaja Shyam Shah was succeeded by Mahipat Shah and it was in the reign of his grandson Prithipat Shah (1625-1660) that the two artists of the Mughal School came from Delhi to Prithipat Shah's court at Srinagar (Garhwal) in 1658.

Kotdwar RAMESH KUMAR MISRA

The 'Stinking Fish'

Sir—"Inspector Mata Deen On The Moon" (July 22) has a toothsome bite as a satire directed against the unscrupulous cops of the country. It reaffirms the righteous displeasure of Justice Mulla who observed acidly: "...barring a few every fish stinks".

Lakhimpur-Kheri (U.P.) SOMA DEVA

The Illustrated **Weekly** of India

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AND OUR REGULAR FEATURES

COVER: Heart Surgery And Intensive Coronary Care. (Photographs by Balkrishan)

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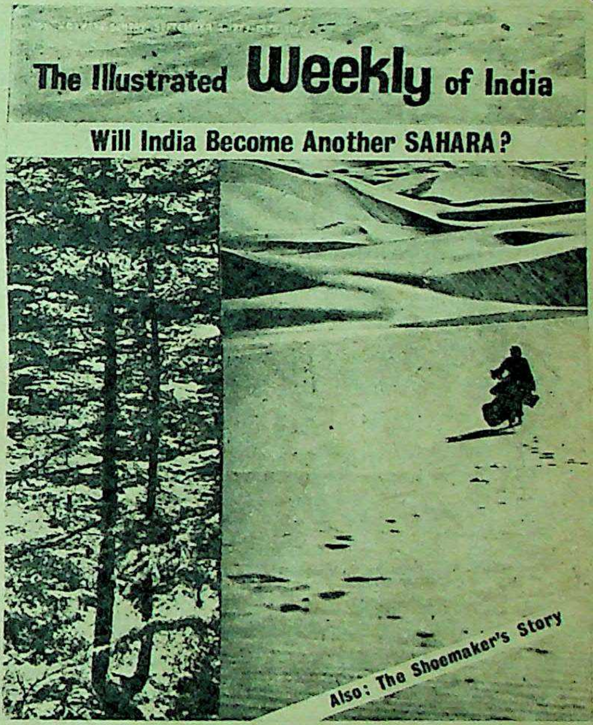
NEXT WEEK



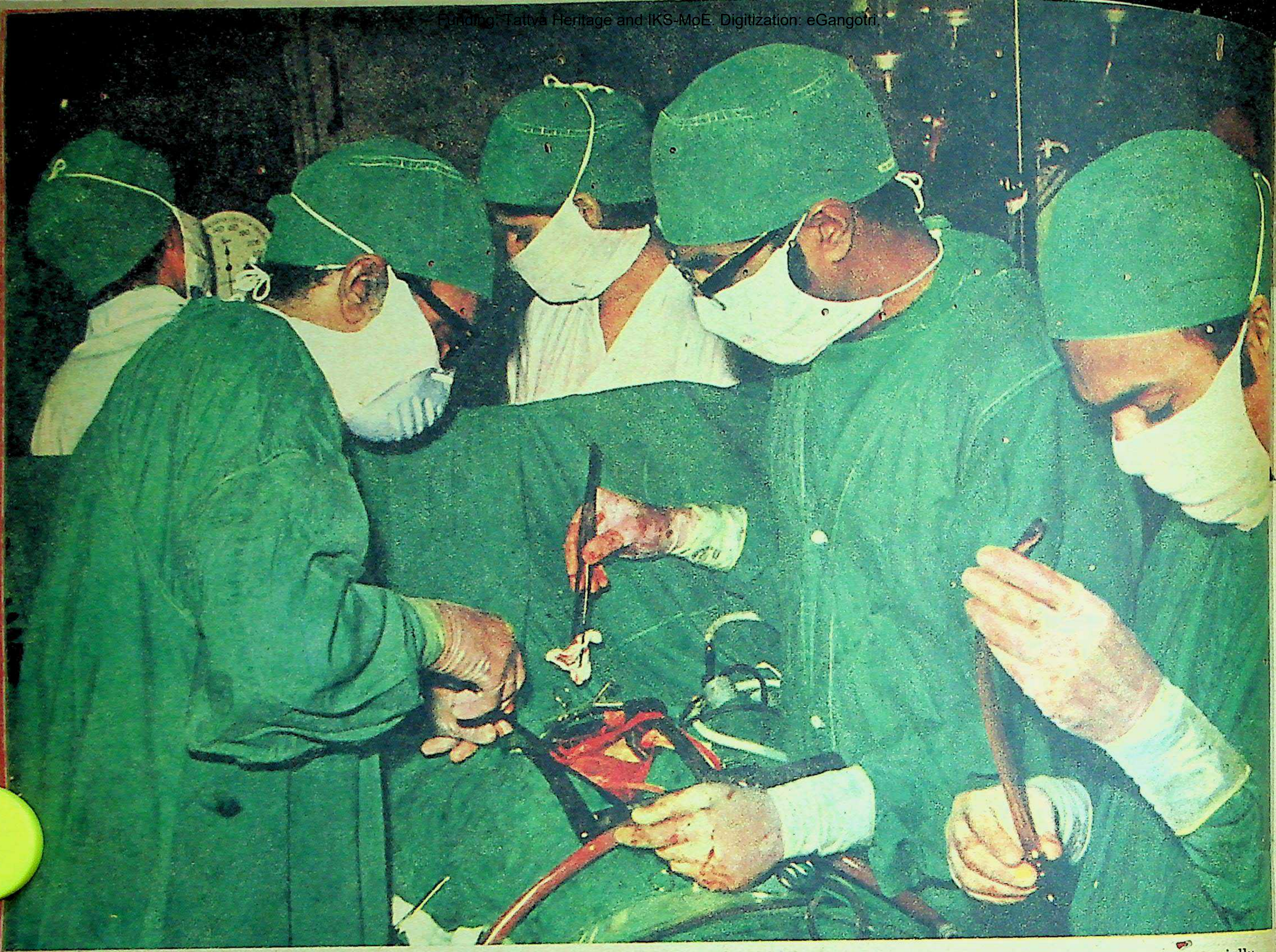
WILL INDIA BECOME ANOTHER SAHARA? Our forests are among our most precious assets. They control floods and erosion and provide a protective umbrella for agriculture. But trees are being recklessly cut down and the desert has been spreading. Ramesh Chandran stresses the urgency of launching a national campaign to save our forests.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE: Once-arid land at the Telco industrial estate at Pimpri has today been transformed into a beautiful park with 1,00,000 trees planted in an area of over 1,000 acres. G. S. Ranganathan describes how a few dedicated men have made a desert bloom.

THE SHOEMAKER'S STORY: A sole-searching look into our footwear complex, its development, the problems it faces today and the quality of the shoes we produce. By Bikram Vohra. Photographs in colour and black and white.

VULGARITY IN INDIAN LIFE: Why have we shown such tremendous resourcefulness and creative imagination in being shoddy and vulgar? Bad taste is no longer the prerogative of the "nouveau riche". Qurratulain Hyder analyses the causes of the current Vulgarity Explosion. With photographs in garish colour and ostentatious illustrations by Mario and Kavadi.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



HOW MUCH LONGER WILL IT BEAT? Heart surgery at a Bombay hospital. Faulty diet, congenital defects, childhood infections (especially German measles), smoking and lack of exercise are the main causes of heart ailments.

HEART ATTACK!

Thirty years ago heart disease was the ninth major killer in India. Today it ranks third. Every year over 100,000 people succumb to it. With the strain and tension of modern living the number of deaths due to heart disorders is rapidly increasing. What causes heart disease, what sort of people are prone to it and how can it be prevented?

by Dr K. K. DATEY

Photographs by Balkrishan

HEART diseases are causing more and more deaths all over the world. In the U.S.A. in 1905, one out of every four persons died of heart trouble. By 1955 this figure was more than doubled. Today, in America, 70 per cent of all deaths after the age of 40 are due to heart attacks. Finland has the highest mortality rate due to cardiac disorders. In 1964 the mortality rate for every 100,000 population was 579 from cardiovascular diseases,* of which 442 were due to coronary heart disease. The figures in the U.S.A. are second only to Finland's, being 477 and 354 respectively. Deaths due to similar causes are fewest in Sweden, being 189 and 124 respectively.

In India, in 1940, heart disease was the ninth major killer but in 1960 it occupied third place, headed only by infections and tuberculosis.

There are various types of heart disease: those which originate in the working of the heart itself and those caused by afflictions in other organs of the body. The incidence of a particular heart ailment has been known to vary not only from country to country but even in different parts of the same country.

Again, while the disease itself may change very little with the passing of the years, it may undergo modification in its character and frequency. To quote an example, the incidence of coronary heart trouble has not only increased considerably during the last three decades but, what is more important, it is seen more often in younger individuals and also in women. Three decades ago pain in the chest of a man of 25 or a woman of 35 would not have raised even a suspicion of a heart attack in the mind of a competent and experienced physician, but this is no longer the case today.

Some new cardiac diseases are emerging. Thirty years ago, when a physician saw a child with congestive heart failure

* **The vocabulary of heart diseases is on page 11.**

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE, Digitization

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...gain, in the past, rheumatic heart disease was considered a disease of the temperate climate which is belied now by figures from tropical countries. The incidence of rheumatic heart trouble in Bombay is about 23% of all cardiac patients admitted to hospitals. **Even higher figures have been reported from other parts of India—31% from Agra, 34% from Lucknow, 39% from Delhi, 45% from Calcutta, 47% from Madras.**

It is now well known that climatic conditions, although playing some role, are not the major causes of this disease.

More important factors are unhygienic living conditions, poverty and ignorance. The disease, therefore, thrives in the slums. Various factors have contributed to the recent decline of rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease in certain parts of the world. The important ones are: improvement in living conditions, better understanding of the disease and antibiotics.

Syphilitic Hearts

Syphilitic heart disease has shown a decline all over the world after penicillin came on the medical scene. In Bombay, too, its incidence—as reported by one general hospital—fell from 13 per cent of all heart disorders in 1954 to 3 per cent in 1965. Columbus is supposed to have given civilisation to North America and, in return, brought back syphilis with him to Spain.

Ignorance, the "pill", promiscuity and a 'permissive society' are said to have increased the incidence of syphilis and other venereal diseases in the Western countries during the last decade.

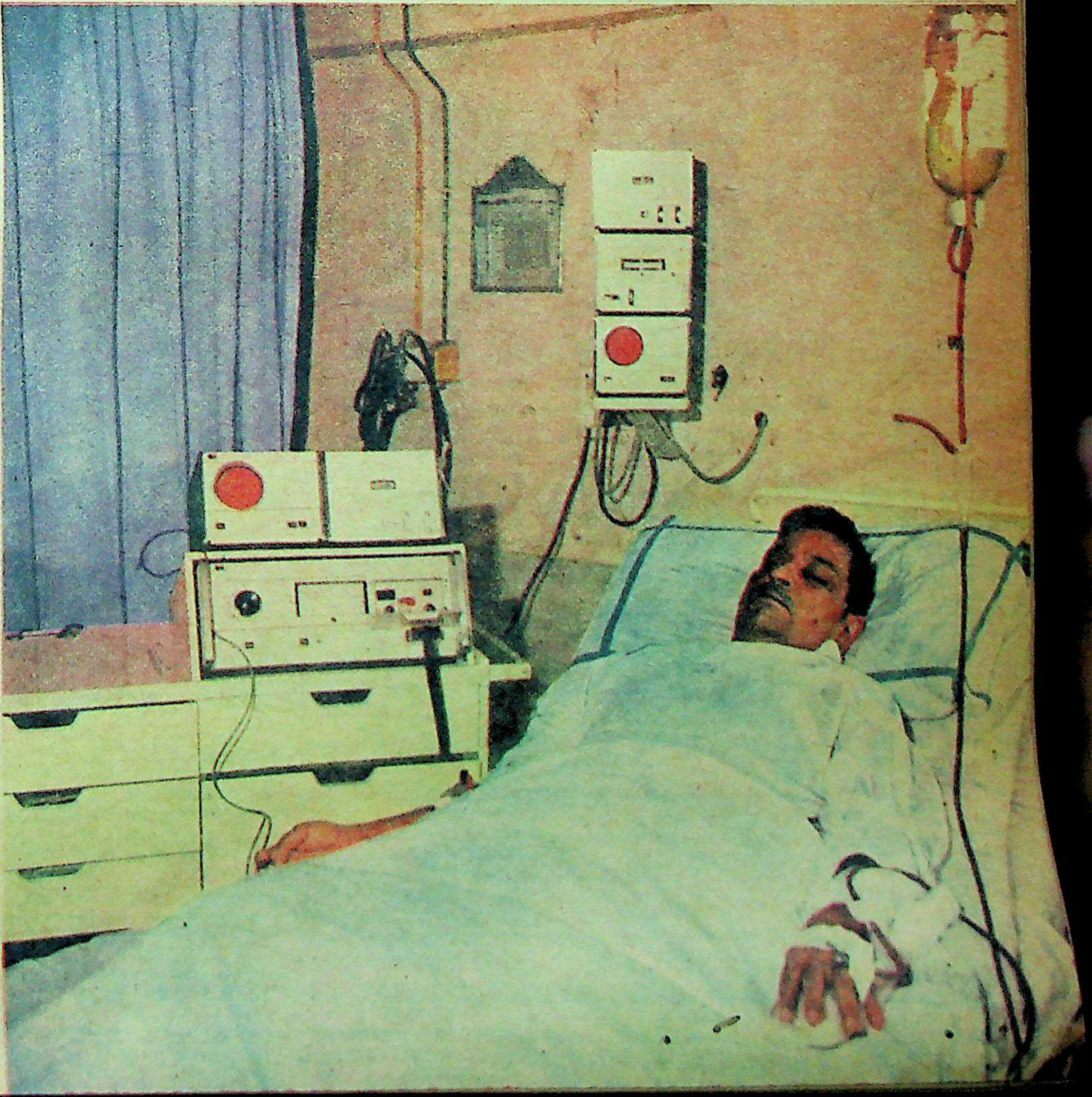
To some extent this trend is also visible in India. Increase in the incidence of syphilitic heart disease will be known only about 10 years after the initial infection. Low figures of only one per cent for syphilitic heart disease have been reported from the Philippines, and have been ascribed to the deep religious beliefs of these people.

Congenital heart disease is showing a rising trend all over the world. This is, of course, partly due to more cases being brought to light because of better facilities and techniques for diagnosis, but mainly due to the long-range effects of drugs, X-rays, radium, nuclear fall-outs, vitamin deficiencies and infections, particularly German measles, during the first three months of pregnancy.

Developing countries have been affected by most of the above factors. In Bombay, congenital heart disease in one hospital was six times more than what was reported ten years earlier. The story is the same elsewhere in India and in other parts of the world. In Texas, for example, the figure rose ten times in 25 years, while in New England the rise has been five times for a similar period.

—Continued

CHECKING FOR TELL-TALE SIGNS. High blood pressure is one of the major causes of heart trouble. Rheumatic heart disease which was once considered to be confined to temperate climates is actually as common in tropical areas. 23% of cardiac patients in Bombay have rheumatic complaints. Below: Today, with the advance of medicine, a heart patient need not despair of leading a normal life. But recovery is a slow and painstaking process. Major hospitals are establishing Intensive Coronary Care Units (ICCU) where round-the-clock surveillance is kept on the patient's progress.



Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Heart trouble, arising from lung disease, is termed *cor pulmonale*. Incidence of *cor pulmonale*, too, is rising in India, particularly in the urban areas, and among people working in mines and factories. The incidence varies from country to country: it is higher in cold and damp climes. In India it varies from place to place. For example the incidence in Bombay was reported as 13%; figures from other cities of India are—Agra 14%, Delhi 17%, Lucknow 20% and Jaipur 32%. The high rate of *cor pulmonale* is attributed to various factors. Marked difference between day and night temperatures, high humidity, excessive dust in the atmosphere, inhalation of fumes especially from cowdung fires have all been considered responsible for allergic bronchitis, catarrh and asthma, which are forerunners of *cor pulmonale*.

Repeated respiratory infections in childhood, which are very frequent in undernourished children, may be a major factor in causing permanent deleterious changes in the lungs and air passages, resulting in chronic bronchitis and emphysema leading to secondary involvement and failure of the heart.

High blood pressure and coronary heart disease are not easy to separate as the two often co-exist. Many causative factors are common to both these cardiac ailments, the most important being heredity and personality. **What is called Type A personality is prone to suffer from coronary heart disease. Such persons are over-ambitious and not only compete with others but also compete with themselves.** They are always under excessive stress and strain. Psycho-social tensions related to personal life situations and those inherent in cultural circumstances have long been suspected to play important roles in the causation of both coronary heart disease as well as hypertension. Presence of hypertension accelerates and aggravates the arteriosclerotic process—the process which hardens the

They Get Attacks

That heart attacks can be predicted according to voice, manner and facial characteristics is the claim of Dr Myer Friedman, Research Director at Mount Zion Hospital, San Francisco.

Essentially there are two personality types. The first type (A) have high risk behaviour patterns while the second (B) are less intense. Coronary disease develops in the first type only.

According to Friedman, 10 per cent of the 'A' group will suffer from heart attacks between 35 and 60 years.

Type A characteristics: a sense of hostility and insecurity, the tendency of looking upon everything as a challenge. He is a man of rigid habits, always fighting against time, has a deep fear of being a loser, is concerned about stature and position, worried about what people say.

Type B: He knows his limitations and has no desire to reach for higher things. Never rushed, he sets no goals for himself and accepts things as they happen.

R. J.

HOW TO TELL OF AN IMPENDING HEART ATTACK—AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

These are the usual warnings of a heart attack:

Heavy pressure or a squeezing pain in the middle of the chest and behind the breastbone.

This pain may spread to the shoulders, arms, neck and jaw, but not always.

Pain or discomfort is often accompanied by sweating, nausea, vomiting. Breathlessness may also occur.

ACT IMMEDIATELY

Sometimes these symptoms subside and then return. Don't wait.

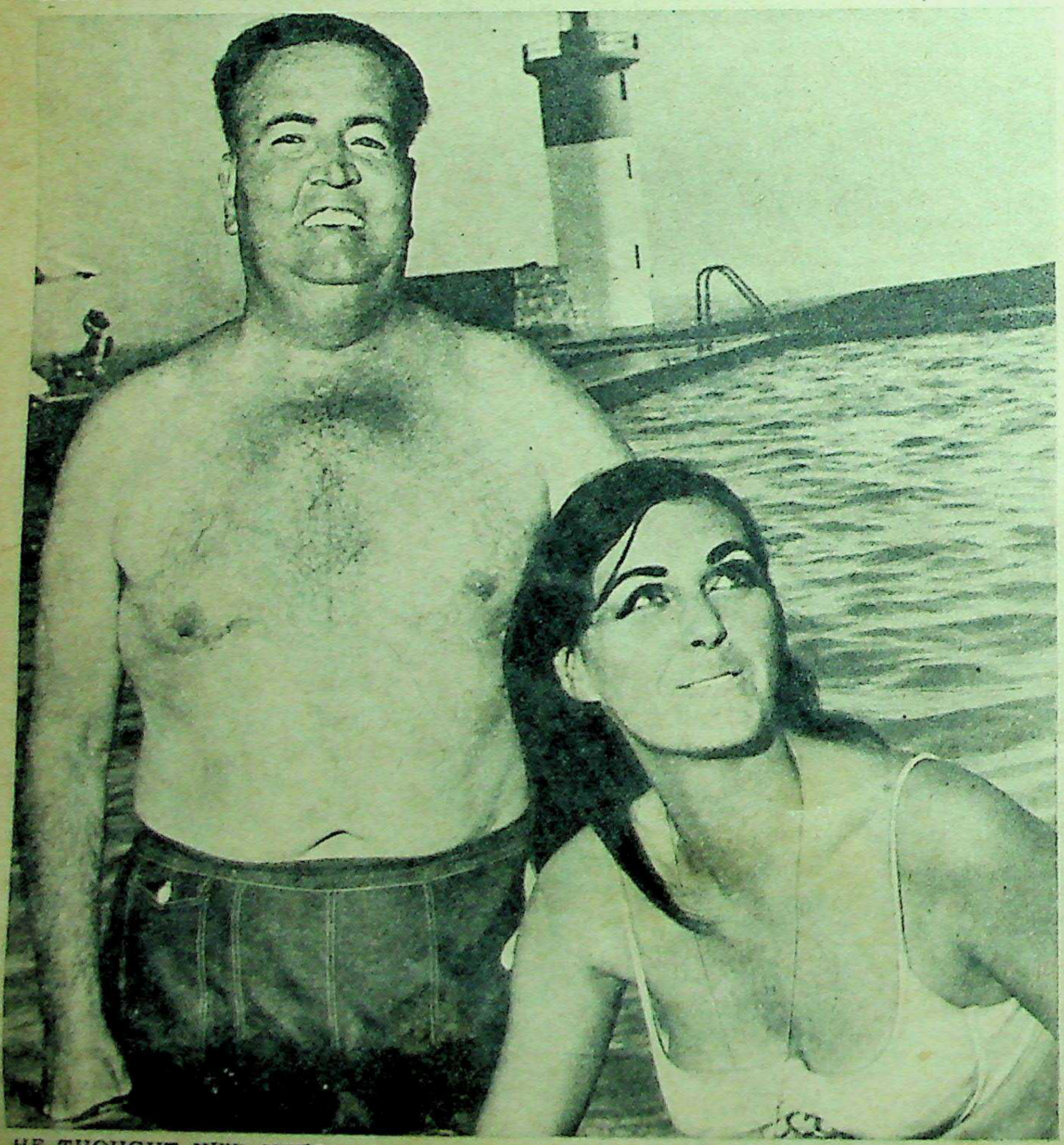
Minutes count. At the first sign of discomfort, act at once.

Call your doctor and describe your symptoms.

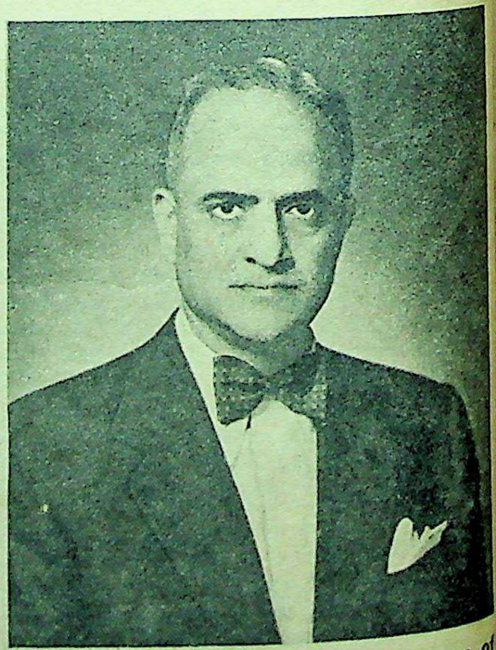
If your doctor is not immediately available, get to a hospital emergency room at once.

The decision to act should not be left to the patient alone. It is also the responsibility of the wife, husband, relative or friend, or anyone who knows about the patient's condition.

R. J.



HE THOUGHT HE'D NEVER SWIM AGAIN. Back in the water after a four-year break and a brand new heart is South Africa's third heart transplant patient, Pieter Smith. There have been over 175 heart transplant operations in the world in the last six years. The chances of survival are 80% today as against 33% in 1968.



THE AUTHOR, Dr K. K. Datey, is one of India's leading cardiologists. He is a consultant for several hospitals in Bombay. Among his publications is 'How To Keep Your Heart Young And Healthy', written in collaboration with Dr Piloo E. Bharucha.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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arteries. Hardening of arteries leads to heart attacks, strokes, and kidney failure.

Every year about a million people in the U.S.A. either have a heart attack or die suddenly of coronary heart disease. There are over 600,000 deaths each year due to coronary heart disease alone and 200,000 more succumb to other complications caused by the hardening of arteries. India, too, is catching up fast with the Western world, but the average age of a heart victim in India is about 10 years less than in the West. One can see quite a few patients stricken by this disease even before they reach 30 years.

Incidence of hypertension and arteriosclerotic heart disease in Bombay was 33% of all heart ailments—the percentage is based on the findings of one of the city's general hospitals. Figures reported from Amritsar were 25% in private, and 23% in general, hospital cases—the two figures being collected separately with a view to noting the difference in incidence between the "haves" and the "have nots". In Delhi the incidence reported was 32%; in Sri Lanka, 50%. Even Japan has a very high incidence, particularly of high blood pressure, which is attributed to their very large salt intake (they purchase salt by the barrelful). With the increase in stresses and strains due to the present competitive set-up, the incidence of hypertension and coronary heart disease in India is bound to go up further.

As regards coronary heart disease, the mortality due to this disease is very high in Finland, Scotland and the U.S. It is also fairly high in Australia, Ireland, Canada and New Zealand, but low in Switzerland, Italy, Venezuela, Sweden, France and Japan. Figures from various parts of India are lower and roughly similar to each other, being slightly higher in urban than in rural areas.

Diet containing high polyunsaturated fats and low cholesterol is supposed to reduce coronary heart disease. However, food with excessive polyunsaturated fats have been said to cause cancer. Diet, although important, is only one of the several factors responsible for coronary heart disease.

Prompt diagnosis and treatment can minimise the ravages of various types of heart diseases. Safety measures can be taken to prevent or delay them. Adequate diet and vitamins, preventing exposure to drugs, X-rays, radium, nuclear fall-outs and infections, particularly German measles, during the early part of pregnancy could

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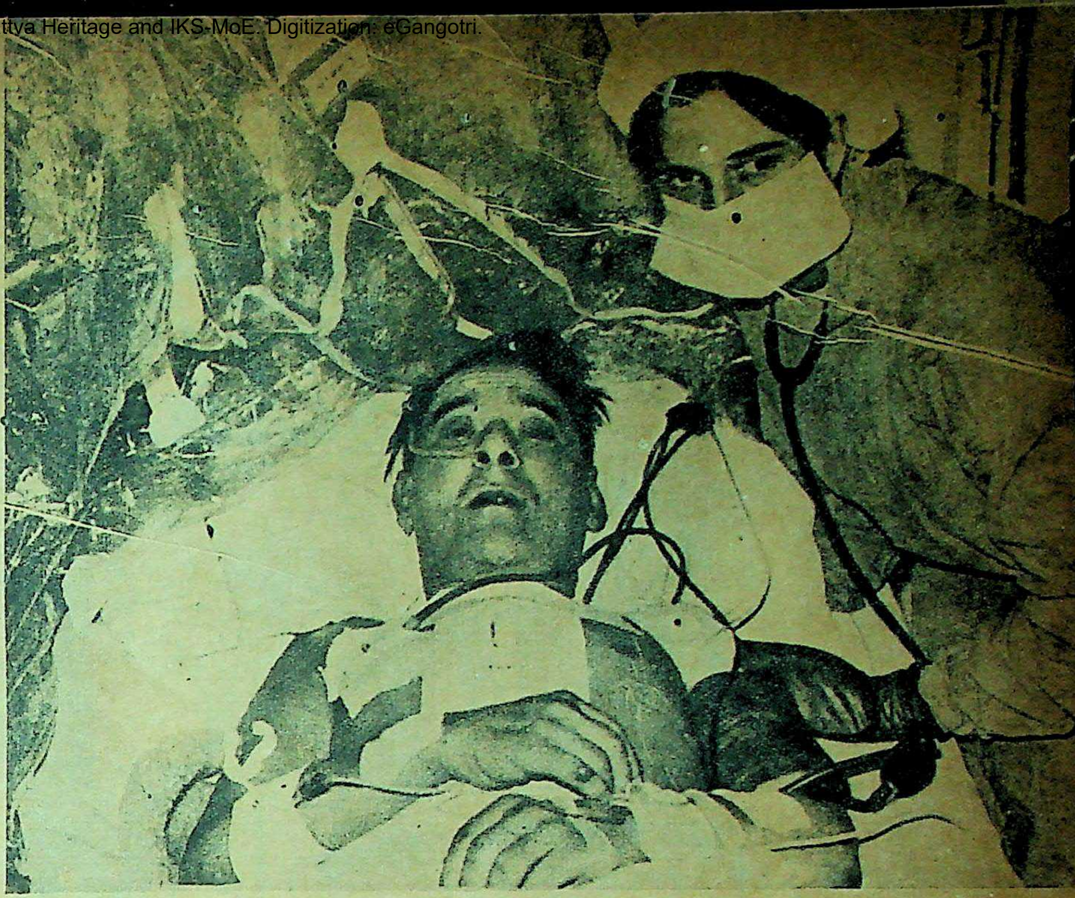

THE FIRST MAN TO HAVE A CHANGE OF HEART. On December 3, 1967, South African surgeon Christian Barnard operated on Louis Washkansky (55) and replaced his heart. Washkansky lived 17 days after. American specialists Debakey and Denton Cooley believe the ultimate answer to major heart diseases is an artificial heart.

They Harm The Heart

1. Coffee drinkers are more susceptible to heart attacks than even cigarette smokers. Coffee is believed to be a causative agent of heart diseases because it alters fats in the blood. The blood level of cholesterol is in direct proportion to the coffee intake of an individual.

2. Experiments conducted by the World Health Organisation show that soft water drinkers are more inclined to get heart trouble than those who drink hard water drawn from wells, reservoirs and rivers. Soft water which is low in calcium and magnesium salts is more acidic. Further, it could absorb cadmium and lead from the pipes it flows through and this could make it dangerous.

3. Sudden vigorous activity without gradual warming up can be hazardous even for a healthy heart. In a Los Angeles medical experiment 31 out of 44 case studies developed abnormalities in their electrocardiographs after abruptly engaging in a strenuous physical workout.

4. If you are overweight don't starve. Complete starvation to lose weight while reducing excess fat in the body also severely damages important muscle tissue including those of the heart. A 20-year-old girl fasted for 30 weeks to reduce her weight and died of a heart attack. The post-mortem showed her heart muscles were severely damaged.

The Heart Transplant Story

The first human heart transplant was made by Dr Christian Barnard in Capetown, South Africa, on December 3, 1967. The patient was Louis Washkansky (55) and he lived for 17 days.

There have been 176 heart transplants in the world up to 1972. Of them, 28 were living until a year ago. The first real success was recorded in the case of Philip Blaiberg (58) who was operated upon on January 2, 1968, and lived for 19 months.

Dr Debakey of America, one of the world's leading cardiac surgeons, did 12 transplants in the 18 months following Barnard's breakthrough. Two of them have lived over three years. The survival rate of a transplant today is 80 per cent as compared to the 33 per cent in 1969.

A new innovation in heart surgery is the saphenous vein bypass in which a section of the saphenous vein is removed from the patient's leg and implanted in the coronary arteries to carry blood around an obstruction. According to Dr Debakey, a third of the transplants could have been avoided by this procedure.

Top cardiac specialists like Debakey and Denton Cooley (21 transplants) firmly believe that the ultimate solution lies in artificial hearts.

The major obstacle that patients face after an operation is one of "rejection" of a foreign body. Certain drugs like Azathioprine and perdnisone (synthetic adrenal hormone) have helped the body to accept graft organs.

The first Indian transplant was on February 17, 1963, in Bombay. The surgeon who did it was Dr P. K. Sen; the patient Bodan Chittan (27) lived only three hours after the operation.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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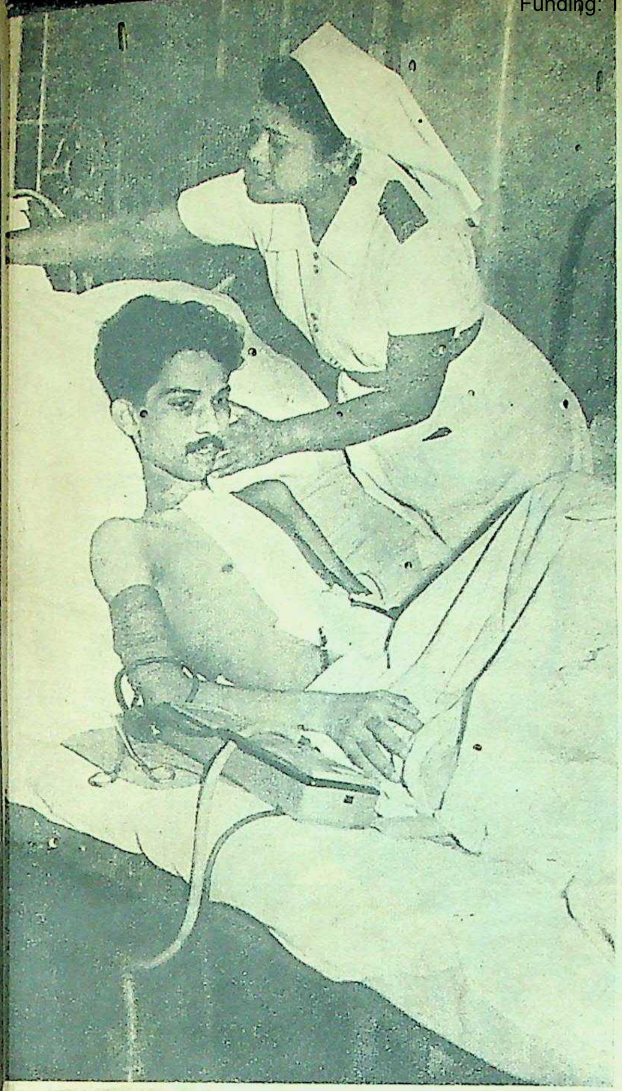
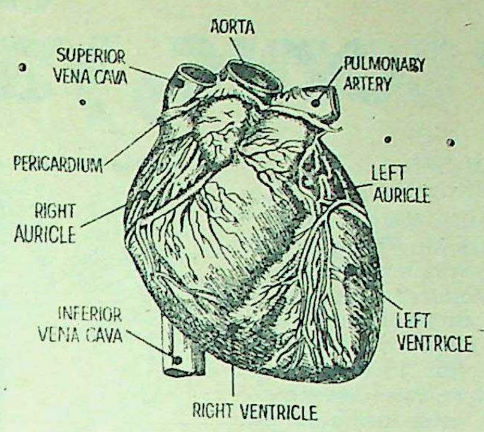


GIVEN AN EXTRA LEASE. Bombay surgeons operated on Narayan Reddy (22) and replaced his aortic valve with that of an animal. In India, rheumatic heart diseases account for as high as 50% of all heart ailments. Syphilitic hearts are becoming more common, thanks to the permissive attitude towards sex.

The Heart And Its Diseases



The heart is a double muscular pump lying within the thorax. It rests upon the diaphragm and is between—and partly covered by—the lungs. Each side has two chambers—the auricle which receives blood and the ventricle which expels blood.

In an adult, the heart is roughly the size of a closed fist and weighs 300 grammes.

The human heart contracts 100,000 times a day, and the left ventricle expels 10,000 litres of blood every 24 hours. During violent exercise the rate of flow increases as much as three times.

Rheumatic fever: This normally affects the valves on the left side of the heart. Climate is believed to bear some relation to rheumatic trouble, also childhood infections.

Subacute Bacterial Endocarditis: This condition is caused by an infection which superimposes itself on an existing rheumatic valvular scar or congenital defect. Treated by penicillin.

Cardiovascular syphilis: It chiefly affects the aorta. The aorta either dilates, its valves become insufficient or the coronary arteries are narrowed. Treated by penicillin.

Anaemia: If the condition is of sufficient severity and duration it may cause heart failure.

Obesity: Overweight is a contributory cause—the heart is strained in providing blood to extra tissues.

Arteriosclerosis: The hardening of arteries, making them narrow, results in coronary thrombosis through a blood clot formation. Fatty diets and increase in the blood cholesterol levels hasten the condition.

Angina Pectoris: Caused by the degeneration of heart muscles due to poor blood supply and by the hardening of arteries. It results in a bout of severe chest pain that lasts upto 2-3 minutes, followed by complete relief. It is recurrent, although the first attack can be fatal. Men are more likely to suffer from Angina than women, and cases before middle age are rare.

R. J.

help in preventing congenital heart disease. Congenital heart disease can be detected early at school clinics and many of these could be helped by surgery which has advanced considerably in this field. Such conditions left undiagnosed in the early stages may later become inoperable. School clinics can also detect cases of rheumatic fever which is caused by infection. These patients could be promptly treated and advised long-term antibiotic therapy to prevent recurrent attacks of rheumatic fever and consequent harm to the heart, and also to prevent further deterioration, when certain damage has already occurred.

Pulmonary heart disease may also be prevented or delayed by better working conditions particularly in the factories and mines, periodic medical check-ups, removal of the patients from the source of respiratory irritants wherever necessary, and by prompt treatment.

Measures against coronary heart disease can be taken by studying what is known as the 'Coronary Profile'. It is now possible to detect coronary prone individuals. By treating the 'risk factors' present in individual cases, it becomes possible to delay and even prevent a heart attack. Patients with a strong family history of coronary heart diseases should get their coronary profile studied when they are young. As arteriosclerosis starts at a very early age and develops over the years, the earlier appropriate measures are taken the

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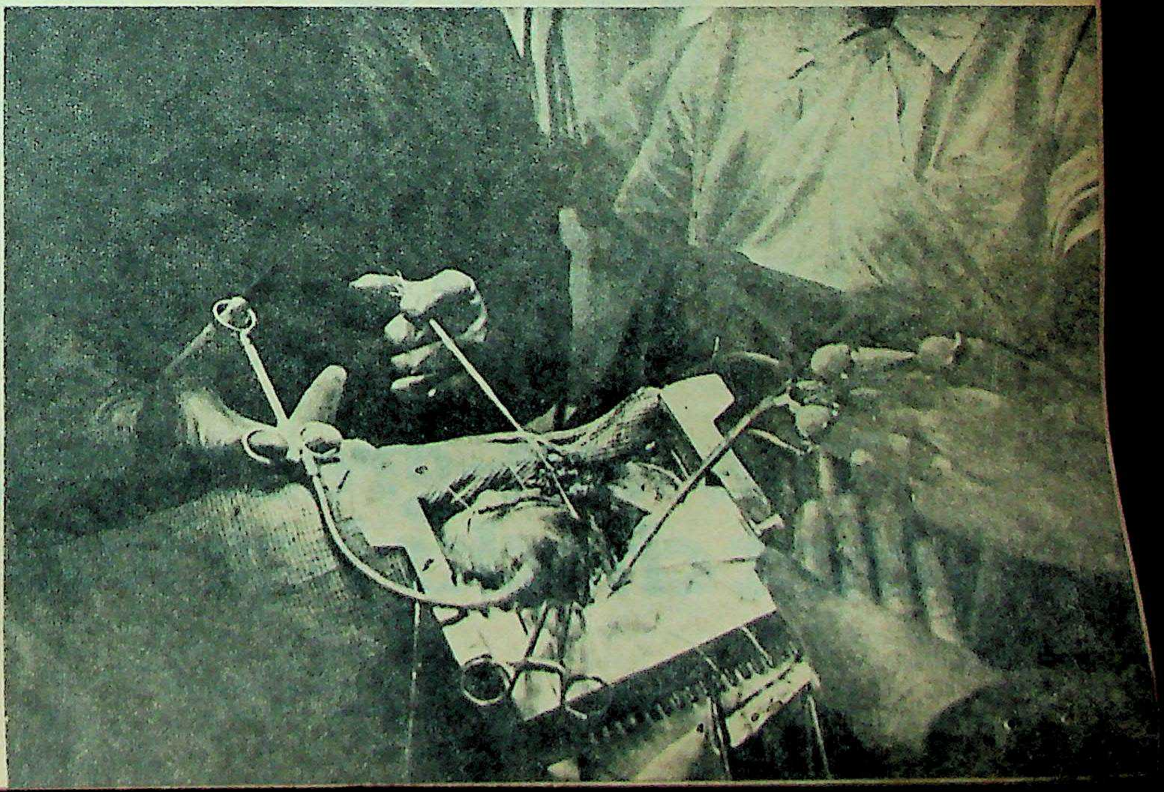


THE HEART EXPOSED. Cases of cor pulmonale, or secondary heart disease, arising from lung trouble, are on the increase in India. Lungs are affected by air pollution, cold and damp climates, acute bronchitis, catarrh and asthma. People working in mines and factories are more prone to such attacks.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

ADVICE AND DISSENT ABOUT PANTENE

"A hair dressing, luv." "A hair tonic, yar."

Yes it's true. Pantene users all advise you to use Pantene. But dissent over what Pantene does for you. Some insist it's the most sophisticated hair dressing. Others assert it's the most effective hair tonic.

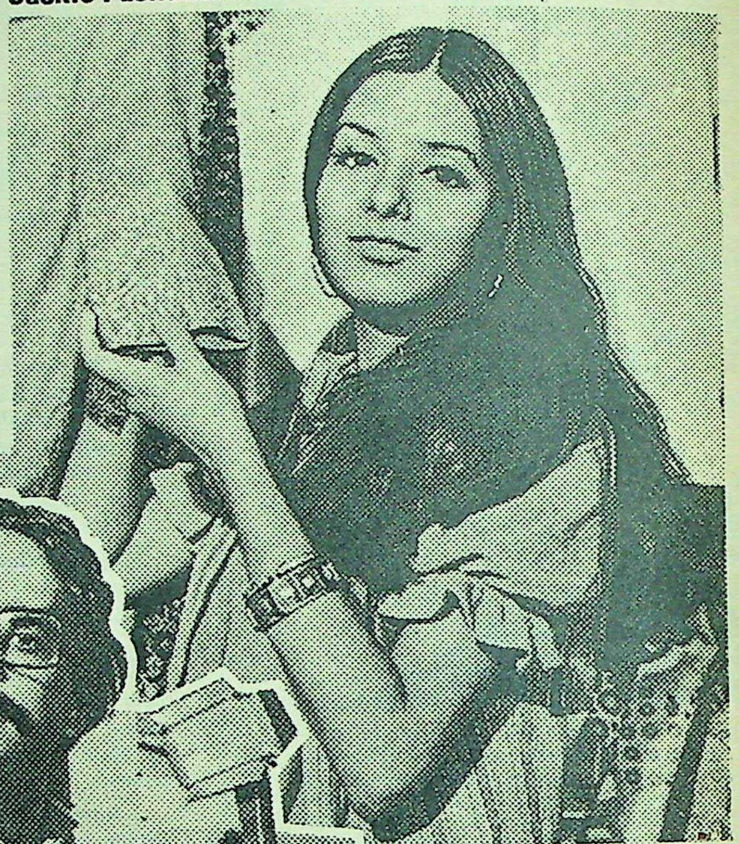
Jackie Fashunwala, 24, fashion designer-owner of 'Heppyness' boutique declares, "It's all a matter of dress-sense, luv. Like greasy hair is a no-no that's strictly 'out' for me. I dig the natural look in hair. Well-groomed, natural looking hair. That's my scene. Which is why I'm into Pantene."

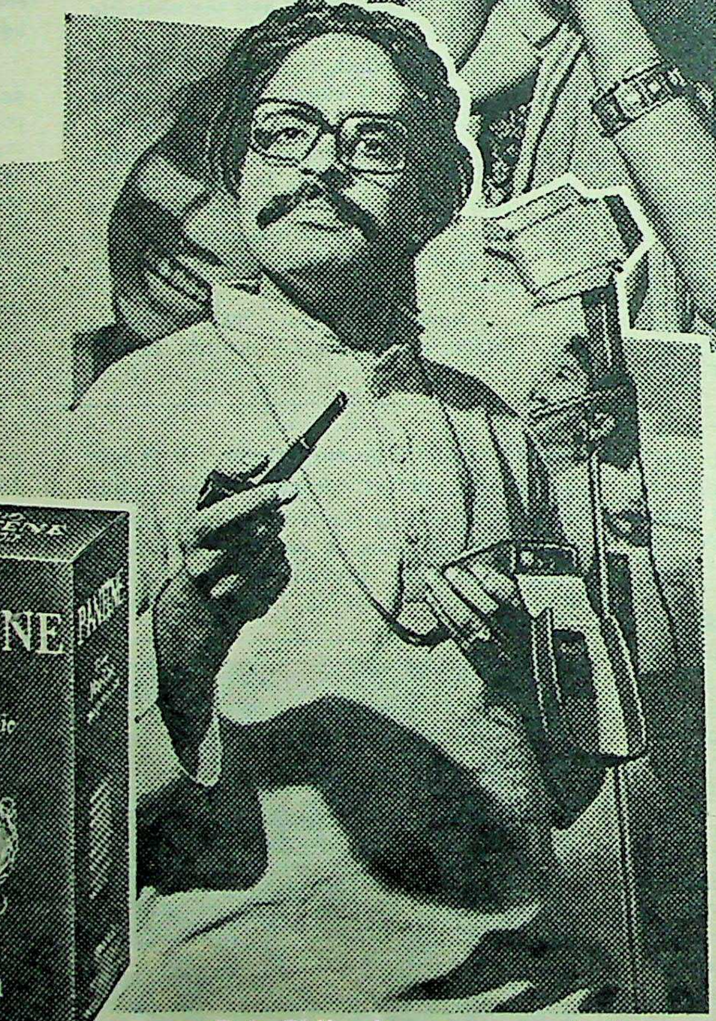
You're right about Pantene's non-greasy grooming action Jackie. It works like this:a) the alcohol-based Pantene penetrates hair shafts on application,b) this 'wets' your hair, making it easy to manage and set, c)once set, the alcohol evaporates (hence the natural look) leaving behind the 'fixer' which keeps your hair in place and gives it a healthy sheen,d) the mild perfume keeps your hair fragrantly fresh all day.

OUTDOORS, INDOORS CARE

"Pantene? hmm...yas," ponders Mr. Philamkar, 36, award winning new wave film producer-director. "I remember first time when I was started to use this preparation. I had completed my fillum 'Pyar, Jeevan, Maut'. I was losing out my hairs as result of neglect during busy shooting...also because of tension of post-shooting wrangles with x?!+,.& distributors and censors."

Jackie Fashunwala — dress-sense, dig?





Raju Philamkar — no more losing out

"My make-up man was recommending this Pantene. He was telling that it corrects faulty metabolism of hair roots with some Panthenol, a vitamin of B-complex group, enabling hair roots to draw vital, impossible-to-substitute nutrients from the blood. Also this Pantene was combating dandruff and keeping scalp healthy."

"So I was started to use this Pantene. In only two weeks I was no more losing out my hairs. Also my fillum was released. It was running for..."

Without taking sides, we'd like to clarify that Pantene is a non-greasy grooming aid that checks hairloss.

The non-greasy grooming aid that checks hairloss. PANTENE.

Creative Unit-826

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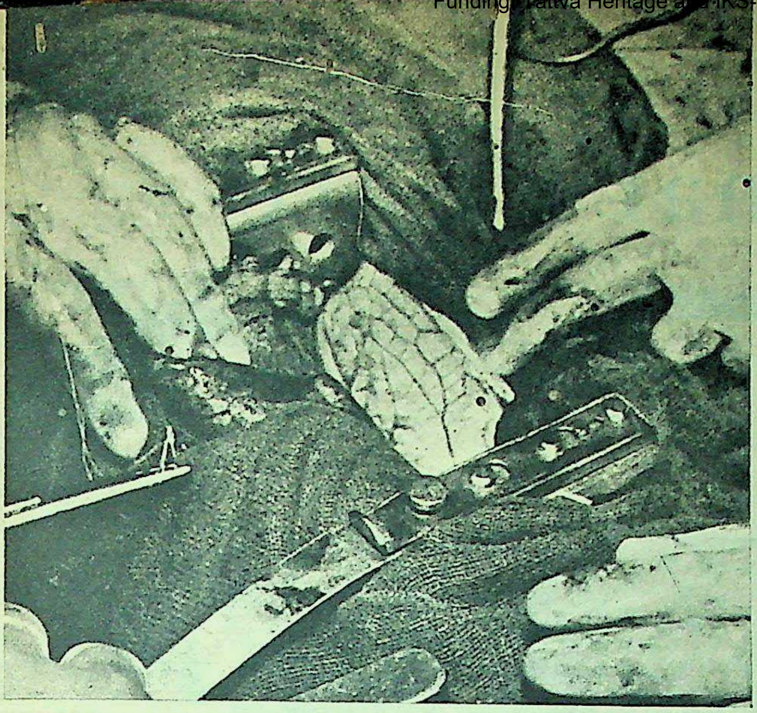
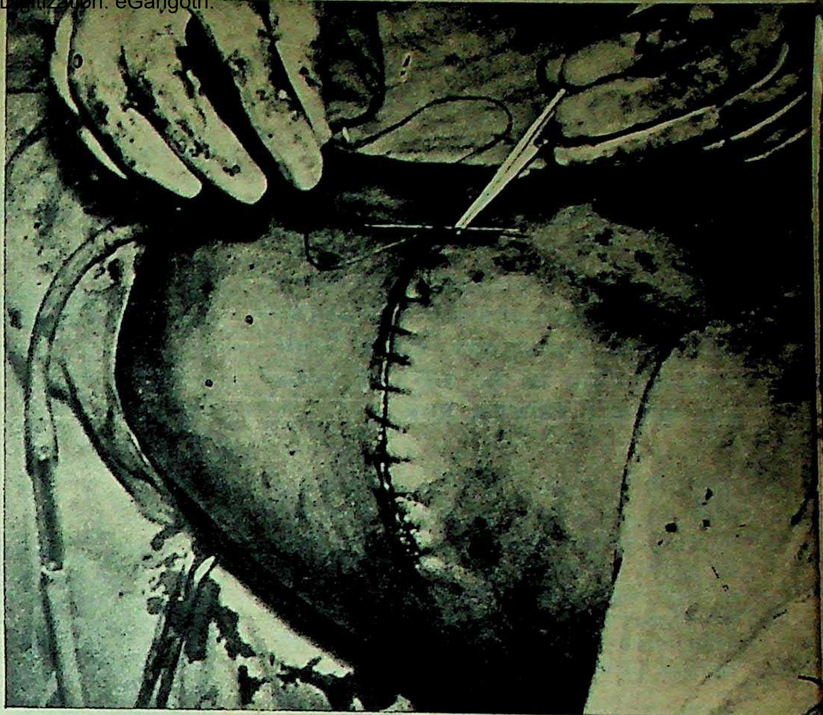
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.





THE FIRST VIEW. The lung is pushed aside and the heart is sighted. Right: *The wound is stitched up after surgery. Every year over 100,000 Indians succumb to heart trouble. In the United States,* 1,000,000 *suffer heart attacks every year. While the figure is not so high in our country the average age of a heart attack patient in India is ten years less than in America.*

better it will be. **A balanced diet, avoidance of tobacco, a philosophical attitude towards life, suitable and regular exercise, drugs—when indicated—to reduce fat levels in the blood, and control of metabolic diseases like diabetes and gout, and treatment of high blood pressure go a long way in preventing or delaying coronary heart disease. Hatha-yoga is also useful.**

High blood pressure may be entirely symptom free and may first be diagnosed at a routine check-up for physical fitness. Early detection and control can prevent complications of this dread disease. It has been definitely shown that control of high blood pressure makes the difference between an early grave and useful, active long life. Hence attempts should be made to detect cases of asymptomatic hypertensives and this highlights the need for a regular check-up for every one.

During the last three decades, great progress has been made in cardiology. Cardiologists and cardiac surgeons in India have tried to keep pace with the West against tremendous odds. One of the important advances has been in cardiac surgery. Today it is possible to surgically correct a number of cardiac defects. Many heart operations have been successfully carried out in India.

Spare parts surgery has made it possible today to replace many blood vessels with synthetic materials. Similarly, heart valves can also be replaced with either human, or artificial valves. Two heart transplants have been carried out in India during the initial period. **However, the major problem is of rejection, and unless the immunisation process can be modified, cardiac transplants will not be successful. However, attempts are made to overcome this problem. At the same time experiments are conducted to devise an artificial heart.**

Another important advance has been 'Intensive Coronary Care' for patients who have had an acute heart attack. After a heart attack, cardiac irregularities are frequent and these lead to sudden death in many cases. In the Intensive Coronary Care Unit, the electrocardiograph of the patient is monitored round the clock and, in case of an irregularity, an alarm sounds and immediate action can be taken and the life saved. With the advent of the Intensive Coronary Care Unit, the mortality rate has been reduced by about 30%. Because of ICC Units some patients whose heart had stopped are still walking in the streets of Bombay. The first Intensive Coronary Care Unit was started at the K.E.M. Hospital in Bombay about 8 years back and since then, because of its usefulness, most of the larger hospitals have now started similar Units. (*See Page 14.*)

In days gone by, after a heart attack, a patient was considered to be an invalid and was not expected to carry on his occupation after recovery, but now that era is gone and today, with proper rehabilitation and exercise training programmes, it is possible for most patients after recovery to go back to their original work.

In India, from time immemorial, yoga has been advocated for physical fitness and mental relaxation. It has now been shown that with *Shavasan* it is possible to reduce high blood pressure in a large number of patients. It requires no equipment, but only the will to practise the posture.

A New Kind Of Cattle

An original solution to the problems of heart disease is an Australian proposal to raise cattle yielding only polyunsaturated products. For people who love cream, fatty steaks and dairy products, the Australians are trying to change the contents of the meat and milk. They have found that cattle or sheep raised on diets blended with polyunsaturated oils produce milk and meat with ten times the quality of polyunsaturated fats as compared to regular livestock. People fed on the first were found to lose an average of 10% on their blood cholesterol level.

The research team headed by Dr Paul Nostel of Canberra University has discovered that the new foods are equally palatable.

Broken-Hearted Serenade

Do people actually die of broken hearts after they fall out of love? The romantic link-up between the heart and the end of an affair has more truth in it than one suspects. Psychologists in Britain conducted a survey of 5,000 widowers and found that over 200 of them died within six months of their partners. Wives are less prone to such severe reactions. Bereavement is an aggravating or precipitating factor in the occurrence of coronary thrombosis.

The Throb Of Sex

A controversy is raging over the effect of sex on heart conditions. An American, Dr Scheimann, recently claimed that sex is the perfect exercise for a weak heart. But several cardiologists in Bombay have thrown a damper on what would, perhaps, have been the most popular treatment ever prescribed in medical history. They say excessive sex can definitely be harmful. Have a heart, will you?

P. G.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Intensive Coronary Care

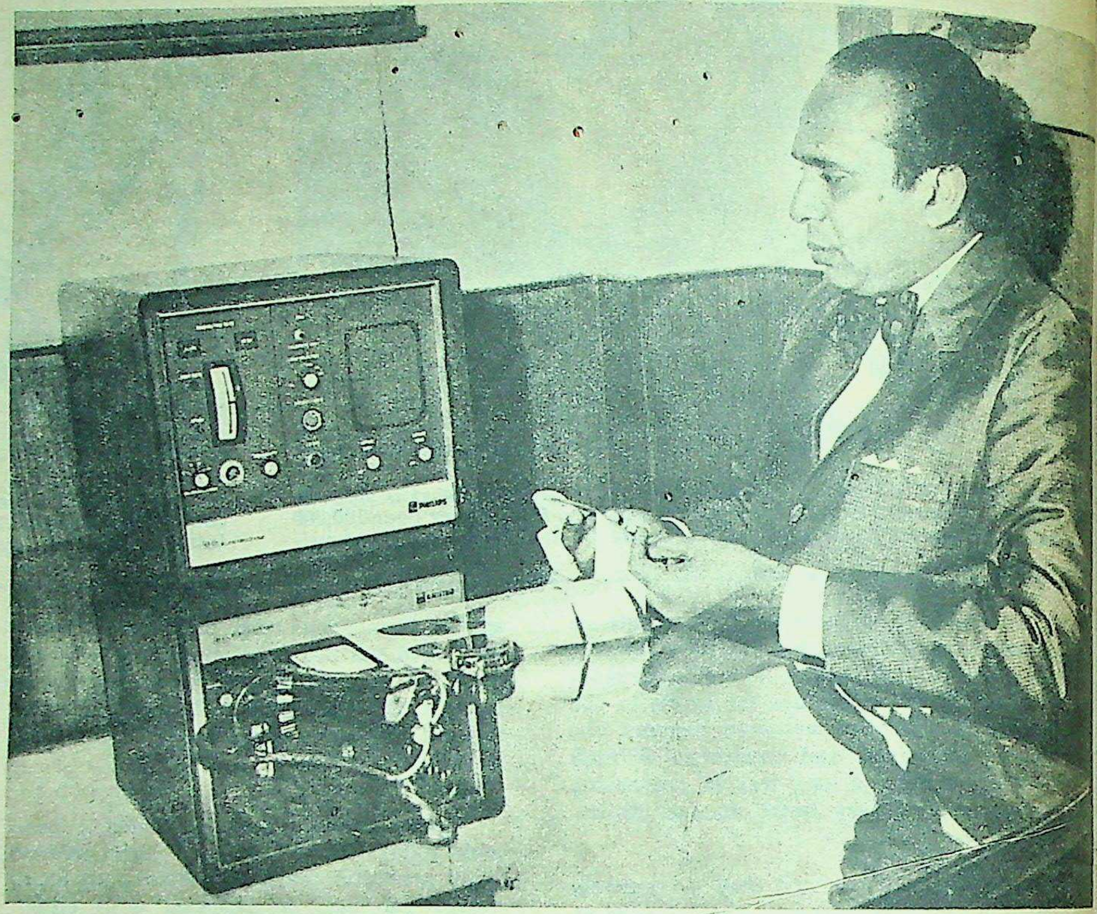
Take heart! Cardiac cases have better chances of recovery at the Intensive Coronary Care Unit (ICCU). Dr B. K. GOYAL tells BENEDICT COSTA how.

MR R. N. Swamy (55), an office secretary, was hale and hearty as he sat by his typewriter, one day in April last year. He picked the phone and tried to dial. His strength began ebbing away. He felt giddy: the office walls, chairs, tables and the typewriter went round and round. He clutched the edge of the table and sank.

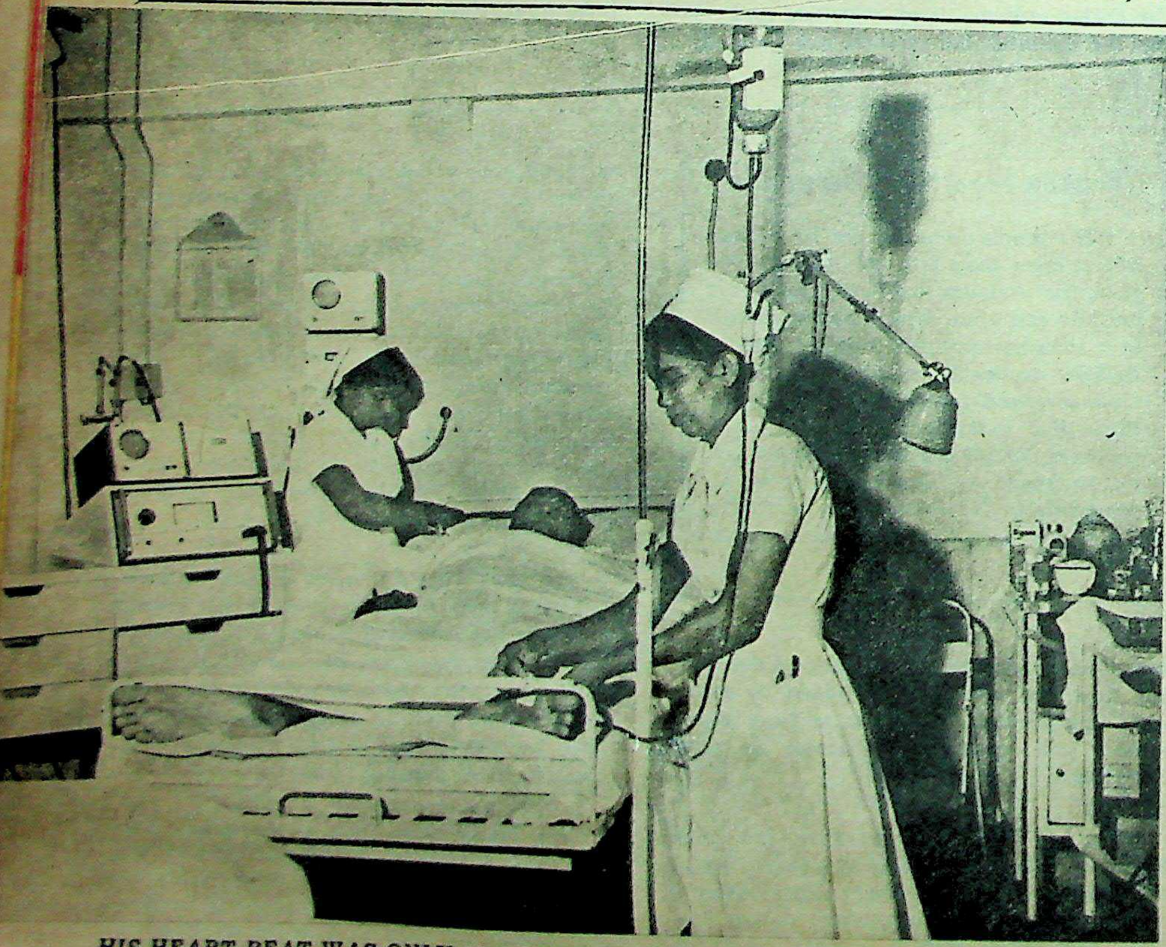
He had acute coronary thrombosis, commonly known as a "heart attack". Mr Swamy had never before complained of "pain in the chest". He was rushed to the Bombay Hospital's Intensive Coronary Care Unit. And he was saved.

Dr B. K. Goyal, consultant cardiologist, admitted that Swamy's condition had been serious. Swift treatment at the ICCU had helped his recovery. The ICCU is specially designed and equipped to help patients with an acute heart condition. There are 40 such centres throughout the country. Bombay has ten and Calcutta seven.

An eight-bed unit is ideal for a population of 500,000. Most of the equipment is imported today; in another two years India may produce some of the instruments.



Dr B. K. GOYAL (b. 1934), Vice-President of the Cardiological Society of India, is a Fellow of the American College of Cardiology. He is Consultant Cardiologist to a number of hospitals in Bombay and Vice-President, Association of Physicians of India.



HIS HEART BEAT WAS ONLY 30 A MINUTE (normal is 70-80). With the help of an "artificial pacemaker", it was stimulated to beat faster. A wire-like object was introduced through the vein, near the elbow joint, and passed to the right side of the heart. The pacemaker stimulates the heart by imparting an electrical impulse.

A heart attack is caused by the blocking of blood vessels (coronary arteries) supplying blood to the heart muscles. **The pattern of the disease in India is changing: heart attacks are becoming common in the age-group of 40-50 years. In Europe and America those above 50 are more susceptible to them.**

Photographs by S. N. KULKARNI

Bombay, for instance, has about two lakh heart patients. Which means one in every 25 persons in the city is prone to heart ailments. According to a survey (1942-62) coronary thrombosis in Bombay and Poona has increased by 225 per cent. The main causes for this increase are stress, lack of exercise, smoking, hypertension, overweight and diabetes.

The death rate in heart attacks is high. Dr Goyal estimates it at 50% to 55%... "most of the deaths occur within the first 24 hours. The chances of complications developing are the greatest during the first few days. If prompt and adequate treatment is given at this stage, the chances of recovery are good."

The Coronary Care Units were first established in 1962 at Toronto, Philadelphia and Kansas City.

Melukote Collection.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

"These units are now being used all over the world," says Dr Goyal. "In India, they have been found very useful, particularly in the big cities. Apart from treatment, coronary care units provide a nucleus for research in heart diseases."

The main equipment for a 6-bed unit (cost Rs 5 lakhs) includes monitoring apparatus for every patient besides a central monitor (with audiovisual alarm) for the whole unit.

The monitoring equipment continuously records the pulse, blood pressure and electrocardiogram.

Should an emergency arise, an "automatic alarm" alerts the medical staff at the unit.

The continuous ECG tracing is observed on the "scope" attached to the monitor. Irregularities in ECG (which precede severe complications) can be detected and tackled immediately. Dr Goyal explains: "This is the most important aspect of the treatment: it is much easier to prevent the complications rather than treat them."

The other vital piece of equipment is the resuscitation trolley: it consists of a defibrillator and pacemaker.

The defibrillator gives electric shocks to the heart. These are needed when the

—Continued

Eat Bengal Gram And Onions

Bengal gram (chana dal) *can prevent heart attacks. This has been confirmed in studies sponsored by the Indian Council of Medical Research and carried out at the S. N. Medical College, Agra, on rabbits.*

Researchers found that blood cholesterol level (the prime cause of heart disease) decreased in rabbits fed with chana dal. *Cholesterol is a wax-like substance which forms a thick lining inside the arteries (arteriosclerosis): it impedes blood flow and causes a heart attack. Bengal gram is believed to break down the cholesterol and convert it into waste.*

Dr N. N. Gupta of King George's Medical College, Lucknow, claims that eating a raw onion with your meal can prevent heart ailments.

He carried out experiments on volunteers who were fed a fat-rich diet. When it was supplemented with raw onion, it was noticed that the volunteers did not show the adverse effects of fatty foods.

Another renowned cardiologist, Dr D. P. Basu, claims that heart attacks can be prevented by using sunflower oil as a medium of cooking.—X.A.

Hypertension—World's No. 1 Killer

High blood pressure is the world's No. 1 killer. It causes continuous damage to the vital organs of the body. Sometimes it does not show any symptoms for a long time.

The most important organs to be affected are: heart (cardiac failure or heart attack), brain (cerebral haemorrhage or thrombosis leading to paralysis), kidneys and eyes (damage to retinal arteries often leading to loss of vision).

High blood pressure is commonly known as hypertension. Every living being has blood pressure but it becomes significant when it goes high and remains high or when it becomes suddenly low.

Pressure (or force) which the circulating blood exerts on the walls of the blood vessels is measured in terms of the weight of a column of mercury.

High blood pressure is, in fact, a symptom of a group of different types of diseases. This group is divided into two types: primary hypertension (which is more common) and disorders of secondary hypertension.

In "primary" high blood pressure no specific disease is responsible for the raised blood pressure. It is, more likely, due to the thickening or ageing of blood vessels. By the time an individual becomes 40 years old, the arteries harden. They lose elasticity due to the excess fat on the walls of the blood vessels. These changes in the blood vessels are known as arteriosclerosis.

"Secondary" hypertension is caused by diseases in the kidneys, adrenal glands and other glands or malformation of a major blood vessel.

All patients, especially the younger ones, should be thoroughly examined to find out the causes of blood pressure: most of them can be corrected by surgery and the patient will be able to lead a normal life afterwards.

Blood pressure is measured by systolic and diastolic methods. (The pressure is not constant throughout the heart beat, due to the constant inflow and outflow of the blood in the vessels).

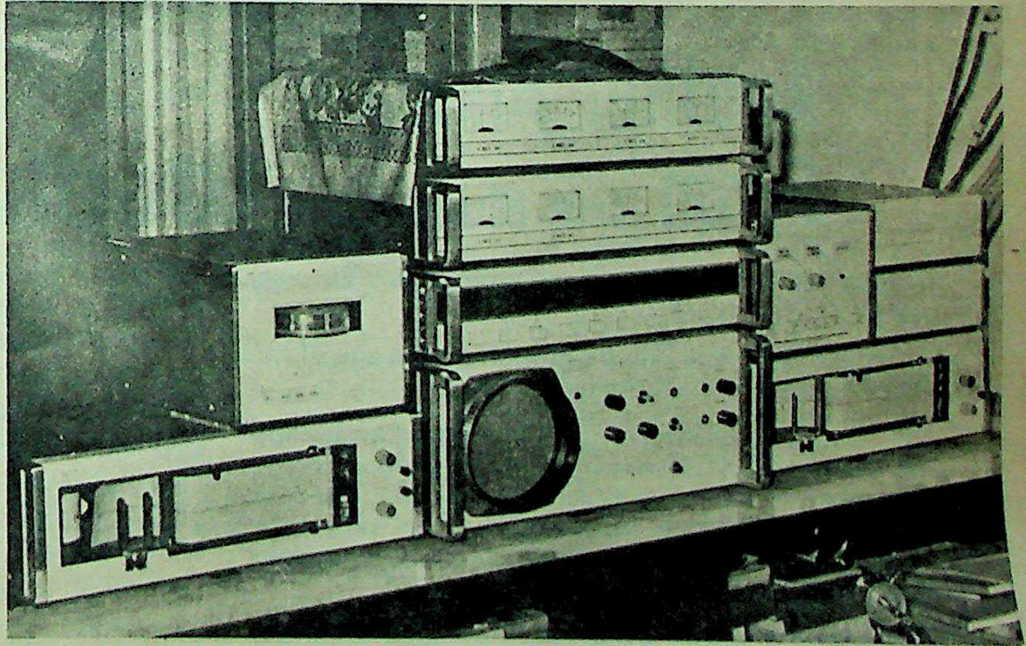
During the "contraction phase" of the heart the pressure recorded is known as systolic (higher pressure) and during the "relaxation phase" it is called diastolic (lower pressure).

The normal range of blood pressure varies in individuals. Generally, the higher (systolic) pressure about 150 mm and the lower (diastolic) about 90 mm are considered normal.

High blood pressure, according to its severity, is classified below:

Type	Systolic	Diastolic
1) *Mild*	upto 180	upto 110
2) *Moderate*	upto 210	upto 120
3) *Moderately severe*	upto 230	upto 130
4) *Severe*	above 230	above 130

This classification is arbitrary as the pressure may vary in the same individual from time to time. It fluctuates with excitement, exertion, anxiety, etc., and hence a single isolated reading of the blood pressure may not be enough. Symptoms of hypertension are: insomnia, headache, dizziness and irritability. (An international seminar on hypertension, sponsored by the Medical Research Centre, will be held in Bombay next February).—X.A.



QUICK! QUICK! The Central Monitor keeps a round-the-clock check on all the patients at the ICCU. If there's a cardiac arrest, a bell goes off. The medical staff rush to revive the heart with electric (defibrillator) shocks. These have to be given within 90 seconds.

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ULKARNI

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Another Annual From The Illustrated Weekly of India

Has India kept the tryst it made with destiny 25 years ago?

Have we made any real progress from the age of the bullock-cart and the bicycle?

Our 1973 Annual brings you **"The New Landscape of India"**, a 200-page volume on the progress—and failures—of our different States; the changing life-style of our people since Independence, the difference made by industrialisation and electrification and other close-ups of our national life.

Each article is written by an acknowledged expert on the subject. To name a few: G. L. Mehta on Gujarat, Dr Rafiq Zakaria on Maharashtra, Inder Malhotra on the Union Territory of Delhi, S. K. Singh on Uttar Pradesh, Surendra Mohanty on Orissa, C. S. Pandit on Himachal Pradesh.

Each article is illustrated with outstanding photographs in colour and black and white, charts and statistics.

With an Introduction by the Editor, Khushwant Singh.

"People of India", our '72 Annual, was a sell-out. 30,000 copies were printed — the demand was for another 60,000.

Did you go away disappointed?

Don't make the same mistake this year,

Book Your Copy Now.

To Be On The Stands Shortly. Price: Rs. 10.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Wonder Drug In The Offing

A new wonder drug obtained from human urine may be used for acute heart attacks and other coronary diseases.

Dr M. Mazel, an eminent American cardiologist, asserted that urokinas, the new drug, if injected intravenously within six hours of a thrombosis, would completely cure the patient within 48 hours.

The dosage depends upon the severity of the attack, but not more than four injections are required to cure the worst case. What is more, urokinas, unlike thrombolsin, which cannot be administered more than once to a patient, can be administered as many times as a patient gets an attack.

The new drug has no side-effects. It has not been marketed yet, but is being used in a few U.S. hospitals.

In Japan, Dr Mazel said, the new drug had been granted recognition by the Government and accepted by the medical profession. About 1,000 litres of urine are required to produce 10 cc. of urokinas. An injection costs 3,000 dollars. But Dr Mazel visualises the day when the drug will be mass-produced at less than 20 dollars.

Dr Mazel disclosed that urine contains an enzyme which stimulates the process of dissolution in blood. Blood clots get dissolved by urokinas. Once the artery is freed from the clot with the help of urokinas, chances of the clot forming again are remote.

An Australian medical team has discovered that "orotic acid" given orally to animals improved pumping action in damaged hearts. They are now investigating whether it will work on human beings.—X.A.

heart loses its "normal" rhythm and beats at a fast rate or when it stops "normal" beating and goes into a stage of minor twitching known as ventricular fibrillation.

By giving electric shocks, the heart is brought back to its normal beat—this requires prompt action within one and a half minutes of a cardiac arrest.

When the heart rate is very much slowed down, there is also the possibility of a cardiac arrest. These disorders are described as "heart blocks".

Dr Goyal explained that the heart blocks can be of varying types and may vary also in severity. "In the acute phase of the disease, these can be tided over by artificial pacing. We pass a pacemaker (it is like a thin wire) through the vein into the heart and give it an electrical impulse. The pacing is continued in the first few days till the heart picks up its own regular beat known as sinus rhythm. When the heart block persists, a permanent external battery pacemaker is inserted and fitted."

This pacemaker is small and circular and is fitted under the skin of the patient. (It is imported, costs Rs 6,000.)

"What type of people require Intensive Coronary Care?"

Dr Goyal: "This will depend on the facilities available and the size of the population we have to cater for. Suppose there is a small unit of two beds and it has to meet the needs of a large population, then the only patients likely to develop complications like heart blocks (arrhythmias) should be admitted to this unit. Ideally, all heart attack patients (with ECG evidence) should be admitted for three to five days before their transfer to a regular ward of the hospital. Also, when the doctor suspects the possibility of an acute attack (even though the ECG does not show it) the patient should be admitted immediately. Sometimes ECG changes take time to develop and the patient may have a fatal complication like irregularity of heart rate and rhythm, which can be best tackled in the Coronary Care Unit. Waiting for the ECG changes to develop before giving intensive treatment may prove too dangerous."

Dr Goyal continued: "The success of ICCU depends, first, on proper equipment. But equally important is the enthusiasm, training and discipline of the staff. It has been observed that in well established centres, the recovery rates are higher. Some of our centres can be favourably compared with those in Western countries."

"How successful have these centres been?"

"They have definitely proved helpful in salvaging the patient from a heart attack. **Fifty-five per cent of heart attack patients die. Twenty-five per cent die at home or before reaching hospital and 30 per cent during their stay in hospital. Hospital mortality has come down to about 15 per cent, a reduction to half which is quite significant. The coronary care unit however has no significant place in the treatment of complications following a heart attack like shock and congestive cardiac failure."**

Mobile Coronary Ambulances

"The patients who benefit from ICCU treatment," Dr Goyal stresses, "are mainly those who develop 'arrhythmias' or 'conduction defects'. The ICCU has no special place in the treatment of left ventricular failure (or cardiogenic shock). Mortality rate due to these complications is still high. Patients developing cardiac arrhythmias and ultimately cardiac arrest now have a hope. Many patients who could not be rescued previously in spite of energetic drug therapy are now successfully treated at the ICCU.

"The constant monitoring enables the doctor to treat any abnormality in the cardiac rhythm as soon as it originates. Lethal arrhythmias (like ventricular tachycardia and ventricular fibrillation) can sometimes be prevented by early detection and prompt treatment of multiple ventricular extrasystoles which are the usual precursors of arrhythmias. This complication occurs in the first few hours after infarction and demands immediate attention.

"Severe heart blocks are also successfully dealt in the ICCU. In the acute stage of coronary thrombosis, the patient is likely to go into severe persistent 'bradycardia' (heart block of different types). If the patient can tide over it during the first few days, then there is no cause for worry."

A word about the future trends. Dr Goyal feels that attention will now have to be shifted from "intensive" to "immediate" care. Mobile Coronary Care Ambulances must be made available in our cities so that a heart patient after an attack is able to get proper care at home itself and inside the ambulance on his way to hospital. Bombay will be the first city to get such an ambulance (cost Rs 3 lakhs), thanks to the Marine Drive Citizens' Association.

New Post-Coronary Treatment

Soviet cardiologists have developed a treatment which enables heart victims to return to work months before similar patients under traditional care.

Their treatment relies upon physical therapy at country resorts and brightening up the patient's outlook. Dr Igor Shkhyatsabaya, Head of the Myasniknov Research Institute of Cardiology in Moscow, said 70% of his patients (under the new treatment called "resortology") returned to work "as if nothing had happened".

The step-by-step treatment begins with a three-week stay in a special hospital unit, followed by another rehabilitation unit where the patient's capacity for physical activity is measured. The process ends with visits to non-urban resorts, rest homes and sanatoria where psychological rehabilitation is coordinated with physical therapy.

Noting that heart disease is the leading killer in the U.S. and the Soviet Union, the doctor said prevention was the greatest problem and the risks were the same in both countries —high cholesterol, hypertension, smoking, obesity, physical inactivity and nervous tension.—X.A.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Is Make-Up A Put-On?

by Bachi J. Karkaria

Last year India made about Rs 70 crores worth of powders, creams, emollients and sundry other goos. This is a paltry sum compared to the astronomical amount that America spends on cosmetics—the internationally-famous Revlon earmarks $2 million (Rs 1.15 crores) for a single product. Even with their limited resources Indian cosmetics-makers have realised that theirs is a money-spinning business. Are they improving their products or only their profits? Does the industry need a face-lift? What are its problems?

THE WAY to Mr Right is paved with cosmetics. Or so the makers of creams, powders and bottled blushes will have you believe. Thus it is that every Rita, Sheila and T. Jayalalitha plasters her face with unctuous goo, hides her natural dusky beauty in a floury mask of too-light powder, licks on a peel-off *bindi* and sets out—with spirits higher and finances lower—in the hope of hooking that elusive Perfect Being. (Experience will later tell her he is not to be found outside the realm of women's magazines.)

In India, as everywhere else, cosmetics have passed out of the exclusively rich-bitch market and voted for socialism. Mrs Onassis, Verushka and the Maharani of Cooch Parvah-Nahin, may waft into select salons of Charles of the Ritz. But the world of beauty is no longer barred to the humblest Khadi Bhavan salesgirl or the junior-most typist who ever chipped her nail varnish on an Olivetti.

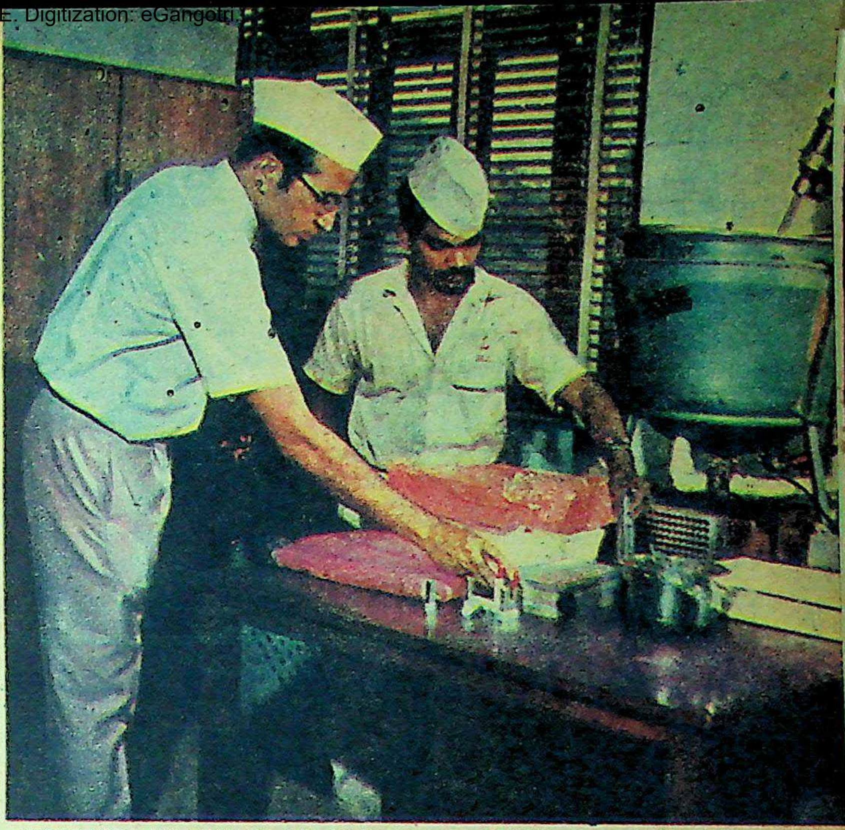
Here, unlike in the West, the exclusive, personalised beauty service may simply not exist. The Indian beautician will provide a six-week pimple cure or a special astringent lotion to make your nose less of a lighthouse. But she will certainly not blend for you an individual shade of powder or special consistency of lipstick. Yet, as the Indian woman gets more and more sophisticated, the gap between the janta and the socialite brands of cosmetics becomes more and more pronounced. Popular and premium, they are called respectively. The difference in price is almost double.

In 1972 those mysterious, multi-shaped, varihued pots, jars, bottles, compacts, tubes of powders, creams, gums, goos and sundry other sloshes made the till of Indian cosmetics manufacturers ring to the merry tune of about 70 crores and life became worth living for scores of sweating accountants at yearly closing time. The largest money-spinner was talcum ("it's always walcum," as Ogden Nash put it), but in India 60 per cent users substitute it as face powder under the fond belief that it gives them 'fair' advantage. Last year a total of Rs 668 lakhs

CC-0. Bhagavad Ramanuja National Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

MOUNTAINS OF "SNOW". *Afghan Snow is a mass produced, mass-selling product. Cosmetics are divided into popular and premium brands—the second costing almost twice as much as the first. Here the owner of Afghan Cosmetics, Fakhruddin Patanwala (centre), gives a few tips to sons Firoze (right) and Ibrahim.*



"PEPPERMINT PINK" OR "CALYPSO CORAL"—*it probably takes less time to make a lipstick than to think up a fancy name for it. At Lakme's lipstick "factory", the wax base is mixed with colour, poured into moulds, chilled, put into containers and then "flamed" for shape and shine.*

ARMING FOR THE BEAUTY BATTLE. *The world cosmetics industry is riding on the crest of a youth wave. Young people today have more money to spend and more courage to experiment—thus giving an impetus to an ever-widening range of make-up.*

worth of premium (high-priced) and Rs 215 lakhs worth of popular brands were sold.

But profits, alas, are only one part of the takings. Out of every rupee of the price you pay, 40 paise is shared more or less evenly between the contents and the container. It's a package deal. Then the Government—licking its lips, reddened by tape rather than the latest ultra gloss—bites off another 30 paise as excise. Next, the dealer ambles in with a mean look in his eye and a fat commission on his mind. Advertising and profit margins squabble for the rest.

"We don't sell cosmetics," says Charles Revson, of the multimillion-dollar, international Revlon. "We sell hope." But is it only hope—non-translatable into fact? Are any of the promises—and they are legion—made by cosmetics firms fulfilled?

Photographs by BALKRISHAN

Will "X" lotion really unmask your beauty (whatever that means)? Will "Y" moisturiser really result in a glowing, lovelier you? Will the 7-day beauty plan with "Z" cream really lead you to the *shahnai*-echoing *mandap*? None of our cosmetics makers have substantiated their special claims. But then no Ram Narain Nader has asked them to. We accept their statements unquestioningly.

Most firms who mean to stay in business will control quality. In an item as fast-moving as cosmetics, customer confidence is essential. First, because it affects her intimately and personally and, second, because she'll need the stuff in another month and you want her to ignore the other attractive packages on the shelf and buy your brand again.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and ... eGangotri.

Whatever media managers and account executives may tell you, the best advertisement for a cosmetic is a personal endorsement. "Try 'Y' it's good," says the girl in the bus queue—and you will. Thus a manufacturer cannot sell a shoddy item and get away with it. Before you can cry "Blackheads", he'll be out of business.

All our leading cosmetics firms enforce their own quality control which is far more rigid than the standards laid down in the Drugs and Cosmetics Rules (See Box on page 27). The research lab may be virtually non-existent, "development" may mean little more than duplicating a rival's new product, but the control lab is always very much there.

How does one guarantee quality? Or what, for that matter, is quality? Judging from the replies one got, it is not the moisturising effect of a moisturiser or the softening quality of a cream. It is the "stability" of the product, its shelf-life and other such commercial rather than cosmetic considerations.

Will your cream start separating in a Delhi summer and solidify in a Gulmarg winter? Will hot winds play havoc with your cold wax? Will your lipsticks droop and disintegrate as the humidity gets relatively higher? Can your shampoo and its container live in peaceful coexistence, or will they react violently to each other—scalping the customer in the process?

Quality is basically the grade of your raw material. You can either test it yourself or buy certified products. Dyes are another tricky problem. For instance, a lipstick containing a lead-based rather than an "edible" colour may make the user very alluring—but it is sure to poison her as well in the process.

Itching To Be Beautiful

Most raw materials and finished products are checked for allergic reaction by what is known as the "insult patch test". It is conducted on shaven rabbits and a wide sample of humans as well. Another experiment carried out is the "exaggerated time test", which will tell you in six days in the lab what the condition of your product will be after six months on the shelf. Chemists must also make sure that the ratio of ingredients is constant in even the smallest sample.

So the company spends thousands of rupees and hundreds of man-hours in adapting textbook formulae, striking the right "perfume note", carrying out a series of checks and balances in sterilised streamlined labs, launching expensive advertising campaigns. And then—as surely as "Pimplex" banishes pimples—up comes the spurious manufacturer.

Sitting in his kitchen, he fills ineffective, often harmful, mixtures into bottles, boxes and tubes under the most careless and unhygienic conditions. He is a perfectionist in only one thing—duplicating the container and the label. He is Headache No. 1 of the cosmetics manufacturers.

How is he caught?

1. A sales rep. goes to a dealer on his 'beat' who tells him: "I've just bought a batch from one of your chaps." Since it is his exclusive territory, the salesman's suspicions are roused. He

1972 ALL INDIA MARKET FOR SOAPS AND HAIR DRESSINGS

PRODUCT GROUP	PRODUCT SUB-GROUP	SALE VALUE (In lakhs of Rs.)	SHARE OF GROUP TOTAL MARKET
SOAPS	POPULAR	2962	74%
	PREMIUM	682	18%
	SANDALWOOD	226	8%
	TOTAL	3870	100%
HAIR DRESSINGS	CASTOR OIL	212	31%
	COCONUT OIL	115	17%
	OTHERS	354	52%
	TOTAL	681	100%

Y.N.K.

COSMETICS AND TOILETRIES: ALL INDIA 1972 MARKET

PRODUCT GROUP	SALE VALUE (In lakhs of Rs.)	SHARE OF TOTAL MARKET
POWDERS	1,123	17%
CREAMS	687	10%
SOAPS	3,870	57%
SHAMPOOS	215	3%
HAIR DRESSINGS	681	10%
ACNE PREPARATIONS	177	3%
TOTAL	6,753	100%

Y.N.K.

... Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

asks for a sample, gets it tested and sure enough it is a fake. (The formulae of all products of registered companies are kept with the Government—so it is easy to check whether the offending drug corresponds to it or not).

2. A livid customer sues the Company, demanding heavy damages. Their cleansing milk removed every trace of make-up and of skin as well.

3. A woman casually remarks to a friend who works for a cosmetics firm: "I bought one of your *bindi* compacts the other day." "We don't make *bindi* compacts," he counters and rushes to catch the offender, often with the help of a detective.

Okay, so you've caught the culprit. What do you do? There's nothing much you can. Government machinery, never having been known for breaking speed records, is even slower to go into action for such "frivolous luxuries". "We don't have time to follow up cases of spurious drugs, which are a matter of life and death. How then do you expect us to go chasing after spurious cosmetics makers?"

"What I don't understand," says one *bona fide* maker, "is that we have such a headache getting manufacturers to make containers to our specifications, and here is this spurious fellow who gets them by the gross with no apparent effort whatsoever!"

Which brings us to problem No. 2. Packaging. For a luxury like cosmetics, whose appeal is emotional rather than rational, the externals are very important. In fact, in the West, the cosmetics industry is essentially a packaging industry.

Our manufacturers have a tough time getting raw materials of a standard that can compare with those available abroad. They have a tougher time getting containers which come anywhere near the exquisite gift wrapping of foreign cosmetics. Tin is in short supply, our plastics industry is underdeveloped, only one manufacturer in the country makes a reliable aerosol can and even there the valve has to be imported.

Hexachlorophene

Staphylococcus is an infection which can kill babies. Hexachlorophene was the one chemical which could effectively and safely (or so they thought) combat it. Then came the discovery that the cure could itself be a killer. And the great HCP controversy began.

America condemned it, Britain exonerated it. India has not evolved any clear-cut policy on HCP. West Bengal and Maharashtra are the only two States to have banned it. The Union Government is apparently awaiting further recommendations of the Food and Drug Administration of America before coming to a definite decision. There is a notification prohibiting the sale of cosmetics containing HCP, but products using this chemical are still on the market. Their manufacturers swear that the amount of HCP used—not more than 0.1 per cent—is safe even by American standards. They suport its continued use by the proven fact that there is no other anti-bacterial agent which is an effective substitute and less harmful.

K.

From The Land Of The Kama Sutra—The Art Of Sringar

SULTRY women floating through time—silken tresses trailing in the breeze, silver anklets tinkling over fragile mehndi-ed feet, complexions as clear as a dew-washed rose. How did they do it? Then, as now, they gave Nature a gentle nudge—highlighting what was a boon by birth, camouflaging what was not.

In a more leisurely age, beauty was a time-consuming business. Take for instance this ancient hair care recipe. Pierce a ripe coconut, drain off the water, stuff with fenugreek seeds, wheat and jasmine flowers and bury for 40 days on the banks of a running brook. Then split the coconut and dry it in the shade. Scrape and grind to a thin paste with coconut oil. Rub into scalp. Guaranteed to give you hair so thick and lustrous it would make Rapunzel go bald with envy.

Hair care begins with squeaking clean hair: as all women's magazines will tell you. Shampooing—twice a week, they insist—the desi way is with areetha*: soaking the nuts in warm water overnight, squeezing out the pulp, frothing up the liquid and washing hair with it. Shine and silkiness guaranteed.*

A hair-dryer?—Never! Do it the beautiful languid way. Sprinkle sandalwood powder and sweet-smelling herbs on open coals. When they begin to smoke, cover the coals with a wicker basket, spread your wet tresses luxuriously over it and relax. Sip a chilled badam-dudh*, weave a* mala *of* mogras*, sing a* raga*. Till your hair is dry—fragrantly dry.*

Kajal, kohl, surma, antimony—by any name it could give you the look that enchants at twenty paces. One way of blending it was: place pieces of antimony in the hollow of a neem tree for forty days (the same mystic number). Pound to a powder and strain through silk. Store in a container made of silver—always silver, the metal imparts its own qualities to the concoction, the coup de grace, as it were.

The preparation of kajal *can be as exotic. Wet grind equal quantities of neem flowers and sandalwood to a paste. Heat a half-inch piece of alum till it expands and grind this too into the mixture. Roll a cotton wick in this dry in the shade. Place wick in an earthenware bowl with sesame oil and light. Collect the soot by holding a clay cup over the burning wick. Scrape off soot, blend to thick paste with pure ghee. Store—in silver of course.*

Almonds didn't cost Rs 80 a kilo in the good old days and were used lavishly together with malai *and rose water for the proverbial flawless complexion.*

For the more prosaic, such humble ingredients as chan ka atta, haldi *and lime juice would be as effective—or otherwise.*

J. K.

The problem of raw materials lies mainly in the small and specialised demand. The suppliers cater mainly for industries whose requirements are in tons, the cosmetics companies' requirements are in kilogrammes and that too to specialised specifications. So it's very difficult getting a supplier. Besides, a separate licence is required to manufacture cosmetic quality raw materials.

Made In "Phoren"

The import of foreign cosmetics was banned in 1954. Today foreign competition is competition from the smuggler. He pays no duties and he enjoys the benefits of the inflated brand image which the Western cosmetics maker can afford and the Indian one can only gape at in awe.

The smuggler also basks in the massive, yet nonetheless pathetic, snob value attached to things foreign. The buyer may never have heard of the brand-name, but let the pavement-stallwalla tell her it is "Made in Japan" (even "Made in Timbuktu" will do) and she'll part with her last paisa for it. She won't even bother to see that the lipstick looks cheap, smells atrocious and is called My Fare Lady. For the smuggler, of course, is the greatest purveyor of spurious goods. Eight out of the ten cosmetics and perfumes he stocks are fake. Which makes him into twice as menacing a social evil.

All cosmetics manufacturers must be prepared to face these occupational hazards; the smaller ones even more. The market is tenuous, inevitably so because it deals with a product for which there is no need—only desire. The field is highly competitive. Not long ago, a smaller company managed to capture a fat slice of the South Indian market with their shampoo. "How dare they!"

—Continued

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

What We Make

TOILETRIES: *Soap, talcum powder, hair oil, shampoo.*

MAKE-UP: *Foundation, face powder, eyeliner, mascara, blush-on, eye-shadow, nail varnish.*

SKIN CARE: *Cold cream, vanishing cream (it has vanished from the West), dry skin cream, nourishing cream, moisturiser, hand & body lotion, astringent, cleansing milk, beauty mask.*

ALSO: *Cold wax, deodorant, hair dye and conditioner, outer eye cream.* J.K.

roared one of the giants. "Kill them!" and proceeded to do so quite effectively by giving away free sachets of shampoo and knocking off one rupee on the Rs 3 bottle and two rupees on the Rs 5 bottle. They spent Rs 6 lakhs on the "extermination" campaign—they could afford to—and completely edged the small man out of the territory.

Another very effective method of killing competition is to offer a larger commission to the retailer so that he keeps plugging your products while the others remain, quite literally, "on the shelf". Bitterly complains the proprietor of one of the smaller brands: "We're an established name now, but what a battle it took. You ask the dealer to stock your product, he refuses to do so unless we promote the product first. Now tell me, how the hell can I promote a product when it's not stocked by any shop. I can't afford to waste that much money. It's a vicious circle. We small chaps just wouldn't survive if we didn't have other resources and enterprises to support us and our cosmetics in the initial stages."

The "small chaps" have learnt that the only way to survive is not to tread on the big boys' toes. Deal in specialised products—nourishing cream, deodorants, blush-ons (these "essentials" of the West are luxuries here, the need for them rising in direct proportion to the rise in affluence) or hair dye, hair oil with a special base, cold wax for removing hair. The small man also learns fast that the battle for survival includes keeping the excise chaps "happy".

The story of modern Indian cosmetics begins in 1909, when Ebrahim Patanwala

Enchantresses Of Antiquity

OVID wrote in the 1st century B.C.: "Hide the tricks of your beautifying arts... It is offensive to see the evidence of powder too thickly applied or ointments spread to excess." In a more tolerant mood he advised: "Rouge a pale cheek, a red one powder. Each maiden knows that art's allowed her."

Upper class women in ancient China used powder and rouge and shaped their eyebrows to resemble a crescent moon or willow leaf. The Japanese went a step further and also gilded their lower lips. "Kohl" or antimony pots have been discovered at Mohenjo-daro. Tweezers and vanity cases were found in Iraq in the Sumerian tombs (c. 2000 B.C.). The ancient Babylonians used a pumice stone to rub away unwanted hair, Cochineal (from dried insects) to redden their lips and powdered lapis lazuli for blue eye-shadow.

The ancient Egyptians blackened their lashes and eyebrows and used green eye-shadow. Cleopatra bathed in asses' milk. In fact, the earliest records of cosmetics were found in the Egyptian pyramids dated as early as 3000 B.C. When the tomb of Tutankhamen (1350 B.C.) was opened, vases were found containing aromatics which still carried a hint of perfume.

The Old Testament mentions "when Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it; and she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window." (Kings II. 9:30)

Cold cream was first invented by a Greek physician, Galen, in the 2nd century A.D.—today the technical term for it immortalises his name: ceratum refrigerans galeni. His basic formula is still used. (The word cosmetics comes from the Greek "kosmetikos"—meaning skilled in adornment.)

Cosmetics disappeared from Europe during the early Christian era, but were brought back from the East by the Crusaders. During the Renaissance, the Italians were the trend-setters in beauty-treatment and both men and women of rank in France used make-up. They also painted the veins on their temples blue to contrast with their skin which was whitened with almond paste.

Queen Elizabeth I of England was an amateur beautician. Both sexes in her court used powder and patches. To beautify their complexion, they first had a very hot bath so as to perspire excessively and then rubbed their skin with plenty of wine to make it fair and ruddy. In the 18th century in Europe and America, the "In" crowd wore masks for protection against sun and wind whenever they went out.

By the end of the 19th century, lavish use of cosmetics was confined to the demimonde. The prim Victorian woman used make-up very, very discreetly.

Then came the Suffragate Movement, giving women more freedom—including the freedom to do what they pleased to their faces. The discovery of aniline dyes broadened the range of colour which could be commercially used. This gave a tremendous boost to the cosmetics industry. Mass media stepped in to proclaim the utility—and luxury—of beauty aids, and advertised the growing variety and diversity of products available.

All these conspired to make cosmetics the multimillion dollar industry it has become in the '70's. Women's Lib notwithstanding.

J. K.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Not Sugar And Spice And All Things Nice

COLD CREAM (Face Cream): Bees wax, Lanolin, liquid paraffin, perfume, preservative.

SNOW: Stearic acid, glycerine, perfume, preservative.

LIPSTICK: Bees wax, castor oil, Carnauba wax (from the leaves of the Brazilian Palm), emollients (e.g., Lanolin), preservative, pigments and lakes (colour), perfume.

TALC: Cosmetic-grade French chalk, perfume.

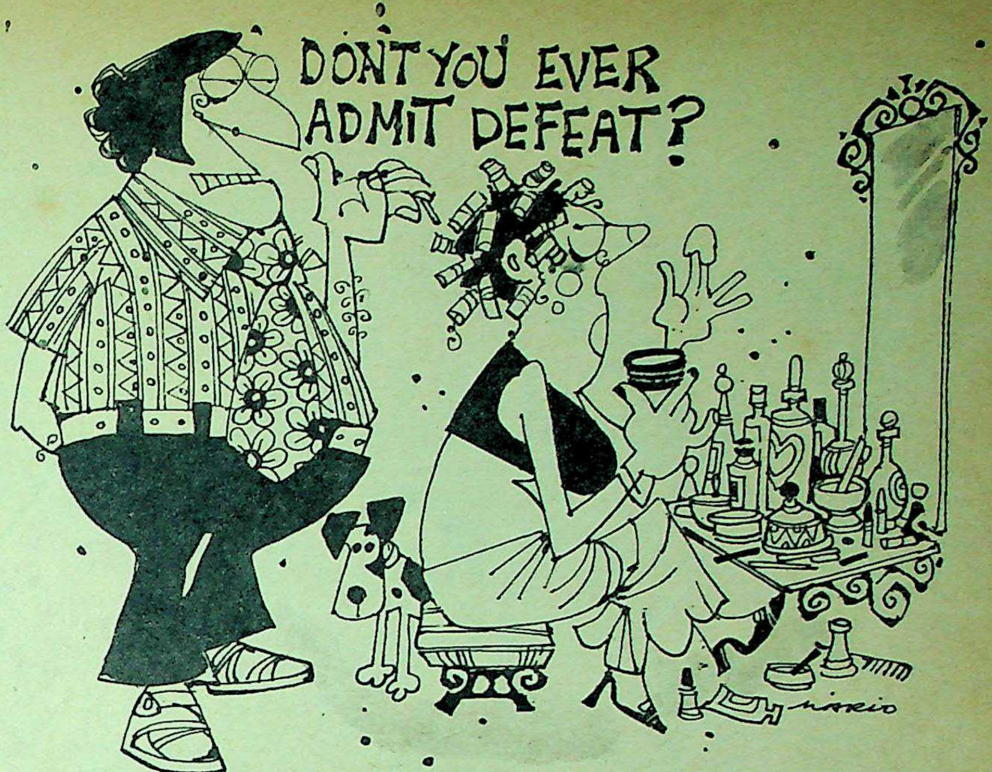
FACE POWDER: Finer talc, colour, zinc stearate, zinc oxide (pigment), titanium dioxide, perfume.

CLEANSING MILK: Liquid paraffin, glycerine, emulsifier, preservatives and perfume.

NAIL POLISH: Lacquer made from cellulose nitrate (for forming a film base), plasticiser, synthetic resin (for adhesion and gloss) pigment, lakes and dyes, pearl finish from fish scales (formerly imported from Holland but now made locally), thinners.

Whale blubber is also used in some cosmetic preparations, and from Israel comes the news of the discovery of a desert cactus whose liquid wax can be used for make-up—and car grease.

J. K.



borrowed Rs 50 and started making hair oil. Today his company has grown into a Rs 4-crore a year enterprise. The smallest village will stock Afghan Snow, which sells at the rate of 330 gross a day. When Ebrahimseth died, his son Fakhruddin took over. He was trained in Switzerland, England and America. Today his sons Firoze and Ebrahim, both of whom have mastered their craft abroad, are in business with him.

Though Patanwalas have recently introduced a de luxe line, they remain, mainly, the cosmetics makers of the masses. Sophisticated Indian cosmetics did not make their debut till Lakme, under Mrs Simone Tata, entered the field in 1954. (Ponds had been around much longer, but they were far from indigenous. Besides, their real specialisation is in skin care.) Lakme initially got help from the American Kolmar Laboratories in devising formulae, training chemists and checking samples. This help was dispensed with in 1969.

There is much respect for Madame Tata in the trade. Says a competitor: "By holding demonstrations all over the country, it was she who made the average Indian woman conscious of skin type and skin care, revealed to her the esoterics of skilful make-up and the wonders it could work on the ego as much as on the looks. Most important, from the industry's point of view, she proved that Indian cosmetics could compete with imported ones.

If Patanwalas are representative of the popular brands and Lakme of the premium ones, then Max Factor could serve as an example of the "collaborator". The international company has given its franchise to this subsidiary of Swastik Oil Mills. The Indian Max Factor went into production in 1954, and (unlike J. K. Helene Curtis) has no capital participation by the parent company. The partnership is a technical one with our people buying from them important compounds and the distinctive patented perfume. (Each brand has its individual "smell". In fact this is what first gives away the spurious product.) Max Factor (India) also adheres to the quality control of Max Factor International, and is free to launch its own products, but only after the content and container have been approved by the parent body.

Popular or premium, strained through khadi or with the allure of "phoren" the market booms. We may be a long way from transluscent blush-on or the spray that holds your make-up in place or the "hypoallergenic satin glow that dovetails with your complexion". But we're learning—and fast.

We may never reach the $20 billion (Rs 15,000 crores) American cosmetics market (the Union Government's total expenditure according to the 1972-73 Budget was Rs 4,591 crores), but our companies do know that "there's money in it, baby, if we play our cards right". The right cards are good quality and a wider range. Cosmetics in India already constitute one of those rare fields where the haves are getting better value, and the have-nots are beginning to have.

The industry is based on as intangible a principle as: successful make-up is the art of not looking made up. What then makes it tick and tick so loud?

Is it the fact that cosmetics boost you through the acne and the ecstasy of adolescence, later give you the confidence to face the unrelenting mirror as well as the unkind coffee-party crowd, and then provide a face-lift for your morale in the wrinkled years? Is it ego? Vanity? The other woman? The other man? Hard sell? Soft sell? The answer perhaps is a bit of all. All these and the much-battered—but yet eternal—feminine mystique.

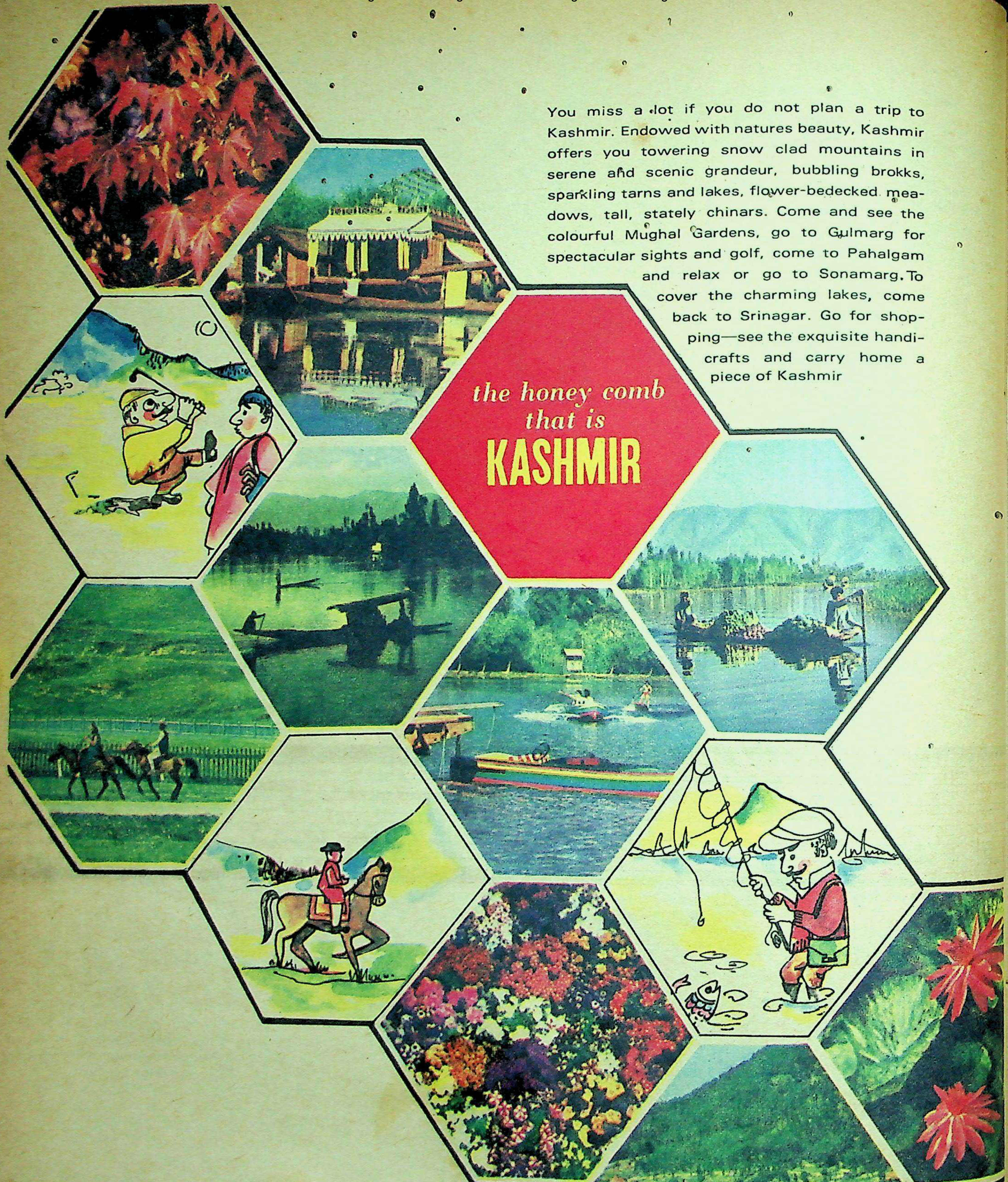
ALL INDIA 1972 MARKET FOR POWDERS AND CREAMS

PRODUCT GROUP	PRODUCT SUB-GROUP	SALE VALUE RS. LAKHS	SHARE OF TOTAL GROUP MARKET	LEAD BRAND IN SUB-GROUP	APPROX. SHARE OF LEAD BRAND IN SUB-GROUP
POWDERS	TALCUM (POPULAR)	215	19%	HIMALAYA BOUQUET	50%
	TALCUM (PREMIUM)	668	59%	POND'S DREAMFLOWER	50%
	FACE POWDER	109	10%	POND'S ANGEL FACE	25%
	BABY POWDER	84	8%	JOHNSON & JOHNSON	65%
	PRICKLY HEAT POWDER	47	4%	JOHNSON & JOHNSON WITH NYCIL A VERY CLOSE SECOND	—
	TOTAL	1123	100%		
CREAMS	COLD CREAM	175	25%	NIVEA	33%
	SNOW & VANISHING CREAM	357	52%	AFGHAN SNOW & POND'S	SHARE HALF THE MARKET
	OTHER FACE CREAMS	155	23%	LACTO-CALAMINE	50%
		687	100%		

Y.N.K

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

You miss a lot if you do not plan a trip to Kashmir. Endowed with natures beauty, Kashmir offers you towering snow clad mountains in serene and scenic grandeur, bubbling brokks, sparkling tarns and lakes, flower-bedecked meadows, tall, stately chinars. Come and see the colourful Mughal Gardens, go to Gulmarg for spectacular sights and golf, come to Pahalgam and relax or go to Sonamarg. To cover the charming lakes, come back to Srinagar. Go for shopping—see the exquisite handicrafts and carry home a piece of Kashmir



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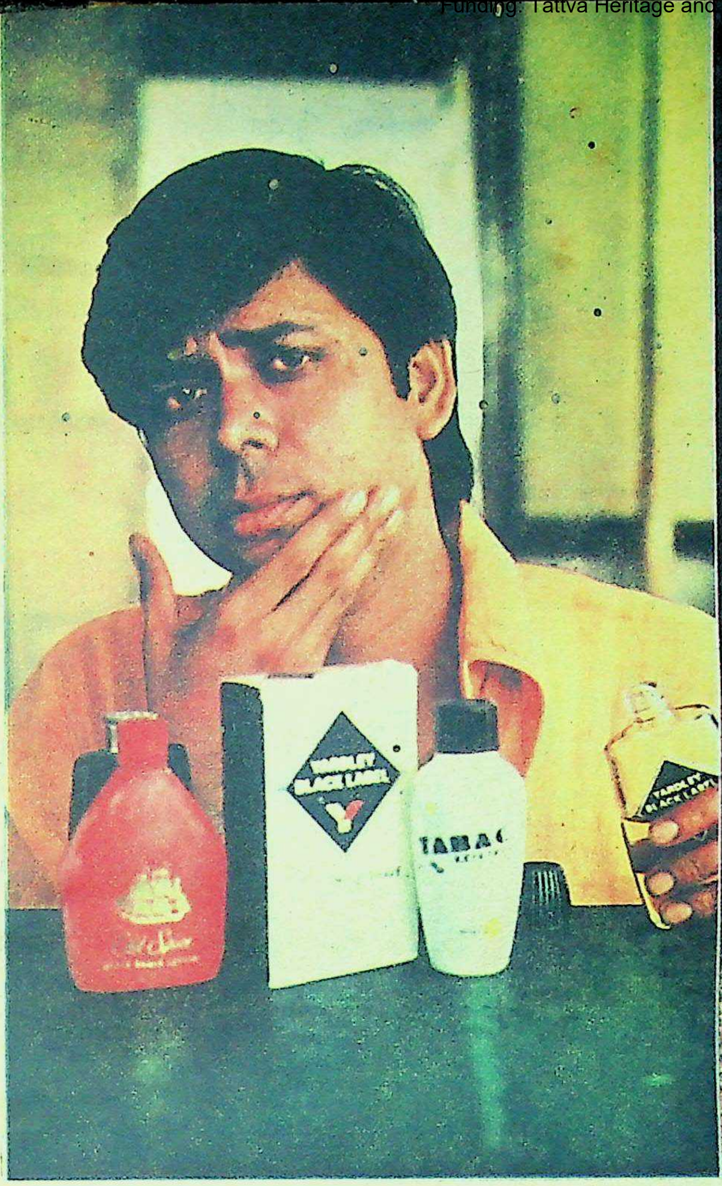

MAKING UP WHAT NATURE HAS LEFT UNDONE. Although the sales of male cosmetics have increased four times in 20 years, the industry faces several handicaps. The water used for distilling perfumes is not pure, nor is the alcohol content refined. Packaging is very expensive. There is a shortage of hardboard material and, furthermore, there is an excise levy of 25 to 33 per cent on all goods containing spirit. And yet, attar, the basic perfume, is exported in large quantities from Lucknow to France to be blended into exotic combinations.

Cosmetics—For Men Only

by PARAM GURUNG

Photographs by Jitendra Arya

Until 1954, the cosmetics industry in India had nothing to offer men. Today over 12 recognised manufacturers, four of them with foreign collaboration, bring out a wide range of after-shaves, Colognes, deodorants, hair tonics and dyes. Yet, every year, Rs 50,00,000 worth of goods are smuggled into the country. Does it mean our products are not good enough?

IT was a Sunday in the Stone Age. The President of the Dinosaurs Club had to address a luncheon meeting and he was late. His favourite flint was blunt and his whiskers wouldn't cut. He scraped in despair and nicked himself. To wash the blood he grabbed a lemon off a tree and placed it against his cheek. The astringent cooled his burning skin. And the world had its first After-Shave.

Although the Mahabharata mentions perfumes, and Lord Krishna perhaps dabbed himself with these before visiting Satyabhama, the first major breakthrough in perfumery came in 900 A.D. in Arabia, with the discovery of ethyl alcohol by distilling lime. Immediately after, alcoholic toilet waters became the rage. Nobody went a-courting without a little Aqua Mirabilis on the jowls. In the 14th century Hungarian Water (from Rosemary flowers) became a status symbol. In 1742, Eau de Cologne stole the market and continues to be the most widely sold toilet water in the world.

Until 1954, Indian men had no such aids and it was generally believed that the healthy tang of male sweat was the most alluring. Then, under the brand name, Crest, an Indian company began to produce a fairly wide range of male products—after-shaves, hair tonics, pre-shaves, bay-rum, Colognes and dyes.

By 1965, a dozen companies were vying with one another to compensate man for what nature had left undone. At present, four of the firms work with foreign collaboration.

Although Indian toilet goods have increased their sales by 400% in twenty years, neither in quality nor in appearance can they compete with foreign products. Why is the magic of Brut, Pub, Hi Karate, Aramis, Tabac, Excalibur absent in the home item?

For one, the alcohol or spirit content used in all our perfumery is of a very unrefined nature. The Indian water used for

—Continued

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

distilling the perfume is not even half as pure as the water used in the West. Even the distilling facilities available are not adequate. Every manufacturer has a privately coded chemical binding agent known as the "fixation" which binds the perfume with the water and ensures a more lasting product. Our fixations are weak and this is why the Indian products evaporate fast.

As for visual impact, makers are confident that they can compete with any foreign make, but the limited market does not allow them to do so. About 5 to 10 per cent of the product cost is packaging. We are capable of producing bottles, jars and containers as attractive as any abroad.

The overheads are already very high. There is an excise levy of 25 to 33 per cent on all goods containing spirit. There is an acute shortage of hardboard material for packaging and it has to be often bought in the blackmarket. A few foreign companies are collaborating with us to manufacture products in India comparable to the original makes and at far lower prices. In 1958, the Government banned the import of cosmetics and this ban is still in force, but goods worth Rs 50,00,000 are smuggled in every year.

Urban Indians s w e a r by the foreign smuggled goods which can cost up to Rs 150 for a bottle. In smaller towns, Indian products are more in demand. The price of these products range from Rs 3 to Rs 20. Urbanisation is one of the reasons for the increased popularity of male cosmetics, but it is a far cry from the West where the cosmetics industry is geared to a very high demand rate. Our market can increase only when the buyer becomes aware of his surroundings and this is directly related to increase in employment.

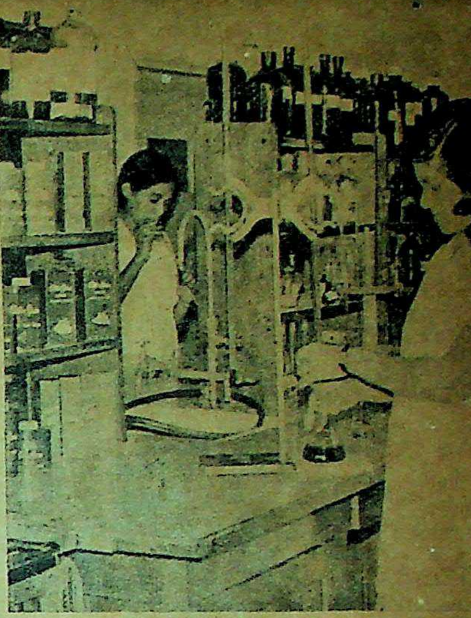
While our stuff draws thin crowds at home, paradoxically, it is popular abroad. Attar, the basic perfume, is exported in enormous quantities from Lucknow to France, where it is distilled, worked into mystical combinations and smuggled back home to be sold at prices as exotic as the product. A dram of attar in India sells at Rs 15.

Basic Indian perfumes like sandalwood are on the top of the European market shopping list. So also *khus*.

Indian razor blades have been favourably compared to those in the West and we are exporting them, along with after-shaves, dyes, and Colognes, to several East Europeans countries as well as Russia.

While they prefer ours, we like theirs. Like best-selling books, pirate editions of "phoren" makes have flooded the big cities. Nearly Rs 10,00,000 a year are spent on spurious goods by gullible status-seekers who often complain later that the contents smell "fishy". There is no way to stop these enterprising "private" manufactures whose factories are garages, bedrooms and outhouses where they purchase foreign jars and bottles from the "raddi" and fill them up.

In the West, experiments in cosmetics are conducted by qualified chemists. Our work in blending and creating original products is limited. We have little technical know-how and few qualified analysts to work fulltime on an enterprise that is still to find a market.



FILLING THEM UP. We have few trained chemists to experiment in blending perfumes for original products. While Indian "smells" are very popular abroad and are exported to European countries, we spend Rs 10,00,000 every year in purchasing spurious foreign goods, bottled and packed in India by private entrepreneurs. Picture shows an after-shave lotion being bottled—it is a foreign brand we are manufacturing in collaboration with the original makers.

Until the quality of men's cosmetics improves and the prices come within the reach of the average male, the Indian man will have to be content with buying cosmetics only for his women.

THE LAW ON COSMETICS

The fee for the grant or renewal of a licence is Rs 200 (for a manufacturer employing not more than five persons it is Rs 40). For making additional cosmetic items, it is Rs 5 for each item (Re 1 for the small-scale employer). A licence is valid until December 31 of the year following the year in which it was granted or renewed.

Conditions for the grant or renewal of a licence:

(1) The manufacture shall be conducted under the direction and personal supervision of a competent technical staff consisting of at least one person who is a whole-time employee and who possesses any of the following qualifications:

(a) holds a Diploma in Pharmacy approved by the Pharmacy Council of India under the Pharmacy Act, 1948 (8 of 1948), or

(b) is registered under the Pharmacy Act, 1948 (8 of 1948),

(c) has passed the Intermediate Examination with Chemistry as one of the subjects or an examination recognised by the Licensing Authority as equivalent to it...

(2) The factory premises are situated in hygienic surroundings and are kept clean.

(3) The applicant shall provide adequate space, plant and equipment for the manufacturing process.

(4) The applicant shall either—

(i) provide and maintain adequate staff, premises and laboratory equipment for testing the cosmetics manufactured and the raw materials used in the manufacture, or

(ii) make arrangements with some institution approved by the Licensing Authority for such tests to be regularly carried out in this behalf by the Institution.

Separate premises need separate licences...

The licencee must test each batch of cosmetics—the raw material and the finished product. He must maintain detailed records of these tests.

He must allow any Inspector authorised by the Licensing Authority to examine his premises and records.

A licence can be suspended or cancelled if the manufacturer does not have a good enough excuse for breaking the rules...

Prohibition of manufacture of Cosmetics with Coal Tar Colours other than those prescribed

(1) No cosmetic shall be manufactured which contains a coal tar colour other than the one prescribed in Schedule Q to these rules. The coal tar colour used in the manufacture of the cosmetic shall not contain more than—

(i) 2 parts per million of arsenic calculated as arsenic trioxide,

(ii) 20 parts per million of lead calculated as lead,

(iii) 100 parts per million of heavy metals other than lead calculated as the total of the respective metals.

(2) No cosmetics intended for use on the eyebrow, or eyelash, or around the eye shall be manufactured that contain any coal tar dye, coal tar dye base or coal tar dye intermediate.

Use of lead and arsenic compounds for the purpose of colouring cosmetics is prohibited.

On the label should be clearly stated the name of the cosmetic, the name of the manufacturer, adequate directions for safe use, any warning or caution to be observed and a statement of the names and quantities of the poisonous or hazardous ingredients it contains. The batch number must also be given and the details of the manufacture of the batch should be recorded.

(From "The Drugs & Cosmetics Rules")

J. K.

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Iqbal's Philosophy Of Life

Dr Mohammad Iqbal was not only a great poet, he was also a great thinker. A study of his poetry, which is equally valuable for its thought content and artistic value, has many aspects—social as well as metaphysical.

by JAGAN NATH AZAD

ACCORDING to S. A. Vahid, "Iqbal's philosophy is essentially the philosophy of Self". Prof. Yusuf Saleem Chishti calls him a poet of Islam. Tilok Chand "Mahrum" describes him as a nationalist poet. In the words of Mazhar-ud-din Siddiqi "Iqbal's was the keenest mind so far produced by the Muslims of the Indo-Pak subcontinent". Dr Sachchidanand Sinha charges him with fascist leanings, while Al-i-Ahmed Suroor calls him a socialist. Firaq Gorakhpuri refers to Iqbal as a communalist. M. R. Stepanyants says he was a reactionary, and according to Khwaja Ghulamus-Syyadain Iqbal was a progressive.

W. Cantwell Smith takes an easier course and describes him both as a progressive and a reactionary. Bashir Ahmed Dar says: "The message he delivered to us so beautifully promises to provide a great motive force for the resurrection of our society in India".

Jawaharlal Nehru writes in his book *Discovery of India* that "Iqbal was one of the early advocates of Pakistan and yet he appears to have realised its inherent danger and absurdity... During his last years Iqbal turned more and more towards socialism. The great progress that Soviet Russia had made attracted him. Even his poetry took a different turn." And the statement given by M. A. Jinnah on Iqbal's death reads: "To me he was a friend, guide and philosopher and during the darkest moments through which the Muslim League had to go, he stood like a rock and never flinched one single moment."

Multi-Dimensional Personality

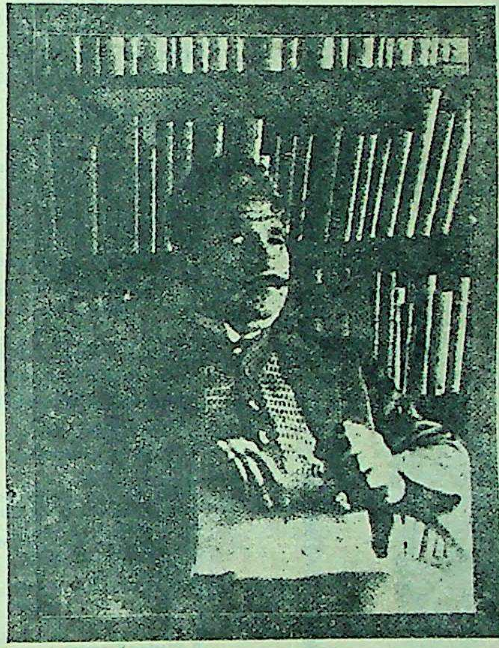
Can we, however, say that all these aspects, even communalism, are various facets of Iqbal's multi-dimensional personality? Discussing a "communal Iqbal", Dr Mohammad Din Taseer, one of Dr Iqbal's close associates, writes in *Aspects of Iqbal*:

"In Europe his outlook widened and he realised the harmfulness of narrow nationalism. But internationalism as a mere abstract idea is not much use. Its seeds should be grown in a fertile ground. 'Islamic Society", he (Iqbal) writes 'is the only society which has so far proved itself a most successful opponent of the race-idea'. And it was a society to whose culture he belonged body and soul. This is the secret of his 'communalism'. He is as communal as Homer, Dante, Milton and Kalidasa, who utilise and refer frequently to gods, myths, beliefs and symbols of their various cultural and religious groups. They are not less of poets because of this."

Iqbal's own views on this particular approach to life are no less revealing. In his presidential address to the All-India Muslim League session at Allahabad in 1930, he says:

> I love the communal group, which is the source of my life and behaviour, and which has formed me, what I am, by giving me its religion, its literature, its thought, its culture and thereby recreating its whole past, as a living operative factor, in my present consciousness.

Perhaps India has not produced a more controversial figure in the domain of literature!



Dr SIR MOHAMMED IQBAL (1875-1938) was born in Sialkot and educated in Lahore, Cambridge, Munich and Heidelberg. He is one of the greatest poets and philosophers who ever wrote in Urdu and Indian Persian.

Prof. Annemarie Schimmel says:

> Mohammad Iqbal is such a many-sided personality that since his death the different aspects of his work have been treated again and again by Eastern and Western scholars—his poetical art, his philosophy and its background, the political importance of his ideas, his theological viewpoint, etc.

Iqbal was an amalgam of a seer, a poet and a philosopher and had a firm belief in his fundamental purpose of life which was to insure the happiness of man through the cooperation of mankind. In the beginning of his poetic career, as far back as 1902, he composed a poem entitled "Bachche ki Dua" (A child's prayer) wherein he says:

Lab pe ati hai dua ban ke tamanna meri,
Zindgi shamma ki surat ho Khudaya meri,
Dur dunya ka mere dam se andhera ho jai
Har jagah mere chamakne se ujala ho jai

My innermost desire comes to my lips as a prayer,
O God, may my life be like a candle!
May the darkness of the world disappear through my efforts!
May every place glitter through my glow!

It was with this end in view that he devoted himself to art and philosophy. Philosophy for Iqbal was not a subject but a way of studying all subjects including his religion. If philosophy as a subject is to be taken as an end in itself, Iqbal was deadly opposed to it. He once declared: "I am afraid I have no philosophy to teach. As a matter of fact I hate systems of philosophy, nor do I trust principles and conclusions of philosophy. No man has condemned the human intellect more than I, i.e., as applied to the ultimate realities of religion. No doubt I talk of things in which philosophers are also interested. But with me these things are matters of living experience and not of philosophical reasoning". (*Eminent Musalmans*, Madras, 1926).

An Inquisitive Mind

Iqbal's philosophical approach is unique in that its progress can be measured by the kind of questions he asks rather than by the success with which he answers them. His is an inquisitive mind, always in quest to solve the riddle of how and why. "Life has meaning", he feels with Browning—"to find its meaning is my meat and drink". It will not be out of place to mention here that the very last couplet in his posthumous collection of poems *Armughan-i-Hijaz* (Gift of Hejaz) says:

Agar maqsood-di-kul main hun to mujh se mawara kya hai?
Mira hangama ha-i-nau ba nau hi ibtida hya hai?

Then what is all this beyond me, if I am the ultimate aim of the Almighty?
What is the final limit of my ever-fresh tumults?

Students of philosophy and literature who seek from Iqbal final answers to their questions need be told that Iqbal's poetry is not for them. It is devoid of finalistic touches. It is a poetry of constant questioning, constant criticism, creating a disturbing effort on its reader, not tranquillising.

In Iqbal we find a sharp contrast to Will Durant, according to whom "so much of our lives is meaningless, a self-cancelling vacillation and futility". Rather he is in full agreement on this point with Nietzsche who says: "life means to us constantly to transform into light and flame all that we are or meet with".

Let this extract from Friedrich Nietzsche not lead us to misconstrue that it is Nietzsche's philosophy that finds its echo in Iqbal. There is not much common between the two, in so far as their approach to basic human values is concerned, although the outward resemblance between these prophets of modern times is striking. Iqbal's poetry and prose both make occasional references to Nietzsche. In a footnote to one

—Continued

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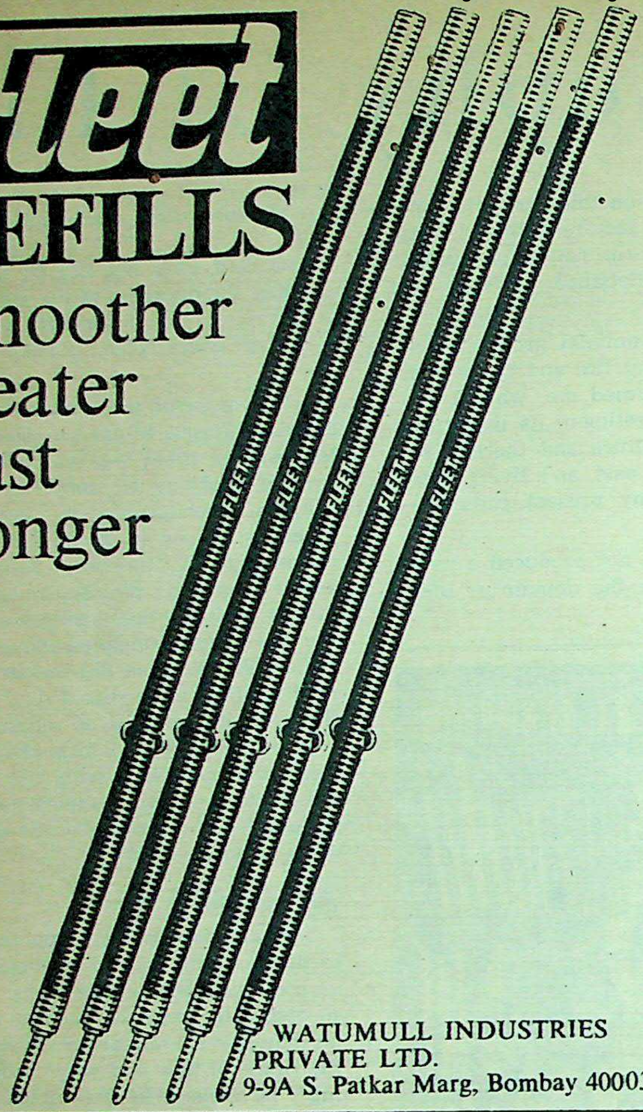

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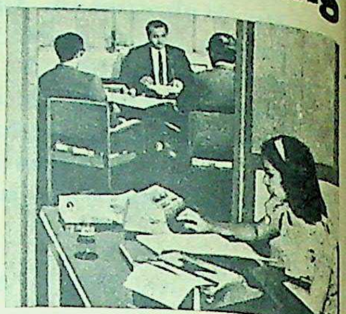

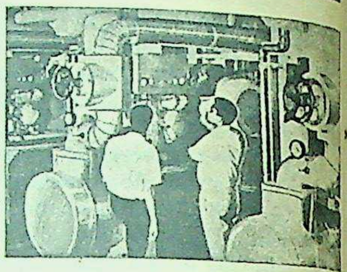

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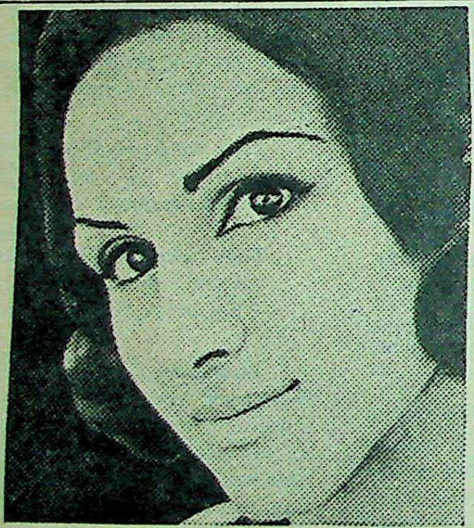

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of his poems in *Payam-i-Mashriq* (Message of the East), he writes: "Nietzsche has launched a powerful attack on Christian ethics. His mind is an unbeliever, as he denies God although in some ethical aspects his views are very close to Islam. His heart is a believer, though his mind denies". The Holy Prophet gave a similar verdict on an Arab poet, Umayya ibn-us-Salat: "His, tongue believed while his heart disbelieved".

"To be a philosopher", says Thoreau, "is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity and truth". It is in this sense that Iqbal is a thinker, a philosopher. He has not created through the flights of his imagination pretentious philosophical bubbles, which go out with a bang when pricked by an analytical needle. Iqbal also gives us the feeling that philosophical problems in their relation to day to day life of individuals are as urgent and interesting now as they were at man's first intellectual awakening in India, China, Greece or the Middle East. These problems have neither been settled nor solved.

Contrary to early Greek philosophers who simply stated their beliefs dogmatically, Iqbal is not content to describe the bare facts of life. He wishes to ascertain their relation to experience in general and thereby to get out its meaning and its worth. In Cordova, Spain, he sees the mosque—La Mezquita de Cordoba—built by the Spanish ruler Abdur-Rehman III in the middle of the 10th century A.D. He is exquisitely impressed and moved by the great work of architecture and art created by the Muslims about a thousand years back. In his attempt to ascertain the relation between the factual past and the probable future he says:

Deeda-i-anjum men hai teri zamin asman
Ah! ki sadyon se hai teri faza be-azan.
Kaun si wadi men hai, kaun si manzil men hai
Ishq-i-bala khez ka qafila-i-sakht jan?
Dekh chuka Almani shorish-i-islah-i-din
Jis ne na chhore kahin naqsh-i-kuhan ke nishan.
Harf-i-ghalat ban gai ismat-i-peer-i-kunisht
Aur hui fikr ki kashti-i-nazuk rawan...

In the eyes of the stars your earth is celestial,
For ages your atmosphere has not known the Muezzin's call
In what valley, at which stage
Is Love's hardy caravan?
The Germans have seen the tempest of Reformation
Which has swept away all traces of old
Popes and their sanctity have since lost their import,
The delicate boat of Reason sets off on its perilous voyage.
France has witnessed the Revolution
Which overturned the world of the West
Italians, grown old by worshipping old things,
Have regained their youth.
The same commotion has now seized the soul of the Muslim,
It is a divine secret, which words cannot explain.

Let us see, what new portents spring from the ocean's depth
What colour this azur vault assumes.

This keenness to know the unknown coupled with a desire to see the progress of human thought going a step further keeps him always restless. The origin of this quest, however, he traces to the Holy Prophet whose constant prayer was 'God grant me the knowledge of the ultimate nature of things'. It is this very prayer which finds its echo in one of Iqbal's poems in *Zaboor-i-Ajam* (The Psalms of Persia):

O Lord! Give me a conscious heart
Grant me a sight that would see the intoxication in the wine.

Iqbal's Quest

The desire to know the ultimate nature of things is Iqbal's ultimate goal in life. In the preface to his book entitled "Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam" (notice the rebellious spirit behind the title!) he lashes out at the "latter-day representatives" of various schools of Sufism, who "owing to their ignorance of the modern mind, have become absolutely incapable of receiving any fresh inspiration from modern thought and experience... I have tried to meet, even though partially, this urgent demand by attempting to reconstruct Muslim religious philosophy with due regard to the philosophical traditions of Islam and the more recent development in the various domains of knowledge".

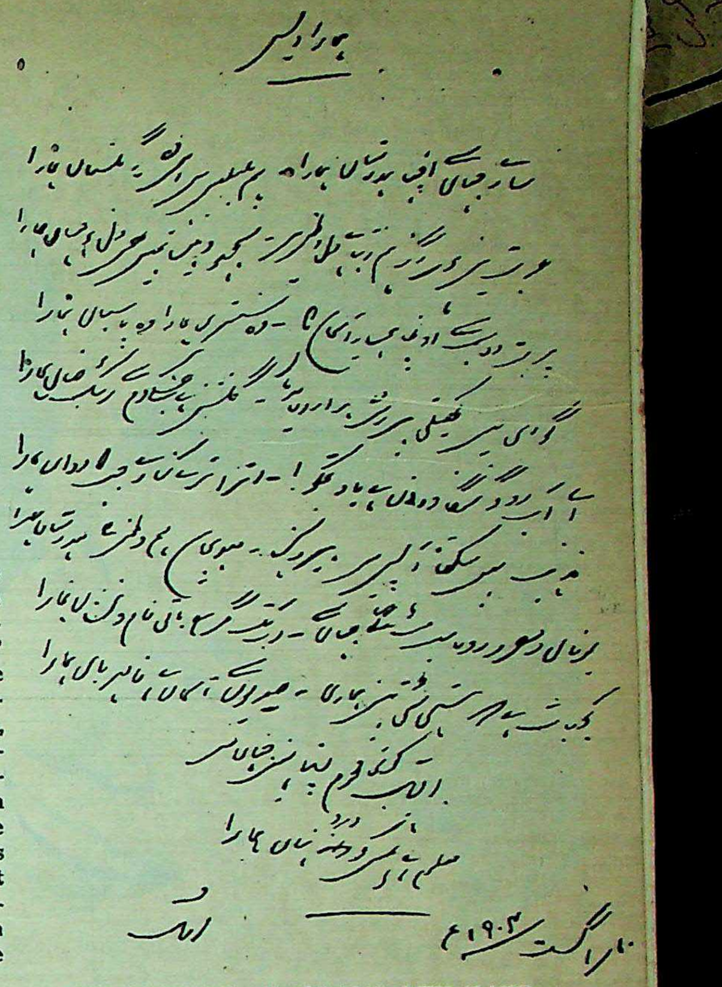
In this preface Iqbal warns the reader, "there is no such thing as finality in philosophical thinking". However, in one of his lectures he goes a step further when he says: "The only course open to us is to approach modern knowledge with a respectful but independent attitude and to appreciate the teachings of Islam in the light of that knowledge, even though we may be led to differ from those who have gone before us".

Going deep in the theory of good and evil is the keynote of Iqbal's poetry. In one of his satirical poems in *Bal-i-Jibreel* (Wings of Gabriel) he addresses God:

Agar kajrau hain anjum, asman tera hai ye mera?
Mujhe fikr-i-jahan kiyon ho, jahan tera hai ya mera?
Agar hangama ha-i-shauq se hai La Makan khali,
Khata kis ki hai ya Rab, La Makan tera hai ya mera?
The stars have taken a crooked course, but who do the Heavens belong to?
Why should I worry, is the Universe yours or mine?
If the non-space is devoid of inner tumults
Whose fault is it O Lord, Yours or mine?
How was he (Satan) encouraged to say 'No' on the morn of Eternity?
How am I to know, is he your confidante or mine?
Your world is shining with the light of this very star:
Is the Fall of Adam a loss to You or to me?

And again in *Armughan-i-Hijaz*:

What shall I say—what is the theory of good and evil?
Expression trembles at the knotty question.



THE ORIGINAL IN IQBAL'S OWN HAND OF THE FAMOUS "SONG OF INDIAN CHILDREN" (Sare Jahan se achha Hindostan hamara), *dated August 10, 1904. "Our India is the finest country in the world, we are the nightingales of her meadows; the highest of mountains, neighbour of the skies, is our sentry and our guard; in its lap play a thousand rivers, which make our land the envy of Heaven. O rippling waters of the Ganga, do you remember those distant days, when our caravan stopped by your banks? Religion does not teach us to hate one another; we are all Indians, our land is Ind. Greece, Egypt and Rome are gone, we are living; if we exist still, there must be a reason; for centuries the times have been unkind to us. Iqbal! no one but you can know our hidden pain."*

You see the thorn and the flower over the twig
While inside the twig there is neither of the two.

Or—

Tundi-i-bad-i-mukhalif se na ghabra ai uqab,
Yeh to chalti hai tujhe uncha uraane ke liye.
O Eagle, do not be afraid of the fiercely opposing wind,
For it blows to raise thee higher and higher.

Iqbal's attempts to discern what is good from what is evil constitute a landmark in Urdu and Indian Persian poetry. He has also dilated on the subject in his prose works with an objective not so much to arrive at a philosophical conclusion as to bring comfort and solace to the anxious human spirit. **"Man", according to Iqbal, "marches always onward to receive ever-fresh illuminations from an Infinite Reality which every moment appears in a new glory. And the recipient of Divine illumination is not merely a passive recipient. Every act of a free ego creates a new situation, and thus offers further opportunities of creative unfolding".**

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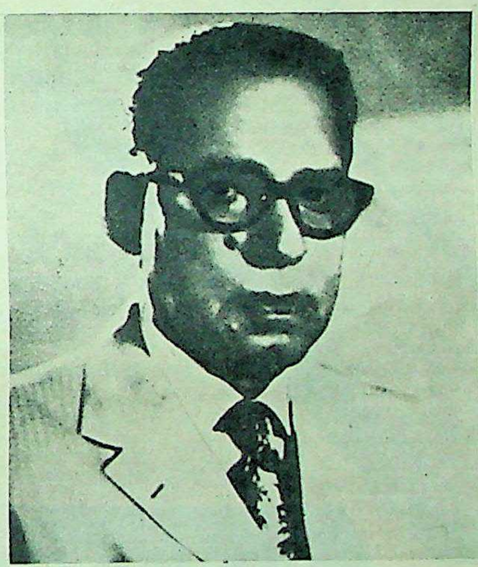
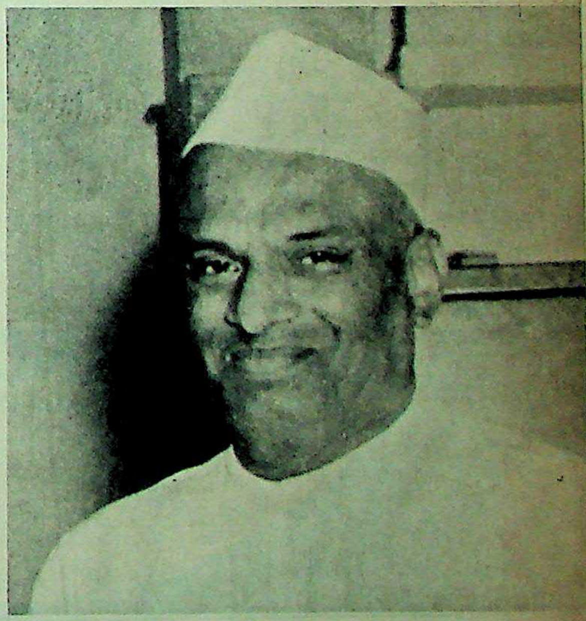
In The News

A SPATE OF FLOODS. Large parts of Uttar Pradesh, Jammu and Kashmir, Punjab and Assam have been inundated by severe floods. The death toll in Northern India is 110. Thousands have been made homeless and standing crops destroyed. Several Bihar rivers are also in spate. Pakistan, too, is in the grip of floods; thirteen districts of West Punjab have been declared "calamity-hit" and over a hundred people have lost their lives. Pakistan has accused India of not giving them timely flood warning.

THE RETURN OF DEMOCRACY. Under the new Constitution, the National Assembly of Pakistan elected Fazal Elahi President, and Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto Prime Minister. Mr Bhutto is the country's eighth Prime Minister, but the first one in fifteen years. The new Constitution vests the head of the Government with sweeping powers. A vote of no-confidence cannot be moved against him unless the same resolution proposes the name of a successor. No resolution can be moved against the Prime Minister during a budget session.

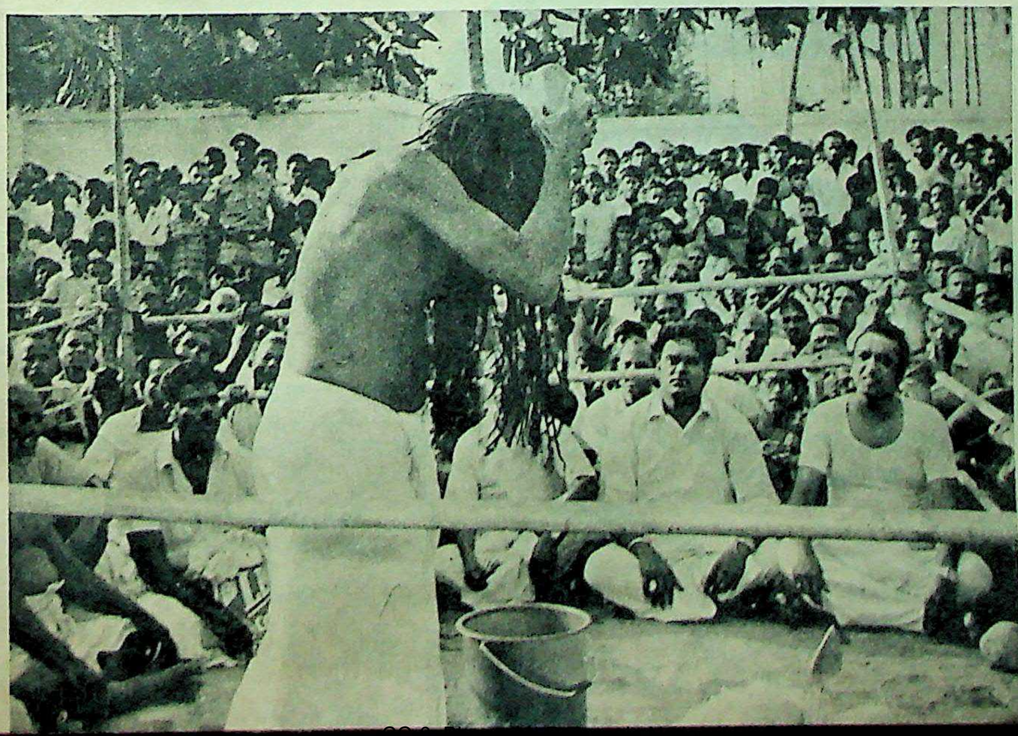


THE LAST INNINGS. Dayanand Balkrishna Bandodkar (61), Chief Minister of Goa, Daman and Diu, died recently of a heart attack. He was an educationist, writer and a lover of sports and wild life. He was closely associated with Goa's liberation struggle and used his wealth to finance nationalist activities and help the families of freedom fighters. He is succeeded by his daughter, Shashikala Kakodkar, who was Minister of State for Education.



DAHYABHAI PASSES ON. Dahyabhai Patel (67), leader of the Swatantra group in the Rajya Sabha, died recently in Bombay of cerebral haemorrhage. He was the son of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. He entered public life as a Municipal Councillor in Bombay and was elected Mayor in 1954. He had been an M.P. since 1958.

HEADSTRONG? NO. At Vadapazhani Temple, Madras, Tirunavukkarasu Swamigal broke 151 coconuts to the God Muruga (Subrahmanya or Skanda)—he broke them on his own head. The Swami belongs to the famous shrine of Katiragama, Sri Lanka.



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Poetry Of The Month

Selected by
NISSIM EZEKIEL

Poems For My Father
(G. SHANKARA CHETTY)

1
in the kitchen my father
squats for dinner as usual,
the family gathers around
to discuss his last illness,
my father looks well,
he scoops up the rice
eats it calmly
speaking of his illness.

it was anopheles not cancer
that sucked him tender,
the doctor misread the pain,
now by god's grace
he's back feeling trim.
my mother brings
plateful of sweets,
proof he has recovered.

convinced of the dream
the sweets taste bitter,
he bleeds,
I ask for the reason,
my father eating
does not hear me,
everyone is out to celebrate
go join them, he says.

2
my mother hastily pounds
the salt into powder
my father waits for it
at the dinner table
beyond his life in this
dream the food never
gets eaten the eyes fail.

3
when the birds waken
he appears very much better
says he'll await my return
with my book named
after his town
a hearing aid
and if possible a taste of port.

4
and after his death in Mysore
he arrives in Mount Pleasant
attracted by the pecan cookies
"build a small fire
and into it throw a few cookies
in a jar with tight blue lid".

5
at the airport
I see the old family Fiat
crackle in the heat,
its doors are hot as the underside
of an electric iron.

the roads are scant boned as ever,
coolies move along the pot-holes
with gravel pans on their head,
bullock-carts trundle
in and out of the car's wheel span.

at Nanjangud
my mother is an aged sparrow
her sari billows around her
her wrinkles bristle on my cheek.

my father
cremated by the river's bend
then transferred in a basket
skull pelvic femur
lies under the mango tree
free of caste and skin.

life goes on here
those who succeeded
show me air-conditioners
those who didn't
have no complaints.

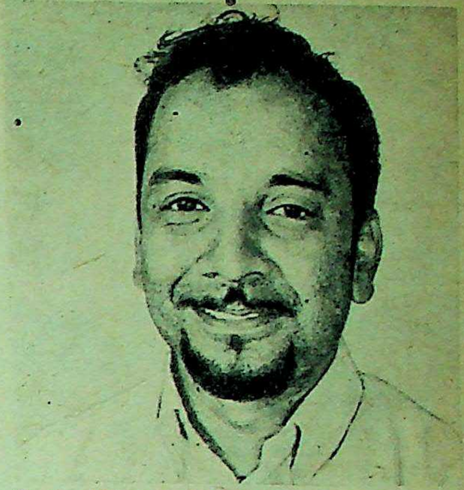
we make plans for pilgrimage
remember faces
repeat old jokes.

yet as the evening snags
with the cackle of crows
silencing their victim
one cannot deny our differences
indifferent though we pretend
we are changed by sheer distance.

my father lies
beyond any imaginable posture
under his favourite tree
my mother sleeps in his bed
curled to a posture only she knows.

I assess my life
the possibilities
of reincarnation.

G. S. SHARAT CHANDRA, U.S.A.



G. S. SHARAT CHANDRA is Professor of English at the Washington State University. His first book of poems, April in Nanjangud, was published by London Magazine. He edits a poetry magazine, Kamadhenu. A new collection of his poems is due this year.

Yet I Return

When I got to the top of the hill,
The moon had gone.
Only the shadow
Of the stone house remained;
(The shadow of your childhood
Looms higher than I thought)

You stood smiling at the window
Making no move to come down
And open the door to your completeness.
My small hands were not
Strong enough to manage it alone.

In my imagination's rise
You unbuttoned your clothes.
But tonight it was I that lacked the passion
Seated on a high-backed chair,
Watching the moon deflower a cloud:
I felt the cloud rain tears
At the helpless rhythm of my repeated return.

Defying the law
You speed past love. Past lust.
The fleeting halt at red lights
Lasts only for one night.
Dare I ask your destination?

But look! Dawn is pregnant
With the promise of impatient day...
And later, the leaves grow lighter
With the adventure of afternoon.

In the slow evening glow
My excitement
Like the eyebrow of the moon
Will rise above your smile.

SHREEDEVI SINGH, Darjeeling

Ghastly Ghazal

Before Kashmere Gate from Rajpur Road and New Court
there are two roads that always lead to one road.

There is a small gate tumbledown and standing.
The road between them is a short road.

It has a spine facilitating one-way
traffic. But it is not a new road.

If you pedal down it strenuously
you see no dead-end, feel it is a closed road,

its pavements buried under strong bananas
that no one could have eaten on this damned road

and pot-holes countering in Sangham sambhar
like Qutb Minar on a Mohammedan inroad.

Every battlement has a marauding farmer
trying to tripe you for micing up his mud road.

Which you escape and fall upon a closed door.
Waving it open you come upon a highroad.

Very fine. You tell an old caretaker
as of now all doors should open to all roads.

That the authorities should rent out sections
of it to young men instead of only sideroads.

When an old resident turns in unfamiliarly and a young lady to him like green and red roads.

PAUL JACOB, New Delhi

Let It Be So

If you had stood so
the arch of your back lifted
up lightly on your toes
and elbows, letting the evening
brush its rainclouded fingers upon your face

If you had stood, so
apart from everything behind you
that your rainstroked form had become
your wish, rooted
in stone, every sense brightening

Then I would have flung open
the yet sunlit back-porch door, and, infused
by your body's metal, would have made
of my flinging open and stepping into,
a continuous act of asking.

SALEEM PEERADINA, Bombay

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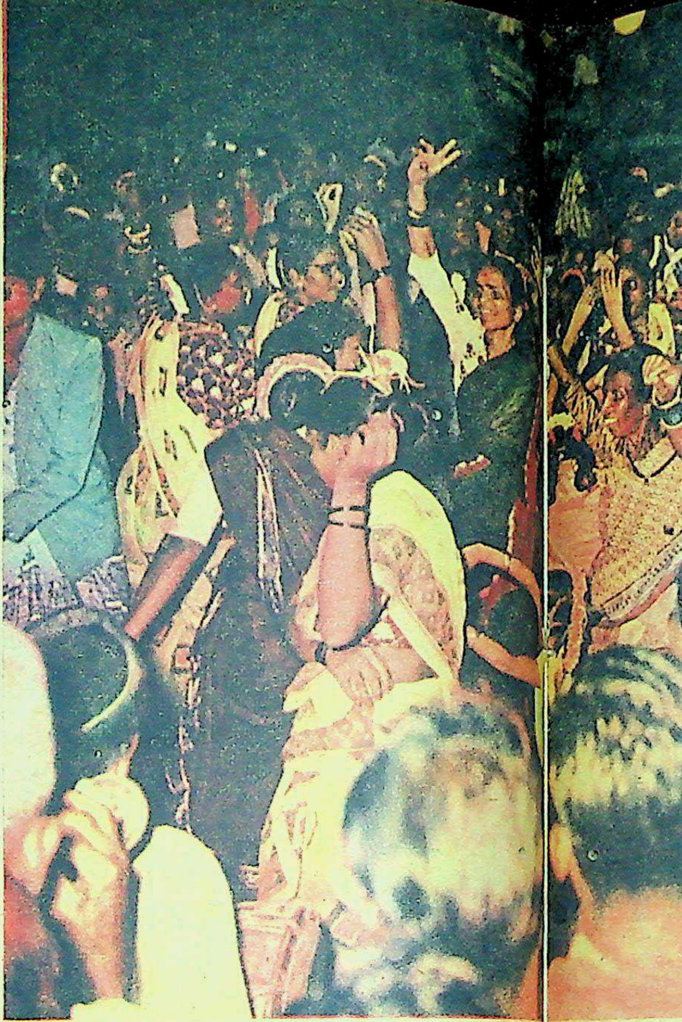
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

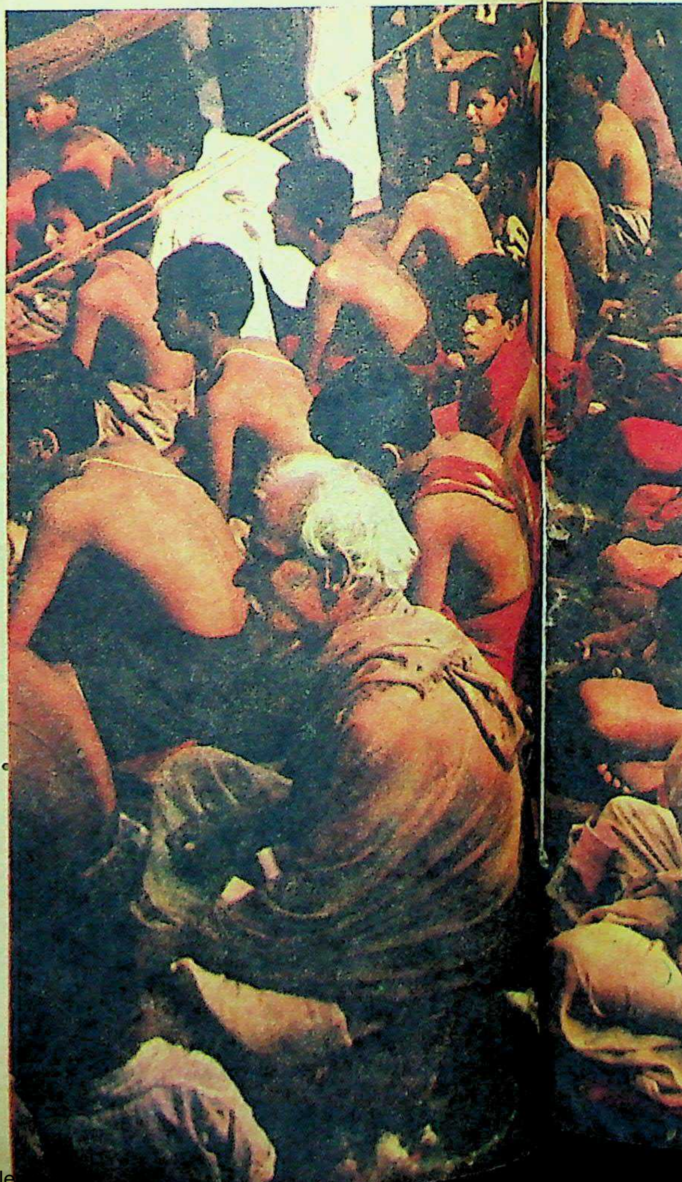
—Shriram Yadav

MAY THERE BE NO OBSTACLE in the path of Maharashtra! A huge Ganapati is taken in procession. Grotesque and crude images are often made. Some are related to historical characters or political leaders who are currently popular.



MORE FISH—WITH THE BLESSINGS O ANAPATI. Fis Dock are exultant on the twelfth day of festival. On th Ganesa are immersed in the sea. Below: ts recite hymn

—Shriram Yadav



Ganesh Chaturthi

The festival will be celebrated on August 31.

GANESAYA *n a m a h. Mahaganapataye namah.* The god with the elephant's head is propitiated at the commencement of any work or ceremony. He is the son of Siva and Parvati—how is it then that he was invoked at the time of their marriage? This points to the probable fact that Ganapati has not been the same all through the centuries. Originally he must have been what his name indicates, the leader of a tribe (or hosts), and so entitled to the first offering.

He is also Vighnesvara, the straightforward meaning of which term would be lord of obstacles—a demigod or a god who created obstacles and hence the need to appease him. The deity, thus appeased, protected one from risks, hindrances in an undertaking, and Vighnesvara came to mean the remover of obstacles.

His images are made of turmeric or clay. These two signify the impurity on Parvati's body out of which the goddess created him. This fact, combined with his elephant's head, means an attempt to synthesise earth and heaven, animal, man and god —the gross and the subtle.

There is something incongruous about Vighnesvara, a half-elephant riding a rat. He is pot-bellied and four-armed. In one hand he holds a shell, in another a discus, in the third a goad, and in the fourth a lotus. One story accounting for his elephant's head goes thus. Parvati, proud of her son, asked Sani (Saturn) to look at him, forgetful of the evil effects of the planet. When Sani's glance fell on Ganapati, his head was reduced to ashes. Brahma asked the mother to replace the head with the first she could find—that happened to be an elephant's.

And why does he have only one tusk? Originally he had two. One day when Parasurama came on a visit to Kailasa to see Siva, Ganesa did not let him in. He seized the visitor with his trunk and, giving a twirl, left him senseless on the ground. When Parasurama came to, he hurled his axe at his opponent. Ganesa, recognising the weapon as earlier belonging to his father, did not resist and received it on a tusk which was immediately severed.

Ganesa must have been originally a god associated with agriculture or plant life. All sorts of leaves and grass are used in his worship. Also medicinal herbs. Ganapati now stands for knowledge and wisdom. With his trunk resting on his tusk he symbolises the mystic AUM.

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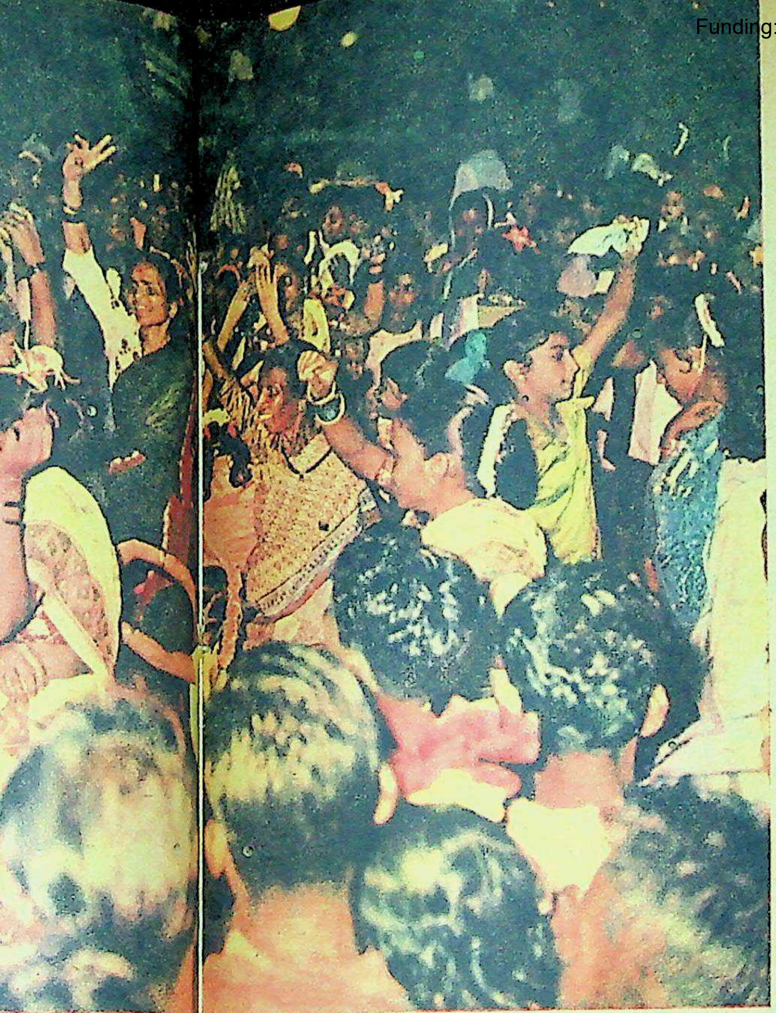
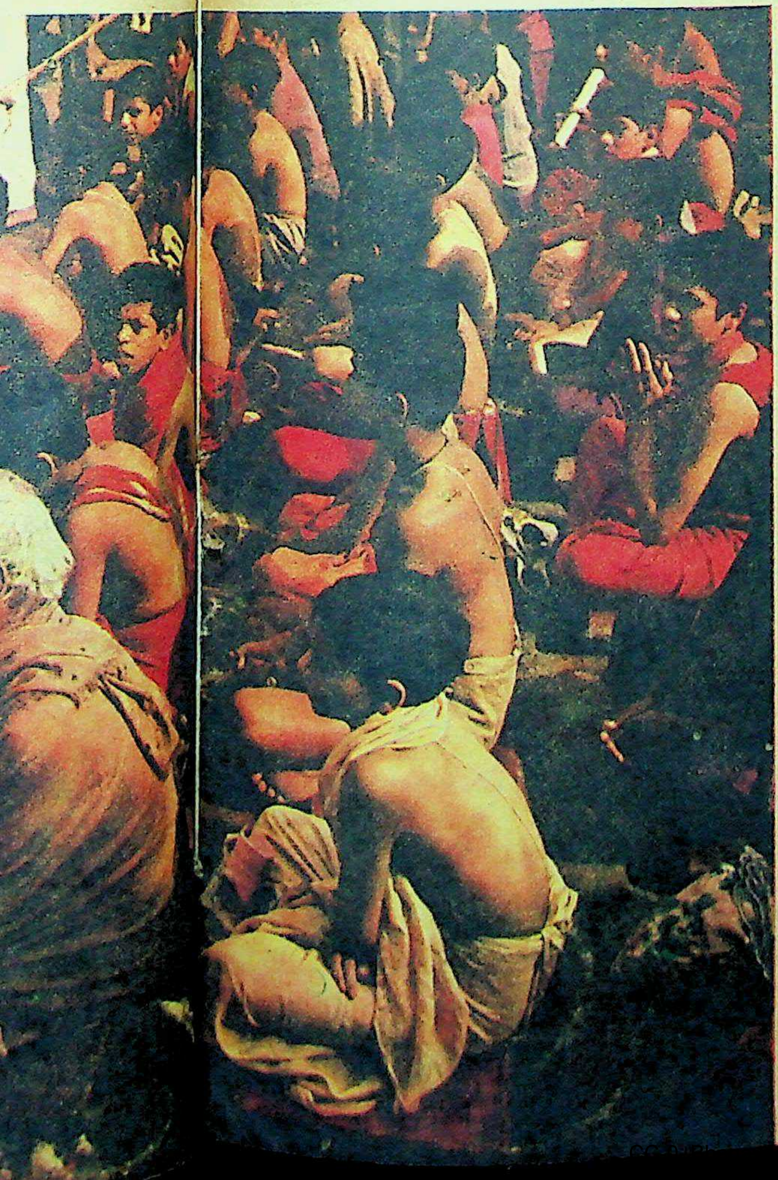


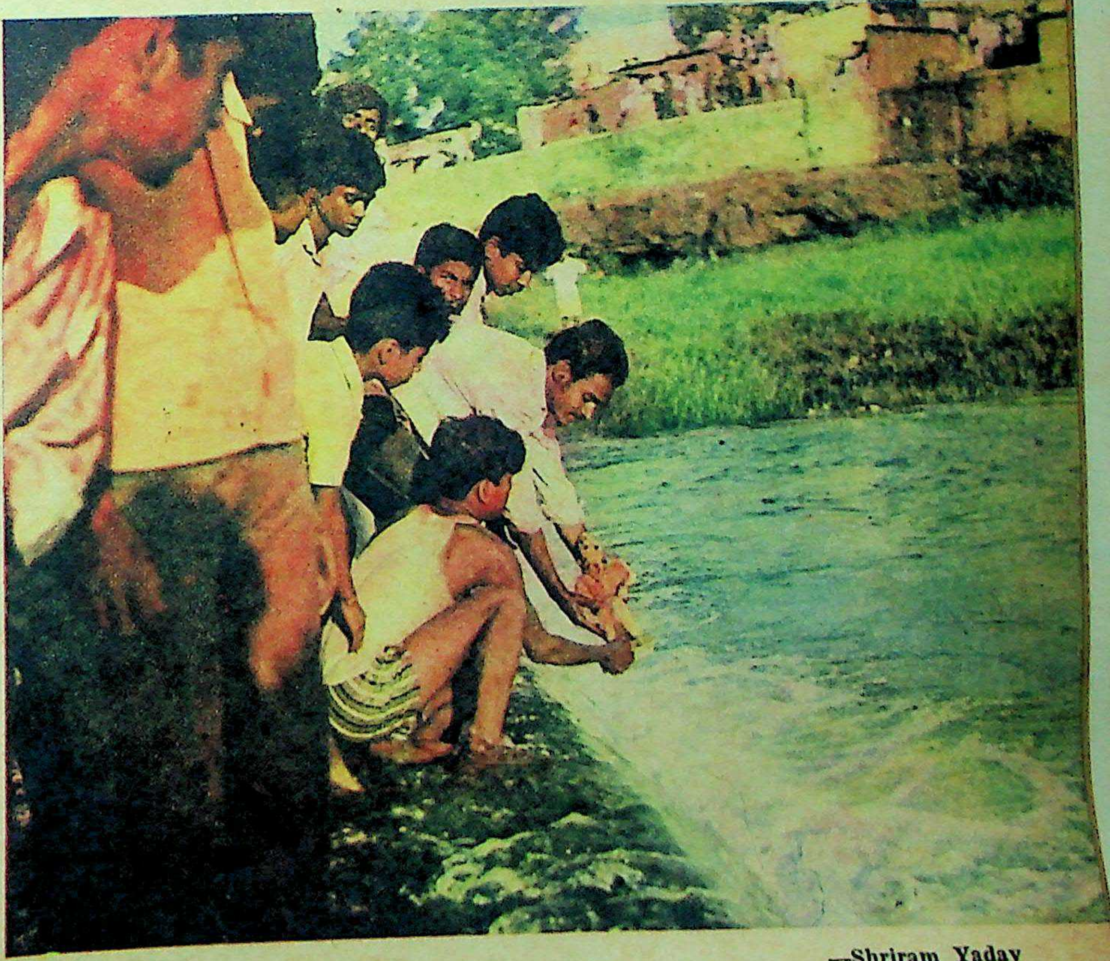
—Devidas Kasbekar

THE BLESSINGS O ANAPATI. *Fisherwomen at Bombay's Sassoon the twelfth day of festival. On this occasion images of Gauri and in the sea.* Below: ts *recite hymns.*

—Dinesh Bellare

"GANAPATI BAPPA MORAYA" (*Obeisance to Ganapati*)—*the cry can be heard all over Maharashtra. The procession seen here is on Anant Chaturdasi, the 10th day of the festival. Sarvajanik or public observances were popularised by Lokmanya Tilak.*





—Shriram Yadav

"VISARJAN." *An image is immersed at the confluence of the Mula and Mutha rivers, near Poona. Ganesh Chaturthi is Maharashtra's most popular Hindu celebration. The day is observed with fervour also in Karnataka and Tamil Nadu.*

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The Bombay and Delhi editions of The Times of India go to nearly 245,000 good families, worthy of alliance.

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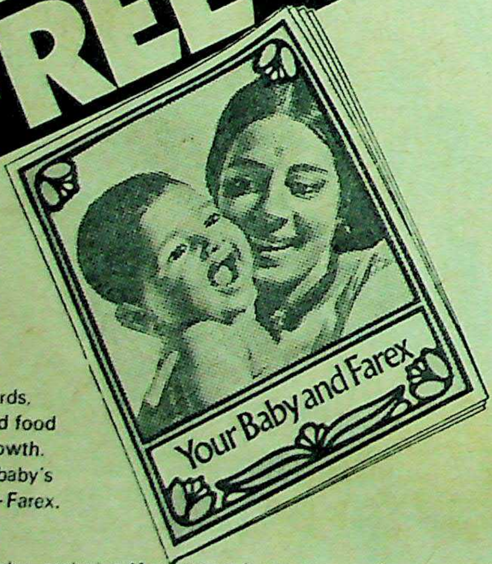

Doctors say 3 months onwards, baby needs solid food for all-round growth. Learn all about baby's first solid food—Farex.

Post the coupon today, enclosing 20 p. stamps for postage, to Department F-1-B, Post Box 16558, Bombay 18 WB. (Mention language.)

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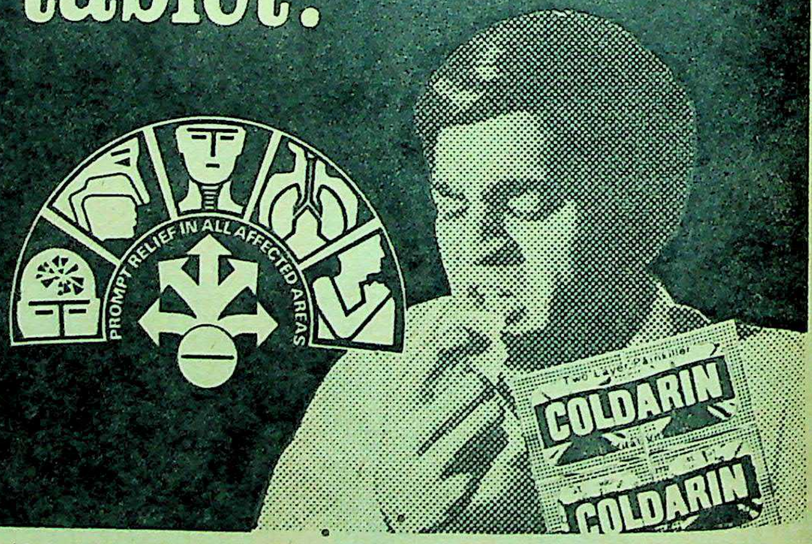
Attention cold and flu sufferers!

ULKA-UC-4

COLD FACTS: get relief from a runny nose, body pain, headache and the depression of colds and flu with a specially formulated cold tablet.



Coldarin relieves the discomforts of colds and flu. And the added Vitamin C helps build resistance to colds. At the first sign, take only one tablet, preferably after meals.

COLDARIN

Boots

the specially formulated **COLD TABLET**

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ULKA-UC-4
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TABLET

NEW HEIGHTS OF MODERN DANCE. Asha received her dance training under stalwarts like Martha Graham and Pearl Lang in the U.S. She also worked at Jacob's Pillow University of the Dance at Massachusetts. Says Asha: "Although I perform Western dance, I am an Indian. I love and admire the depth, warmth, purity and sensualism of Bharata Natyam and Oddissi".

Asha Coorlawala

by SUNIL KOTHARI

Asha Coorlawala and Major Burchfield are currently giving lecture demonstrations on modern dance in Bombay, Delhi and Calcutta under the aegis of the U.S.I.S.

Photographs by ED RIVEIA

"MEET this gorgeous divine dancer," so I was introduced to Asha Coorlawala by Asha Puthli when I was on a visit to New York two years ago. Next day I went to Miss Pearl Lang's class at the American Dance Centre where I saw Coorlawala practising with admirable confidence. She did the leaps and jumps with feline grace.

Asha Coorlawala, who studied at Bombay's St Xavier's College, won a scholarship to Smith, the renowned Ivy League College for women, graduated in 1967, and ended up studying dance from such stalwarts as Martha Graham, Merce Cunningham and Pearl Lang. She also worked at Jacob's Pillow University of the Dance, at Lee, Massachusetts.

She is now back in India after eight years. Asha and two other dancer-choreographer friends, Major Burchfield, Director of the Virginia Beach Ballet, and Lee Harper, of the internationally famous Alvin Alley Company, are in the process of forming the Mandala Dance Theatre Company. "Why the name Mandala?" I asked her. Echoing the words of a famous mountaineer, she said: "Because circles just are. So is dance and so are mountains." Asha happened to be reading the book *Mandala* by Jose and Miriam Arguelles and the universality of the Mandala concept appealed to her.

"It is an old Indian symbol—the circle, the centre suggesting the cosmos in its entirety. Reintroduced to the West by Jung, it is also a symbol of the modern Western search for consciousness."

The Mandala Company will consist of eight members trained in modern dance and working as a cooperative group. The company has already got performances booked in New York, and next year they plan to visit India.

Asha feels that, while theatre in our country is becoming involved in the present, Indian dance, though vastly expressive, has little relevance to the present.

I asked her: "Why not also dance forms which have the same immediacy for us as the *Natyasastra* for contemporaneous ages?"

"In a society," says Asha, "individuals serve different functions. So in dance, while some must preserve and keep alive our inheritance, there must also be those who experiment and pioneer new paths to tread on."

ASHA performs with Burchfield. The two, together with Lee Harper, are forming the Mandala Dance Theatre Company. She hopes to visit India again with this troupe early next year.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

Women Photographers

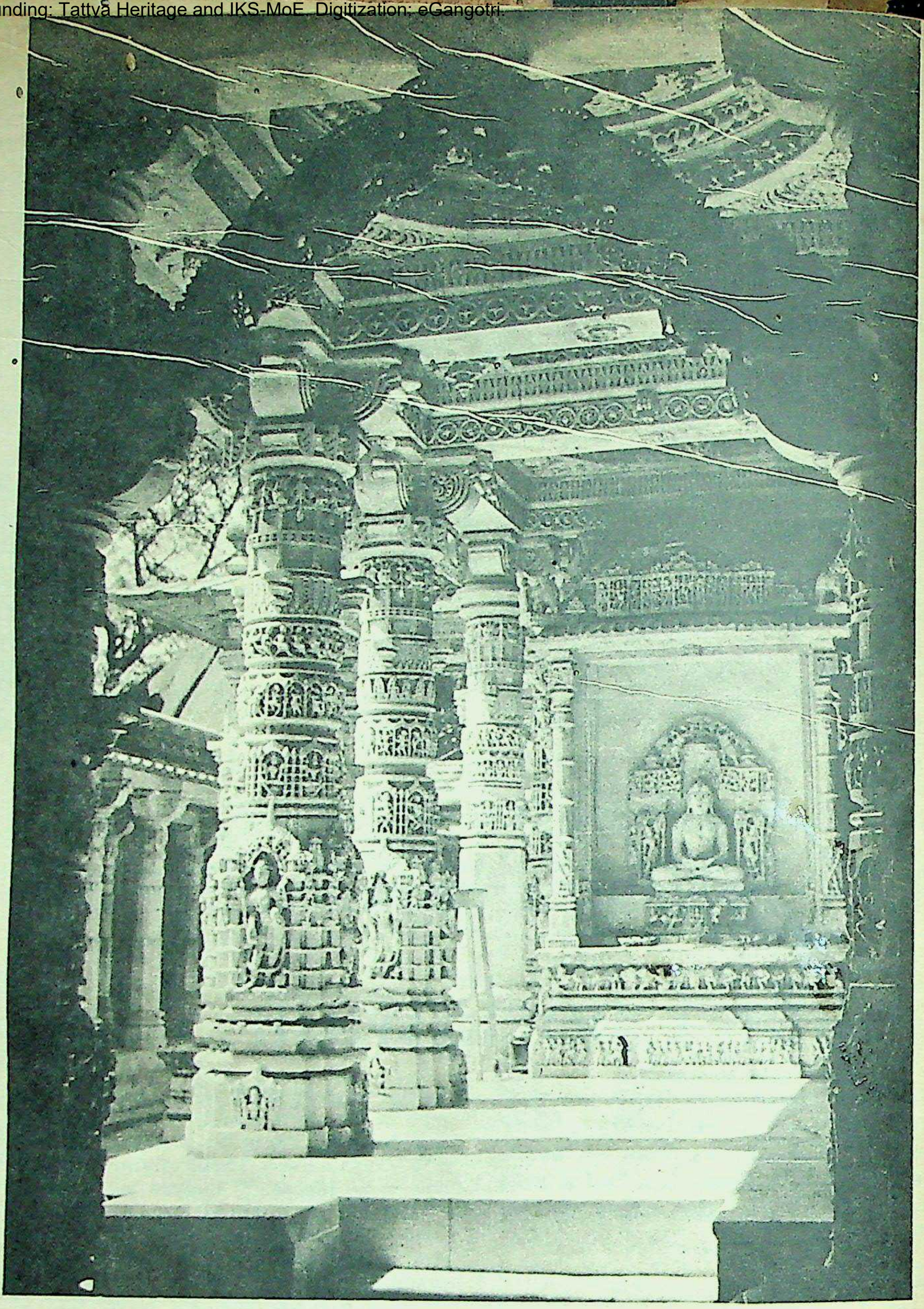
by GURMEET SINGH

Women are going places with the camera. How good are they and how much encouragement are they given?

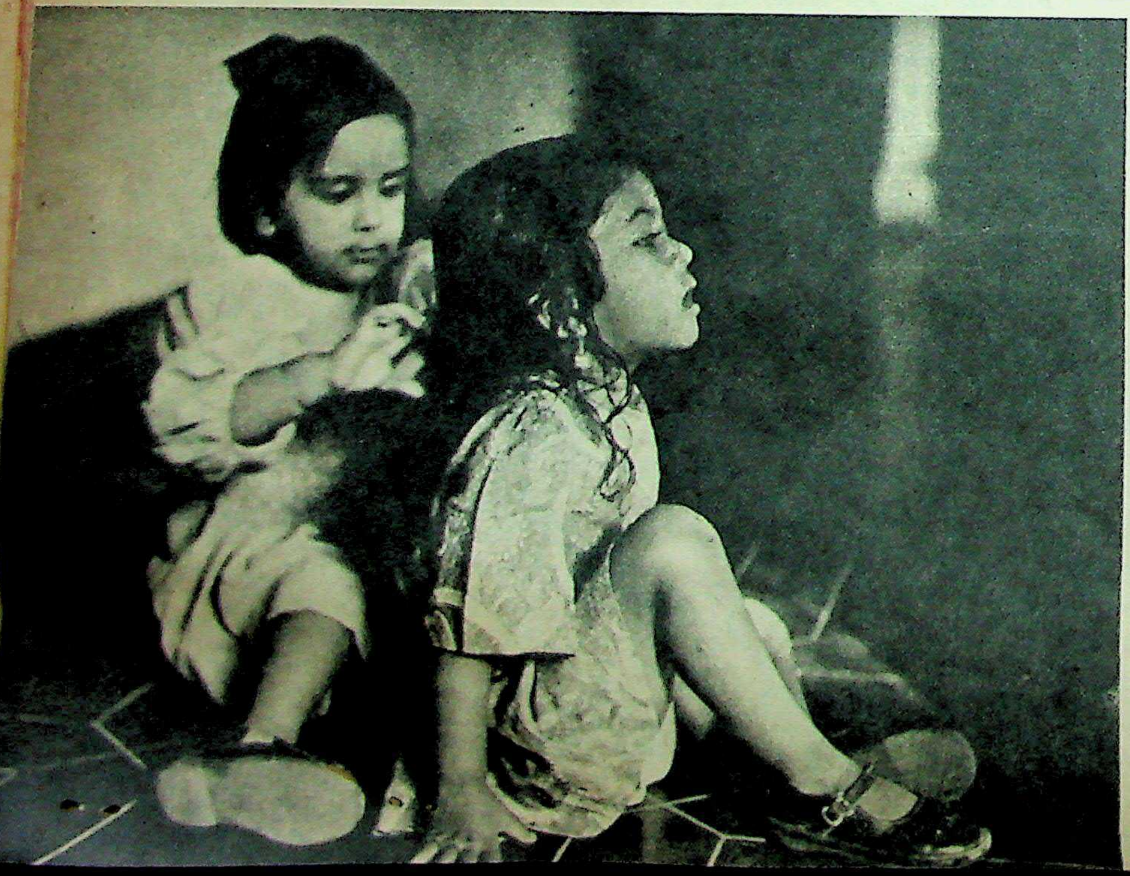
LAST year I had asked you to do Divali cards and the best one came from a lady. The Advertising Club Photo Competition has also been won by a woman, Chitrangada Krishna from Delhi. The grand prize is a return ticket to London.

Dr G. Thomas, Secretary-General of the Federation of Indian Photography, is very keen to start a Ladies Wing of the FIP. His address is 50 Sri Rama Mandir Road, Bangalore 560004. Then there are the bi-monthly competitions organised by the Foto Kala Mandir, 27 Jamboolwadi, Dhobi Talao, Bombay 400002. Their next subject is "Portrait", last date September 30, and then "Children", with the closing date November 30. The prizes are attractive and there is a special one for ladies.

Chitrangada has won many prizes before. Sushma Kumar is doing well, too. Her photographs of Moscow and Leningrad in the *Weekly* recently were not breathtaking, but they were good documentation. They served the purpose of bringing out the story.



AT THE DILWARA TEMPLE, Mt Abu. Sushma Kumar's photograph makes good visual documentation. She has a sharp eye but needs a little guidance.



Look at her picture of the Dilwara Temple, Abu, printed above. Again, nothing that will cause a tidal wave, but it could be very useful as one of the illustrations in a picture story.

Why can't you do it? All you need to do is find a subject. Take Marine Drive, Bombay, for instance. Walk around the place, observe. Then put down what you see in words. Now go around again, this time with your camera, and do the essay all over again on film. It's not difficult and you will find it very interesting.

I would like you to try Divali cards again this year. They must reach me by September 26.

MUMMY, LOOK! Usha Krishnaswamy took this one at home, but it could have been improved with a brighter background.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS MoE. Digitization eGangotri

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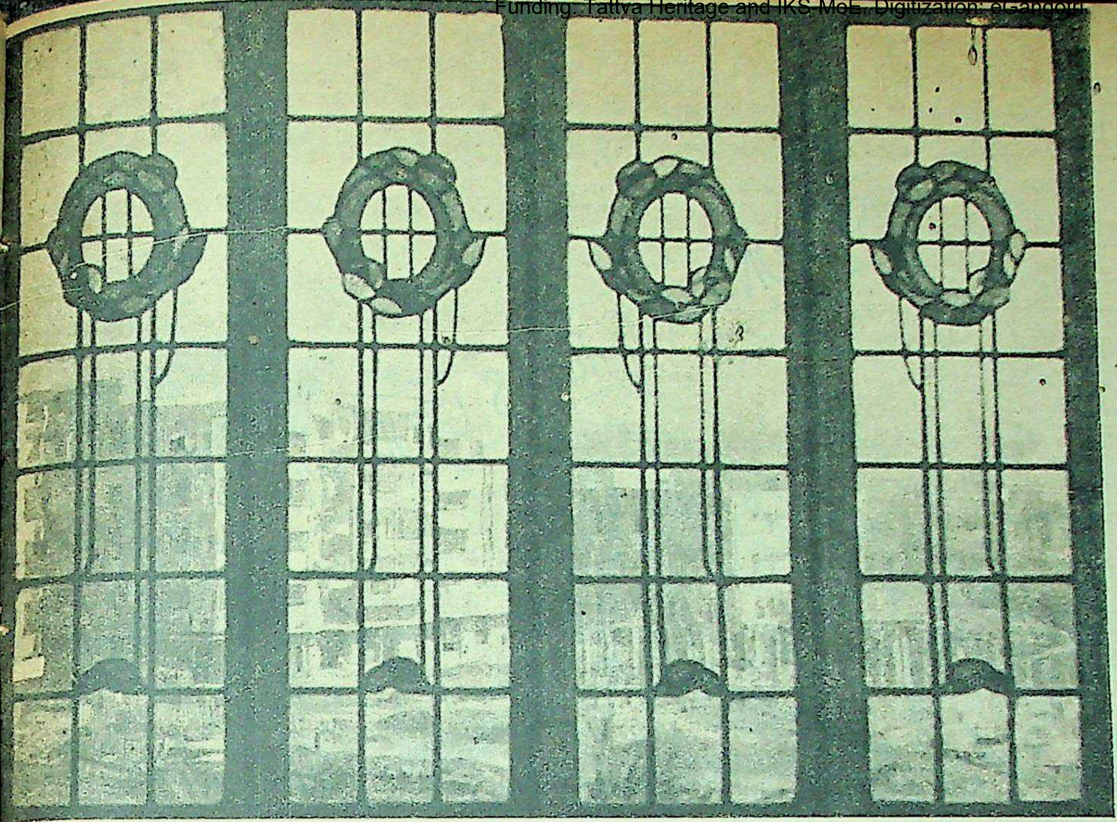

THE WORLD THROUGH A WINDOW. *A good try by Anjali Bagwe—only the subject is not dramatic enough.*

A NEW YEAR TRY *by Nutan Lakhanpal who does her own developing and printing.*

GIVE ME A MINUTE. *Dr Maya Tharion has caught the child (with a Click III box camera) just at the right moment. This same theme, badly handled, would be pretentious.*

FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS. *Taken by Chitrangada Krishna, winner of the Advertising Club Photo Competition. Developed and printed at home.* ▶

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

BOOKS

A Personal Document

"W. B. Yeats: Memoirs": The original unpublished text of the Autobiography and the Journal edited by Denis Donoghue; Macmillan; £4.

In 1921 W. B. Yeats sealed up the original draft of his memoirs which he had written some years earlier with a note on the envelope: "Private...containing much that is not for publication now, if ever." Yeats has made use of some of the material here in his *Autobiographies*. And we get echoes of much that is here in his writings, both prose and verse. But the present volume is more or less the unexpurgated work in its entirety.

The second part of the book, "Journal", is the full text of the Journal which Yeats started in 1908, and kept intermittently till 1930 in which he noted down drafts of poems and reminiscences. "They are quite frank," Yeats has stated, "and the part that cannot be printed while I am alive is the amusing part." Again, a great deal of all this has appeared in *Estrangement* and *The Death of Synge*, but there is also a good deal that is new to us.

This is the valuable material for which we have waited for nearly 35 years since Yeats's death, material that has been put together with meticulous care and devotion by Denis Donoghue.

Few poets have taken us into their confidence as Yeats has. By that I do not mean the anecdotes, the confessions, the gossip, the letters that poets have left us. In Yeats's case it is his poetry that is like a great personal document. In *Per Amica Silentia Lunae*, Yeats said: *We make out of the quarrel with others rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves poetry.* His poetry has really been a quarrel with himself, a dialogue of self and soul. It is like an inner revelation, alternately exulting and cynical, defiant and retreating. Yet, one wondered whether the noble egotism of *Vacillation*, the mockery and arrogance of *The Tower* and the continual assertion of the pagan position were a cover for his increasing pessimism or not.

The *Memoirs*, written much earlier, provides a clue to some of our difficulties. How frank they are, how terribly terribly honest. And for those very reasons how endearing, how moving, how sad in some parts; and how full of self-pity, how brutal, how frustrating in other parts.

I doubt if a poet's heart has ever been laid threadbare with such forthrightness, such ineffable pathos as Yeats has pictured in prose and verse his love for Maud Gonne. The self-pity, the pathos, the agony of his unfulfilled passions are deeply moving, almost tragic.

Perhaps the most useful, and therefore, valuable, parts of the *Memoirs* are the story of the Irish group—the writers, the poets, the dramatists, their friends, well-wishers and patrons. They forged a literary and political weapon in defence of nationalist Ireland in spite of much in-fighting and personal jealousies. Yeats played a unique role in all this with immense moral courage. The other fascinating thing about the *Memoirs* is that through it all, from the first page to the last, runs Yeats's own preoccupation with magic and occultism, with his search for some new sense of perception, sometimes almost childishly naive, sometimes probing, meaningful, mysterious.

Altogether a fascinating document which no serious student of Yeats can afford to miss.

Narayana Menon

Global Perspectives

"Economics And World Order" (from the 1970's to the 1990's) edited by Jagdish N. Bhagwati; Orient Longmans; Rs 40.

Forecasting economic phenomena has not been possible mainly because of the many uncertainties involved in the effort. Human behaviour plays a prominent part in the shaping of economic phenomena and it has been found impossible to determine with any reasonable accuracy human behaviour for any given set of situations.

In economic planning which has been adopted in many countries, an effort is made to lay down targets to be achieved at the end of, say, a Five-Year Plan. As planning has to be continuous and some of the projects cannot be finished in a short period, Perspective Planning is resorted to.

It is well known that it is rarely that the targets are achieved, because even in reasonably short periods unknown factors play their part to upset the calculations of the planners.

In spite of these difficulties, the World Order Models Project, which is a small non-profit making educational foundation with its headquarters in New York, has undertaken a systematic enquiry into the nature of preferred world political order. With this broad objective, a group of economists have examined the issues involved in devising an optimal economic order for the decade 1990 to 2000.

While congratulating the distinguished persons who have taken part in this effort, it would not be correct to assume that they have succeeded in giving a picture of an optimal economic order for the last decade of the century.

The editor of the book, Dr Jagdish Bhagwati, has contributed the introductory chapter. The first part of the volume deals with topics such as Global Perspectives, Socialist Prognoses and International Institutions to which some leading economists such as Rosenstein Rodan, Tinbergen, Harry Johnson and Robert Triffin have contributed. The second part deals with regional perspectives with reference to the Third World. For this, the chapters deal with Latin America, Africa and Asia.

Though two articles are devoted to each of these continents, the treatment is obviously limited and does not fulfil the main objective. For example, Professor Ishikawa deals with China's economic landscape from 1965 to 1995. It is not easy to appreciate the future developments in China in the light of this paper, though it gives a brilliant analysis of the economic situation in China, stimulating interest in that country's economic affairs. So far as India is concerned, Mr Pitamber Pant has merely summarised our planning experience and dismissed the dimensions of the Indian economy in 2000 A.D. in a page and a half.

The difficulties of forecasting in economic affairs referred to above are brought home to us in the articles by Harry Johnson and Triffin both of whom deal with international trade and international monetary systems. Their papers were obviously written some time before the recent fundamental changes in the world monetary system took place, beginning with the abandonment by the U.S.A. of the convertibility of the dollar and leading to the existing floating exchange rates between world currencies with frequent devaluations or revaluations of different currencies.

Though we do not get a clear picture of the world order in 2000 A.D. from this volume, we have very thought-provoking ideas.

C. N. Vakil

Desert Saga

"Golden Soak" by Hammond Innes; Collins; £2.

Innes fans (it's a rapidly growing community) will welcome the latest of his excursions into the Australian desert. *Golden Soak* is the name of an abandoned mine explored by an Irish emigrant. The story runs through three generations of the Garyet family with young Janet like a bedouin riding her camels and wandering about the waste land to keep an eye on her dwindling flock.

Dreams And Reality

"On The Night Of The Seventh Moon" by Victoria Hold; Collins; £2.

Miss Hold has a fevered imagination, she churns up the most bizarre stories; her latest novel is of the same mixture of the incredible with the commonplace. An English spinster loses herself in a German forest for six days. She believes she was transported back to the days of Emperor Maximilian. Years later she revisits some of her earlier dreams and in the castle encounters someone who resembles the emperor of her dream but only in appearance. And other characters more earthy than herself.

Khushwant Singh

COTTON
ADROIT-CM-533

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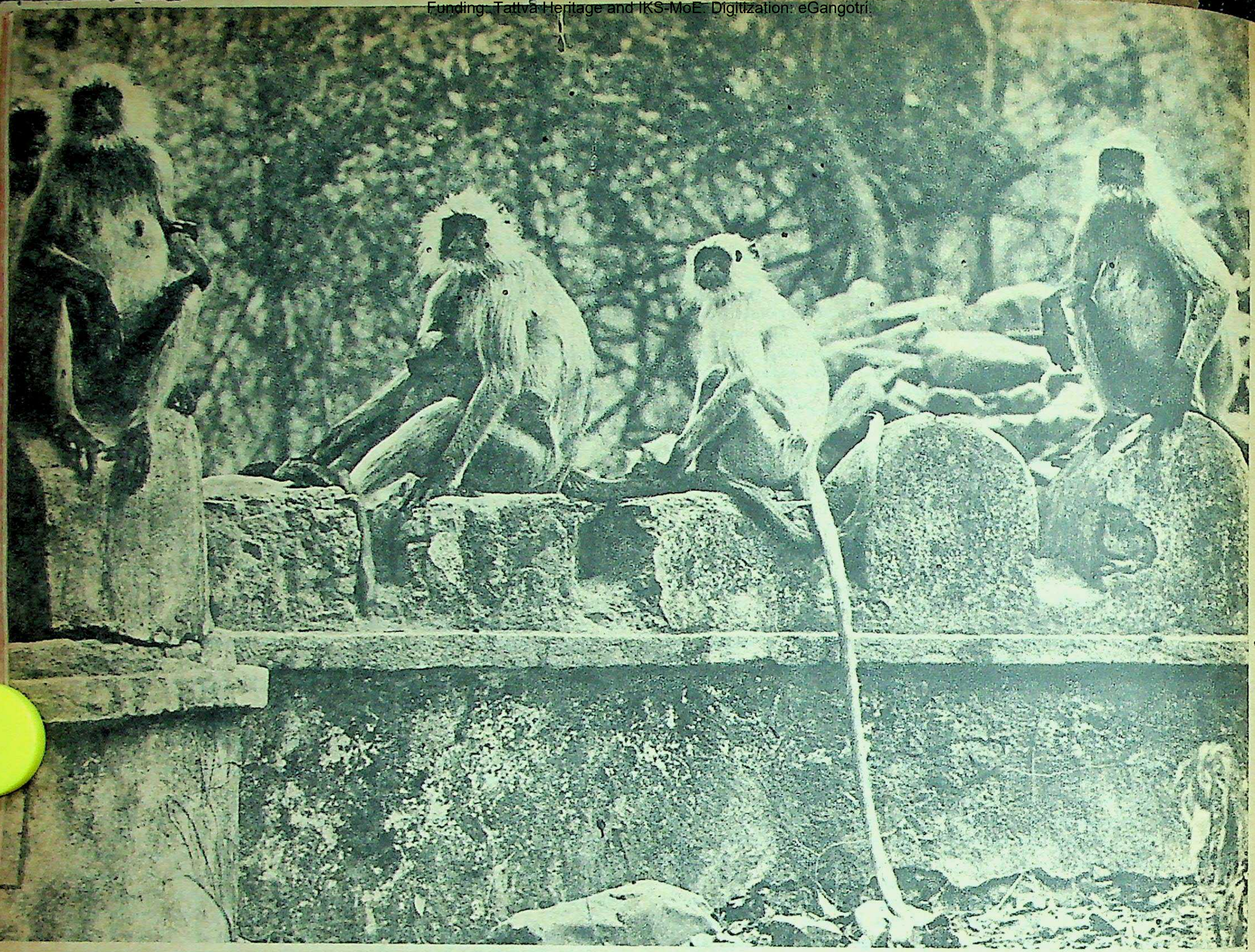

A Wildlife Photographer's Diary — 31

The Langur's Black Baby

by M. KRISHNAN

Ranthambore: Friday, June 1, 1973: At the entrance to the Kachida valley road, sitting on the wall of the gateway, were a number of langur. A big female perched atop the pillar was heavily gravid, and had tumid breasts—any day now. Right by her side was another big female, nursing her black baby. Have been seeing quite a few mother langur with infants during the past few days.

The new-born have deep pink faces, which darken to a warm black in a few days. Soon after birth, the face is a medium shade of the water-colour pigment termed brown pink, and the black babies with pink faces offer such a contrast to the grey-bodied adults with black faces.

I saw another mother langur with a very young, pink-faced baby in the bush beside the well at the Kachida gate, and getting down from the jeep, limped my way slowly and painfully towards her, in an indirect, tangential circuit—it helps to look and act as if one is on one's last legs when approaching monkeys, and submissive and placatory lip-movements also help. By stages I dragged my dying self closer to that mother langur, and then stayed still and watched her.

She suckled her child, and then peremptorily handed it over to an adult but younger female beside her, and went away to feed. When she was busy feeding, the foster-mother passed the baby to a young male, and also took herself away.

I have seldom seen anything more ludicrous and at the same time touching as the fuss that young male made over the baby. He hugged it to his chest, patted its head gently, and bent his face solicitously over it, and then held it between his legs and seemed to rock it gently. The baby was quite content to be passed from hand to hand, and wanted to break away and investigate the world around it. It seemed curiously attracted by me—very young animals have no fear of man—it is only when they grow up that they learn how treacherous, untrustworthy and dangerous we are.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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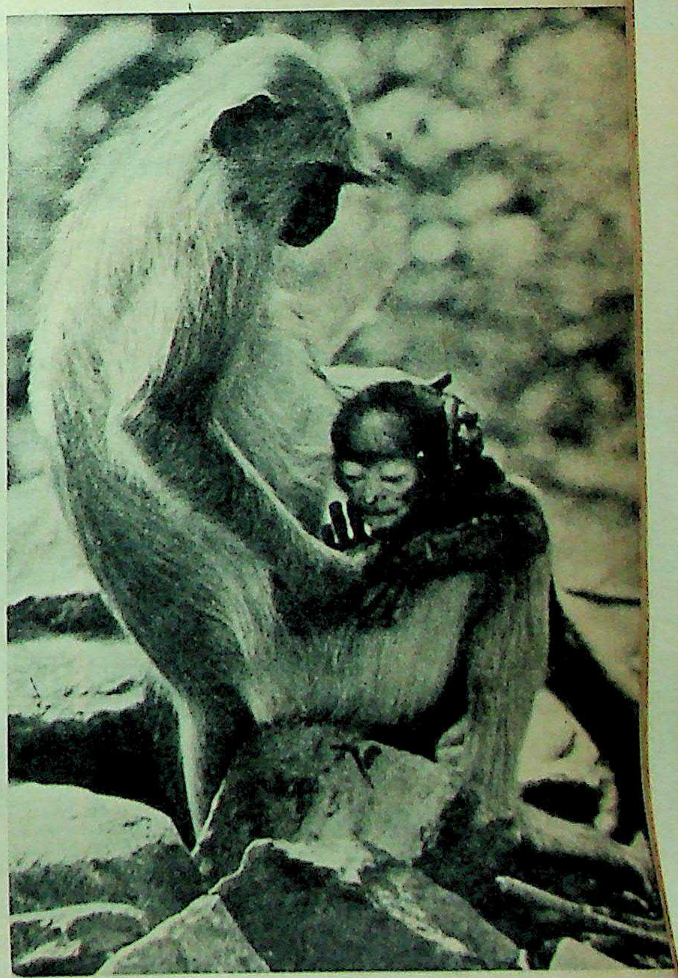

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CMLB-29-154

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

AN inebriate was leaning on the bar with his hands clasped together. Frequently he would peek between his thumbs, first with one eye, then with the other.

"Watcha got there?" demanded his friend.

"Guess!" said the drunk with a knowing smile.

"Butterfly?"

"Nope"—this after another cautious peek.

"Hummingbird?"

Another look into his fist—"Nope."

"Well, I dunno—an elephant, maybe?"

The drunk took another long look and demanded: "What colour?"

THE landlord was quizzing the prospective tenant. "You know," he said, "we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have any children?"

"No."

"A piano, radio, or victrola?"

"No."

"Do you play any musical instruments? Do you have a dog, cat or parrot?"

"No, but my fountain pen scratches like hell sometimes."

TWO men were leaving a movie. Evidently one was much more impressed with the picture they had just seen than was the other.

"Isn't it wonderful," said the first, "what progress the pictures have made, all within a few years?"

"Amazing," sad the second man, "first they moved, then they talked, and now this one smells!"

"SAMUEL!"

"Mumm-wmpf."

"Samuel! Wake up!"

"Uh...mpff...wassamatter?"

"Samuel, I'm certain I heard a mouse squeak!"

"Waddya want me t'do? Get up an' oil it?"

AN angler, who had been trying to hook something for the last six hours, was sitting gloomily at his task, when a mother and her small son came along.

"Oh!" cried out the youngster, "do let me see you catch a fish!"

Addressing the angler, the mother said, severely: "Now, don't you catch a fish for him until he says 'Please!'"

THE phone rang in the local playgirl's apartment.

"Hello," said a male voice on the other end, "is this Beatrice?"

"Yes," she replied.

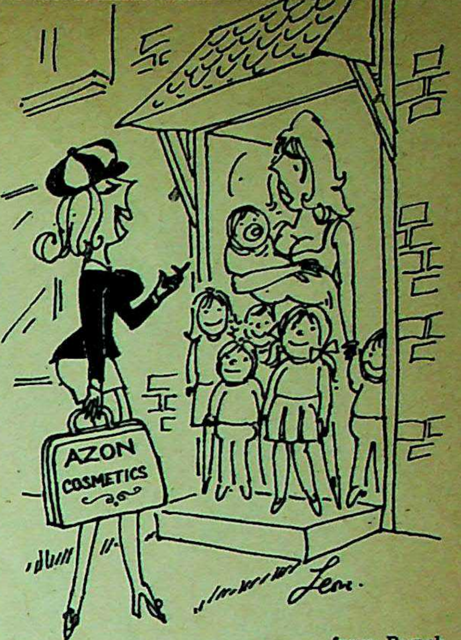
"Would you marry me?"

"Certainly, darling," she answered. "Who's this talking?"

SUMMER Visitor: "I do hope you keep your cows in a pasture."

Milkman: "Yes, madam, of course we keep them in a pasture."

Summer Visitor: "I'm so glad to hear that. I have been told that pasteurised milk is much the safest."



—from *Punch*

"Good morning, Madam, how would you like to become more desirable to your husband?"

TWO hunters had been out several hours and one of them had been growing uneasy. Finally panic overtook him. "We're lost!" he cried to his companion. "What on earth shall we do?"

"Keep your shirt on!" said his phlegmatic companion. "Shoot an extra deer and the game warden will be here in a minute and a half."

LANDLADY: "Just when are you going to pay your arrears on the room rent?"

Hard-up Author: "As soon as I receive the cheque which the publisher will send me if he accepts the novel I am about to commence when I have found a suitable subject and the necessary inspiration."

CALLER: "Is your sister expecting me tonight?"

Small Boy: "Yeah."

Caller: "How do you know?"

Small Boy: "She's gone out for the evening."

PRISONER: "The judge sent me here for the rest of my life."

Prison Guard: "Got any complaints?"

Prisoner: "Do you call breaking rock with a hammer a rest?"

"MY wife says if I don't chuck golf, she'll leave me."

"I say—hard luck!"

"Y-yes, I'll miss her."

"I'VE been asked to get married plenty of times," said the country girl with a toss of her head.

"Who asked you, Daisy?" inquired her boy friend.

"Oh, Pa and Ma."

MRS Fozzle (to bridge expert): "In the same circumstances, how would you have played the hand?"

Bridge Expert: "Under an assumed name, ma'am."

THIS WEEK **by MARIO**

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**A flat, a sofa-set,
a pretty wife—
if you are rich and
have the right
English accent.
For the poor and
mediocre . . .**

AN INDIAN DREAM

BY M. J. AKBAR

THE Urdu-speaking Muslim youth is easily recognised. You will find him in a cheap cafe, with or without a cup of tea in front of him, seated facing a mirror in which he can occasionally steal a glance at his handsome self as he lights his cigarette. He has wavy hair. Before leaving the restaurant he will make sure that the waves are in place. He carries a red comb in his pocket.

On his way out he will smile beningly at the urchin who cleans the table (himself growing up to be a handsome Muslim youth), and will exchange an intimate word with the proprietor, who is seated at the cash register.

Often during conversation he will screw up his eyes thoughtfully, particularly if he suspects someone is looking. His tragedy is that he rarely finds a girl watching him. Indian girls never make eyes at anyone, except at the marriage of their elder sisters.

Ashfaq Hussain had spent a good part of his recent years at Diamond restaurant. He had his favourite table in the corner. He was seldom alone. Kader, Salim and Ajoy were usually with him. They had graduated a year ago from the Maulana Azad College which was only a quarter of a cigarette away from the Diamond. The three years spent in getting a degree had been divided equally between the college canteen and the Diamond.

—*Continued*

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Ashfaq had suddenly begun to pay more attention to his wavy hair. The reason was not very mysterious. One of those Muslim girls. Place: a wedding. That is where the story really begins.

An Indian marriage spreads its tentacles into undiscovered corners of the Circle of Family, Friends and Acquaintances. Good care is taken to ensure that no one is left out. A wedding night becomes a battlefield for old and new feuds and fertile ground for sowing seeds of fresh alliances. Observant elders note the pluses and minuses of prospective spouses and then make reconnaissances at the parental level. True-life romance is sparked off occasionally in the encounters of young bodies brushing against each other while hurrying on some hectic errand. The scene is classic, and its regular appearance on the Hindi film screen does not in any way make it less real. A *kameez*, silken-smooth against the curves of the waist, patterned flowers encasing adolescent breasts, the tight-fitting *chooridar* enclosing the firmness of virginity in its folds. *Kameez* rubbing against *sherwani*, the friction of silk and brocade, arm and breast, youth and sex, eye and heart. And Ashfaq could not be happier if he was being married, and married to Ayesha herself. When palms have lingered a little longer in a clasp than is necessary, it is not difficult to find out the lady's name. Ayesha. Whisper: Aayeshaa.

"Look, why don't you take a collection and visit Lily? Maybe losing your virginity would solve your problems." Salim was getting a little tired of the eulogies. Fun was fun, and they had had a good time manufacturing jokes on Mr Ashfaq Hussain's recent excursion into the exciting world of adolescent women, but enough was enough, and three days was more than enough.

"I don't have forty-five rupees to waste," replied Ashfaq, a little lamely.

"Shut up, Salim!" interjected Ajoy. "Ashfaq's love is pure. It costs much more than forty-five bucks."

"Brutes," muttered Ashfaq. And in reply Salim and Ajoy and Kader began discussing Lily, of Free School Street fame, and, boy, did she know how to go about it, and no danger of clap either. After that, conversation at the Diamond returned to normal: sex, revolution, football, revolution, money, revolution. At long last it occurred to Ashfaq that he had made an ass of himself.

However, Ashfaq's ardour was in no way diminished. His inability to meet Ayesha only made things worse. He found out that she had a rich father, she was in the First Year Class at Loreto College, Park Street. The father owned a *kabab* restaurant. Ashfaq began eating there. And he tried to manoeuvre his daily programme in such a way that at 3.30 every afternoon he would be walking down Park Street. Ashfaq discovered to his dismay that it didn't help. At precisely 3.20, a dark blue Ambassador joined the queue of cars in the college compound; at 3.30, a smiling, giggling, whispering, serious, jovial, perturbed Ayesha sank into those foam seats and soon disappeared from view. Ayesha seemed oblivious of his passion.

After two months of such devotion Ashfaq realised that worshipping from afar

was a rather boring business. But there was no way by which he could bridge the communication gap. There were numerous schemes, of course. He could bump into her accidentally. He could, if his nerve did not repeatedly fail him. If, IF she rebuffed him? Perish the thought! But. When you have studied in an Urdu-medium school and done your B.A. in Urdu and you are twenty-one years old and you are in love with an eighteen-year-old queen who has studied in a convent and is now in Loreto College and has that beautiful English accent, then the little but becomes a very big BUT. So big that it disturbs your sleep and obsesses your waking thoughts. You begin to hate the environment in which you have grown up: dim rooms in Tantibagan, the cockroach-infested bathroom, the cheap portrait of Pandit Nehru beside your framed photograph on the fading green of the walls, your three synthetic shirts, those horribly thin curtains hanging loosely across barred windows, your sister with a pail of muddy water and rag mopping the floor every morning, while your mother sits and slices vegetables in the small gloomy kitchen with its smoky mud *chulha*.

You want to be an executive, wear a tie, go to office and have a sofa-set in your living room.

ASHFAQ began looking for a job. He had been sending applications ever since his results had been published, but the anxiety with which he now waited for replies! He went to the local post office every day to see if there were any letters for him. He had it all figured out. He would get a job, get a flat, get Ayesha and live happily ever after.

One Friday morning a thin envelope brought good news. A prominent firm had called him for the preliminary test and interview for the post of Management Trainee. Would Mr Ashfaq Hussain kindly come to their office on Brabourne Road on Tuesday at 4 p.m.? He was so happy that he went to say his prayers that afternoon, something he had not done for years. And he asked Allah to get him the job.

Wearing a new tie (blue, patterned with a maze of black streaks) bought for the occasion, he reached his destination at 3.15 that humid afternoon. It had been a long and impatient day. He recalled the faint flush of jealousy Salim had not been able to restrain. It would be stupid to blame him. He wanted a sofa-set too. And yet that jealousy was more reassuring than Ajoy's superior smile. What the hell was that pseudo-revolutionary bastard thinking? All his goddam revolution came to the fore when anyone mentioned jobs. Was it a crime to seek good, honest employment?

"We've received over 20,000 applications from all over the country," said Mr Mirchandani casually while conducting the test. Someone worked up the courage to ask, "How many of us will you take?" Mr Mirchandani smiled. "As many as we need."

Ashfaq answered the test quietly. He couldn't compete with these English accents. But surely his IQ would see him through. Mr Mirchandani read out the names of those who would be required for the next round of eliminations; read them out in public, with profuse apologies and best wishes for those who would not be needed. The three who survived the first round spoke English with a good accent.

Couldn't they have been told privately? They trooped out sheepishly, humiliation their bond, weak grins on their faces as they wished each other 'good night'.

After the fourth time Ashfaq learnt the truth which Ajoy knew. You can't afford to be lower-middle-class and mediocre. If you know a secretary in Writers' Building, fine. If you don't, you should study economics or physics and know your theories better than the rude Personnel Manager interviewing you knows them. If you have an English accent and a carpet in your living room, you don't need much else. That was the golden rule in India. So Ashfaq started looking for a clerk's desk, a medical representative's post, a door-to-door salesman's job, anything. One can get promotions, there is a future, he bluffed himself.

His sisters had begun teasing Ashfaq so much that he avoided coming home till he was sure they were all asleep. Towards his mother he adopted a surly attitude showing disdain of everything other than the food she served him each night.

Stray scraps of information fed his imagination. Ayesha was witty: he had heard how she had choked the ardour of an elderly wolf reeking of *attar* and poetry. One wet afternoon (tea sipped through cigarette

—Continued

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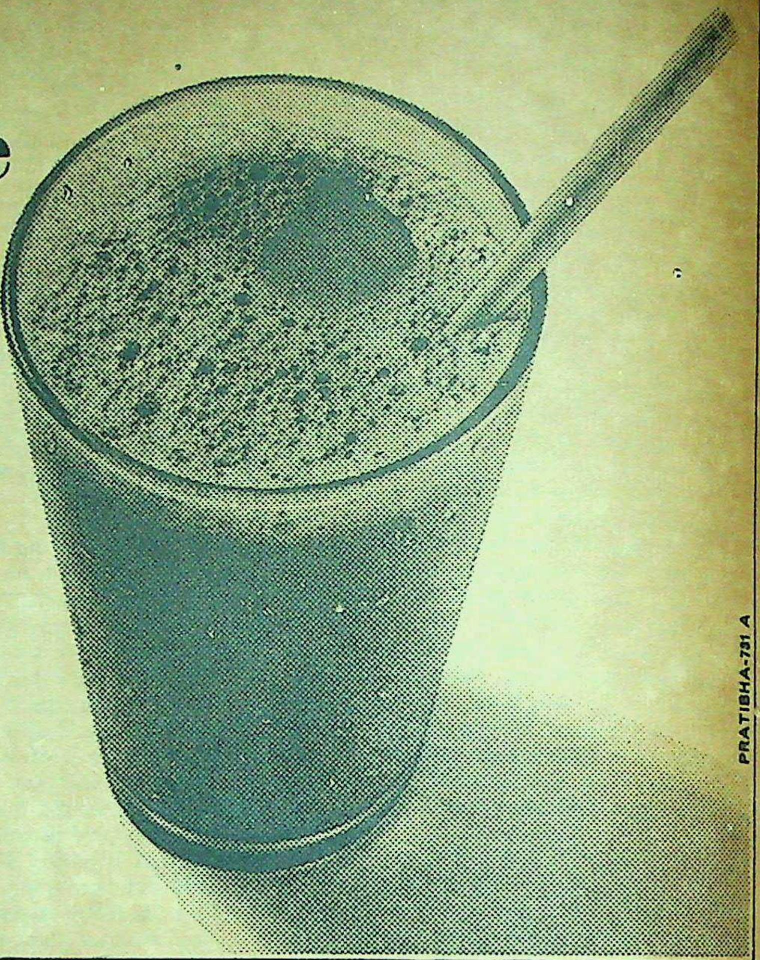

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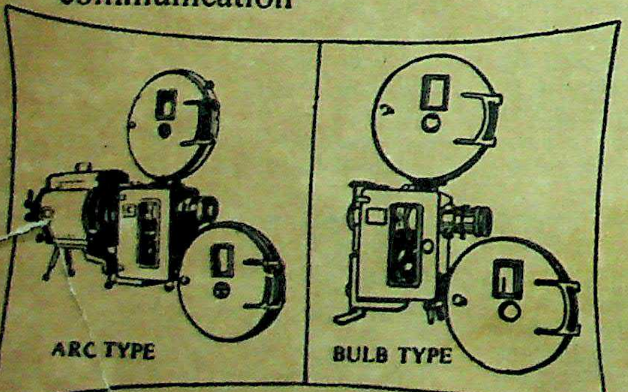

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smoke, the nose a little cold in the damp air) Ajoy asked, "What does Ayesha look like?"

The dream was six months old, but it had not staled. The outline of her face had been lost; only vague adjectives remained—beautiful, exquisite. He kept awake that night trying to answer the question. Ajoy was too easily answered; it was much more difficult to satisfy himself.

The situation is delicate: Ashfaq is asking himself: what is one in love with? When he has smoked six Charminar cigarettes he vaguely senses that one is always, inevitably, in love with images, but his mind cannot clearly comprehend that answer; it is a mind unused to wandering too far away from traditional patterns. There is only one solution to the confusion. Ashfaq creates a surreal photograph; convinced that emotion is far more important than line, he wakes up in the morning refreshed and deeply and irrevocably in love once more with Ayesha.

Passion surges into action; Ashfaq meets people the whole day, follows every hint, explores opportunities he would not have imagined existed before. Getting a job has become of crucial importance. The desire of the moth for the star has disturbing effects on the moth's health; Ashfaq's cheeks become hollow; frustration weighs upon his eyes.

A contact, a relative whom Ashfaq had been pestering without having any right to (he was neither a close nor a friendly relative), finally gave him the news that the post of a clerk was vacant in a suburban municipality. Name, degree, president of local youth club, recommended by one Muslim official of Writers' Building and two professors of Maulana Azad College. Good credentials for a job in a municipality with a Muslim chairman.

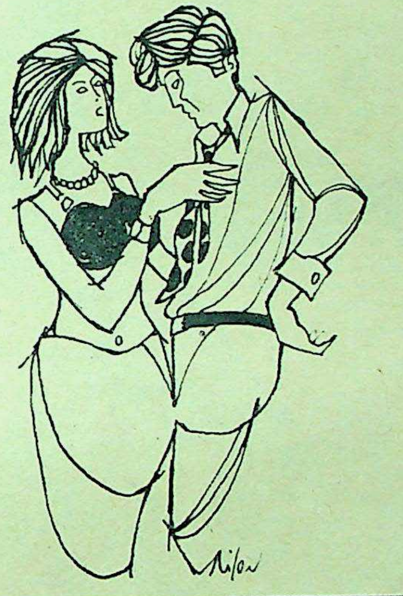
The room had the soggy, dark, damp smell of a Government office being used for signing papers, filing, and indulging in small-scale corruption. At the head of the long, brown table, sat the chairman, the horn-rimmed spectacles (reminiscent of a *zamindar's munim*) peering owlishly into Ashfaq's nervous eyes, the chairman's face pompous and gloated with petty power. On his right, a bald head, straight wire meshing of hair from the bulging forehead to the bend of the skull at the back. On his left, a young commissioner, with a thin faded black tie worn specially for the occasion on a white cotton shirt with a small-town tailor's collars.

The job went to Shyam Babu's candidate. Shyam Babu, with his control over two thousand industrial workers' votes, had played an important and never-to-be-forgotten part in the election of the chairman.

THAT day he did not see her. She had probably left college early. He sauntered down Park Street, spent some time at the news stands with the big-bosomed *Playboy* covers (the magazine cost thirty rupees, second hand, imagine how much the girls would cost, even second hand!) wandered over to the crossing of Park Street and Chowringhee. In black stone, and three times life size, Mahatma Gandhi presided over this junction of affluent streets. Appropriate, quite appropriate that the Mahatma should, piously semi-nude, stand guard over the cabarets in the restaurants on Park Street. This was his Indian Dream. For the poor, religion and hunger. For the rich, black money.

At what point does a person become desperate? It is an awful moment, that sudden streak of lightning, that noiseless thunder reverberating inside the skull when suddenly you become certain. I am going to die; nothing means anything anymore. Mother, Gandhi, Money, Respect, Law, Love, this street, that memorial, monument, passion, faith. The face lights up as the myths of childhood, the pillars of civilisation collapse, and in the broad distance of the horizon, above the green unrolling endless carpet, there is the glow of happiness as you discover: nothing has crumbled since nothing existed, the nightmare was an illusion.

But wait, there is a chance still. Within the two thousand yards separating the clean elegance of Park Street and the dirty turbulence of Dharamtalla (now renamed Lenin Sarani—West Bengal's homage to pseudo-Marxism), there is sufficient hope that Ashfaq will become a revolutionary. And if he



does, he will shame Ajoy, who is a revolutionary merely in intent. Ashfaq will not only go to the villages and die a hero of the people but also understand what he is dying for. What happens to the knowledge then? That noiseless thunder, etc?

Three cups of tea later everything is utterly confused. Ashfaq is finally defeated by his background, by that sofa-set.

Lily was surprised and delighted. She had initiated virgins before, but this chap was overdoing it a little. He was a bit of an unusual case. He was trying to impress her, of course, but more than her he was trying to impress himself. What the hell! It was his money wherever he had stolen it from (his father, probably), all she could do was give him a good time and she would do it and she was unused to thinking so much anyway.

Ashfaq breathed in the comfort of the atmosphere, and what difference did it make that the room cost eighty rupees a day? He luxuriated in the air-conditioning, the silence. He threw off his aged shoes and sank his feet into the three-inch luxury of the carpet. The room was warm and heavily curtained against the evening sunlight. He had heard of how these things were done. Speaking loudly and crudely to hide his nervousness at using the telephone for room service, he ordered Scotch, and ignored the smirk on the waiter's face as he left the bottle and two glistening glasses on the table. His head pressed against the foam of the armchair, he watched Lily undress, then the tingle became a storm as she, with a smile, unbuttoned his shirt.

He had never felt so clean before. Soaking in the bathtub in warm water, Lily scrubbing his back, her nipples against his eyes and lips.

He wore a thin tie (he had bought it recently from the New Market, for seven rupees, when the prospects of the interview for the municipality job were bright) when he went to have dinner. It was a fantastic world, and even though Ashfaq knew about these things and knew what to expect he was still a little surprised. Certain words which had been fantasies took on life. Dance. Loud foreign music, couples gyrating, swaying like snakes, luxuriating in comfort, money.

This was the Life. How miserable to exist without knowing the softness of a carpet, or the sharp taste of this chicken.

Ashfaq burped and suddenly laughed out loudly. Lily became furious and embarrassed. "Stop it, men!" The waiters—more correctly dressed than the customers—were perturbed by this obnoxiously loud laugh.

If it wasn't for her he probably wouldn't have stopped laughing so soon. He did not want the night to be ruined. Ashfaq was happy; he had found the final answer: f— everything.

For the first time in his life, Ashfaq relaxed on a foam mattress, and on a milk-white bedsheet under what seemed nothing less than a perfumed blanket. He felt a tinge of nostalgia when he thought of Ayesha; however foolish it might have been, the affair had been a precious experience.

ASHFAQ'S suicide in a posh hotel room in the early hours of the morning on January 21 (as the newspapers said) did cause a few minor ripples. Lily was scared by the whole thing, especially at the prospect of being accused of murder. And, it was bad publicity for the hotel, which disturbed the management, and the clerk at the booking counter was fired for not being choosy enough about his guests. (Without being sentimental we might still state that the clerk in question was now in for a very hard time, what with three children to support and no prospects of another job.) Ashfaq's parents were, understandably, heartbroken. Job or no job, money or no money, a son will be missed and a brother remembered.

In the Diamond, a distance developed between the three remaining friends. After the funeral they talked the whole thing over. "What a goddam coward, what a weak person!" Ajoy declaimed angrily. The other two told him to put his Marxism up his arse and shut up.

In the course of fruitful time, Ayesha married a foreign-returned wealthy Muslim businessman who danced very well, spoke English with an excellent accent, and was, after a fashion, intelligent too.

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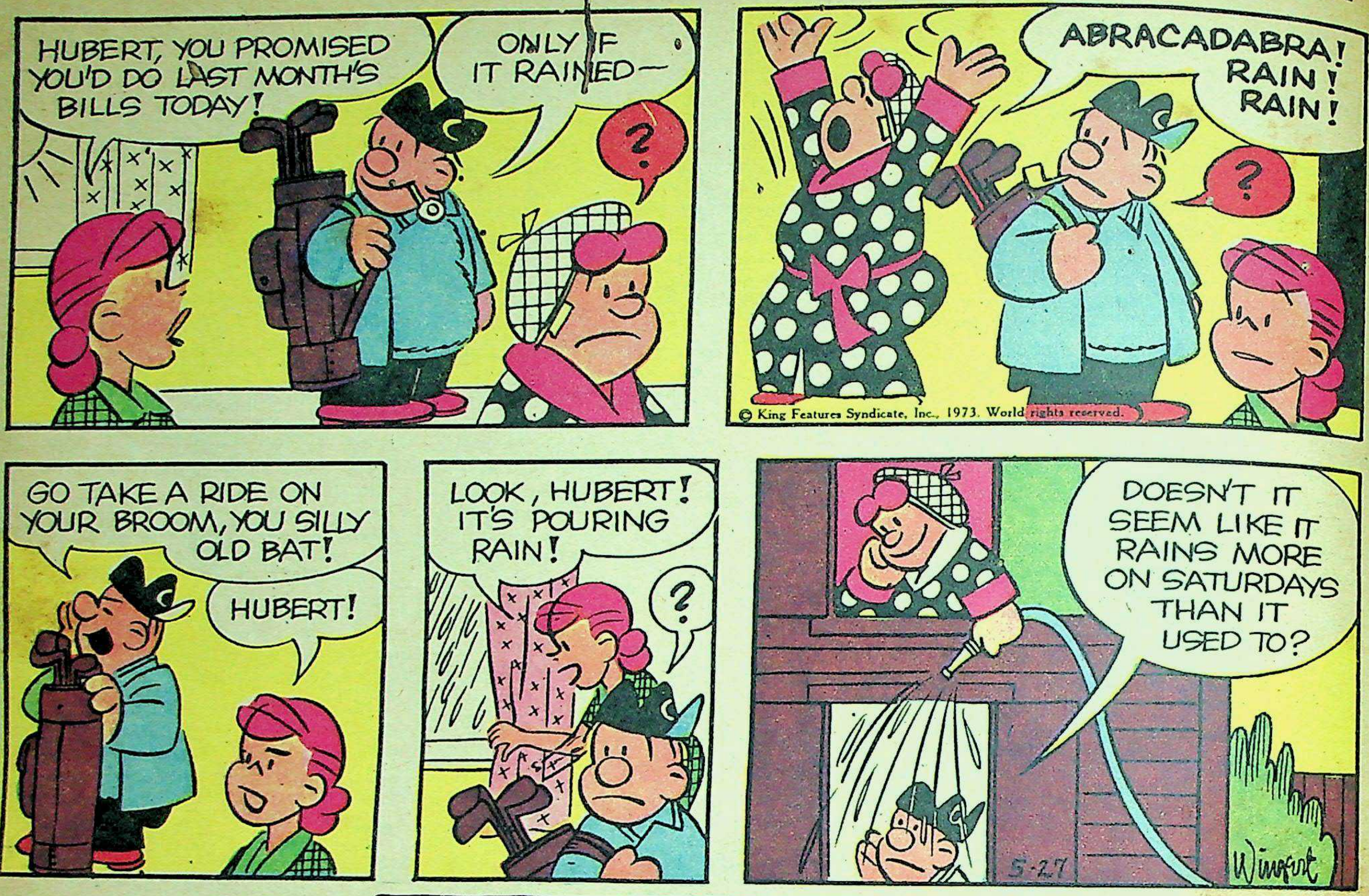
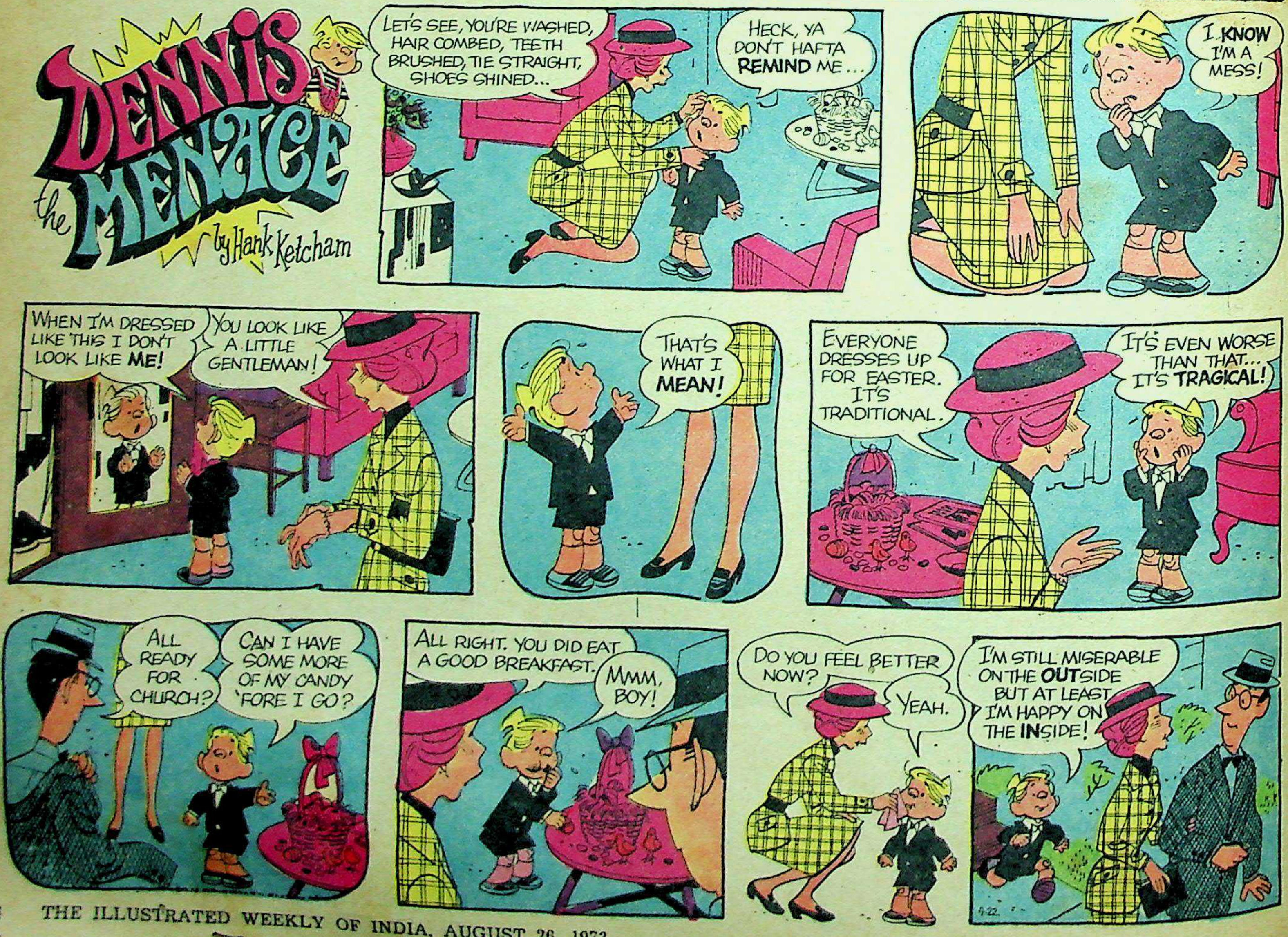
HUBERT

by Dick Wingert





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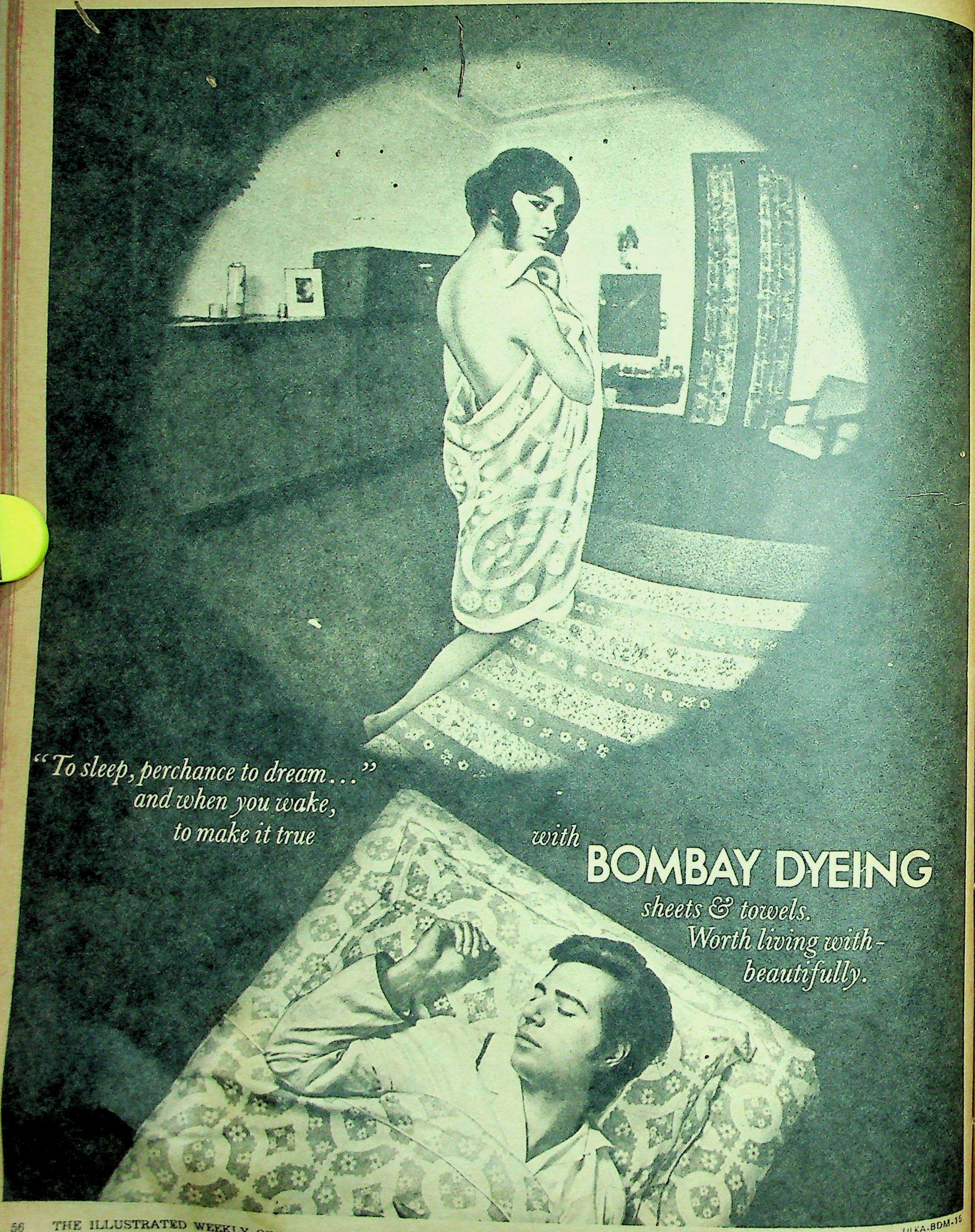

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What The Stars Foretell

by S. K. KELKAR

Sunday, August 26

For luck today, wear or use: Pastel blue, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The stars foretell a fairly prosperous year. A novel advertisement technique is sure to prove beneficial. This is specially applicable to artists. The employed get their due promotion without much trouble. A good year from the financial angle. Family life is under auspicious stars.

Monday, August 27

For luck today, wear or use: Deep yellow, 1, crystal.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A lucky phase enters your life. The efforts made in the recent past will be crowned with success bringing money as well as status. A very enjoyable year from the family point of view. Youngsters will settle down happily in life. An addition to the family is likely. A year to enjoy sedentary games and hobbies.

Tuesday, August 28

For luck today, wear or use: Dark brown, 3, dark sapphire.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: You may be forced to make certain changes, but rest assured that they are going to prove profitable. It would be a good idea to seek the advice of mature persons before taking drastic action, especially in December and May. Timely and spontaneous aid from friends and associates will help you to tide over financial difficulties.

Wednesday, August 29

For luck today, wear or use: Deep yellow, 5, onyx.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: It would be prudent to maintain the status quo in all walks of life and avoid changes unless absolutely necessary. Business brings normal financial gains. A good year for the employed who get additional powers but little monetary gain. Extra income helps to balance your budget. Family life is peaceful and happy.

Thursday, August 30

For luck today, wear or use: Royal purple, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The year brings opportunities to effect changes in business and work life. Speculators will earn good money after an initial setback. Awards, scholarships and trips abroad await academicians and research students in nuclear science. A happy year from the financial angle but hold on to the gains. Domestic life will be full of fun and frolic. Youngsters will do well in their vocation.

Friday, August 31

For luck today, wear or use: Pastel blue, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Much will happen to make this year colourful and exciting. New friends, new associates and new surroundings will enliven your business and personal life. Make a clean break from the past, but heed the wise counsel of elders to avoid frustration. Financial position remains satisfactory. Mechanics and experts in the electronic field will be specially lucky. Youngsters will get involved in love affairs but will also do well in studies.

Saturday, September 1

For luck today, wear or use: Pale yellow, 5, onyx.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Guard against the tendency to be extravagant or to either borrow or lend money. Also avoid getting too deeply involved in other people's affairs. Be content with what you have and build up goodwill. Popularity awaits poets, writers, journalists and artists. Take care not to disturb the peaceful atmosphere at home.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

(*December 21 to January 19*)

Capricorn (Makara)

Early in the week, guard against being misled by rumours and false information. Saturday will bring more business opportunities. After Wednesday, the atmosphere will clear and you will be in a position to take the right decisions.

(*January 20 to February 18*)

Aquarius (Kumbha)

Till midweek business will be rather slack. Health will be upset and will require careful treatment. But from Thursday there is improvement in both. Go all out to make contacts and spend the week-end indoors.

(*February 19 to March 20*)

Pisces (Mina)

Be prepared to spend a rather unrewarding week. Domestic problems may worry you for the first two days. Tuesday-Wednesday are favourable for routine business activities. Health may suddenly cause anxiety on Friday-Saturday.

(*March 21 to April 20*)

Aries (Mesha)

The week ahead will tax your energies. In business, labour trouble may cause problems. Those in service get good chances to please their superiors but initially they will have to complete tiresome tasks successfully.

(*April 21 to May 20*)

Taurus (Vrishabha)

Children will bring exhilarating news. For the young the company of friends will be most entertaining and encouraging. Minor luck in speculation is likely on Sunday and on Wednesday. Relax and enjoy yourself on Saturday.

(*May 21 to June 20*)

Gemini (Mithuna)

A slight improvement in all walks of life is indicated. Business will be a little more profitable. Luxury goods and appliances will fetch a good price. Thursday is propitious for love affairs.

(*June 21 to July 20*)

Cancer (Kataka)

In spite of your having to shoulder bigger responsibilities, you will enjoy sports and entertainment. Artists and writers will be able to create inspired works on Tuesday and Wednesday. Weekend is ideal for entertainment.

(*July 21 to August 21*)

Leo (Simha)

Events of this week could bring prosperity in personal as well as business life. Those in service will come forward to undertake higher responsibilities, which may bring them temporary promotion and elevated status.

(*August 22 to September 23*)

Virgo (Kanya)

The first two days of the week should be utilised for clearing the backlog to enable you to take on fresh work on Tuesday. Wednesday is good for personal matters. Thursday-Friday are auspicious for business deals and money gains.

(*September 24 to October 23*)

Libra (Tula)

Physical strain should be avoided as far as possible. Business remains quite normal. Certain social functions are likely to be delayed for some reason or other. Group activities should be curbed. Thursday-Friday are lucky days.

(*October 24 to November 22*)

Scorpio (Vrischika)

Till mid-week, you will be extremely busy clearing up pending assignments. Timely financial gains on Tuesday will meet your urgent needs. Friends will help you out on Wednesday. Worries concerning health of spouses may crop up.

(*November 23 to December 20*)

Sagittarius (Dhanus)

Business and job activities show improvement this week. Absence of your superiors will give you the opportunity to temporarily occupy a higher position till the middle of the week. Money gains are likely.

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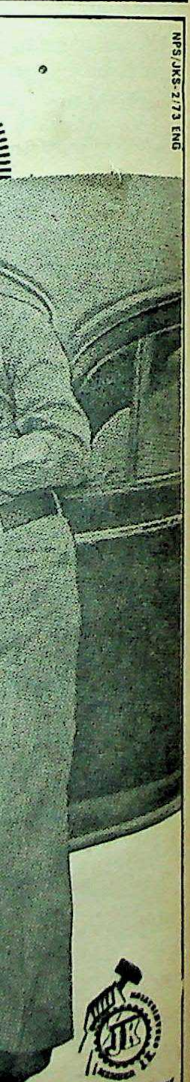

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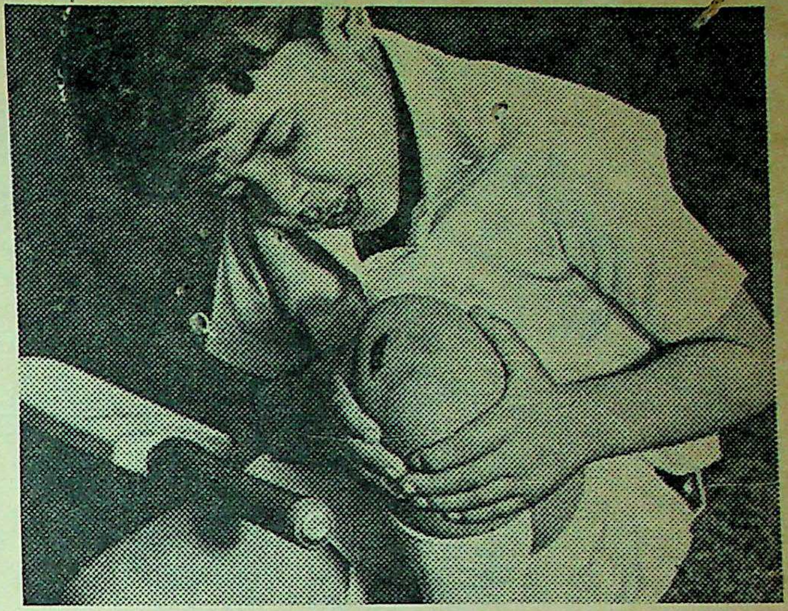

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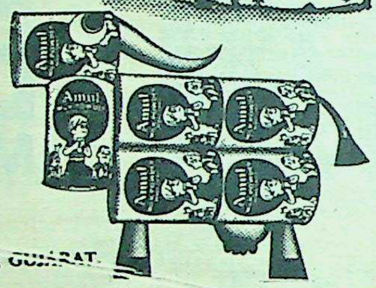

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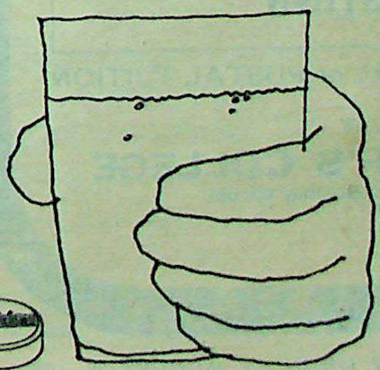

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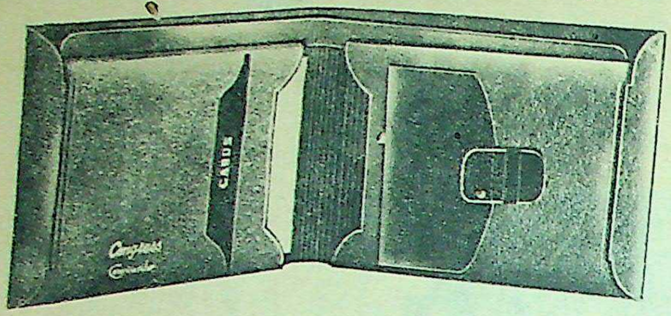

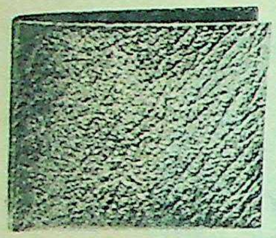

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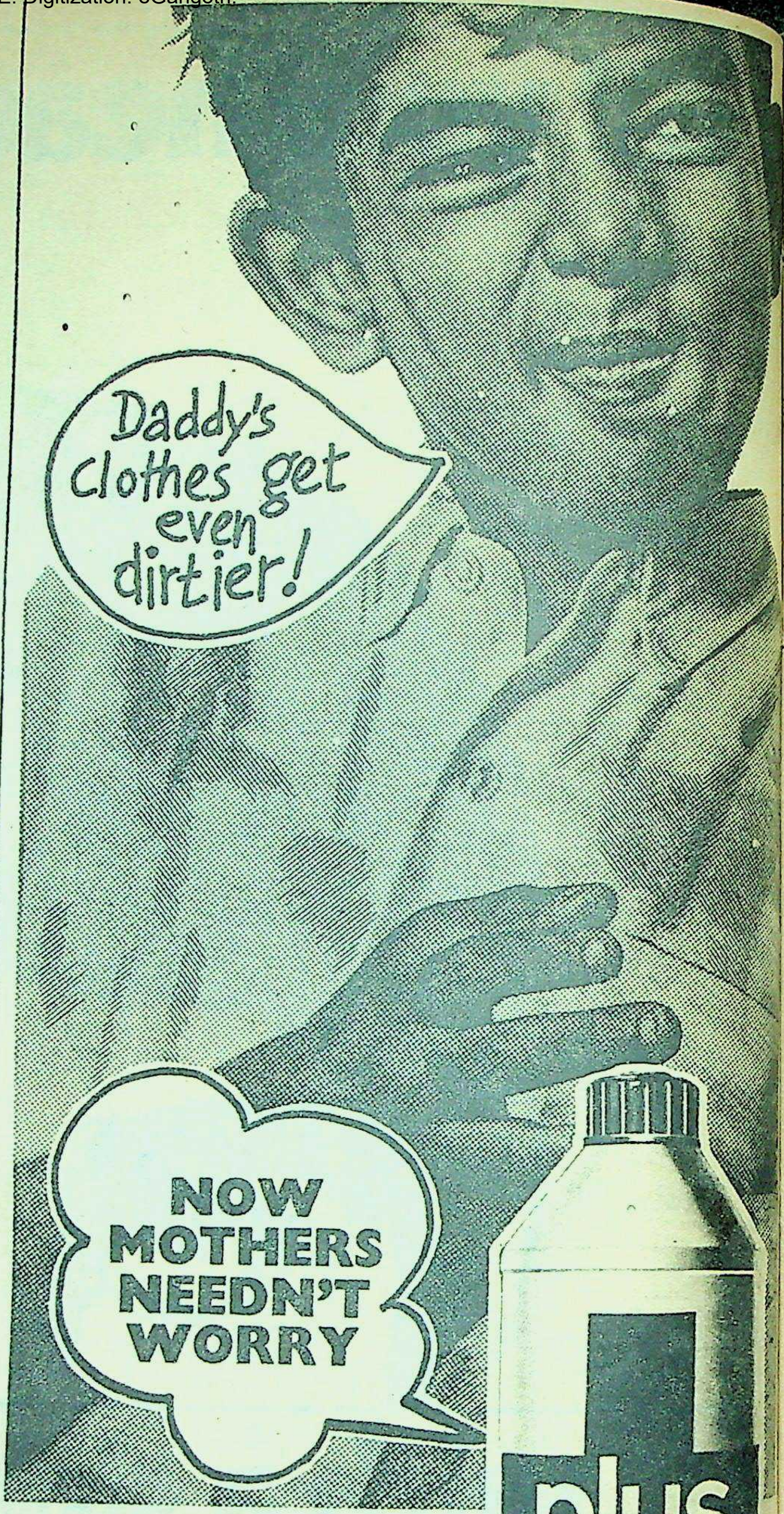

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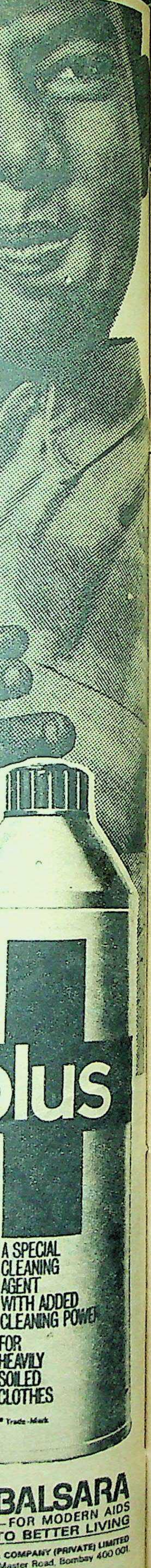

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RULES & CONDITIONS ON P. 68. ENTER REGULARLY & WIN.

CLOSES: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1973.

CLUES ACROSS

1 Dictatorship, as he saw, can never be more than a temporary expedient; it is determined, as a rule, by a single ——. (LIFE|LINE)

2 "How lovely!" seemed over-enthusiastic for so expensive a ——, so I changed it to "Rather nice." (SHOP|SHOW)

4 "I'm not afraid of you," she said, ——, as she sat down. (BOLDLY|COLDLY)

9 "You see," she said in a low but angry voice. "They're ——." (SORE|SURE)

10 The underlying notion was, 'It disgraces me to have been mentioned in connexion with such a ——.' (BAG|HAG)

11 If there was anything wrong with his angle of vision, there would always be plenty of others to correct it. For himself, he wished to —— deep. (DIVE|LIVE)

12 When he had made an opening, he plunged his hand in, as if into a vault and brought out a dust-incrusted ——. (BASKET|CASKET)

13 After all, you're a year younger than most of your classmates. You could still catch up with them if you ——. (WAITED|WANTED)

CLUES DOWN

2 She started to whirl and run for the door, but from behind her a hand reached to —— hard over her mouth, and an arm pinioned her arms to her sides. (SLAP|SLIP)

3 There was a great —— of lightning and a long bumping of thunder as we reached the edge of the woods. (FLASH|SLASH)

5 'It's time these —— came out,' he said. (SEAMS|TEAMS)

6 All I know is the press, and the law of libel, and the laws relating to invasion of privacy: that's required of every newsman down to the lowliest ——. (CUB|SUB)

7 He can do anything the law will let him do, and he can —— a stab at doing some of the things the law won't let him do. (MAKE|TAKE)

8 But they were socially far apart, so it took time and female artfulness to —— her way with him. (HAVE|PAVE)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF SEPT. 30; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF OCT. 7. Address Envelope: "QUOTES" No. 197, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702, BOMBAY-1.

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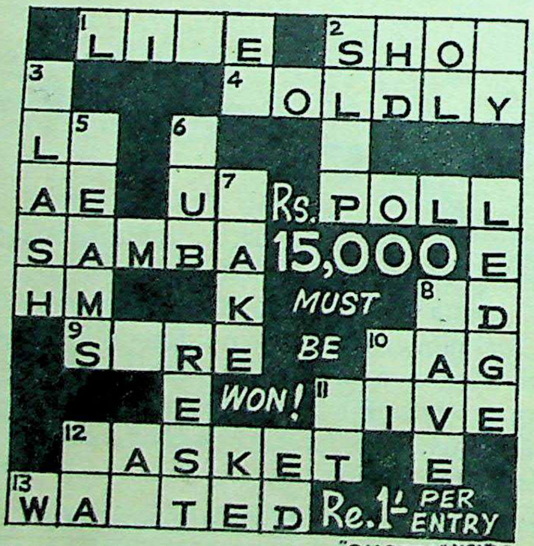

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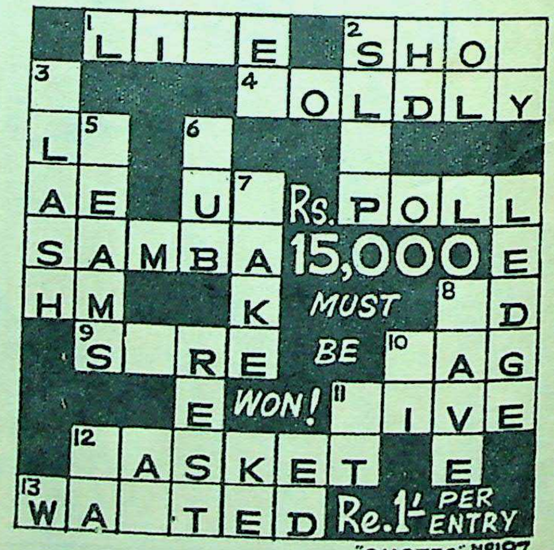

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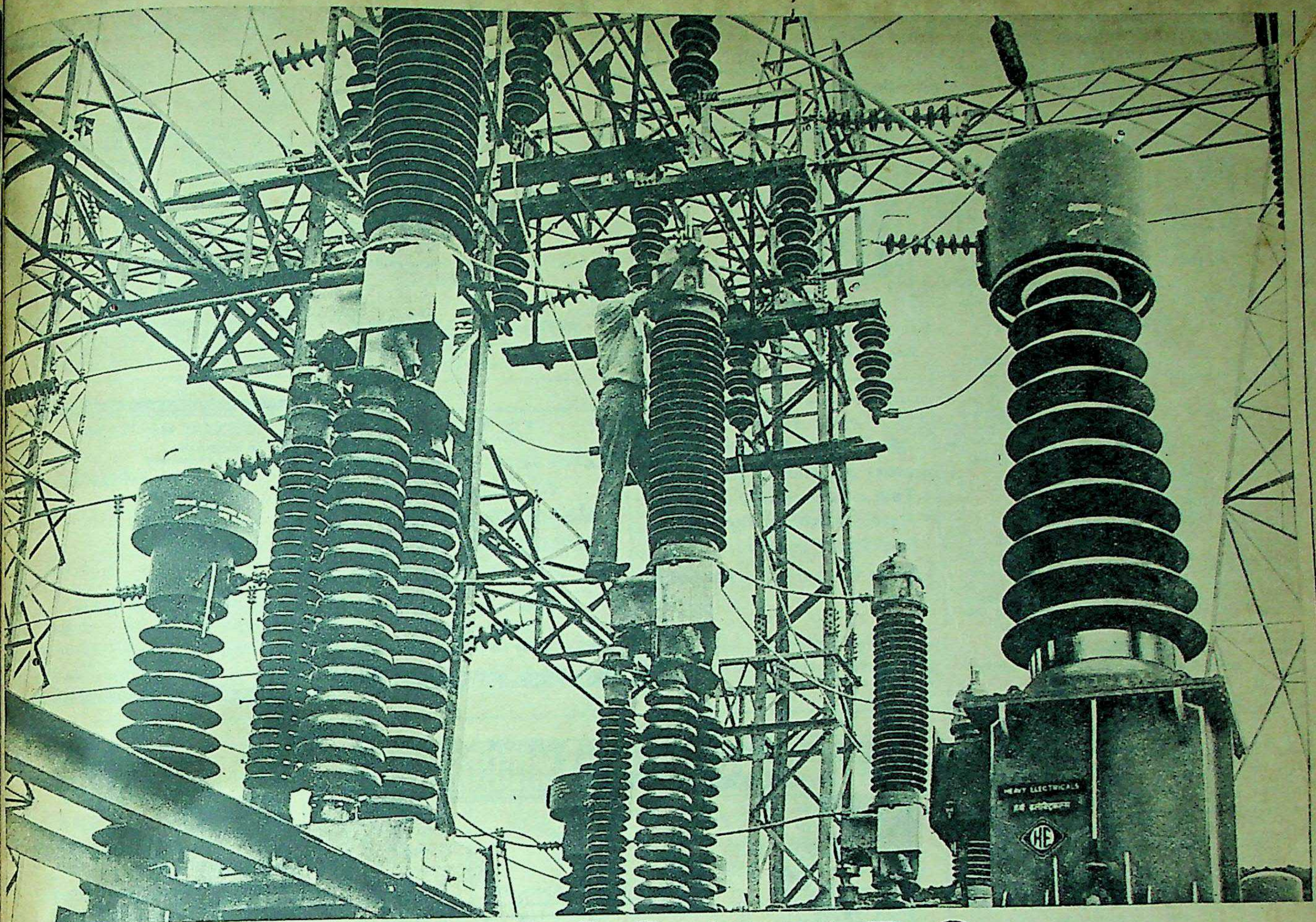

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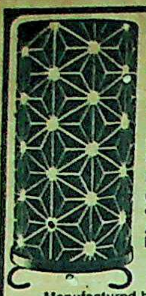

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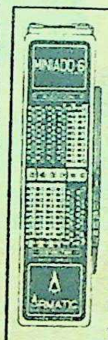

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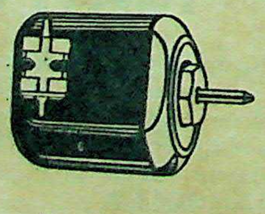

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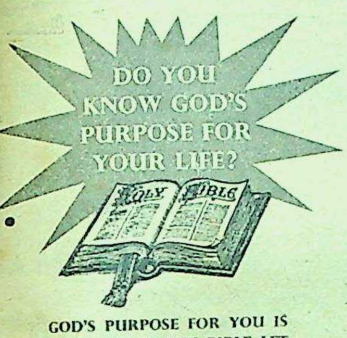

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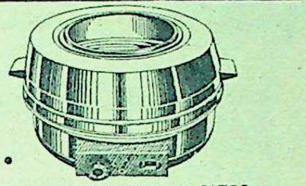

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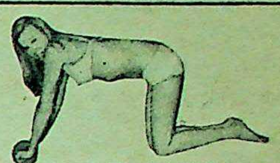

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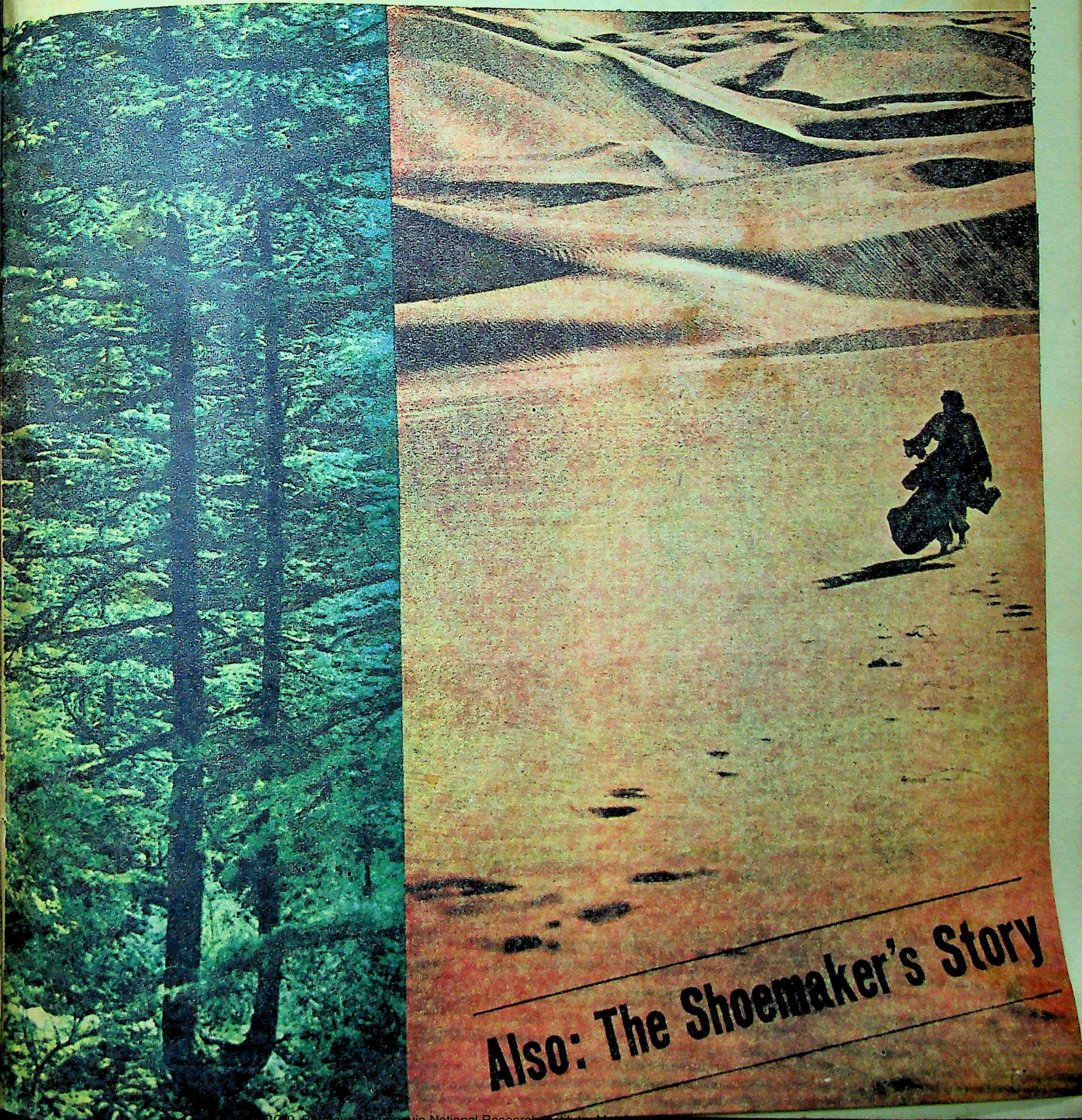

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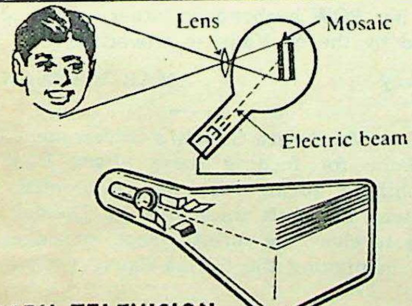

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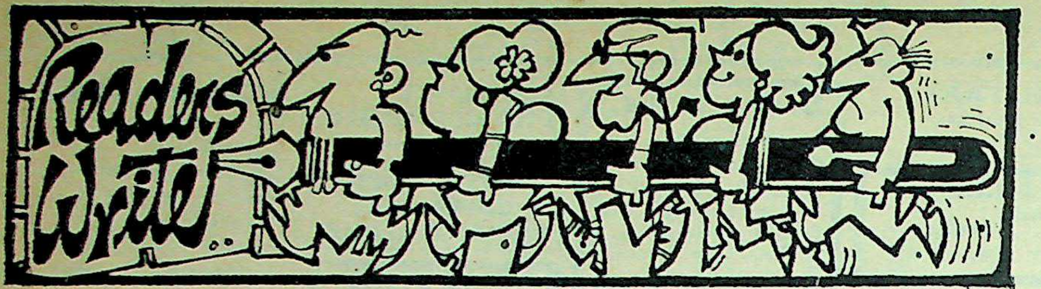

YOGA

Sir—As a student of Kashmir Shaivism, I was pained not to find any reference made to it by R.G.K. in his feature on Yoga (July 29).

The non-dualistic Shaivism of Kashmir propounded by Vasu Gupta and interpreted by Abhinava Gupta does include Yoga also in its orbit. The revolutionary concept of "Bhoga-Yoga"—Yoga being posterior to the enjoyment of worldly objects—is essentially a far-reaching contribution to this field of Indian thought from Kashmir. The so-called esoteric and occult content of Yoga has been made thoroughly intelligible and all the same palatable by these thinkers of Kashmir.

According to the thesis as contained in the *Shiva-Sutras* (aphorisms on self-conscious and self-dependent spirit) Yoga is a mental drill—a discipline of inner faculties and not physical culture at all.

The Yoga cult of Kashmir Shaivism is an obvious improvement on Patanjali

Srinagar K. N. DHAR

Sir—I am surprised to read in the "Yoga Vocabulary" that Yoga is pre-Aryan. What does the author mean? It is clear in the Vedas that "Arya" means a noble and upright person and un un-Arya is a sharp contrast to an Arya. The Vedas do not speak of any tribe or race which existed before the Aryans. Yoga is mentioned in the Vedas as well as in the latter-day Aryan scriptures like the Upanishads, Shastras and the Gita as a way of liberation. Where are the scriptures of the so-called "pre-Aryan" civilisation which speak of Yoga?

Srinagar MOHAN L. TIKKU

Sir—There is a noteworthy aspect in the process of SCI. A 'mantra' is given by the guru to the disciple. The latter agrees to keep it to himself. Then he is asked to witness a brief ceremony which the teacher performs as a preparation for the instruction. What more ado is needed? If TM is a 'test tube' process thrown open to all and sundry, why then this ceremonious "initiation"?

ANGARA VENKATA KRISHNA RAO
Bombay

'AIMING FOR THE WORLD CUP'

In the article, "Aiming for the World Cup" in the "Weekly" dated August 12, it was stated that India lost to West Germany in the semifinals at Munich; India lost to Pakistan. The error is regretted.

Sir—Yoga in its purest form is meaningful and acceptable only to Advaitins even among Hindus because they (Advaitins) believe in the non-duality and non-plurality of the soul. They identify their own individual selves with the Universal Self—and hence the fact that the union of these two is possible through Yoga is meaningful and acceptable to them. But the Dvaitins or dualists believe that the individual self and the Universal Self are two entirely different entities and hence their stress is more on Bhakti Yoga which is nothing but *Upasana*. The Christians hold a similar philosophy. Certainly Yoga cannot be divorced from its cultural and religious moorings.

Vellore R. MOHANASUNDARAM

Sir—It appears that the miracles of Yoga are limited to the upper classes.

Faridabad RAJINDER BHATIA

Sir—How is L. S. Rao still alive after tasting cyanide? He should approach those scientists who are anxious to know what cyanide tastes like.

Ranchi TARAK NATH SHAW

Sir—Transcendental Meditation cannot be "taught in two-and-a-half minutes." There are seven steps to learning TM.

Transcendental Meditation is not practised for "a" beneficial effect. The technique of TM roots out the cause of problems—weakness in the mind—and, as a result, the individual's mental, physical and psychological health (the foundation of "morality") is simultaneously strengthened. No one aspect of life is sacrificed for another; thus no imbalance "resulting in behaviour which society regards as undesirable" is possible.

Amsterdam, Holland Dr MARIA SCHOOF

Pak POWs

Sir—This refers to your article "POWs Issue—As Pakistanis See It" (July 29). Like me many are now convinced that you were hypnotised while on a brief visit to Pakistan, and President Bhutto has appointed you his PRO in India to fight for the cause of the POWs.

Lucknow BRAJ RAJ SARAN

Sir—I am writing this letter to you on "Rakhi Day" and my letter concerns a sister's love for her brother. Recently I was in Karachi, and a sister of a friend of mine approached me to find out the whereabouts of her brother from whom they have not heard since the break-out of hostilities in Bangladesh.

Name: Abdul Karim Merchant
Father's Name: Iqbal Hussain Merchant
Age: 29 years
Address: Amynabad, Sidheshwari Road, Dacca

He was picked up on January 3, 1971, from Motijheel, A. K. & Co., and has been since missing. According to some people he was "shot down" but his body was not found. On January 26, his name appeared in the newspapers in Karachi under the "POW businessmen and contractors" list. His number is 263 as published in the Karachi papers. Since then his family has been in touch with the Red Cross, Karachi and Geneva, but with no luck. I have a hunch that he may be in Meerut Camp but nothing is known.

Bombay Dr RAM BELLARA

Sir—I am glad to read your article on POWs (July 29). I very much appreciate your views and by all means support them.

The collapsing barriers of international politics—e.g., Nixon and Tanaka's visit to Peking without recognising each other or having any diplomatic relations—have paved the way for world peace.

I do hope that Mr Mujibur Rehman will think it over that it was East Pakistan which struggled for its freedom from the tyranny of Pakistani rule; Pakistan just did what any other nation would have done under similar circumstances to suppress the revolt against the state within the framework of its laws and norms of international law. There were excesses. But what can the civilised world expect from military dictators who have bullets but no brains?

Panna (M.P.) B. K. CHUDASAMA

Sir—It seems to me that we have gone insane in our thirst for revenge and that too revenge for the wrongs done to another nation. This attitude is going to lead the subcontinent nowhere and we'll end up fighting each other, like the Arabs and Israelis, for ages to come. The people of this country seem to have forgotten that wars are fought by bloodthirsty politicians and not by the peoples of different countries. It is inhuman to hold the POWs any longer. Ask any American woman who has only recently seen her POW husband or father or son released by the N. Vietnam Government.

Bombay AMAR MADNANI

Sir—Mrs Indira Gandhi's Government is to blame for feeding these 93,000 POWs for nothing during the past 20 months. I ask: why not shift these men to Dandakaranya to clear the forests there, or engage them in digging the Ganga-Cauvery Grand Canal?

We fought a war which was thrust upon us. We lost thousands of our young men. Widows, parents and children of these men are today mourning their loss with no less sorrow than do Nazala and Zeb Aurangazeb. Have you a word of consolation for them?

Palghat C. R. NAIR

Achutha Menon

Sir—In his article on C. Achutha Menon (July 29), A. S. Raman has stated that Mr Menon's wife's brother had once sought a

favour from Mr Menon in regard to a contract for a friend and the Chief Minister politely refused to oblige. This statement is absolutely false. I happen to be one of the two brothers of Mr Menon's wife and flatly refute Mr Raman's allegation. My brother who lives in Bombay is equally innocent of the charge. Mr Raman would do well to disclose the source of his information to me and issue a correction while tendering an apology. A copy of this letter of mine is being forwarded to Mr C. Achutha Menon.

Madras V. R. MENON

Coal Nationalisation

Sir—The article on Coal Nationalisation (July 29) contains a number of inaccuracies:

The National Coal Development Corporation, since its inception in 1956, has never been able to produce any profit so far. Their loss in 1971-72 was Rs 6.53 crores as against the previous year's loss of Rs 1.73 crores. The capital involvement is about Rs 200 crores and the cumulative loss so far is Rs 12.12 crores. These are official figures but in practice the loss to the country is much more.

Any industrialist anywhere in India or abroad cannot afford to make less than 10 per cent. annual profit on the working of his industrial undertaking.

Dhanbad M. K. BHATTACHARYA

Sir—The article tells more about coal before nationalisation and contains very little which pertains to the post-nationalisation period.

The availability position of coke|coal to the petty consumers, viz., industries, brick klins, etc., has become worse. The gap in the prices between the producing and consuming ends is great: for example the rate of BH.H|coke at the collieries is Rs 120 per tonne whereas the same is being sold at different places in North, West and South India at Rs 600 to 900 per tonne. To add to the confusion created by the distribution system of the public sector, the Ministry of Steel and Mines has imposed a control on this vital raw material for the small-scale industries.

Dhanbad R. PRASAD

Sir—The responsibility for the slow progress of this great industry goes to the Government's erratic plans. The Government has set up a Coal Mines Authority for over 600 nationalised non-coking coal mines and has fixed Calcutta as the Authority's headquarters. It has also been heard the NCOC, which has its present headquarters at Ranchi, is being merged with the CMA. Ironically enough, the majority of the non-coking coal mines are in Bihar. The authorities have turned a deaf ear to the demand for shifting the CMA's head office to Ranchi.

Dhanbad M. S. RAHMAN

The Illustrated Weekly of India

Vol. XCIV. 36. Regd. No. MH9
Sunday, September 2, 1973

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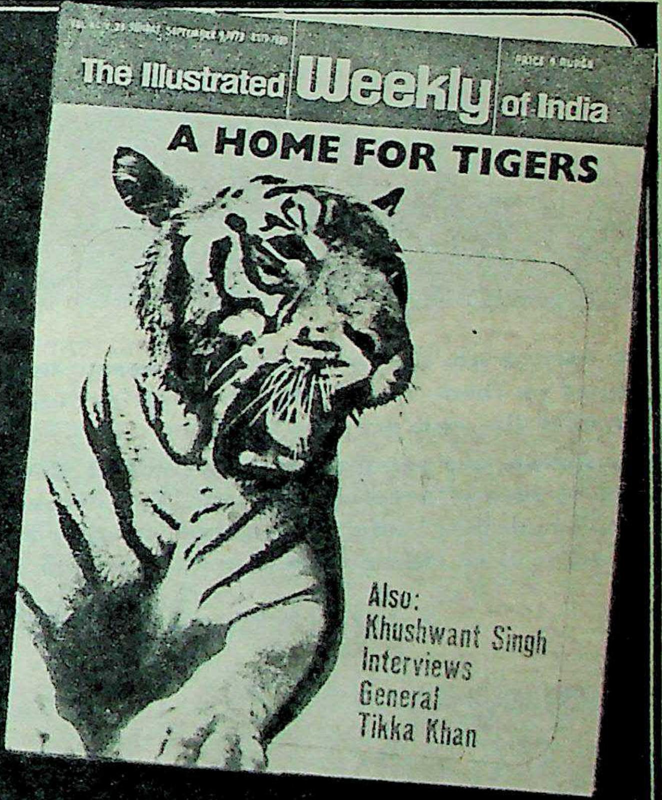
NEXT WEEK

A HOME FOR TIGERS: Beginning "Tiger Haven" (Macmillan)—Arjan Singh's exciting new book about the dedicated work of one man to protect Indian wildlife in a small area. In this first of three instalments, Arjan Singh describes the fascinating life of the animals of the open plains and his own transition from sportsman and farmer to conservationist and photographer.



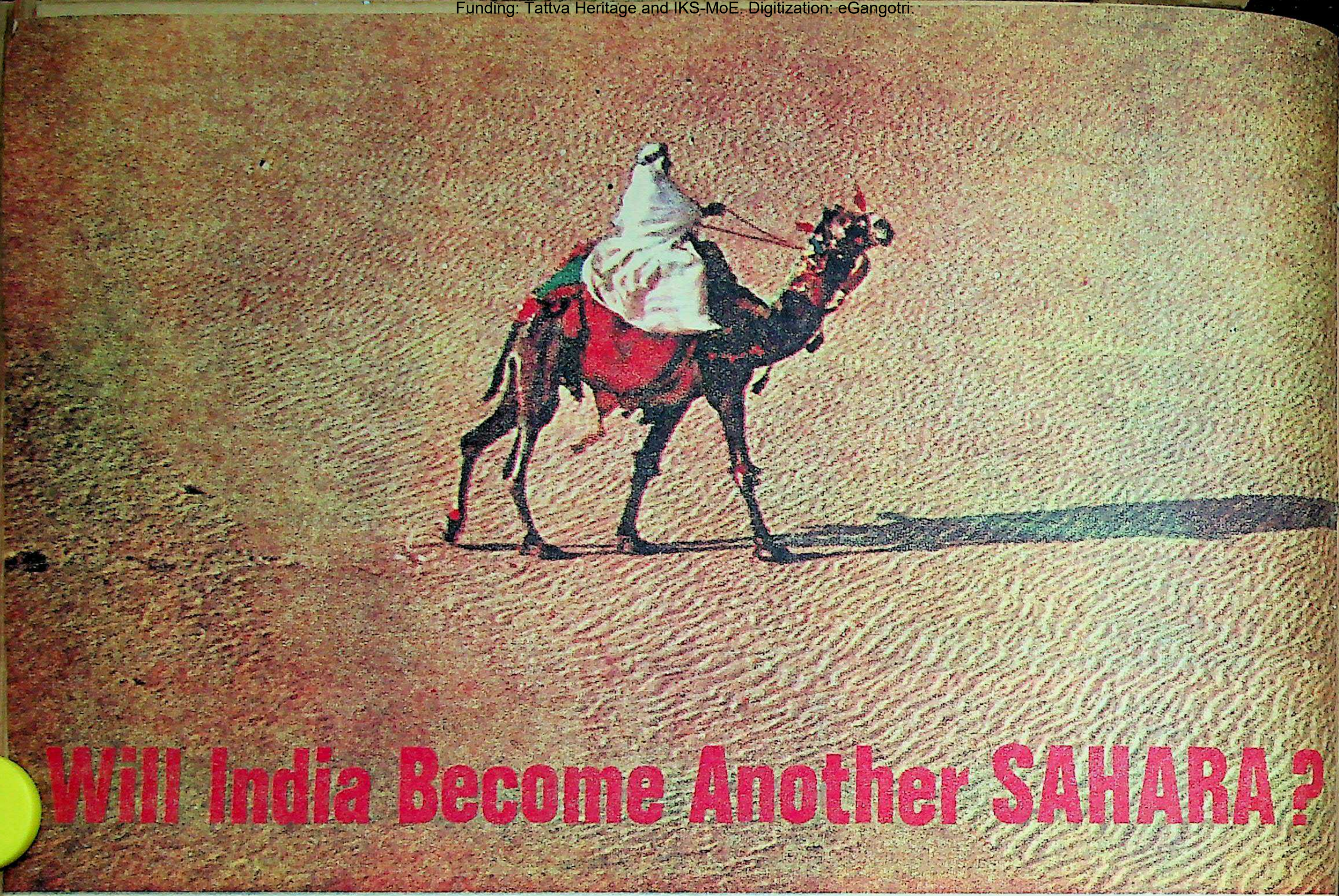
TIKKA KHAN: By Khushwant Singh. For the first time Pakistan's Commander-in-Chief grants an exclusive interview to an Indian journalist. In a two-hour discussion he tells the Editor how and why Pakistan lost the war.

THE GREATEST ROCK HUNT IN HISTORY: Prof. D. Lal shows how lunar exploration will benefit mankind. Photographs in colour.

LAKSHADWEEP: Mr Justice V. R. Krishna Iyer savours the beauty of the Laccadives, now renamed Lakshadweep.

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE: Story by Denzil Joseph.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



Will India Become Another SAHARA?

Our forests are our most precious asset. Our climate and our soil depend on them; they bring rain and prevent floods; they maintain our wild life and are our lungs.

Our forests are being recklessly hacked down. We are losing millions of tons of precious top soil. The desert is on the march. If we do not look out, India will become another Sahara—our future generations will be riding camels in cactus land.

by Ramesh Chandran

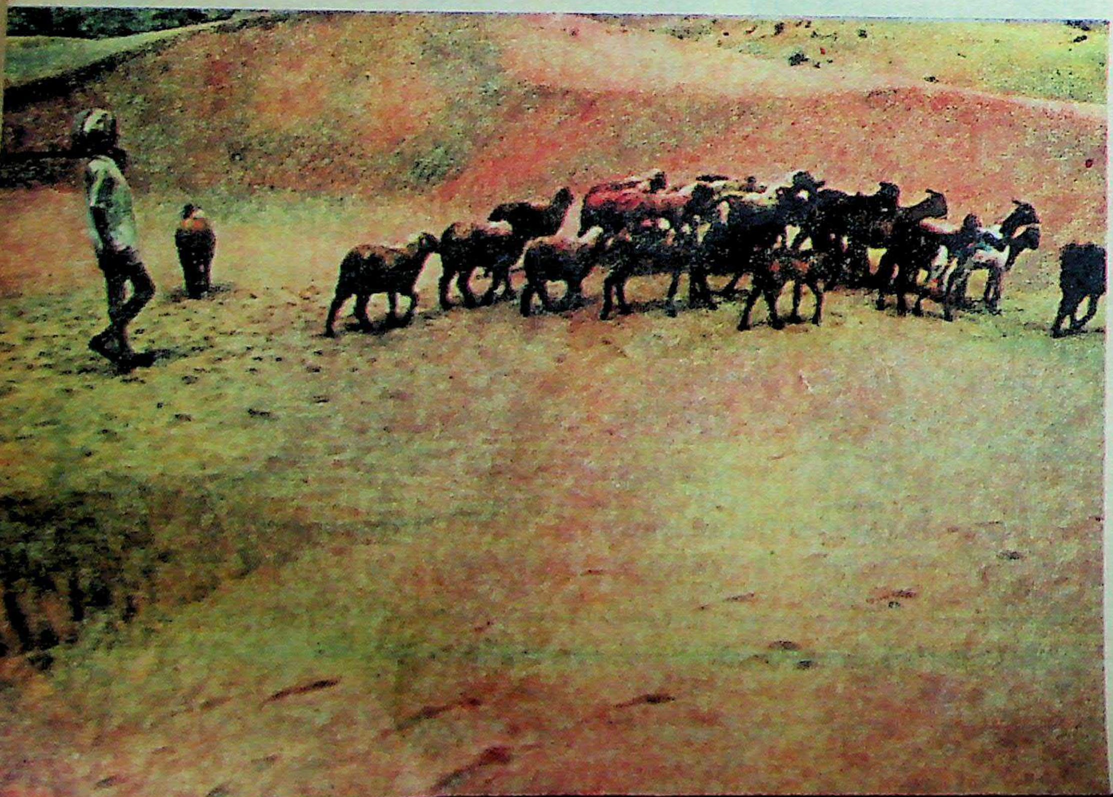
—Balkrishan

How many years will our forests exist
Before they end up in smoke?
How many years will our people exist
If they think the forest's a joke?
Listen. How many crops will a desert produce?
And how much water to drink?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

(with apologies to Bob Dylan)

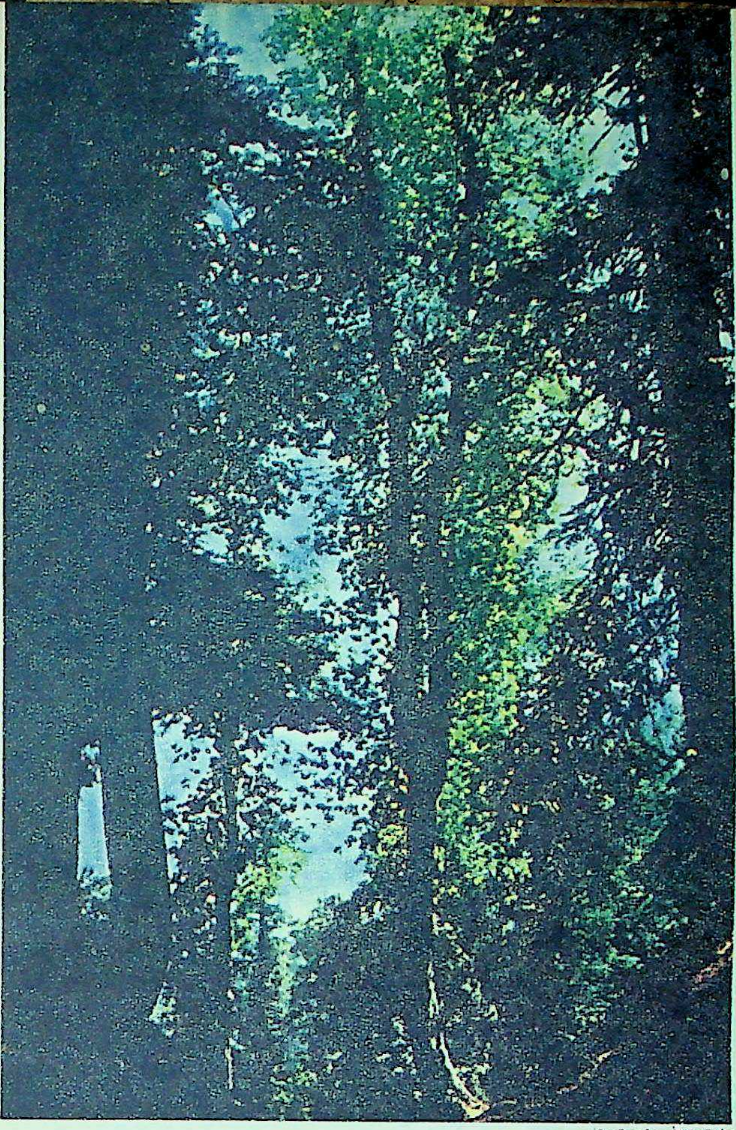
WILL it be said of India in 2074 that it was a populous land with an ancient history, that it was ranked among the industrial countries of the world, but the people multiplied so recklessly that they ate up all their greenery till the land became a desert and then their millions died of starvation?

Will it be said that the subcontinent of India ranks with the Sahara and the Gobi as one of the great man-made deserts of the world? Will it be said that in this land, which supported 600 million people, only a few scattered nomadic tribes remain? At the rate we are denuding our forests, this will certainly happen. What an ignominous end to a great nation!



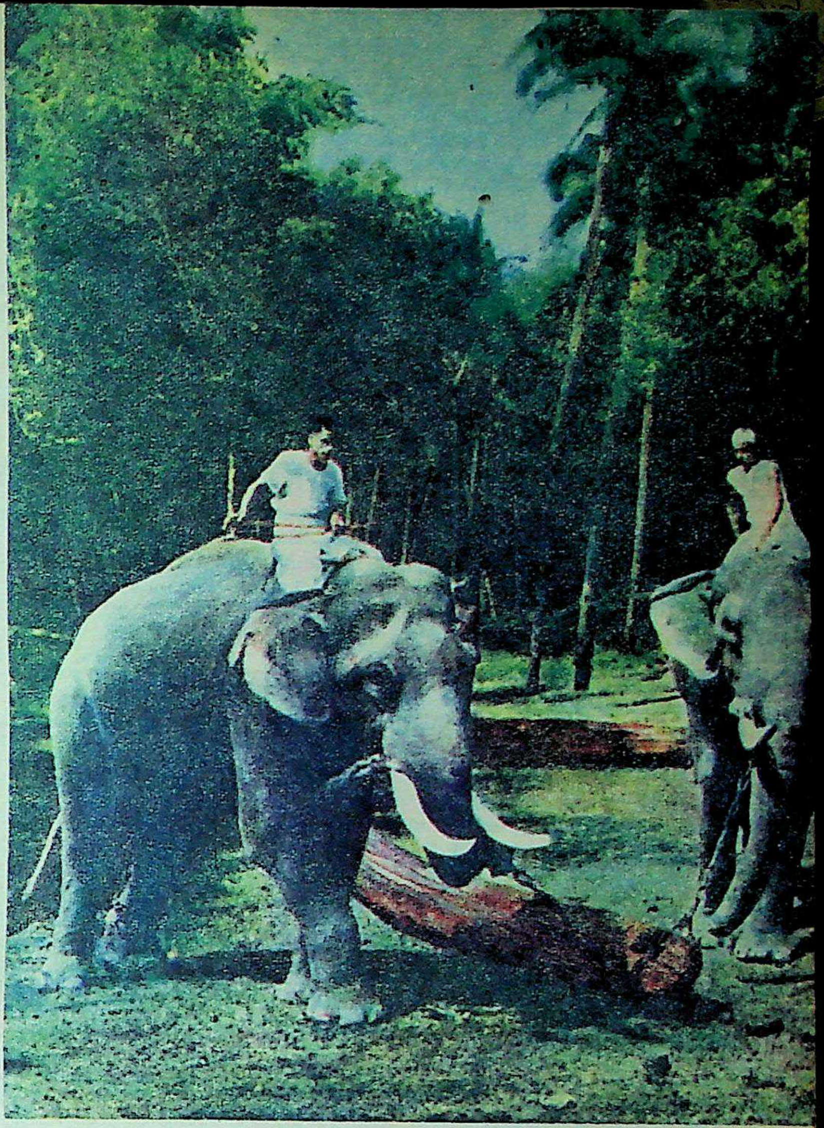
—Ashwin Gatha

LAST STAGES OF DESTRUCTION of the already barren landscape occur when there is no longer enough pasture for cattle. Overgrazing has been the chief cause of despoilation of the land. Enemy Number One is the goat; camel comes a close second. They strip every tree and bush of the foliage.



—Ashvin Mehta

LUSH RAIN FORESTS, a sight that is becoming rarer and rarer. Indian forests cover about 75 million hectares, which is 22.7% of the total land area. In Japan it is as high as 68%



JUMBOS HAULING TIMBER IN KERALA. 99% of the raw materials for the manufacture of paper and the entire pulp needed for making rayon in India come from our forests.

The first step in the march of the desert is the cutting down of trees. Roots wither and the soil they held together crumbles. Rain and wind carry the process further by carrying the loosened soil in floods or dust storms. Erosion of soil bares rock on which nothing can grow. The once-fertile land turns to barren, rocky desert.

History has many examples showing how cutting down forests has turned a green and prosperous land into a moonscape. Two thousand years ago, Mesopotamia (between the Tigris and the Euphrates) was full of flourishing cities which became the seat of many empires. The Iraq of today is largely a desert whose wandering tribesmen eke out a miserable existence, going from oasis to oasis. Parts of India have already suffered the same fate.

Sir Gerald Trever speaking at the Empire Forestry Conference in 1935 said of the Pabbi and the Siwalik Hills of the Punjab: "When Emperor Jehangir built the castle of Nurpur for his Queen, Nur Jahan—the Light of the World—he writes in his memoirs that the forest was so thick, that a bird could hardly spread its wings." Today this area is a treeless hilly country with tufts of grass and thorny bushes. This transformation took place in less than 300 years.

Similar instances of converting forest into desert can be found in the Etawah and Agra regions of Uttar Pradesh, the Chota-Nagpur Plateau in Bihar and the Nilgiris in

—Continued

THE BRITISH DIDN'T REALLY TEACH US GOOD FORESTRY. On every hectare of forest land, we spend only Rs 10 to get a gross revenue of about Rs 21.50, while West Germany spends Rs 435 on every hectare of forest and gets in return Rs 565.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

the South. Trevor Drieberg writes of the desert encroaching the 7,300 sq. mile territory near Anantpur (Andhra Pradesh) that forms the northern end of the Mysore plateau.

Again, the extent of denudation of forests on the slopes of the Sahyadri mountains in Maharashtra remains to be calculated. "Tarun Bharat", a Marathi daily from Nagpur, reports that Sangli is totally arid and has not a tree in sight. The same is true of the area between Poona and Sangli where even bushes have become scarce. No wonder Buldhana, Aurangabad, Parbhani, Nasik and Poona have become prone to chronic famine. The drought in the country is largely "man-made"—the consequence of the reckless destruction of forests, the indiscriminate reclamation of wetlands and the thoughtless squandering of natural resources. A seminar held in Bombay early this year on "Conservation, the Answer to Drought" affirmed this view.

The expert opinion is that at least one-third of a country's area must be under forest. Even highly industrialised nations like America, France, West Germany and Russia have more than this minimum requirement. The percentages for Japan, Sweden and Canada are 68, 56 and 38 respectively. In India it is only 22.7 or 750 lakh hectares.

So far we have done precious little to conserve our forests or to enlarge them. On the contrary, we have been cutting down trees recklessly. In the past few years we have cleared a million acres of forest to make room for plantations and for raising food crops. This could have been justified if deforestation in one area had been matched by afforestation in another.

The Uses Of Forests

How far are forests useful? What is their place in a country's economy? First of all they hold together the soil and prevent floods—or at any rate minimise the erosion caused by them. They ensure a certain percentage of moisture and replenish the oxygen in the atmosphere. The earth's supply of oxygen comes mainly from plants and plankton in the sea. During photosynthesis, they absorb carbon dioxide and release oxygen. With the destruction of vegetation, there has been an increase in carbon dioxide. This, scientists believe, can make the sun's rays hotter, the polar caps will melt, the ocean level will rise and much of our land will be submerged.

IT'S AN INVASION. Locusts descend in swarms and eat up miles and miles of greenery in a matter of minutes. (Photograph: courtesy, The Desert, *Life Nature Library)*

Forests increase the fertility of the soil by providing rich vegetable mould which is carried by the rivers to farmland. They have a healthy influence on climate. The roots of trees are like pumps: through them subsoil water is sucked up and eventually expelled as moisture by the foliage.

Forests provide a home for our birds and animals. Our rich and varied wild life has vanished in proportion to the forests we have destroyed. A thousand years ago, lions and tigers were found almost all over India. Today lions are confined to the Gir forest in Gujarat and tigers are threatened with extinction.

Some of our industries like rayon, paper and matches are dependent on our forests. Sal, teak, ebony and rosewood are among the timber they yield. Also they are a source of many essential oils and medicinal herbs. But, remember, these resources are not inexhaustible. For every acre of trees you cut down, you must replant another acre. This rule is not observed today. We are not using our forest resources, we are abusing them.

Pioneers Of Indian Forestry

Forestry is the science of the proper exploitation of forests and their conservation. The Indian Forest Department was started during the time of Lord Dalhousie (1848-1856) who appointed Sir Dietrich Brandis to take charge of the teak forests of Burma, in 1856. Eight years later he was made the first Governor-General of Forests. To him and his successors, Schlich and Ribbentrop, should go the credit for laying the foundation of forestry in India. Sir Brandis initiated the system of training young Indians—they were first sent to schools of forestry in France and Germany.

The Government of India announced its forest policy for the first time in 1894. Looking back one feels this policy took a short-sighted view of the needs of the country. The Forest Policy Resolution of 1894 says: "It should be remembered that... the claims of cultivation are stronger than the claims of forest preservation." The framers of this policy did not see the point that cultivation itself is very much dependent on forest preservation.

Since independence, there has been much talk on the need for conservation. But this has not been translated into action. The First Five-Year Plan included, among others, the following measures to streamline forest management: (1) planting trees in areas which have been overexploited or where there has been soil erosion; (2) development of forest communication; (3) growing trees for fuel in rural areas; (4) greater use of non-conventional species of timber; (5) development of forest industries and minor forest produce. But it is doubtful if any of

these measures have been implemented—at any rate you don't see any concrete results.

According to the "Approach Paper" of the Fifth Five-Year Plan, the contribution of forestry to the Gross National Product in 1969-70 was only 1.6 per cent, while the employment it provided was as low as 0.2 per cent. The Approach Paper rightly points out that forests provide the essential insurance for agriculture, that the green revolution, in order to be sustained, needs the protective umbrella of forests.

We cultivate 50 per cent of the total land area—this is in excess of the maximum recommended for effective land use. By acquiring more forest land for cultivation, all that will happen is a deterioration of the productive land, a case where more effort will fetch very much less return.

The average gross revenue per hectare of forests in India is only Rs 21.50 compared with Rs 565 in West Germany and Rs 494 in Switzerland. The expenditure per hectare in this country is Rs 10, while it is Rs 190.5 in Japan, Rs 118.5 in Korea and Rs 435 in West Germany.

The production of industrial timber in 1970 was about 9 million cubic metres. 203 million cubic metres of fuel wood was used. Of this only 12 million cubic metres were **accounted for in the records. So 191 million cubic metres must have been pilfered.**

According to the Approach Paper, the demand for industrial wood between 1970 and 1990 is expected to increase by more than 250%, but of fuel wood only by 50%. This is not likely unless an alternative fuel is found for our growing rural population.

In terms of timber, our forest resources are equivalent to more than 2,624 million cubic metres. Of this we are using up 200 million cubic metres annually. The volume must necessarily increase over the years. Just imagine what will happen if we cut

—Continued

SCORCHED BELTS OF THE EARTH

The word "desert" comes from a Latin term meaning "abandoned". In reality, deserts are anything but abandoned. All of them contain plants, animals and even humans, as well as some of the world's most awe-inspiring scenery. The French writer Antoine de Saint-Exupery said: "The love of the Sahara, like love itself, is born of a face perceived and never really seen."

Most habitation on this earth is in "moist climates". Few people venture into a desert. In folklore, the arid areas that cover a seventh of the globe's land surface are a forbidding waste land—sun-seared and wind-scoured, waterless, endless, empty of shelter, and, except for venomous serpents lurking under the rocks, largely devoid of life. In actuality, man learned long ago how to surmount the perils of the desert.

The prospector leading his burro and the Bedouin on his camel have traversed the remotest of the dry regions. Modern transport has made desert travel more casual. Airways and highways run parallel to the ancient caravan trails and industries, holiday-makers and home builders have confidently infiltrated the desert's fringes.

Those who know the desert respect it as knowing sailors respect the sea. The topography itself, unobscured by any heavy mantle of vegetation, discloses some of the planet's boldest architecture. And when a rare fall of rain does soak the crackled soil, the brief bloom of wild flowers on tinted earth is a flamboyant spectacle. The deserts where all this goes are not scattered at random, but are distributed around the globe in two discontinuous belts, one in the Northern Hemisphere and one in the Southern. These are roughly centered along the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn. Neither bends closer to the equator than 15 degrees.

In 1918, Dr Wladimir Koppen of the University of Graz in Austria made a scientific classification of land. Since then, deserts have come to be known as "Koppen deserts". They have less than 10 inches of rainfall in a year. They cover 14% of the earth's land surface. "Koppen steppes" have 10 to 20 inches of rainfall.

(1) The Sahara is the biggest desert. It stretches across the whole 3,200-mile width of North Africa, and its 3.5 million square miles are almost as large as all the 50 states of the US together. Only a tenth of its total area is made up of dunes. It has snow-covered mountains rising to 11,500 feet. Most of the desert's interior averages less than an inch of rainfall a year.

(2) The Australian Desert occupies a little less than half (44%) of the continent. It has an average of five inches of rainfall a year and is 1.3 million square miles.

(3) The Arabian desert extends over nearly a million square miles of the peninsula, about a third of which is covered with sand. It has no rivers.

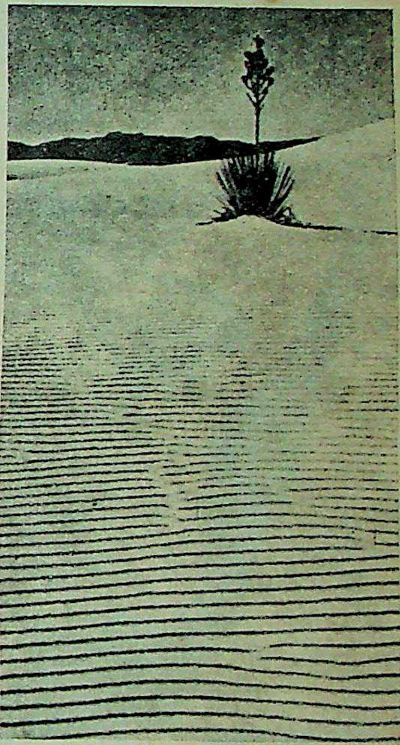
(4) The Turkestan desert which is three quarters of a million square miles is in South-West Russia. Its western border is the Caspian Sea, which almost went dry 6,000 years ago and was refilled when the Near-East began to get more rainfall in the millennium before the Christian era.

(5) The North American desert, 500,000 square miles, extends over south-western United States and north-western Mexico. It has four major divisions: the Great Basin, Mojave, Sonoran and Chihuahuan.

(6) The Patagonian (260,000 square miles) desert of Argentina is east of the Andes and looks strikingly like the Sonoran desert, because they share many identical plant species.

(7) The Thar (230,000 square miles), which lies across Western India and Pakistan, is also known as the Great Indian Desert. The Indus Valley civilisation (c. 2,500 B.C.), flourished near by. At that time, possibly, the area was moist and became dry due to a shift in the wind direction.

(8) The Kalahari, in southern Africa, covers 220,000 square miles adjoining grassland. It extends to the often foggy coastal desert known as the Namib.



—from "The Desert"

(9) The Takla Makan (200,000 square miles) in Sinkiang province of western China merges with the semi-arid regions to the north-west and Mongolia, where is situated the cold desert called Gobi.

(10) The Iranian desert (150,000 square miles) boasts some of the world's highest sand dunes—over 700 feet in height. There are traces here of Neolithic men, the world's first agriculturists; the area was also the seat of great empires. There are signs in Iran and elsewhere in the Middle East to show that man's misuse of land has desolated fertile areas and let the desert encroach.

(11) The Atacama Peruvian in Chile and Peru is about 140,000 square miles, the smallest desert of all. Its annual rainfall is only half an inch.

S. R.

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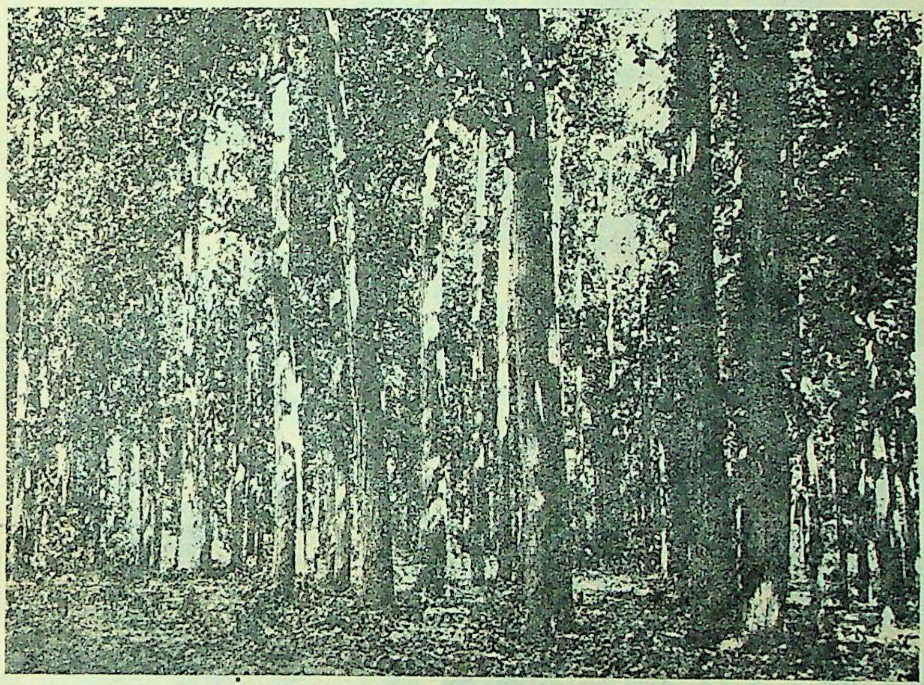
down trees at this rate without planting new ones. India will become another Sahara before the end of this century.

We can learn from the experience of America. Early this century, in parts of the US, the forests had been laid waste by rapacious logging, creating dust bowls and causing floods and erosion. President Franklin Roosevelt created a conservation corps of two million young men for a massive programme of planting trees, digging lakes and building forest roads. In the course of ten years, the country's forests were saved.

The trend in advanced countries is not only to save the natural forests but to create artificial ones—the desert is being made to bloom. The Imperial Valley of the Sonoran desert in southern California has been made into a green patch growing crops all the year round. The recovery of arid land has led to new settlements, the establishment of new industries.

IT KEEPS THEIR HOME FIRES BURNING —but it also means burning up our forests. Villagers trekking back with headloads of firewood—their only source of fuel. They often cut down trees with impunity, both from state-owned and private forests.



A sal forest in the Himalayan foothills.

Sal, Teak, Pines

From the Himalayas to Kanyakumari and from the Aravalli Hills to Assam, there is an infinite variety of trees. Sal forests are to be seen in the sub-Himalayan tract stretching from the Punjab through Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, West Bengal to Assam. South of the northern plains, the sal grows in profusion in the south-western districts of West Bengal, in Orissa and Madhya Pradesh.

Teak grows in the Aravalli Hills, in parts of Gujarat, Maharashtra, Madhya Pradesh, Andhra Pradesh, Tamil Nadu, Karnataka and Kerala. It is most abundant in the last two States. The high per-hectare forest revenue in Kerala and Karnataka are mainly due to their teak forests, though in the latter State, it is also due to sandalwood.

The three important species of Himalayan timbers occurring in large quantities are the chir pine (pinus roxburghii), deodar (cedrus deodara) and the blue pine (P. Wallichiana). All of them are conifers and are found together. The most accessible of these forests are those of the chir pine which are to be found in the principal valleys of the Himalayas and on the ridges of the Siwalik Hills.

The deodar grows at heights of 1,800 to 1,600 m. in Garhwal, Himachal Pradesh, Punjab and Kashmir. The blue pine is to be found at the same elevations.

There are other Himalayan conifers such as fir, spruce, yew and hemlock which occur at higher altitudes. The economic exploitation of forests situated in the higher altitudes is handicapped by the problem of transport.

S.R.

Israel is the classic example of converting a desert into a garden. Conservationist Walter C. Lowdermilk wrote in the *Scientific American*: "The example of Israel shows that land can be reclaimed and that increase in the food supply can overtake the population increase that will double the 2,800 million world population before the end of this century. Israel is a pilot area for the arid lands of the world, especially for her Arab neighbours who persist in their destitution in the same landscape that Israel has brought into blossom." In the course of the 25 years since the creation of the Jewish homeland, the Israelis have doubled the area of their arable land.

A Shortsighted View

We tend to look upon forest as a direct source of wealth—i.e., we think in terms of the timber and other products they yield. This is to take a shortsighted view of one of our major natural assets. Forests must be regarded in relation to the national geography and economy, in relation to the influence they have on soil, climate, etc. This viewpoint is being advanced by Mr G. S. Ranganathan (see his article on page 16). His booklet, whose title we have borrowed for this feature, contains an able plea for saving our forests before it is too late.

One way in which we can reduce the pressure on forests is to provide an alternate source for cheap fuel. Says Mr Ranganathan: "The villages are being electrified. If the Government should make subsidised electric power available, this would prove an alternative to firewood and save the forest to perform its vitally beneficent role. Cowdung too, which is used as fuel would then return to the land to enrich it as it should."

Hydro-electric projects are indispensable to the nation. But in their construction, vast acres of forest are destroyed. This is unwise because forests prevent or minimise silting. Mr Ranganathan observes: "Consider for example, a dam which has been built at

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

a cost of Rs 200 crores. Silting can reduce the life of such a dam to less than fifty years. This can be prevented or minimised by forests, so that the dam can have a longer, useful life. Forests control floods which cost the country hundreds of crores of rupees (Rs 600 crores in 1970). Of course, their ability to supply oxygen and influence the climate are difficult to quantify but are obviously invaluable."

Asked about man-made forests, Mr Ranganathan said: "The concept of increasing the productivity of forestry through man-made forests is unexceptionable, and it is certainly very important, as the Fifth Plan Report says in its summary, to redefine the objectives of forestry management from the present conservation oriented forestry to a more dynamic programme of production forestry. However, it would have been more useful to state what the old objectives were and their *raison d'etre* to ensure that whatever was good in the old objectives is not forgotten and thrown away like the baby with the bath water.

Importance Of Man-Made Forests

"I am not belittling the importance of man-made forests. My only plea is that their functions should be listed and their value quantified. If this is done, it will be seen that the value of forests is enormous, not insignificant. It follows then that our first duty is to protect the forests. Logically, the species of trees and plant life growing successfully on terrain prone to floods and erosion, viz., headwaters of all rivers, all mountainous and hilly slopes, should be scrupulously protected. All attempts must be made to reforest any such strategic areas which have been denuded. All these protected areas can easily form part of national parks.

Plant Two Trees In Your Life

"Sujalam, suphalam...sasya syamalam" *(plenty of water, plenty of fruit, darkly beautiful with vegetation), goes* Vande Mataram's *description of India. But today we are short of water, fruit and food. Twenty years ago, Mr K. M. Munshi, then Food Minister, introduced "Vanamahotsava" the Great Festival of the Forest—a week devoted to planting saplings so that we would once more be rich in trees. The scheme has long been dead.*

Although the Government has made regulations about the amount of wood that can be cut, they are not strictly enforced.

No State except Gujarat has come up with a scientific forest policy. Gujarat has set itself a target of planting 25 million seedlings in 1973, which will cover 525 kilometres of road-sides and canal banks. We need hundreds more of such schemes: we need to re-establish the "tree-cult" in India. If every Indian were to plant two trees a year, in five years this country will have 5,500 million trees.

S. R.

Beating Back The Desert

The Great Indian Desert with an area of approximately 181,960 sq kilometres has been waterless for over 5,000 years. If its thirst could be quenched, it would give us at least 2 crore tons of additional food.

This arid region stretches to the west of the Aravalli Hills and comprises parts of Saurashtra, North Gujarat, the Punjab, Western and North-Western Rajasthan and the eastern part of the Thar desert

The Indian desert is largely man-made. Pressure of human encroachment, grazing by cattle—mainly goats and camels, combined with poor rainfall—have created serious problems of erosion.

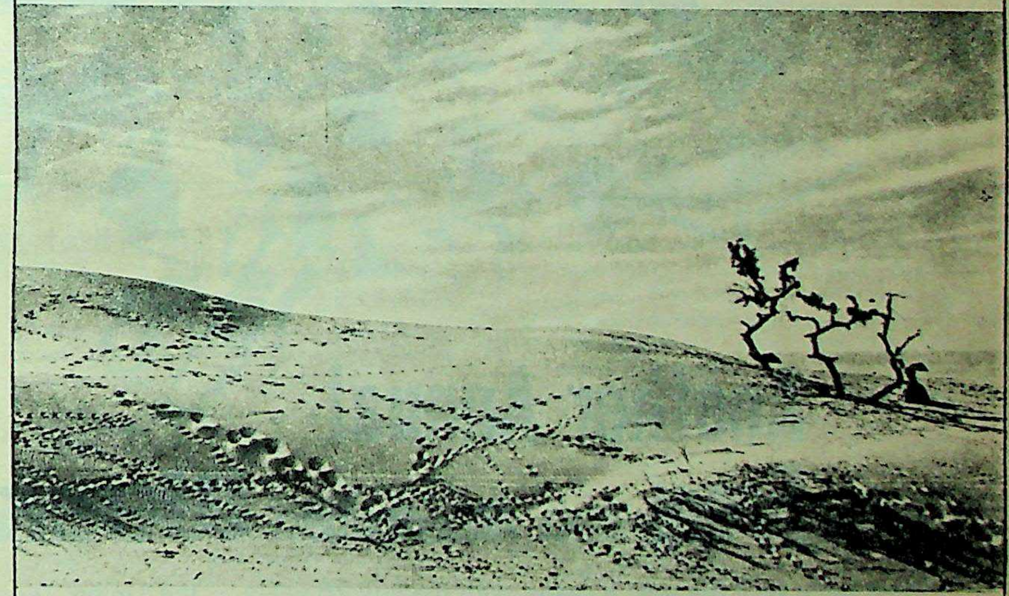
The fear that the desert is creeping imperceptibly eastward was referred to by the Planning Commission, which, while formulating the First Five-Year Plan, noted that the desert has been spreading outward in a great convex arc at the rate of about half a mile per year for the last 50 years.

The Rajasthan Underground Water Board set up by the Government in 1949 explored the ground water resources in the area. Besides this, waters of the Sutlej, the Jawai and the Chambal were canalised towards the region. The afforestation of the south-west fringes of the Aravalli range and the coastal belt bordering the Rann of Kutch was envisaged and a Desert Afforestation Research Station was established in 1952.

In 1959, on the recommendation of UNESCO, the station was reorganised as the Central Arid Zone Research Institute and research activities were started in soil, water, plant and energy relations. A better idea of the atmosphere of the Rajasthan area was obtained when two seemingly unrelated programmes were started in 1966. One was conducted by the Wisconsin University Group, which wanted to find out whether the amount of dust in the air affected the flow of heat by radiation.

The other programme conducted by the Indian Meteorological Department was concerned with a computer modelling of the flow of air associated with the monsoon. The results of these studies may establish a scientific basis for climate modification in the Rajasthan desert. The scientists hope that dust control can bring about a greener and more fertile Rajasthan.

S. R.



—A. L. Syed

"Where cultivation is done on slopes, terracing must be made compulsory. In the Kumaon and most parts of Northern and North-Eastern India, terracing has been practised for centuries but in other parts of the country, notably in the southern hills, where habitation only followed establishment of hill resorts by the British, forests have been denuded, hill-slopes made barren and ugly by the loss of topsoil because terracing has not been practised. Only in recent years has terracing been introduced in the Nilgiris."

The take-over of private forests by State Governments is to be welcomed. But it would be meaningless if poaching is not strictly prevented. Gujarat is the latest State to have taken over private forests. It has a better record than most other States in conservation. It proposes to spend Rs 12.8 lakhs every year in developing the newly acquired forests.

Two years ago the Kerala Government decided to take over all private forests without paying any compensation. It also acquired several thousand acres of non-plantation land from the British-owned Kannan-

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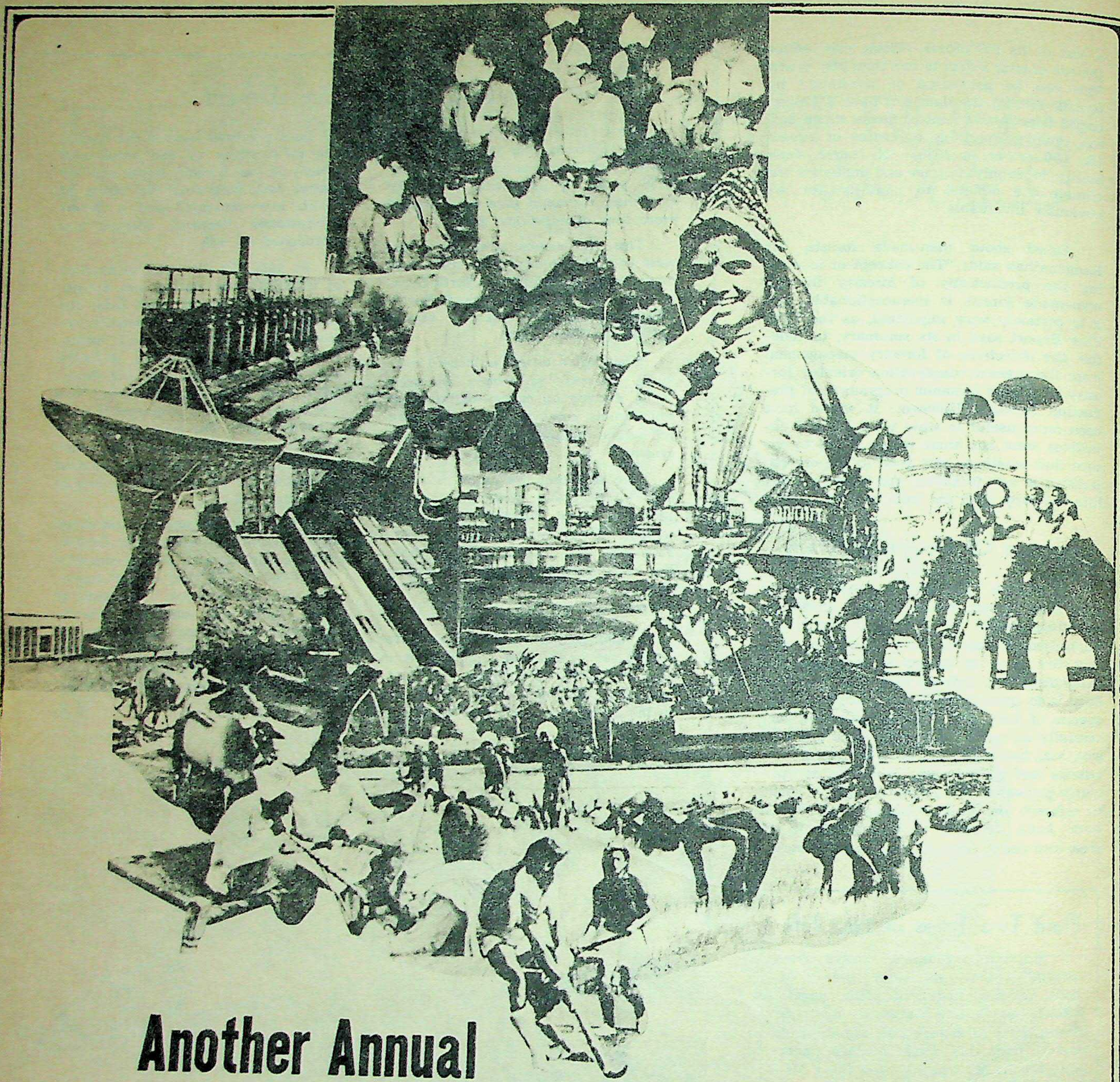
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



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Each article is written by an acknowledged expert on the subject. To name a few: G. L. Mehta on Gujarat, Dr Rafiq Zakaria on Maharashtra, Inder Malhotra on the Union Territory of Delhi, S. K. Singh on Uttar Pradesh, Surendra Mohanty on Orissa, C. S. Pandit on Himachal Pradesh.

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"People of India", our '72 Annual, was a sell-out. 30,000 copies were printed — the demand was for another 60,000.

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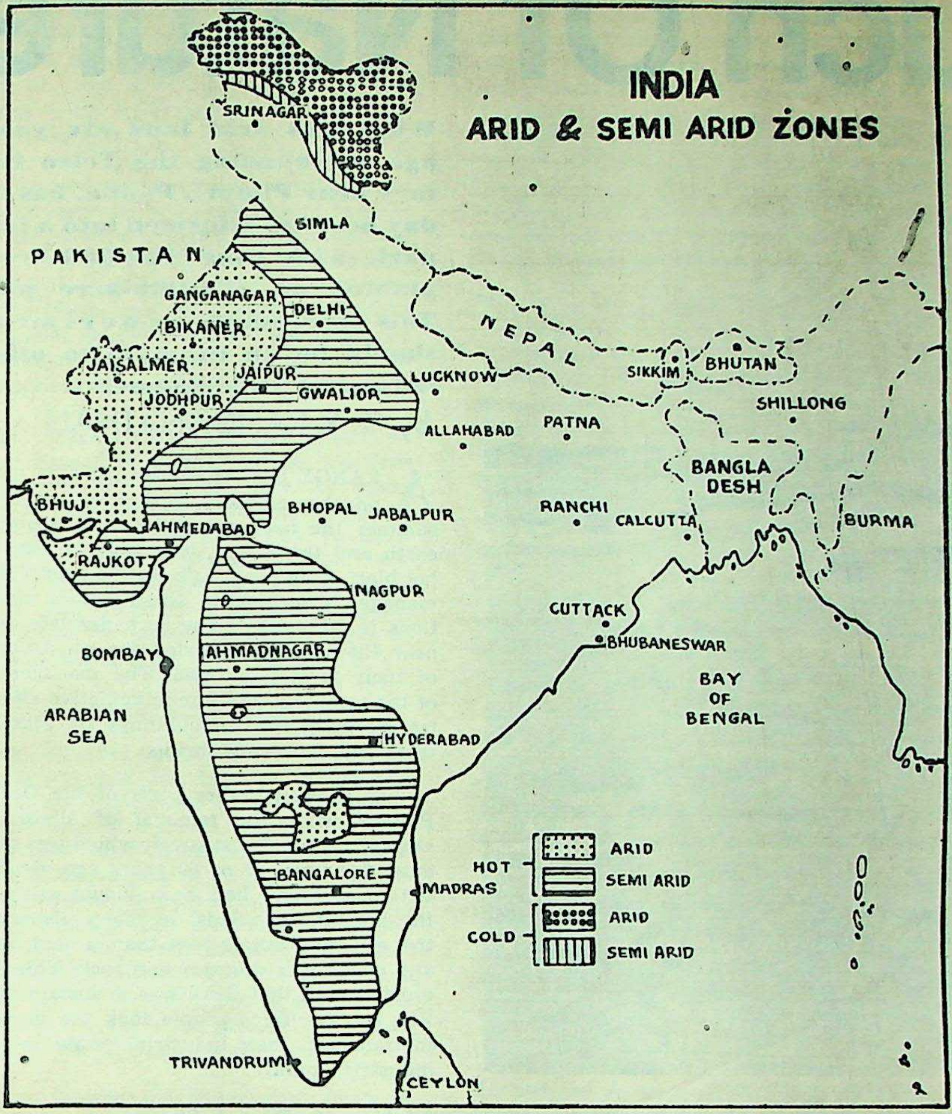
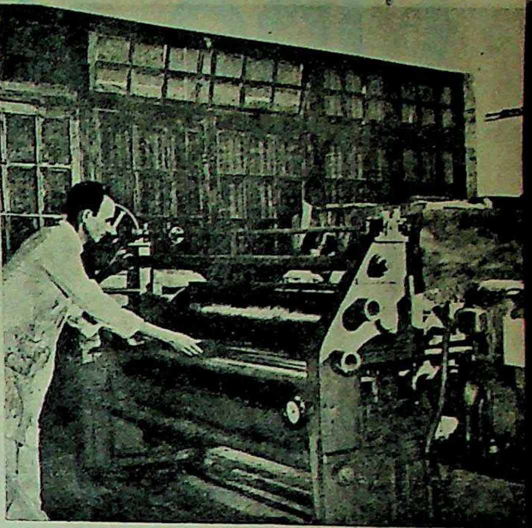


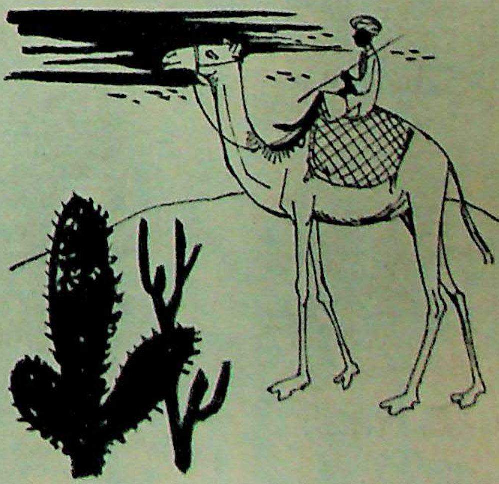


PLYWOOD MAKING. Plywood is extensively used in packaging, our tea industry probably being the leading user.

'Devan Hills Producing Company and decided to distribute the area among the landless poor. Promoting social justice is a fine principle, but in this case it would mean the destruction of our forests.

Madhya Pradesh recently had a "forest controversy"; the nationalisation of the bamboo forests there came as the result of a tussle between Chief Minister P. C. Sethi and C. P. Tiwari, until recently the Minister for Forests. The controversy arose when Mr Tiwari revised the royalty rates to be paid for the bamboo used by the Birla-owned paper mill from the Khairagarh forests. The rates were raised from Rs 7.50 per tonne to Rs 55. The point to emphasise: the Sethi Government's decision on nationalisation was perhaps prompted by political considerations rather than by the need for conservation.

The trouble with our State Governments is that they are more concerned with immediate results than with laying down a policy that will bring lasting benefits to the nation. There must of course be greater economic exploitation of forests. But this should not take us to a stage when there will be no forests to exploit. The desert is already on the march in India. "Marubhumi Hatao" should be our slogan now.



Forest-Based Industries

India has 2,500 species of wood, of which about 450 are commercially valuable. Bamboo, lac, gum, resin, tanning material and medicinal herbs are obtained from our forests. Acetic acid, acetone, methyl alcohol, essential oils and creosote are other products. Valuable drugs like sulphonamide and chloroform are obtained by chemical treatment of the lignin and cellulose found in wood. Laminated wood can replace steel. Forests supply the raw material for many industries like paper, rayon, strawboards, fibre-boards, insulation-boards, wood-panel products and matches.

Resin is used mainly in the manufacture of paper, soaps and paints, while turpentine is used in paints, synthetic camphor and pine oil. Turpentine is also the base for the synthesis of terpene chemicals and a number of perfumes and cosmetics.

Indian spruce and fir are suitable for aeroplane and glider parts. Babul, sal, deodar and half a dozen other species are used extensively for agricultural implements, in shipbuilding, in engraving and printing blocks. The most popular timbers used for furniture and cabinet-making are teak, sissoo, rosewood and walnut.

Many sports goods are made of ash and mulberry.

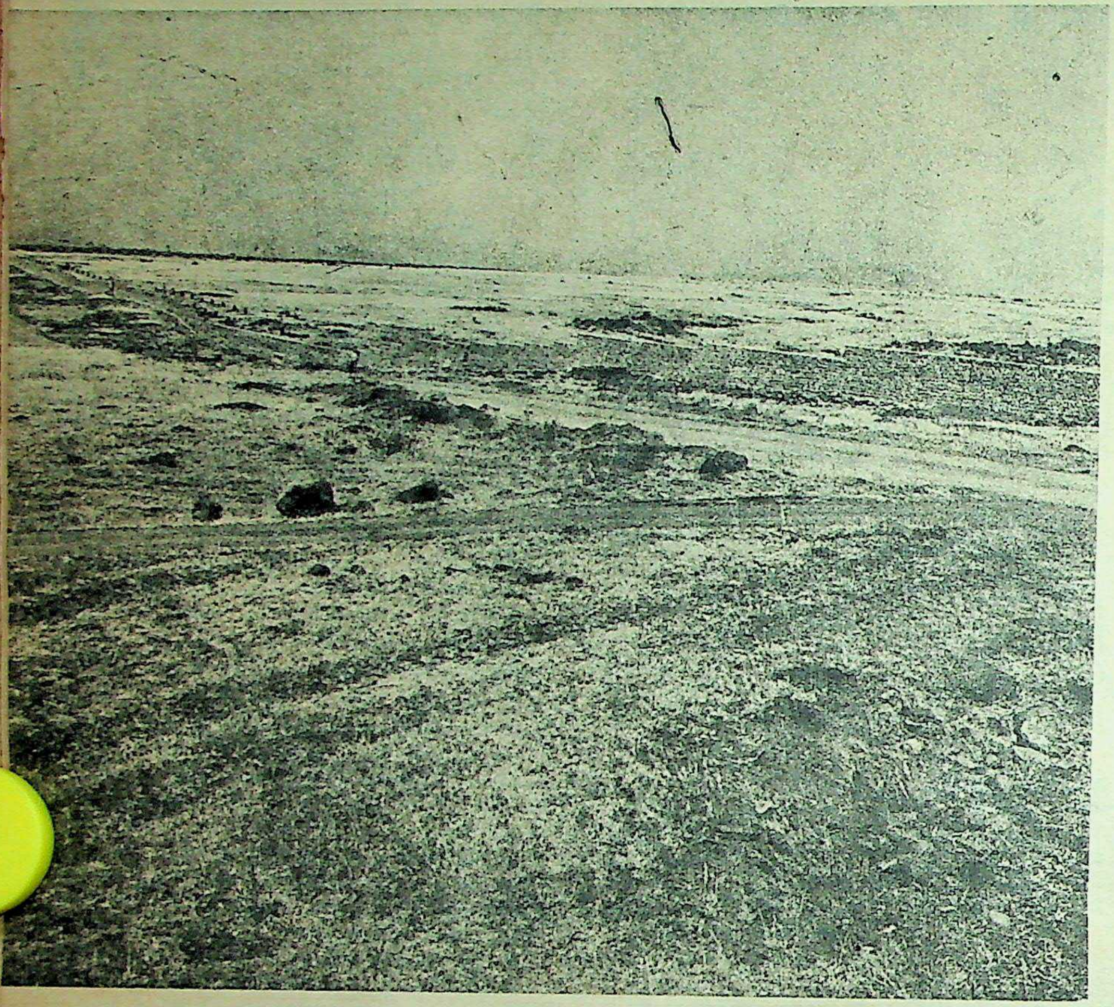
The variety and abundance of our forest products are remarkable, there being over 3,000 known species of plants, besides a number of animal products. Medicinal plants, essential oils, fatty oils, waxes, starches, mucilages, tans, dyes, canes, fibres, honey, lac, ivory and beeswax and materials for packing and wrapping: one cannot give an exhaustive list. Quite a number of these feed our industries, yielding lakhs of rupees annually, and many like sandalwood oil are exported.

India imports large quantities of paper and pulp products, mostly from Sweden, Norway, Austria, Britain, Finland, Canada, West Germany and Bangladesh. The largest exports of Indian timber are to America, Italy, Kuwait and France.

S. R.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

One Touch Of Nature



TELCO LANDSCAPE THEN...
The Telco industrial estate as it was in 1966—bleak and barren. Today it has been made into a garden (below). Already a variety of bird life is to be seen in these man-made woods. A housing colony for 40,000 people is under construction in these idyllic surroundings and is expected to be completed over the next 15 years.

...AND NOW

What was arid land six years ago surrounding the Telco factory near Pimpri, Poona, has today been transformed into a lush park with over 100,000 trees planted on a 1,000-acre plot. This successful experiment should be an example to other industrial establishments.

by G. S. RANGANATHAN

A LARGE part of Maharashtra is bleak and barren land. During the height of summer the heat radiated by the scorched earth and the baked, bare hills is like the hot blast of an oven. Life for the people who manage to survive in these hostile conditions is difficult. In one such desolate area, near Pimpri, Telco started the construction of their factory in 1966. The management of the company took the imaginative step of transforming the surroundings by planting trees and flowering shrubs.

As in many other parts of the Deccan Plateau, with the removal of almost all vegetation and forest cover, which was quite extensive until 50 or 60 years ago, most of the topsoil here had been blown away by the hot searing winds. In many places the the soil still left is less than a foot thick and under it is *murram* and rock. This thin crust was all that there was to sustain plant life, yet the Telco people took the decision to transform their industrial estate into an industrial park.

Making A Desert Bloom

They had done this successfully in Jamshedpur, but conditions there were much easier with better soil and a higher rainfall. Also they had the advantage of already existing trees which could form a nucleus for park development. At Pimpri the task was formidable. It was nothing less than trying to make a desert bloom.

Lack of water was a major problem at Pimpri. Trial bores were drilled at considerable cost in many places but yielded little or no subsoil water. Then a contour survey was made of the entire area to see how much run-off water from rain could be impounded. It was found that over 50 million gallons could be collected if a dam was built.

Building such a dam meant several lakhs of rupees—a considerable sum of money for a business company to spend on what could be argued was a non-profitable project. After due deliberation, the management decided to spend it and the green signal was given for work on the dam to start.

One of the best horticulturists in the country was appointed to attend to over-all park development and the spectacular results to be seen today are the outcome of a happy mixture of vision, planning and execution with the specialist technology of a man with a green thumb.

In the six years since the start of the project, over 100,000 trees have been planted on the 1,000 acres, factory extension building

proceeding alongside. Pits, five to six cubic feet, have been dug or blasted and filled with earth brought from miles away. Such species of trees have been selected as are resistant to the waterlogging to be expected in the rocky pits.

Four tankers were used to take water from the reservoir and supply them to more than 120 cisterns constructed all over the estate. From these, with mobile diesel pumps operated on a cyclic schedule, water is provided to every tree and shrub. A scientific time-motion study has been made of the operation to ensure that 36 gallons of water are supplied to every tree.

Mr Sharma, the horticulturist ("transplanted" from the Lalbagh Gardens of Bangalore where he was Curator), spoke to me of each species of tree or shrub he had chosen and what it needed to grow well; of Nature's multivitamin pill, the Barbados Cherry (*Malpighia Glabra*), supercharged with Vitamin C; of avocado pears which could be grown in many parts of India and which are so rich in protein.

Plant Trees For "Punya"

"In the old days," Mr Sharma said, "each village had its *thope* or grove. The *Puranas* say that every man should plant and tend at least a dozen trees in his lifetime. It was taboo to cut any tree in one's garden. In modern times we have the example of enlightened legislation in a neighbouring country—the Republic of Singapore—where it is stipulated that anyone buying land is enjoined to plant trees on at least a third of the area. If this is not done by the owner, the state does it and sends him a bill for the expenses incurred."

Many people and commercial firms in Poona have benefited from Mr Sharma's knowledge and assistance. He wants everyone to undertake planting and feels that the interest of villagers can be roused by suggesting to them that they plant at least one fruit tree in each home garden.

Mr Sharma hopes that it will be possible to get together like-minded people, companies, clubs and social organisations and with the help of the forest department undertake tree planting on the bare hills.

The dam that Telco have built on their estate has created a reservoir of 50 to 60 million gallons. Work to deepen the sides and extend the reservoir is proceeding. On the downstream side of the dam, a park is being developed. At present six acres in area, it may be doubled if a plot of adjacent land can be acquired. There will be shady trees and rock gardens, terraces, lily ponds and vantage points with pavilions for people to sit and admire the view.

You Can Now Hear Birds Sing

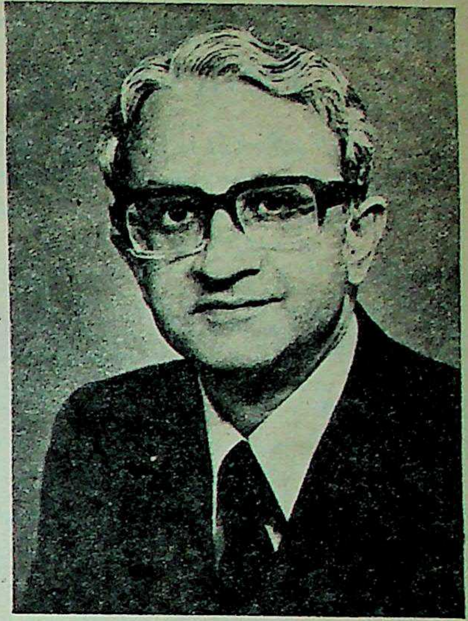
Already a variety of bird life is to be seen in the new forest and gardens. In the nursery, while walking with Mr Sharma, I saw a couple of bush quail and the 'clonk clonk' coming from a thicket was traced to a white-breasted water hen.

A housing colony for 40,000 people is under construction and is expected to be completed over the next fifteen years. The residents of this colony should be among the most fortunate in India, living in idyllic surroundings.

Talking to Mr Kulkarni, the Deputy General Manager, I learned he was President of the Rotary Club of Poona North for the current year and the Club had, with the assistance of the Municipal Council, acquired a two-acre plot, next to the Chinchwad Ganapati temple, to make it a children's park. The municipality had agreed to take it over and maintain it. I visited this park which is being developed and hope that many such parks will be created all over India through the efforts of dedicated men.

Mr Kulkarni and Mr Sharma have, with the help of an eminent Sanskrit scholar in Poona, compiled a list of verses referring to different species of trees that were commonly known in ancient times and they intend to have a suitable tablet with the appropriate verse inscribed near each of these trees. These will be planted in the children's park, near the temple.

As part of the recent drought relief measures, Telco have provided assistance to some villages in Ahmednagar district. Mr Kulkarni and his wife, while visiting one of these villages, were invited to the home of the oldest inhabitant, a lady of 125.



THE AUTHOR, Gopal Shankar Ranganathan (47), is the Chief Executive of Ion Exchange (India) Ltd. He received the Master's Degree in Wood Technology from the University of Michigan. Mr Ranganathan is an executive committee member of the Bombay Natural History Society and SOCLEEN (The Society for Clean Environment).

The Good Old Days

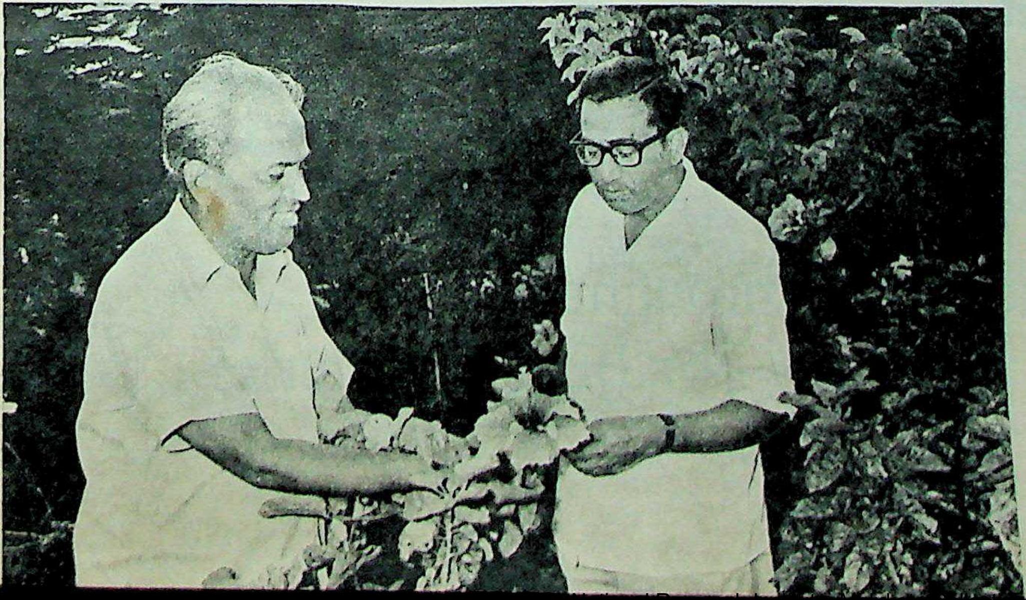
"When I was a young girl," she told the Kulkarnis, "we had many trees here, thick forests, and life was pleasant. But our people started cutting down the trees. Often did I tell them this was wrong and that they should find other means to make a living, but they did not listen to me. Now the trees have all gone and the land does not produce enough food for us. Where would we be without charity?" How terribly sad is this simple tale! Yet this is the tragedy of our country that everywhere the forests have gone or are going.

There is hope yet for the future if more companies do what Telco have done, to demonstrate through the development of parks and forests what people can do to help themselves. If all concerns would set aside some of their profit towards such education of the public—through advertisements and articles, through radio talks, documentaries—much could be achieved in a short time.

This will need the dedicated effort of all men and women who feel deeply about the problem. For best results the efforts must be coordinated—if all resources are pooled for a countrywide programme. In effect this will mean a national plan to be executed by the Government with popular participation.

Shakespeare in his inspired wisdom said: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." It certainly does. We have an opportunity to test its truth in India by getting people together on a task that is vital for the happiness and survival of us all. In the process it may well create more kinship among the people.

NEW HIBISCUS. Horticulturist M. D. Sharma shows a new variety of hibiscus to Mr V. S. Kulkarni, Deputy General Manager of TELCO.



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Groves Dedicated To The Gods

by MADHAV GADGIL and V. D. VARTAK

The practice of dedicating groves to deities is common in India. While they provide a haven for birds and animals, they also preserve many species of plants which would otherwise have become extinct.

INDIA is a country of sacred cows, sacred monkeys and sacred banyan trees. We are nature worshippers *par excellence*, and extend protection to more forms of living creatures than any other culture in the world. Not content with caring for individual species we also have our sacred ponds and sacred groves: ancient nature sanctuaries where all forms of living creatures are afforded protection through the grace of some deity.

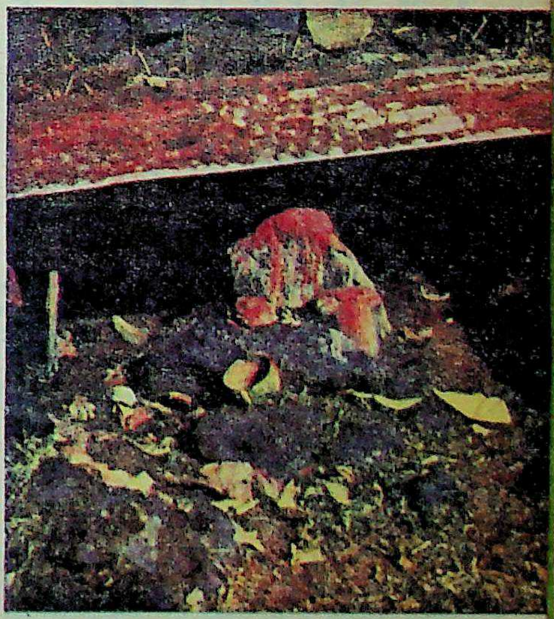
These deities are generally of an extremely primitive nature: mother goddesses in the form of unshaped stone lumps smeared with red paint, lying open to the sky—a *Kalkai* in the Konkan, a *Jogmaya* in the Aravallis or a *Kenchamma* in South Kanara. But for the believers they are amongst the fiercest of deities; breaking even a dead twig in a sacred grove may result in a serious illness or in violent death. Such strict taboos have led to the preservation in these sacred groves of forest in its virgin condition, relics of the forest that must have once covered much of India.

Sadly enough, little is now left of these great forests, but the sacred groves, often as much as twenty hectares in area, still stand hither and thither; the last refuge for many species of trees and climbers, orchids and ferns and forest-loving birds and animals. Not only are they a naturalist's paradise but they are now playing a crucial role in the conservation of our forests, soil and water.

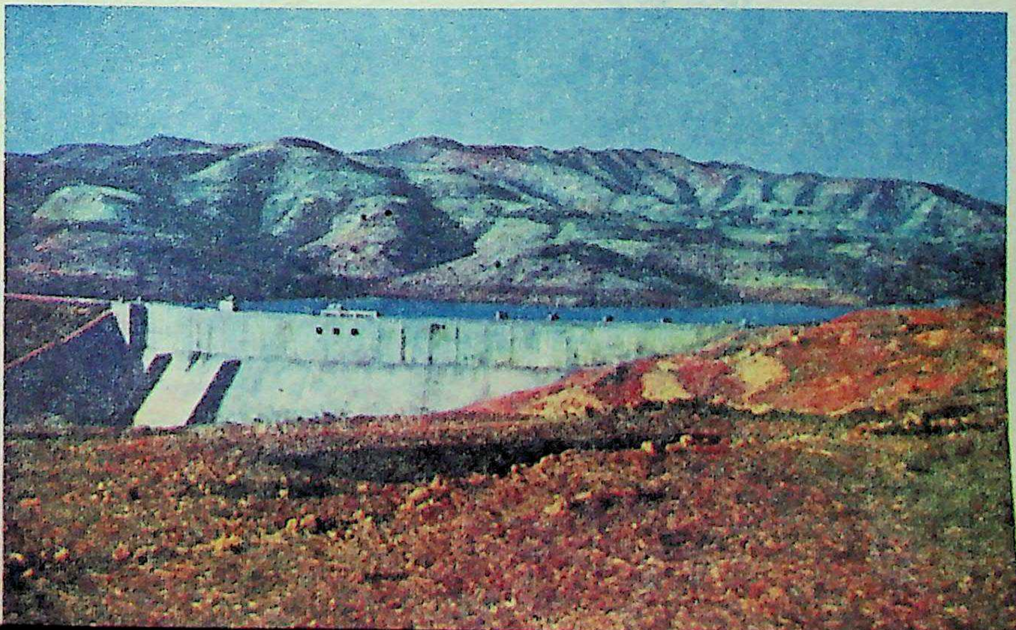
The practice of dedicating such groves to deities was once spread throughout the old world. Greek mythology tells us of the groves of Diana, and Kalidasa, in his play *Vikramorvashiyam*, narrates how his heroine, Urvashi, was transformed into a climber on accidentally entering the grove of Kumara, the misogynist son of Shiva and Parvati. Sacred groves exist today in Ghana and Nigeria, Syria and Turkey and perhaps in many other countries of the old world as well. They are apparently to be found throughout India and we know of them from Rajasthan, Maharashtra, Mysore, Kerala, Madhya Pradesh and the North-Eastern States.

—Continued

NATURE'S GIFT. Janni Grove at Mangaon in Poona district covers an area of fifteen hectares. It is rich in Gnetum, a rare climber belonging to the family of pines and palms. Many such species would have become extinct but for these groves.



THE PROTECTING DEITY of Gondekhal Grove in Poona district. The practice of dedicating groves to deities was widespread in ancient times.



THE NAKED LANDSCAPE near the Panshet Dam, Poona. The hillsides, once covered with luxuriant growth, are totally deforested and produce only silt which fills up the reservoir.

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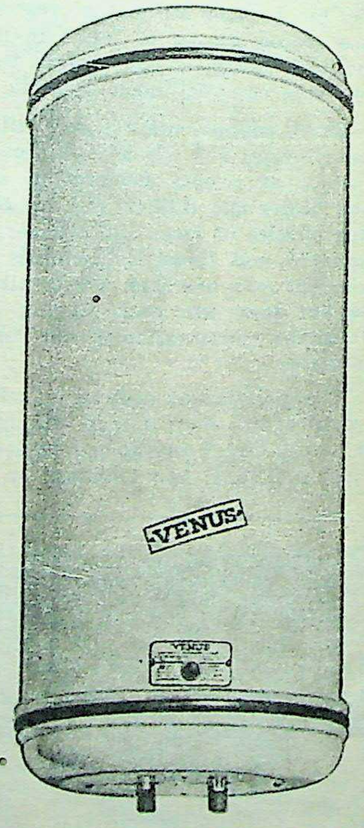

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The phenomenon is not only widespread but must be very ancient as well. In fact, the nature of religious cults associated with the sacred groves suggests that these cults date from the hunting age, before man had settled down to raise livestock or till the land. The deities generally lie open to the sky, and are known in many cases to be offended if a shelter be erected over them. They are always situated at a distance from any human settlement, all of which points to their origin in the nomadic stage of society.

The deity is generally feminine, an indication of its origin in early times, when birth was still the most miraculous of all events. The mother goddess never has a male consort, a reminder of the age when marriage in the present form was totally unknown. The red paint smearing the goddess represents of course the blood of sacrificial victims. These victims were no doubt humans in bygone times. Even today, goddess Shirkai in the Poona district is symbolically offered a human victim every year.

Originally the victim must have been sacrificed by being impaled on a hook which was hung on a rope from a rotating pole. Now the hook is still pressed against the back of the victim. But the man no longer swings by the hook. He is instead tied to the rotating pole by a dhoti. The wound made by the hook is not very serious and is rapidly healed. Shirkai has a fine grove of some four hectares in which this hook-swinging ceremony is annually performed. The original function of the groves was perhaps to provide the proper atmosphere for such primitive rites.

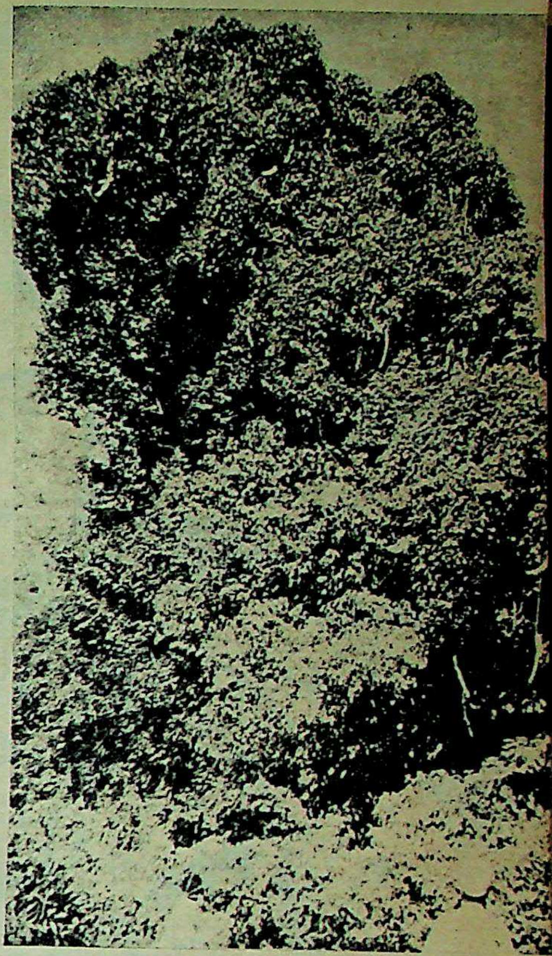
It is possible though that at least occasionally some more practical considerations were involved in declaring a grove sacred.

The sacred grove of the "seven sisters" near Tunbad in the Kolaba district of Konkan, harbours a splendid specimen of a leguminous climber, *Entada phaseoloides*. The climber is locally known as *gaidhari* or succour of cattle. Its bark is used in treating cattle for snake-bite and this being the only specimen of *gaidhari* in this locality, people come to the grove from as far as forty kilometres for a piece of the bark.

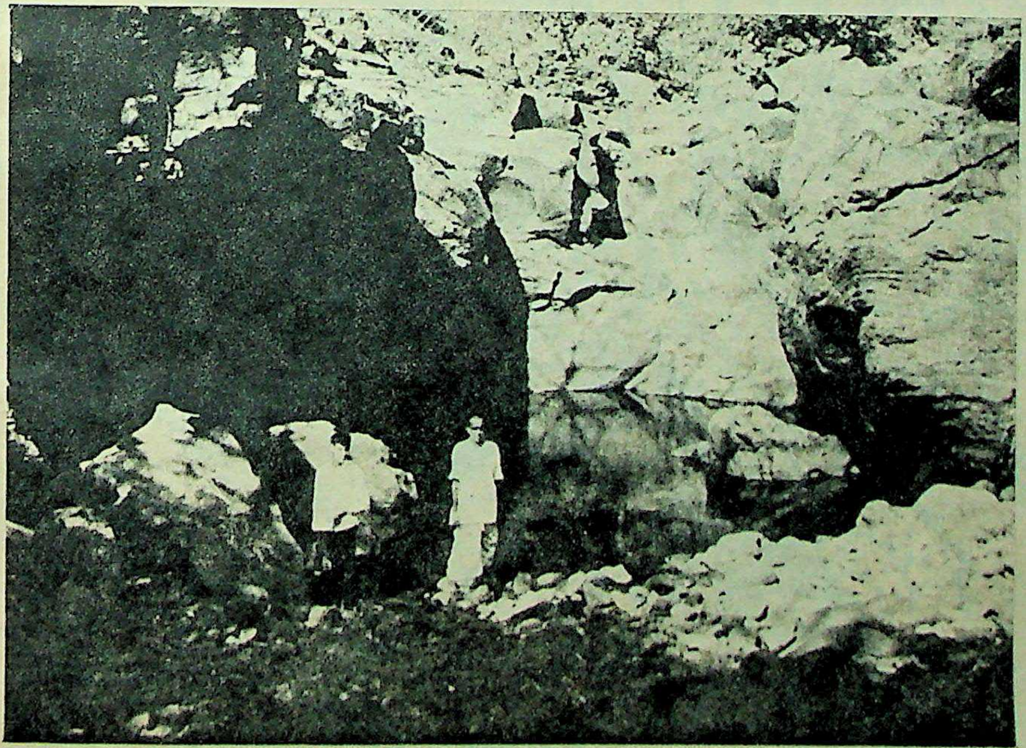
Source Of Water

The "seven sisters" of Tunbad are water deities like *Vardani*, a goddess common along the crest of the Sahyadris in Poona district. Their groves always adjoin a stream fed by a perennial spring. With the cutting down of every tree and shrub outside of the grove, all other formerly perennial springs may dry up soon after the rains. Then the sacred grove really becomes the last refuge, not merely of plants and animals, but even of one of the five elements of life: *aap* or water.

The grove at village Gani in the Kolaba district of Konkan is a lovely forest of about fifteen hectares. Half of it was recorded as a temple forest in the revenue books. This became due for felling as a part of a forest coupe in 1972, and trees in it were marked for cutting. Hearing of our interest in the sacred groves from some forest department officials, the villagers wrote to us for help. They had witnessed the drying up of all perennial streams except for the one in the grove in the last decade, and were afraid it too would go the way of others if the grove was destroyed. Besides water, the villagers were also dependent on the grove for firewood and leaf litter and for shelter from the heat of midday. We are happy to note that the forest department readily agreed to their request.



CATTLE LIFE-SAVER. This climber, Entada phaseoloides, *with its enormous legumes, is found in the Tunbad Grove, Kolaba district. Its bark is used in the treatment of cattle bitten by snakes and villagers travel as many as 40 km to get it.*



THE SACRED POOL OF "VARDANI," a water deity, whose grove is in Poona district. It is the only perennial source of water for the village of Tekpovale.

Nature conservation ultimately depends on local cooperation and this was a heartening instance of how it may be effected through grassroots sentiments. **But conservation of these holy precincts is a matter of much wider significance as well. Again and again we have come across plant species which have disappeared everywhere in the locality expect in one or two sacred groves. Such species may often have a medical significance, the traditional knowledge of which will lapse quickly enough if those last specimens were to disappear.**

It is also likely that many plant species, of no known value at present and on the way to their extinction, may acquire a significance in future. Thus it was only some ten years ago that plants were discovered to be sources of potent insecticides. None of our tropical plants have been studied from this viewpoint. Besides, the groves may support genetic variants of common trees which may be valuable in a future forest tree-breeding programme.

All of this suggests that we must get down to the business of conservation of sacred groves very seriously indeed, for religious beliefs are rapidly declining and many a grove is already gone.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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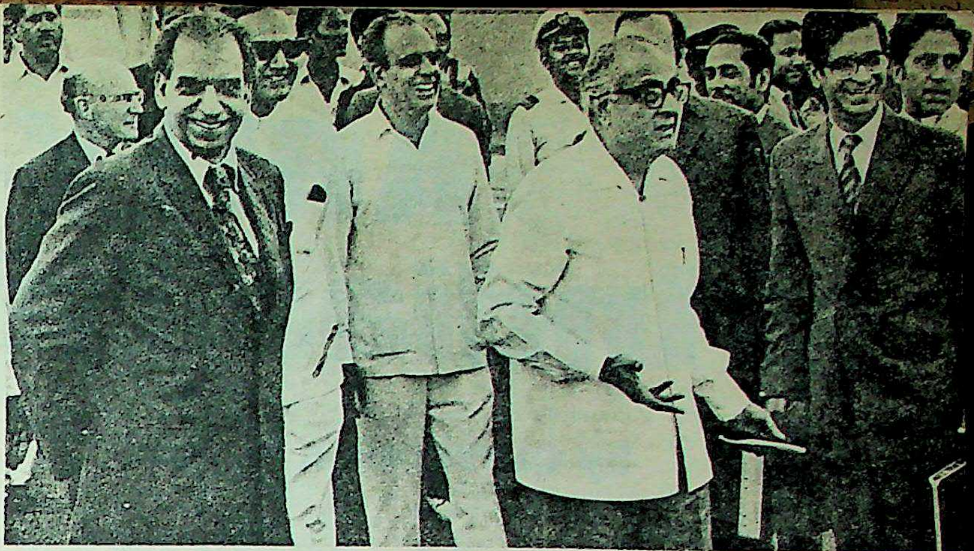
In The News



WHAT? ANOTHER ROUND OF TALKS? India's P. N. Haksar with Pakistan's Aziz Ahmed (far left) when the Pakistani delegation arrived in New Delhi to try once more to thrash out the Pak-Bangladesh problem. These parleys too were marked by a characteristic impasse centring mainly on reducing the gap between the number of "Pakistanis" sought to be repatriated by Bangladesh and those Pakistan is willing to accept. The war crimes trial is another bone of contention. The two sides reached a broad framework of agreement, but the details were not as easy to hammer out.

A BITTER PILL—BUT FOR WHOM? Fighting for doubling their emoluments and demanding single rooms, resident doctors in Maharashtra's civic and government hospitals went on strike. They were supported by a large section of the medical fraternity. The State Government took a hard line against the striking doctors, terminating their services and forcing them to vacate their quarters (above) on the grounds that their remaining on the premises tensed the atmosphere and made it impossible for other doctors and nurses to provide medical relief to the people.

WE'RE FREE—BUT OUR SPEECH ISN'T. Two men stated to be volunteers of the Samajawadi Yuvajana Sabha were arrested by the police for attempting to stage a black flag demonstration and raising slogans when Mysore Governor Mohanlal Sukhadia was about to begin the inspection of the parade at the flag-hoisting ceremony on Independence Day at Bangalore.

WHO SAYS YOGA IS A LOT OF BULL? El Torro performs a perfect sirshasana as Spanish matador Jose Mari Manzanares watches after overcoming this bull in San Lorenzo de El Escorial arena, near Madrid.

BLOOD ON THE HIGHWAY. The body of Mrs Rajeshwari Devi, wife of the Commissioner of the Tirhut Division, Nagswami Nagmani. Nagmani was arrested for allegedly killing his wife and destroying the evidence. Rajeshwari Devi had mysteriously disappeared and her body was found on the highway near Bakhtiarpur. According to one report, Rajeshwari Devi was allegedly injected with poison by Dr Radha Krishna Prasad, who, together with Nagmani, is said to have taken the corpse and thrown it on the highway.

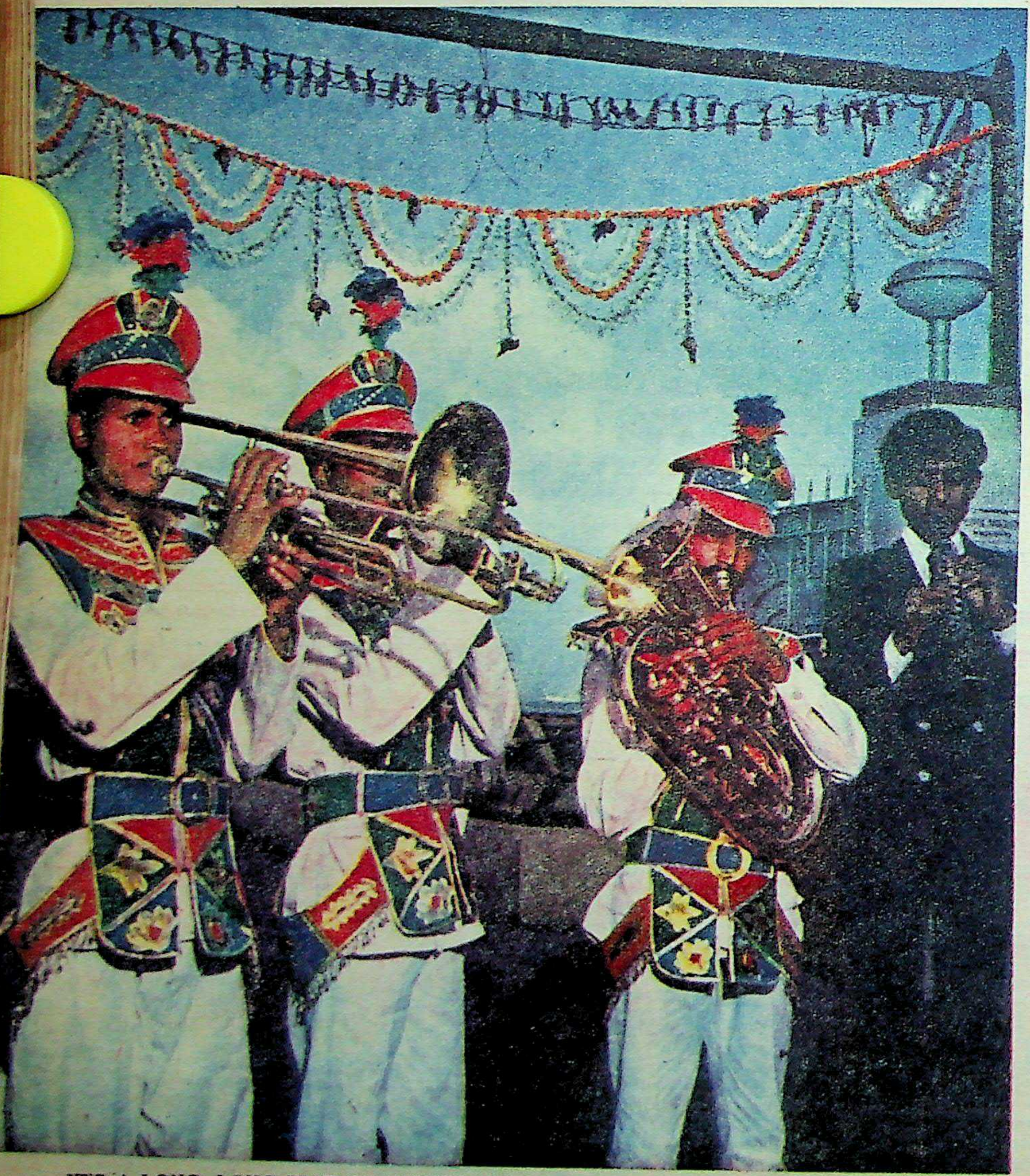
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

VULGARITY—In Indian Life

by Qurratulain Hyder

Indians were once known for their manners and good taste. Today incivility, vulgarity and ostentation have become our national characteristics. Why are we so fond of displaying our wealth? Why are we not interested in raising flowers? Why must we have four calendars in one room . . .?

Illustrations by Mario and Kavadi. Colour photographs by Balkrishan



IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY is played full blast in the streets of Begumpet and Chinchpokli. The tune was popular in England during the First World War. We are still playing it at our funerals. Our improbable bands also play other old English tunes as well as filmi dhuns at our weddings and religious festivals.

EVER since I saw the colossal statue of Dr Ambedkar in Aurangabad, I have been wondering. As an American parent, distressed by the behaviour of his delinquent child, would say, "Honey, where did we go wrong?"

What has Dr Ambedkar's statue got to do with delinquency? You see, this statue looms large on the way to Ellora and the suit of the great leader is painted *blue*. On its base one could have inscribed: "Behold, the sculptor of this statue is a descendant of the masters who created Ellora . . ." or some lines to that effect. Do the sculptor and others like him who turn out such statues and plaster-of-paris figures of national leaders, gods, goddesses and apsaras realise that they belong to a country called India which had once produced some of the greatest works of art?

Every nation improves upon its traditions in the fine arts. Look at the Japanese and the Persians! They are producing better work than their forefathers. What has happened to us? With us bad taste seems to have become a national characteristic. All communities and all sections of society unite in their love for garish colours, noise, gloss and ostentation. Go to any tourist spot, hill-station, holy shrine, railway station, airport or any other place where the new middle classes congregate in their strength, and you will know what I mean. Complacent citizens and their smug, nylon-clad wives, all ears glued to transistor sets, serious-faced little girls dressed up and bejewelled like grown up women, young boys looking like Mods and Rockers gone to seed...

A Cow In The Bus

On the way to Ellora and Ajanta—the same day I saw Dr Ambedkar dressed as the Big Boy Blue—I watched some Western tourists trying to jump over fresh cowdung heaped on the footboard of the coach. The locals laughed to see the fun. While the good people of the host country laughed their heads off at the discomfiture of the poor foreigners, the conductor refused to remove the cowdung: *"Yeh hamara duty nahin hai"*. (How on earth did a cow get into the bus anyway?)

Inherent good taste and good manners have characterised our traditional culture. How has rudeness and vulgarity crept into our daily lives?

Bad manners are the product of bad upbringing and bad education. They persist because the atmosphere is one of callous self-interest and plain indifference towards others. (Our illiterate villagers and the people who still cling to old values continue to be polite and civilised.)

The reasons for this mass display of vulgarity are more complex. Love for ostentation has always been a national weakness. It has to do with our notion of "keeping up the nose". If you have nothing to show, neighbours, members of the *biradari* and friends might think you have nothing with you. That would mean a severe "loss of face". (This notion is responsible for lavish expenditure on weddings and the custom of displaying the bride's trousseau).

Why do most of us live so shoddily? Why are we not house-proud but only jewellery- and property-proud? Why are we not

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PADMAPANI AVALOKITESVARA AND THE BELLES in their modern reincarnation. Mass produced by our cottage industries the markets are flooded with them, households proudly display them to prove their "cultural" heritage.

interested in raising flowers? Why must we have four calendars in one room?

The Mughal, Rajput and Pahari miniatures depict household interiors which are almost Japanese in their elegant simplicity. Their rooms were spacious and the furniture both ornamental and attractive. The accent was on *durries, chandnies,* mats and carpets. The decor was artistic and varied from region to region.

Old homes in England had small rooms —made cosy and warm by colourful wallpaper, heavy curtains, massive furniture and a profusion of paintings and bric-a-brac. Eighteenth-century Europe went in for imported orientalia: Turkish and Persian carpets, Persian and Chinese ceramics, Indian textiles. But the cultured British in Victorian India decorated their bungalows with Dresden china, prints of hunting scenes and landscapes of Constable and Hogarth. Soon an Indo-English style of sorts was adopted by the new Indian middle class. (The Anglicised *bhadralog* of Victorian Calcutta even papered the walls of their homes.)

Other social changes took place. Every city and town came to possess a brass-band made of neo-Christian Harijans. It was called "*Mehtaron ka Band Baja*". Other communities followed suit. These bands replaced the shehnai players, *meerasis, bhands, doms* and *naqqals* (singers, mimics, actors, and jesters) who used to entertain at weddings. This hybrid culture presented a strange spectacle. Brass-bands equipped with clarinets, Highland pipes and drums, portly Punjabi gentlemen wearing neckties and frock-coats with their shalwars and turbans, women besporting odd combinations of Edwardian blouses, stockings and silk saris: pictures of Yorkshire moors amidst gods and goddesses.

During the First World War a new class of the rich came up. They were mostly the down-to-earth enterprising, extrovert people from the north-west. They were among the first to take to modernity as it was interpreted here in the early decades of this century. During the 1930's a change was visible in domestic architecture. Houses of concrete in a kind of modern style replaced the gracious old *havelis* and bungalows. The new furniture was a cross between the 1920s' English and local designs.

The sophisticated elite bought expensive stuff imported from Europe. The lower income groups made do with cheap Japanese goods: *Japani maal* became synonymous with shoddy goods of inferior quality.

During the Second World War many more people acquired money and a taste for "high life" which till then had been the prerogative of those who had lived it up on inherited wealth.

The Revolution of Rising Vulgarity

Independence offered unprecedented opportunities to the socially ambitious both in India and Pakistan. The Partition brought about a social upheaval which blurred old class lines. In both countries a free-for-all began for allotments, licences, government contracts, false or inflated claims for property left behind in India|Pakistan. A fantastic class of the newly rich not only came into being, it came to stay because it also acquired political power. These are the people today who have the highest purchasing power and they go in for "all things bright and beautiful". Their motto: High living and low thinking. *Sharab* (the most expensive Scotch: Royal Salute between Rs 500 and Rs 800 per bottle; Chivas Regal, Dimple,

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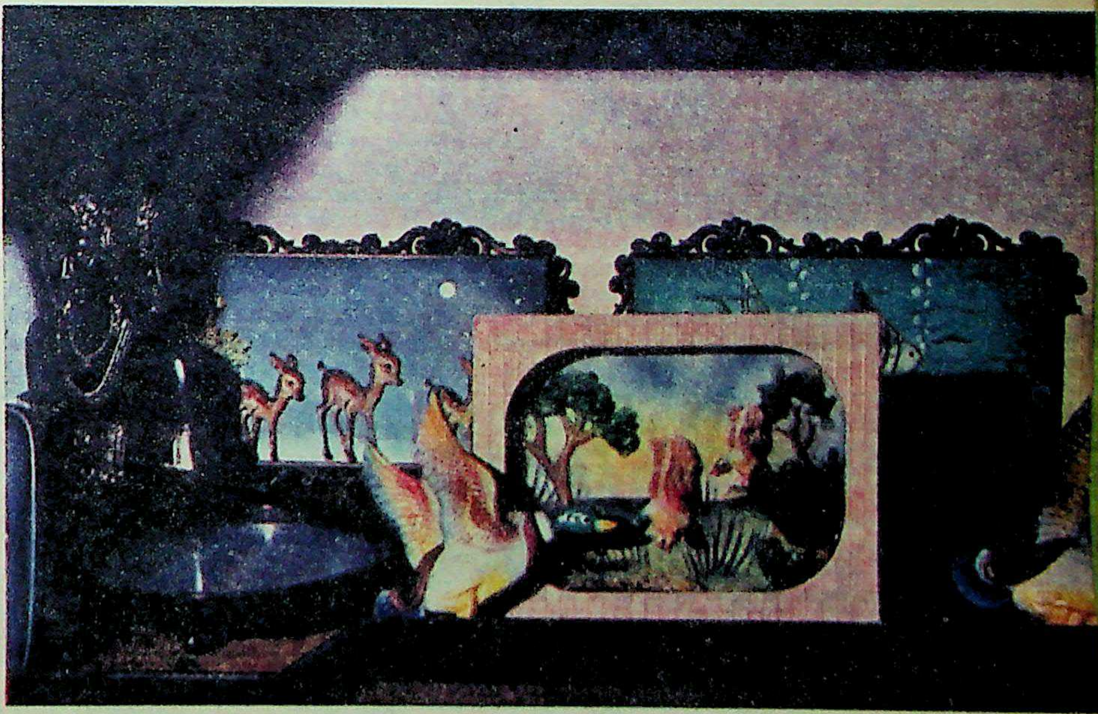
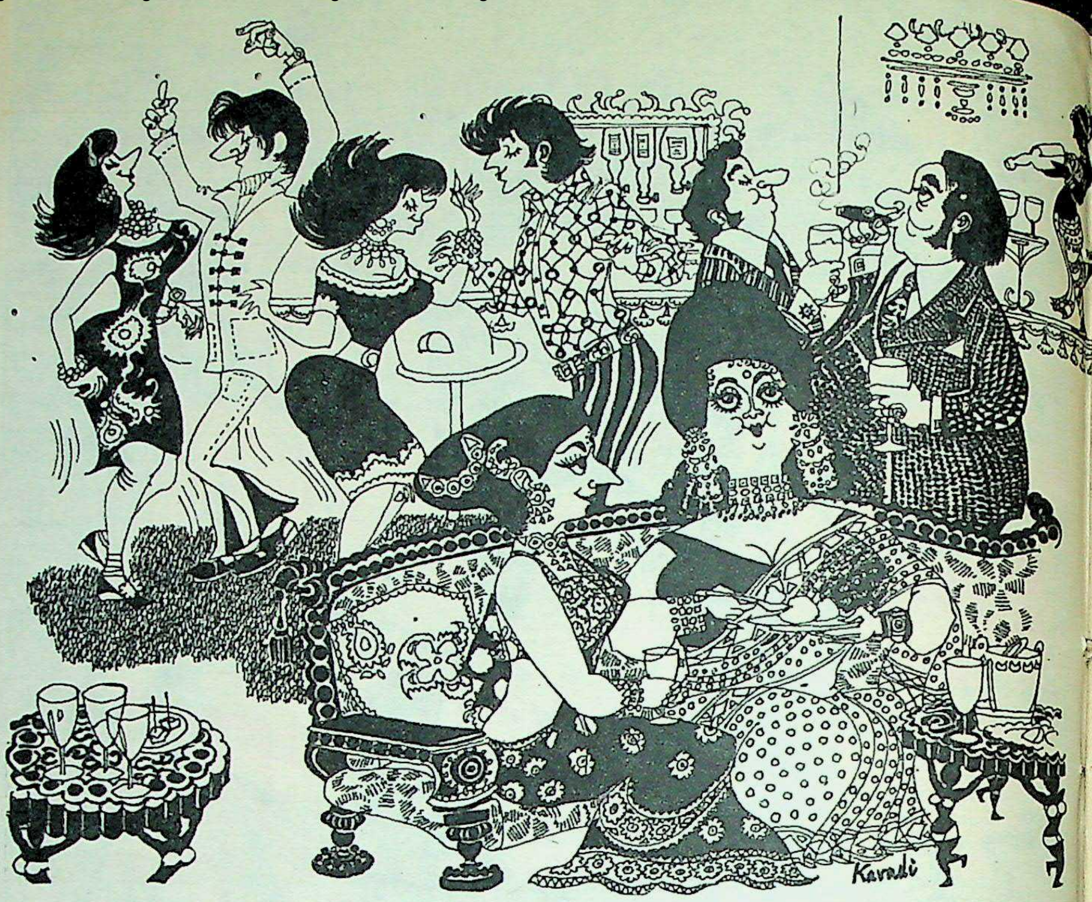


THE ABOMINABLE SHOWCASE is a must in many sitting rooms. It serves as a window into the middle class soul and contemporary Indian aesthetics. The "showcase" is usually stuffed with a variety of objects. The fish tank, also a must, is usually kept on top of the showcase.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

OVERDRESSED. NYLONS AND SHINING SUITS signify success in the film world. The stars and their lavish living become the dreams of jobless young men.



THE SWINGING NEWLY RICH are also the trend-setters of the new permissiveness and superficial Westernisation of the larger Indian cities. Dating has become common. Most of the affluent like to show off their discotheque-haunting "hep and pop kids" as much as they show off their diamonds and "phoren" gadgets.

Black Label, Johnnie Walker, King of Kings) *kebab* and call-girl *peris*.

Some of the wealth acquired through the black market, smuggling, corrupt practices, etc., is invested in real estate. (The very rich go in for unlisted accounts in Swiss banks.) Some is spent on lavish weddings, imported goods, foreign trips, and expensive mistresses. A doddering tycoon of Bombay has gifted a palatial bungalow and a fortune in diamonds to his college-educated mistress and in return is perfectly happy to show her off in such parties where she can sit and giggle in his lap. (Our fuedal lechers did it inside the harems. They also had excellent manners.)

Pathetic And Bizzare

Now let me do some *namak harami* as I am going to describe a dinner party I attended a few months ago. This dinner party was given in a posh hotel to celebrate the birthday of the young daughter who aspired to become a fashion model. Among the honoured guests I counted more than a dozen stony-faced ladies who must have spent the entire day in their beauty parlours. They looked like prosperous, retired *madames*. Their wigs were so enormous they could have made Madame Pompadour's coiffure look like an Eton crop. Their saris shimmered with gold and silver sequins. They were very proud of the fact that their chiffons, crepes and georgettes were all French-made. Their daughters wore maxis of brocade and velvet and their men pranced about in purple and yellow trousers.

All of them were desperately trying to enjoy the party the way the Westerners do. Their offspring danced like the possessed. *Outside*, in the cold winter night, a few thousand peasants from the drought-stricken districts of Maharashtra huddled on the footpaths. Yes, it does sound like a corny film script, but the whole thing *was* unreal and bizzare.

Emphasis On Gloss

Today, shining suits of American decron signify success in the film world. The emphasis on gloss is best seen in interior decoration. A new rich who fancies himself to be a latter-day Grand Mughal has made his house look like a lavish film set: false arches, tasselled curtains, plastic flowers. Rugs bought in the seedier Middle Eastern ports depict camels, date palms and minarets. (A touch of the Arabian Nights, you know) A glass case displays morocco-bound books which are *empty from the inside*.

But my favourite *noveau riche* has shown real creative imagination in vulgarity. He has spent three lakhs of ill-gotten rupees on the decor of his flat. The drawing room has an artificial aviary, complete with plastic birds and a fountain which also plays piped music. The bar is covered with tiger skins. Statues of nude women light up at night with bulbs on the obvious places. The sofa chairs are covered with gold brocade and are placed in a row on a marble platform. (Unfortunately, they look like Victorian thunderboxes.)

The master bedroom has a revolving wardrobe and a circular bed—designed after reading in the smuggled copies of *Playboy* all about Hugh Heffner's lurid den.

At the house-warming party the proud host took his guests into the bedroom and promptly flopped on the bed in order to demonstrate how it was used.

Circular bed nothing. A Minister of the United Front (mind you, the United Front, Marxist Bengal) loved to show off his crystal bed to his female guests, especially the wives of the consular corps. "Madame, I am having an imported crystal bed," he would offer grinning. "Would you like to have a look?"

Just wait till the *water beds* become popular in India.

Then there is the lady who has laid a strip of jute around her costly Persian carpet as a kind of "keep off the grass" notice. The visitors are to abide by the straight and narrow. The wife of a company executive has covered her white carpet with polythene sheets.

I have also seen a silver *ugaldan* (bought at the auction of some ruined princeling's palace) being used by the new owner as a flower vase.

A lady who spent eight long years in the United States and moved in the diplomatic circles has decorated her drawing room with rubber Snow White dolls, Mickey Mouses and Donald Ducks which come free with cakes of soap in the phoren.

Inside An Average Home

And now on to an average middle class home. Stench in the corridor, filthy staircase, pan-stained walls (if it is a flat in Bombay). Inside, a shoe rack—bang in front of the main door, overflowing with old and new shoes. In the drawing room a row of seagulls on the wall, also wooden profile of Negro couple. Myriad photographs of the host—receiving his B.A. degree, captaining the college football team, getting married, with children, grandchildren, shaking hands with a VIP. Shaking hands with a VIP has pride of place. An invitation from the Raj Bhavan to attend the Independence Day celebrations may be casually propped up on

top of the radio set. Furniture: Bad Taste Modern which is a deterioration of Wartime Modern. Sunmica tables, upholstery in bright blue rexine. The works.

Once an American friend excitedly showed me an antique lacquer-work dressing table of genuine Indian design. It had probably belonged to old Lucknow or Jaipur. The person who inherited it must have sold it to the *kabari* and acquired a ghastly piece in pink overpainted with a reclining devdasi.

Ravi Varma, Shoba Singh, Abdul Rehman Chughtai and the Bengali romantics did not realise what they were doing when they painted devdasis, Soni-Mahivals, Mughal ladies, Krishnas and the Santhal dancers. They created absolute havoc. It was probably during the 1930s when these sentimental, decorative pictures appeared on the calendars. It was a good thing that they replaced the semi-clad Japanese beauties and the English chocolate-box art. But soon the *pujarin* bent double over a temple lamp became omnipresent. Schoolchildren were made to copy her in crayons. She emerged on ash trays, lamp-shades, glass doors and ceramics. After independence, perhaps inevitably, Ajanta, Ellora and Khajuraho became victims of overkill. Also, mass-produced Jamini Roys, Natarajas and Kathakali dancers with shaking heads.

The doubled up *pujarin*, the Padampani Avalokitesvara dropping the lotus, dancing fisherwomen, Omar Khyyams and flute-playing cowherds remain the staple crop of our government emporia and handicraft shops. And they are hideously made. Toffee tins now display incredibly garish pictures from Indian mythology.

Our Weddings

Our weddings continue to be out of this world. Invitations are usually printed in the mother tongue or in English as she is spoke here. Once this lowly scribe received a pink and gold invitation card which announced:

In The Name of God The Beneficent, The Merciful.

The undersigned begs to inform you of the nuptial ceremony of self with Miss Najma B.A. d|o Janab A. S. Khan Saheb, Landlord. Your honourable presence is humbly requested at the above mentioned auspicious occasion as per kindness of the Almighty.

The barat is accompanied by a band dressed in grotesque uniforms which may seem exaggerated even for a parody of a Ruritarian opera. As the procession winds its way through noisy, dusty Indian|Pakistani bazaars, the band quite incredibly plays "On top of Old Smokey all covered with snow I lost my true lover"; or "My Bonnie is over the ocean" and of course the latest filmi hit tunes. Of the Western tunes "It's a long, long way to Tipperary (World War I favourite in England) remains the most popular.

The bridegroom's car is covered with flowers as well as balloons, paper ribbons and other decorations meant for a children's party. At the wedding reception film songs are played long and loud.

In Bombay the bride and groom sit stiffly on hired throne chairs, under multi-coloured bulbs, or stand on an over-decorated dais, while the guests file past shaking their hands and giving them presents.

That is also the auspicious occasion when, as per kindness of the Almighty, a lot of black can be turned into white.

How To Turn Black Into White At A Wedding

In case you are a black marketeer, smuggler, tax-dodger, etc., look up the Bombay telephone directory and make a list of five thousand prominent people you do not know. Send them all invitation cards for the wedding of your son or daughter. Make a list of costly presents, jewellery, cash, etc.,

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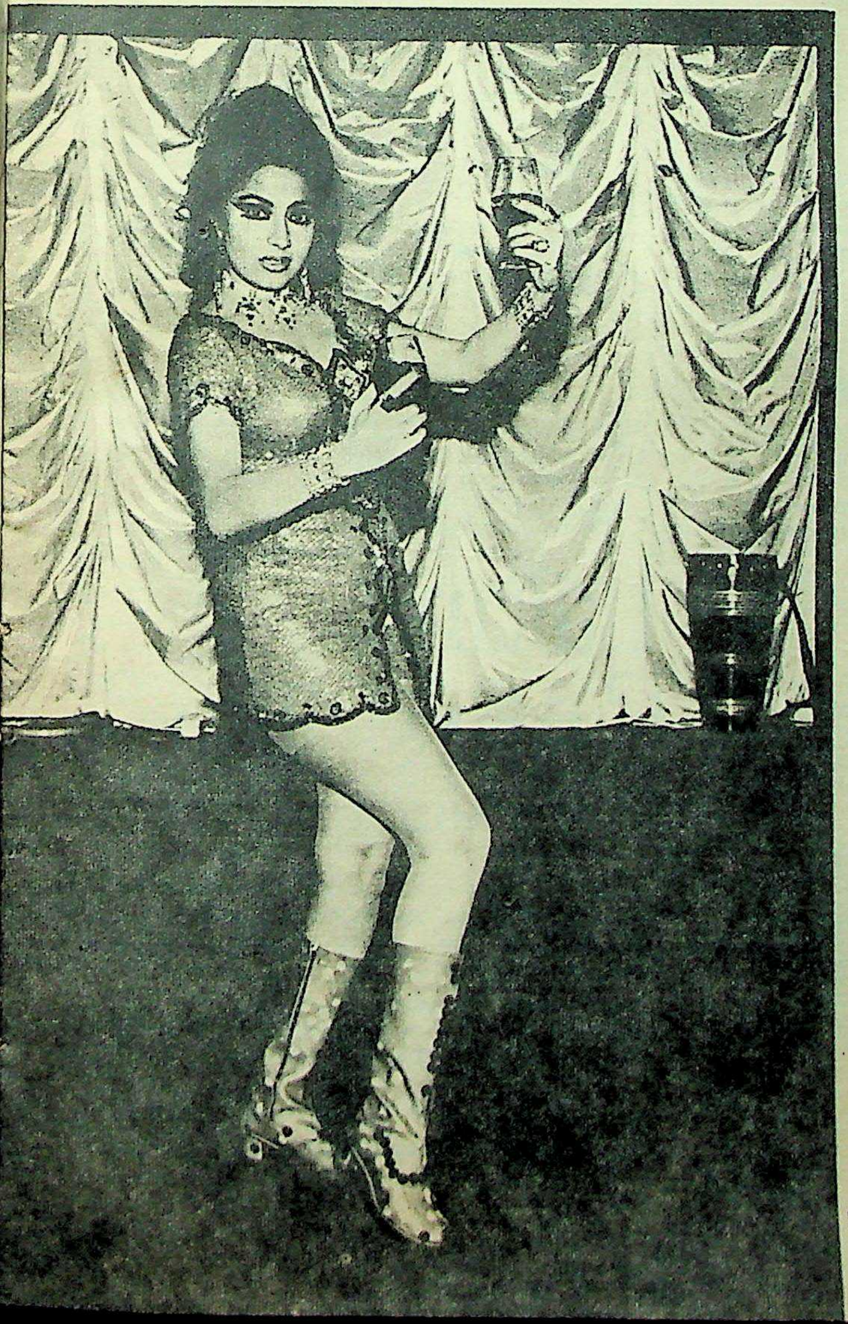

THE CULT OF NOISE. "After the Divali dinner when this famous ustad began to sing, his raga was accompanied by explosions next door." Left: Cabarets and night clubs have become part of the new social scene. People have black money to squander at expensive restaurants, boutiques, and beauty parlours.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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The Cult Of Noise

Bharata and Dandin, the ancient aestheticians, must be having convulsions in the world of manes every time an "atom bomb" goes off near an exquisite *rangoli*. The transistor turned full blast now accompanies a citizen from the cradle to the grave but the noise reaches its ultimate during the formerly lovely season of Divali. Lakhs of black market money goes up into foul smoke and ear-splitting bangs because buying a few thousand rupees worth of crackers for the children has become the new status symbol. These infernal "rockets" are let off right under the windows of people with a heart condition, around hospitals and nursing homes. Nobody cares.

Last Divali I was present at some friends' place. They had arranged a small concert. They live in the most expensive area of Malabar Hill. The luxury apartments are occupied by people who belong to the top income bracket. When after dinner this famous ustad began to sing, his raga was accompanied by interminable blasts of the "atom bombs" which were being let off in the neighbour's garden. What was significant: it had not occurred to the sophisticated people next door to forbid their children from letting off those abominable rockets while the poor man sang.

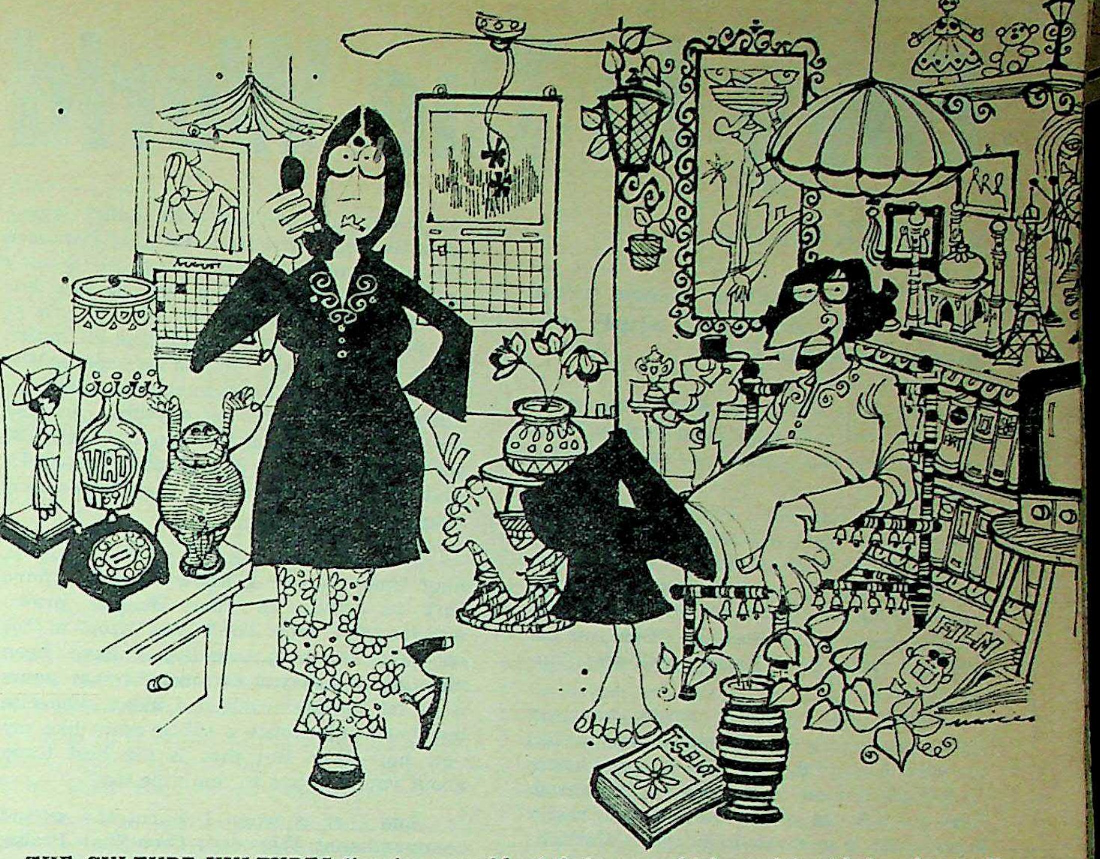
The formerly lovely festival of Holi has dissolved into cowdung and mud, especially in the North which continues to be mighty proud of its ancient civilisation.

Cultural Programmes

At the dance performances sponsored by cultural organisations the entire committee, made up of big wigs, sits stiffly in a row on the chairs on the stage. All of them make long speeches and are garlanded coyly by a young woman. The name of the cultural organisation in huge letters stays on the backdrop during the performance. After the excessively long programme (as in our books and articles so in our show business we have not yet realised the importance of editing) the performers come on stage and like schoolchildren break into the national anthem. After a play when the cast comes on stage for the curtain call the audience is already on the way out.

The Culture-Vultures

Then there are the culture-vultures who decorate their living rooms with a profusion of Naga masks and spears, Assamese peasant hats, printed khadi, phulkaries, multi-coloured durries, and jingle-bell Gujarati chairs. Their floor lamps are made up of earthen pitchers, bookshelves of red bricks. Scrolls of raw silk display Bengali rural scenes (the more Bengali the better), ceramics of terribly folksy or extremely *avant garde* (a favourite term, never mind how hackeneyed) designs. A *mobile* hanging from the ceiling. The cluttered up bric-a-brac—Indian folk, Mexican, Japanese, etc., may give the impression of a cottage industries shop. In such a stimulating atmosphere you sit down on the mat, drink black coffee out of studio pottery cups and discuss the existentialist import in the dialectics of the hooves of M. F. Husain's horses.



THE CULTURE-VULTURES live in a world of their own which consists of bric-a-brac called objets d'art, money plants in bottles of Chianti, and soulful discussions on Sartre. There could be a little less of the arty decor but exaggeration and overdoing are our weaknesses. Likewise, in our films, cultural shows, dance programmes, novels and short stories, we do not always know the art of editing and understatement.

INNOCENTS ABROAD

Volumes can be written on this painful subject. Some otherwise sensible or nearly sensible people go haywire the moment they step on foreign soil. Their appalling lack of social graces becomes all the more embarassing because at the same time they pontificate on the greatness of their ancient culture.

As delegates to international conferences and guests of foreign governments some of us tend to behave in a peculiar fashion. Often we make an inordinate fuss over our dietary laws, vegetarian, non-vegetarian, kosher, non-kosher, etc. Also, our favourite dish must be prepared the way we are used to eating it back home in Dhond or Tirumlakuddi. Picking our noses, burping, talking loudly, smelling a dish before passing it on at the dinner table, are all part of our extraordinary behaviour abroad.

A noted writer and I shared a small table at a dinner given by our ambassador in a foreign capital. My dear countryman continued to pick up the olives from the plate of the Frenchwoman sitting opposite, while he lectured her on the magnificence of his literary heritage. When he started putting back the picks in her plate, she excused herself and quietly left the table.

A delegate to an international seminar always got roaring drunk on vodka. Once at a banquet in Moscow while he was half-way through his speech, he suddenly turned towards me, and said, "Sorry, sister, I am out of order," and passed out.

On the very first day of his arrival at Waldorf Astoria, New York, a Pakistani VIP telephoned the room service and ordered a blonde.

Making passes at hotel maids is also not entirely uncommon as our men think that they are absolutely irresistible to the Western women whom they take to be of loose morals anyway...

And now some outdoor shots:

Overpopulation, extreme poverty, bad planning and worse taste have rapidly disfigured our cities. Take, for instance, Lucknow. It was called the city of parks and was proverbial for its elegance and refinement. One of its parks has been ruined by a colossal globe of the world which now stands plonk in the middle of the lawns. A historical monument which formed a lovely backdrop, especially at sunset, has now been obliterated by this monstrous globe which should have been installed in a children's park or school compound.

In the same unfortunate city a new tycoon has put a fake jet plane on the terrace of his brand new mansion. In the evenings he sits in its "cockpit" and drinks with his cronies.

I would desist from dwelling at length on the decoration of our temples and dargahs for fear of hurting the feelings of the devout. But surely one could concentrate on matters of the spirit with greater facility if these holy places were less gaudily decorated with multi-coloured ornamentation.

The pan shop best reveals the enormous range of tastes and the unique syncretisation which only India can provide: gods and goddesses, Shivaji, Gandhi, Nehru, Sai Baba, John F. Kennedy, Rajesh Khanna and Saira Banu—all in a row smiling down at the *janata* while the radio set blares out a Caribbean calpypso plagiarised and set to Urdu words (called Hindi) entertaining the Malayalis in a Maharashtrian town...

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Envy In The World Of Critics

by AMITA MALIK

Does all criticism stem from envy? Why don't we apply objective criteria?

It was at a Christmas party some years ago. Fortified with roast turkey, plum pudding and hot punch, we were playing charades.

At first I thought I was imagining things when one of the members of our team, one of my dearest friends, looked clean through me. After all, we were playing dumb charades. Being very fond of him I rang him up first thing next morning: "Did you cut me dead last night?" I asked with affectionate concern.

"Well, after what you wrote about my book, you didn't exactly expect me to fall on your neck, did you?" he snapped back. "I did not review your book," I answered. "But I could have, and would you really have taken it so much to heart?" "Certainly. I expect nothing but good reviews from my friends," he replied and banged down the phone. At first I thought he was joking. But he has not spoken to me since. It was in my very first year as a critic and that is how I learnt the first commandment: **Thou Shalt Not Criticise Thy Friends.**

Thou Shalt Not Succeed

Much more recently, a very glamorous and brilliant young newspaperwoman rang me up almost in tears: "You should not have praised me in your Sunday column," she wailed. "Do you realise you have ruined me?" "Whatever do you mean?" I asked in surprise. "Yours was a virtuoso performance and everyone thought so." "That is what you think," she sobbed. "But this morning Mrs X barged into the office and screamed at me in front of all the reporters: 'Aha, so you are the blue-eyed girl now, are you? I wonder what you did to get that write-up. You just wait till you are shot down in flames, your turn will come too.'"

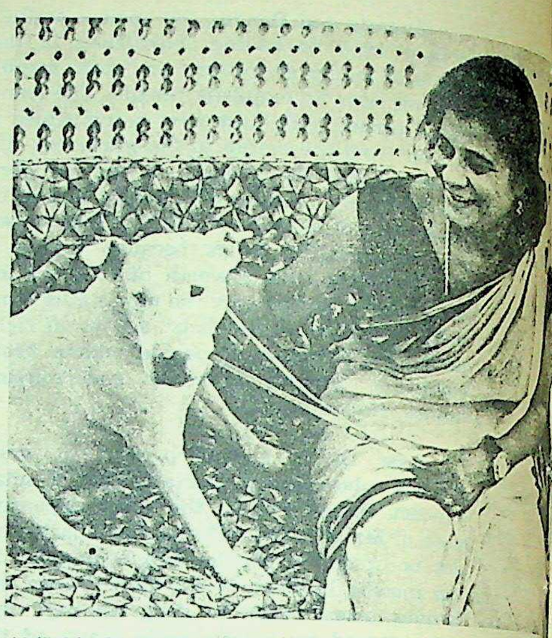
"Tell you what," I comforted the distraught girl. "I'll put her right. Next week, I shall *apparently* praise this woman. Something silly, like her hair-style, which is perhaps the most important thing to her as a TV performer. She will get up on Sunday at 7.30 a.m. earliest. She will sip two leisurely cups of tea and get second turn at the paper from her husband, like all Indian wives. She will get around to reading the column by 8 a.m., listen to the news in English up to 8.20. I will bet anything you like she will ring me up between 8.20 and 8.30 and tell me I am the best critic in the world. And you can quote me on that to her next Monday."

The telephone rang at 8.24: "Hullo-ji, long time no see. I know Punjabi *khana* isn't as subtle as your Bengali prawn *mowlee*, but why don't you drop in for pot-luck tonight? Actually, I have been meaning to tell you for months that yours is by far the best column. I mean, who else but you would notice a subtle point like my new hair-style. But that is the best thing about you, you are so feminine too."

And that is when I learnt the second commandment: **Whenever Thou Shalt Praise, Thou Shalt be the Best Critic.**

Actually, the entire world of criticism revolves round the third commandment: **Whatsoever Thou Writest, Thou Shalt be Deemed Corrupt.**

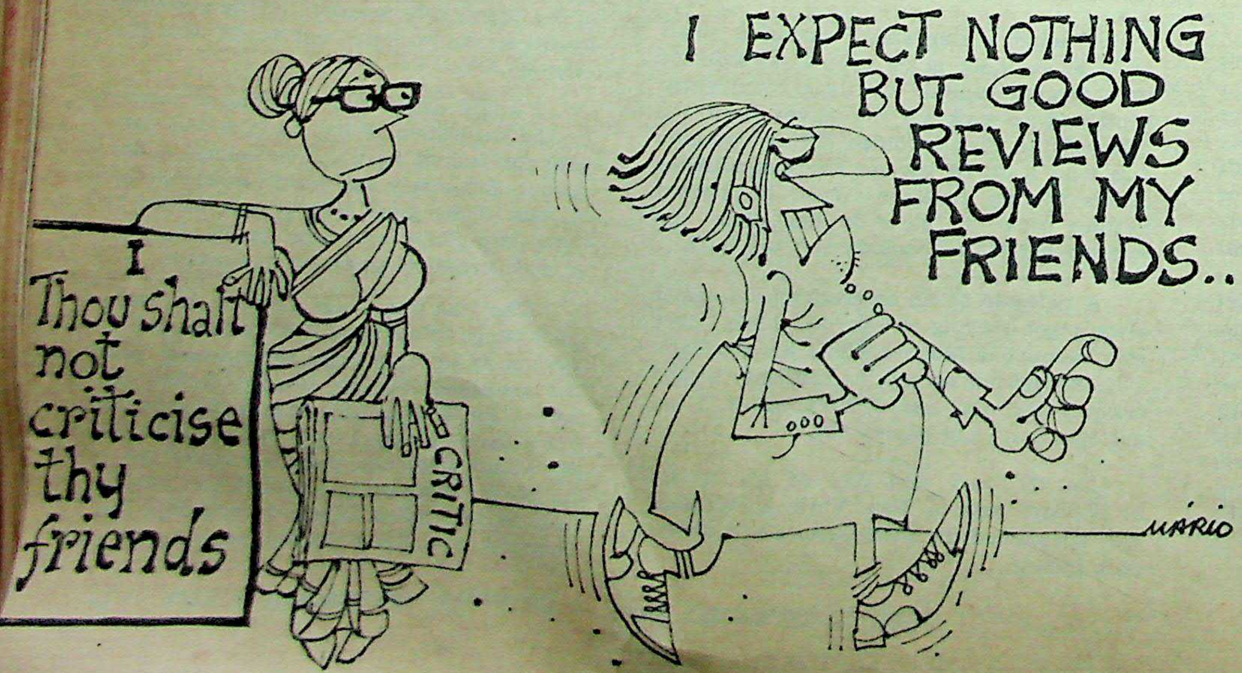
And nowhere does this operate more commonly than in the world of film criticism, where the stakes are higher. We Delhi critics, poor relations of the Bombay and Calcutta king-makers, seldom have really juicy takings being held against us. After all, the most we can criticise here is the Government, and their perks, as I shall divulge later, are woefully inadequate. While we hear utopian stories about our Bombay colleagues drowning in gallons of Scotch, smothered in the arms of luscious call-girls and raking in five-figure takes for flattering reviews and star write-ups, the most damaging thing once reported (by a fellow scribe, of course) is that Delhi's critics had been corrupted by ball-point pens inscribed with our names. Actually, it was a letter-pad with the name of the studio embossed, like President Johnson's famous election pencil belatedly disbursed to the startled citizens of Berlin with the slogan: Vote for LBJ. We hung our heads in shame and anxiously debated whether to return the damn things, to borrow the professorial phrase of Ambassador Moynihan about the USAID building.



AMITA MALIK is a freelance columnist, broadcaster and telecaster. She has contributed to many foreign journals and has appeared on BBC and CBC. Her book, The Year of the Vulture, *deals with Pak atrocities in Bangladesh.*

But whether or not the story of the Delhi critic who can be bought with one bottle of Scotch is true, there was the little incident of the champagne bottle, involving your most unhumble scribe. This was on the occasion of a French film festival when I wrote: "This naughty French comedy is as bubbly as champagne and just as heady." Pat came the accusation in a yellow rag (yellow rags were then unfashionable, unlike today's trendy film weeklies spattered with garbage nosed out by female muck-hounds): "Well known for her addication (*sic*) to champagne and Satyajit Ray, Amita Malik has now changed to Frenchies. At least Satyajit Ray is an Indian. But where is Indian womanhood heading if one bottle of champagne can tempt her, and she calls it a comedy as well?" In the world of criticism, as you can see, dog eats dog. But the real sniping from your trusted colleagues really starts when you are successful. And that, in Delhi, means when you are put on a Government committee.

Now these committees, in case anyone thinks they carry perky trimmings, are most unfruitful materially. A cup of tepid tea or coffee with damp biscuits, a TV shot or two in the news if you call on the Minister afterwards, bare travelling allowance if you come from outside and a daily allowance which does not even cover lunch, and your name in the papers if any paper carries the PIB list of committee members, which nobody does. But committees are a sign that you have arrived, which means that you have become a nuisance by your writings. Consequently, only journalists are paid a "professional fee" of Rs 50 per day



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if they sit on chronic committees. Believing in the old Bengali proverb: "Don't make your hand stink by killing only a mole," I grandly refused the fee and threw in some politician-style slogans such as "I am only doing it for my country."

And that is when my troubles really started. And I learnt the fourth commandment: **Thou Shalt Not Leave the Herd.**

For the Government of India put out a list of members and labelled me as President of some non-existent film critics' guild, instead of saying I am the film critic of a highly reputed journal, which would equally have satisfied the Estimates Committee, or whoever. I drafted an immediate protest to the Government and showed it, before handing it in, to the only other cirtic on the committee. But the wheels of Government, when they churn at all, churn very slowly and within a few days another circular affixed me with the same unfortunate label.

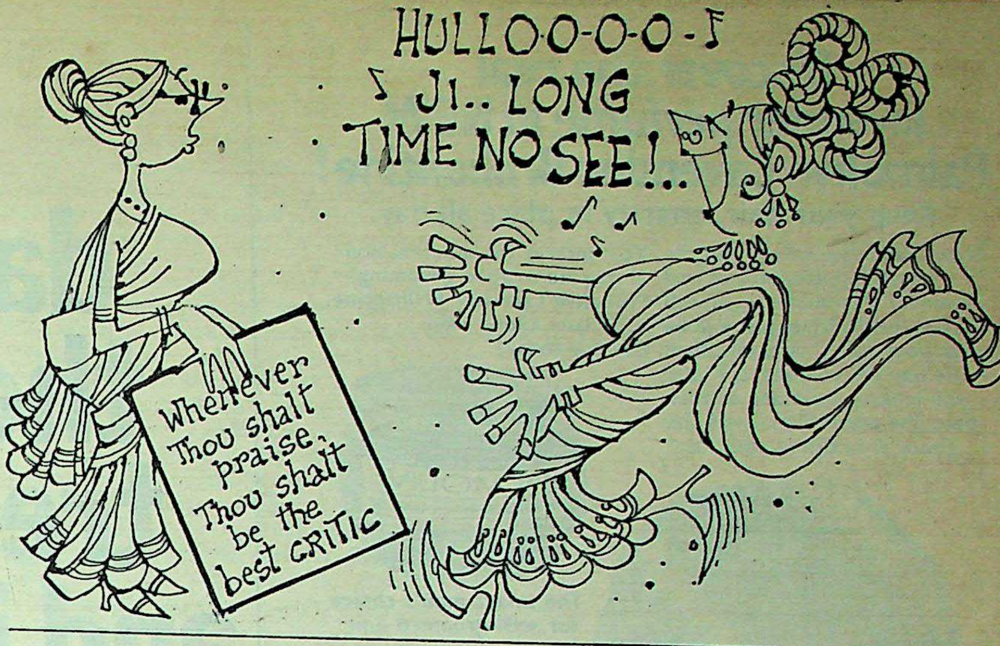
Retribution was short and swift. Next morning a letter appeared in every daily in the capital except my own, signed by my dear colleagues of yesterday. They all called me an impostor and said I had got on to the committee on false pretences. It does not seem to have struck them that elementary professional courtesy demanded a reference to me first or that my being a professional critic like them constituted credentials enough for serving on something as ephemeral as a committee. Curiously, it was also signed by the critic who had seen my letter, and he still maintains that his name was added without his knowledge and that various news editors refused to publish his contradiction, saying it was no longer hot news.

Rare Histrionics

I was furthermore anonymously warned on the telephone not to attend the Press conference as I would not only be publicly insulted but assaulted by goondas as well for my iniquities. Coming from one of the few fighting clans of Bengal, I duly attended the conference. I was not physically assaulted—even the PIB would not have stood for that—but a goonda known as the King of Impostors in film circles called me an impostor with rare histrionics. The Government spokesman then belatedly stood up and mentioned the contents of my protest and acknowledged that the false label was their mistake.

But another critic, now an MP, wrote in his paper next day that I had bought up the spokesman with an interview. Actually, in the interview, I had asked him the most insulting questions on record about mismanagement of the festival, as anyone could read for himself. No one protested at the Press conference, except two political correspondents who had no idea what it was all about. They shouted "Sit down", and the surprised goonda sat down. Much later, it struck me that no woman critic had signed the letter calling me an impostor. Hence, no doubt the fifth commandment: **If Thou Art a Woman, do not be a critic, because it constitutes an insult to Indian Manhood.**

It is however significant that a woman critic is called bitchy only when she writes about the public performances of professional people. Legitimate criticism of performers on radio, TV or films immediately makes a woman critic bitchy, feline, malicious, catty, frustrated in her sex life and, at best, a Lesbian.



And so we come to the sixth commandment, which is also one of the toughest: **Thou Shalt Yield to All Pressures.**

Everyone applies pressure, but there is no one so naive about the legitimate functioning of criticism as Ye Olde Government of India. The minute they put you on a committee, they expect you to behave like a civil servant of, say, Joint Secretary status. They expect instant commitment—commitment to Government that is, as against your own profession. It is bad enough to become an untouchable with your colleagues, who blackball you until they, in turn, are put on committees and are outlawed too. But Government's surprise is of the innocent variety, like that of your maiden aunt who really believed that you never mixed with boys.

Committee Work

Once, protesting about two members of a committee being immediately chosen for the first two plum projects sponsored by that committee, I not only lost the goodwill of the two artists, whom I had invariably praised in my reviews, but I got a pained reaction later from official quarters: "But you could have told me in private if you felt so strongly about these small things, we could have come to some compromise." Later, when I resigned from the same committee and put down in black and white a list of allegations of irregularities, the letter was not even acknowledged officially—I wonder if it was ever put on the files. Government took five years to come to the same conclusions, when the damage to the project and enormous wastage and misuse of public funds had been accomplished. But the only comment I got at the time was: "Why did you have to resign? You could have done so much good work. We could have come to some compromise."

And some members of the committee who served on it later also seemed dreadfully hurt: "But, darling, where is there total honesty in public life? We all have to live."

There is an antiquated Government rule by which individual Government employees cannot answer cirticism in the Press. Since information officers spend most of their time publicising the Minister's speeches, they rarely reply to criticism, and that when the Government itself is criticised. So, not unnaturally, Government employees employ underground methods to pacify or browbeat critics. These range from unabashed offers of professional assignments to straight approaches at cocktail parties. Once I was cornered at a UN party by a very high Government official who said, with that mixture of pomposity and supplication which characterises the bureaucrat: "Why do you always write against us?" I quoted to him the classic answer of Hugh Carlton Greene (when DG of the BBC) on someone asking him: "Are you not perturbed that so much is written about you?" "On the contrary," replied Sir Hugh, "I shall start getting perturbed when people no longer write about us, because that would mean we have ceased to be interesting. We are honoured that so many millions of words are devoted to us."

Next most common to this generalised attack is a crude personal attack, in public, usually by one department head who hates the guts of another department head: "Who asked you to interview Trudeau?" thundered one of them one day at a reception, well fortified with Ashoka Hotel Scotch. "What do you know about international politics?" "Ask the man who booked me," I replied, as all the guests, some from foreign countries, listened in astonished embarrassment. "Besides, Trudeau specifically wanted to avoid politics," I added. Needless to say, I soon earned the current status symbol badge in Delhi, to be professionally blacklisted by that particular department.

In High Places

The indirect approach is to get some totally disconnected but well-known public figure to write a letter to the editor. Only the really naive write under assumed names. A regular *morcha* once started in a local daily some years ago when a film had been roundly panned by all sections of the Press. The VIP's letter began: "Sir, all film critics in India are lousy, but yours is the lousiest. The film in question is a masterpiece." Later, another highly respected public figure, an authority on films, asked the original letter writer: "I say, old boy, didn't know you patronised Indian films. Did you really like that ghastly film?" "Never see the damn things!" replied the VIP without batting an eyelid. "But here was this damn good chap, takes all the trouble to make a film. So when he drafted the damn letter and brought it along, I damn well signed

—Continued

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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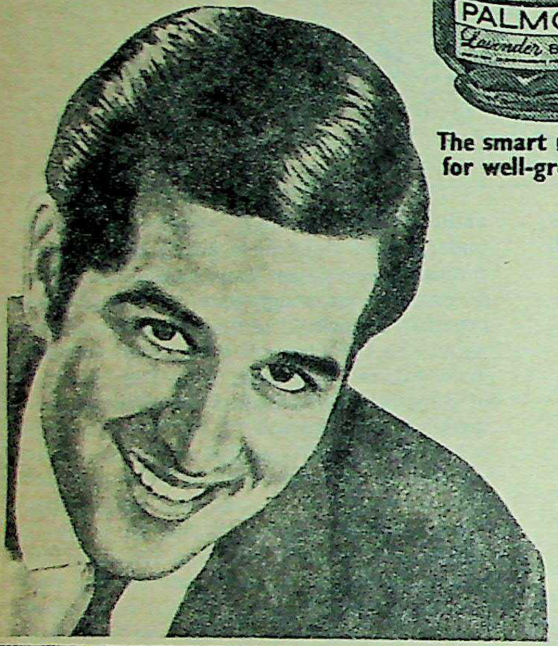

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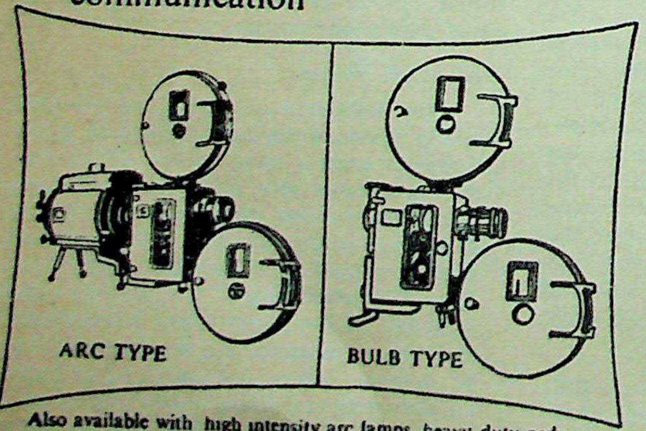

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it." That he later became an ambassador via a cultural MPship is another matter. But it proves the seventh commandment: **Put not Thy Trust in Cultural VIPs. They are the worst.**

Perhaps the best stance about critics was taken publicly by a well-known and highly publicity-conscious broadcaster, who started a lecture to the boys and girls of Yuva Vani with the immortal advice: "Kids, my first advice to you as broadcasters is: ignore critics, they are all a frustrated lot and don't matter a damn." Of course the kids did not know that this broadcaster takes care to have every critic rung up before he does a programme, with the well-known gag: "You don't have to write about it, just like your frank opinion, that's all."

Which brings up the eighth commandment: **Thou Shalt be Ignored Only When Convenient.**

Easy To Resist

The easiest pressure of all to resist is from fond mammas: "Darling, I do hope you know that my Munni is a genius at dress designing. Yes, she did the 100-day Air-India trip to Paris, her papa's little present for giving up that horrible Naxal boyfriend of hers. She is opening a boutique and she won't open it without her Amita Masi's blessings." "Didn't know you had a daughter," I begin offensively. "Ah, but she knows you, she says you are the best critic in India." "But I don't write about fashion," I put in smartly. "But she says Amita Masi is so well dressed, with her traditional Bengali saris and jewellery. And never mind, she'll do the write-up and give it to you. Incidentally, she is a first-class journalist too. Why don't you introduce her to some of those nice editor friends of yours—they can come to the opening and stay on for a little champagne supper." Easy to resist, as I said. You just don't answer the phone for a day or two.

The most difficult pressure of all to resist is the anonymous letter which begins: "Madam, I am a Government officer and forbidden by departmental rules to give my name. But a grave injustice has been done. Knowing your sympathy for the underdog..." Usually, hidden beneath that cover-up is a long-standing feud with his boss or nearest rival. But rarely, and there's the rub, there is a genuine injustice, the one that keeps you awake at night tossing over the ninth commandment: **Thou Shalt Judge Each Case Strictly on its Merits, So Help You God.**

But, alas, you are still up against the last, that dreaded tenth commandment, which begins: **Thou Art Not God and Shalt Retire Gracefully when Thou Hast become a Bore.** Well, one can only hope that, when the time comes, one will, indeed, give up gracefully. And let the real bitches take over, male and female. For theirs is the kingdom.

Having defined the ten commandments, I have illustrated from my own experience what happens when they are broken. Not because they are unique, but, alas, because they are typical. Which brings me to the *raison d'etre* of this series on Envy in Indian Life. Why this terrible waste of time, money, emotion, protracted guerilla warfare within the tribe itself and the ludicrous lengths to which vested interests will extend themselves to either hound out or try and buy up a critic who is simply doing a normal, routine, professional job and trying to maintain some standards of integrity in the process?

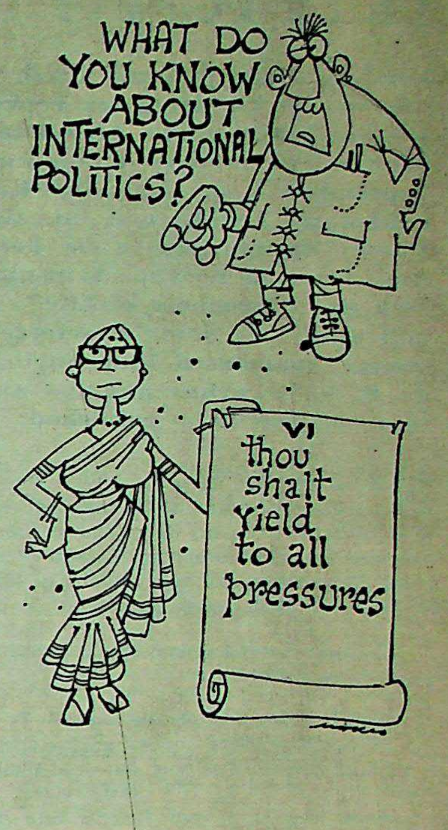
The key word, of course, is integrity. As my good friend and colleague, Ajit Bhattacharjea, has made plain in two excellent articles, one in the "Weekly" and another in "The Times of India", the country is now ridden from top to bottom with fixers, the undercover pimps who have permeated every aspect of public life and batten on corruption. This, not surprisingly, has even trickled into the comparatively harmless fields of mass media and the arts. But this harmlessness is only imagined. Mass media, in a largely illiterate country, can exercise tremendous power over the minds of men. And the distribution of patronage in this field as well as in the field of arts is vast—regular programmes, assignments, fellowships, scholarships, junkets abroad, awards from the state and other institutions have an aura of their own. Not only are there powerful vested interests in the field, but there is a cosy tie-up between different vested interests.

In this context, where everything can be fixed, the normality of a professional writer going about his job without any vested interests of his own seems like an abnormality. It constitutes a threat, however puny, to the Establishment, for it seems inconceivable to it that someone cannot be bought with blandishments of varying degrees of subtlety. To the Establishment, values such as professional detachment or disinterested criticism are inconceivable. They feel there must be a hidden motive, some other fixer, behind every item of criticism, whether favourable or unfavourable, or at least the critic's own malignity or ineptitude.

Who ? — Not What ?

This has led to a curious situation whereby all criticism immediately evokes the reflex question: *Who* wrote it?—and not *what* was written—and is it valid? Then something has to be done about it, and instead of accepting and acting on the criticism, written in good faith, there is an immediate witch-hunt to trace the person and stop him. It is one of the disadvantages of criticism in India that very few newspapers allow signed criticism. It is always "Our Critic", an antiquated British practice long since discarded in Britain, but still blindly followed in India. While this is meant to imply discretion, it encourages irresponsibility on the part of the truly biased, and affords no protection whatsoever to the courageous critic.

Similarly, as can be seen from the examples I have given, any criticism which really sticks—and the public is not half as gullible as the Establishment imagines—is blandly explained away by totally unrelated factors, such as: The critic is Westernised and knows nothing about Indian culture. Conversely, most of the drama critics in Delhi write learned treatises not only on performances of regional plays of which they do not understand a single word, but they even comment on the dialogue itself, cocooned in the glorious anonymity of being "Our Drama Critic"



Sketches by Mario

In this Puritanian situation, the responsibility of the critic becomes awesome. But the disunity in the profession is depressing in the extreme. Some time ago, the average attitude was summed up when I wrote to several critics all over India about forming an all-India association to protect ourselves at home as well as make our voices heard abroad, where a major country such as India goes virtually unrepresented by critics at international meetings where the status of the profession has some meaning. Wrote back one irate (woman) critic: "But what's the point of your writing now when all the Government of India committees have been chosen for the year?" Others shrugged their shoulders and said: "Do you really expect any unity when the Establishment has already sown the seeds of strife by dangling carrots in small quantities?"

There is a horrible moral in all this and a very depressing one. So let me conclude on a cheerful note.

Some time ago, I was detained at Heathrow Airport for two hours on the charge that I had a forged passport. It ended with an apology and lively copy for an article. I had, on that occasion, described myself to the British airport authorities as a journalist. Next time, I looked timid and declared: "I'm a critic," when asked my profession. "It's okay chum, let her through," said the immigration official, "She's harmless." "Here, let me carry your bags, Madam," said the fellow at the gate.

So a critic was obviously harmless as far as the British Establishment was concerned. I wish the Indian Establishment would believe that too.

"Envy" by Dev Anand: September 16.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

NARAYAN SURVE

by KRISHNA CHAUDHARI

Leading Marathi poet Surve is one of the 18 delegates representing India at the Afro-Asian Writers' Conference starting on September 4, at Alma Ata, Kazakhstan, USSR, and at the Poetry Symposium to be held soon after at Erevan, Armenia. "On the Pavements of Life"—a collection of Surve's selected poems, translated into English by P. S. Nerurkar and the author—is soon to be published.

NARAYAN SURVE, a poet with a working-class background, was denied critical attention for many years and at times ridiculed by the stalwarts of Marathi literature. They could not take kindly to this intruder into their sacred precincts.

Narayan Surve's personality is revealed in his *Four Words*:

Worker I am, a glittering lance
'Saraswatas! Shall commit a little crime
Bread is dear, it is true, but need some-
thing more
From here do I put flowers into the
hands of my words
From here do I give daggers into their
hands
I am not alone, the age is with me
Beware, the cyclone starts here
Worker I am, a glittering lance
Saraswatas! there will be a little crime.[2]

1. Saraswatas—here the reference is not only to the caste of Saraswat Brahmins, but also to those who consider themselves to be the privileged "descendants" of Saraswati (the goddess of learning), i.e., the orthodoxy and elite of literature.

2. Poems translated by the author.

NOT A WOOD-PANELLED STUDY BUT A GRADE III RESTAURANT is where Surve works and from where he draws his inspiration. Denied education in his childhood, he passed the VIIth Standard at the age of 30. Today his poetry is prescribed for students at Bombay, Poona and SNDT Universities.

Surve has come out time and again with many a glittering lance and derived his strength from the pains and privations of the common man: the true hero of his poetry.

With themes and imagery drawn from the toiler's world, Surve has become an inspiration for youth.

Born in Bombay at the Chinchpokli Workers' Colony, Narayan Surve was brought up by his kindly neighbour Gangaram Surve. The young Narayan worked as a sweeper, "hamal", hotel bearer and domestic servant. In "Majhe Vidyapeeth" (My University), published by Popular Prakashan, he writes:

Had neither home nor caste, had merely
the land under my moving feet
Shop awnings, and municipal sidewalks
were open to me
Counted all the posts on this street
Read the alphabet on life's slate
The multiplications and divisions of
living
These caste-bound colonies, slums,
and door lights with red numbers
Men of every hue have I met, father
friend,
have oft been swindlers
Roasted my feet on the grill of sun-
melted tar
Read numerous faces, meanings of
diverse expressions percolated to
my mind
Experience is truth, the rest are thou-
sands of great books that crumble
and dissipate.

Many of Surve's poems were inspired while sweeping the class-rooms of a municipal school where he worked as an orderly.

He studied in evening schools and sat for the seventh standard examination, at the age of thirty, when he was the father of two sons. The invigilator refused to accept Surve's *bona fides* and declined to admit him into the examination hall. After much persuasion she agreed, but called a policeman to stand guard on him.

Surve did a teachers' training course and has been teaching for the last eight years. His early life was spent in *jhopadpattis*. At the nearby 'Firdausi Restaurant' Surve spent many an evening giving shape to his thoughts and feelings.

Now he lives in a municipal chawl. His wife is an orderly in a municipal school. They have two sons and two daughters. The eldest son earns his own living and pays for his college education.

Many of Surve's poems have been translated into Hindi, Urdu, Punjabi, Bengali, Sindhi, Gujarati, English, French, Spanish and Russian. His other published works are a collection of poems: *Aisa Ga Mi Brahma* ("I am Like This Brahma"—Popular Prakashan) and a collection of stories written by Krishan Chandar and translated by him into Marathi.

His poems earned him the Maharashtra State Awards in 1963 and 1968. In 1970, he received the Nehru Award and, two years later, the Narsingh Mehta Award of the Sur Singar Kala Akademi. He is the first recipient of the Keshavsut Award.

His poetry is now prescribed for the B.A. degree in Bombay, Poona and SNDT Universities.

In a satire called *Poster* he captures the mood of four youngsters who roam at midnight looking for suitable places to stick their posters.

We four from four homes
When we depart...
Aged darkness comes doddering then...
Shall we stick on this uniform
Sh...sh...sh...do not raise your voice
The ancient one comes, guessing every
word
The antique is rather unpredictable!
Look Shinde, splinter of a moon above
Ghalib's ghazal haunts me
"Futile existence has disabled Isliya
Otherwise even Isliya was a man, could
have been worthy of love"
This world has progressed much;
A little beyond the nose
Behind, the old man's stare
Hence I say Isliya—
Let us get spectacles for the obsolete,
quick

This empathy with the working man is highlighted in *The Lavani of the Mill*. The language and the rhythm of this song transfer the reader immediately into the din of a textile factory.

Wheel that whines round and round
Yarn cascades down
with drops of our sweat
to embellish the world
*Draping thread nine yards**
The bobbin coy and pretty
Spins rapturous
Ecstatic on the machine

Moods of every season
sparkle my field of cloth

My humble Kabir weaves
To attire the world.

In *The Sun Returns Home*, he captures with nostalgic romanticism the picture of the Indian countryside.

Crossing the golden threshold
The sun returns home

Dipping pitchers at the stream
Milkmaids hurry back
The shepherd boys on the hills
Ploughs on their shoulders,
Call the cattle back

Weaving wreaths of stars
Adorning her brow with the moon
Sprinkling the fragrance of blooms
The world awaits asparkle
Glory to the darbar of creation.

From nostalgia to realism is but a short step for Surve, for his present is entrenched in the industrial metropolis. This sentiment is eloquent in *Mumbai*:

*There is an interesting analogy here. The bobbin, like the 'nayika', or the heroine, is dressed in the nine-yard thread which is analogous to the nine-yard sari of the Maharashtrian woman.

Ramanuja National Research Institute, Melukote Collection

With a bundle on his shoulder, climbing down the Sahyadri hills
My father stood at your door, to offer his toil.

Oh city! In your service, have not erred in the Multiple of thirty
The same I the same we, the artisans of your architecture
In your beauty oh city! have added every day
Living in hellish chawls...

We exist in the legacy of this decaying civilisation,
Thus we, lakhs of people, subsist
Toil and consume ourselves like the candle
Wander in your markets and lanes
As citizens, householders, often unemployed

This multitude moves; whence to where?
Am a traveller with them; whence to where?
Know of only two roads; one leads to the factory
The other, "grip the corpse! say, the bird has flown to the eternal!"

And thus the acceptance of reality. A hint of resignation at times, as in *Vidyapeeth*:

Now that I have come, I wander in this naked reality
Must live; must do as I can; sometimes take a few; sometimes give a few.

Portrayal Of Women

Again, in *Satya* he expresses the torment of the male who realises for the first time that he must send his wife out to earn a living. This sentiment is replaced, in time, by a glowing pride in the working woman; in her equal participation in the social process.

When you return tired
Very breath returns
As the cool sunshine;

In *My Mother*, he paints the portrait of a working woman, who is vigorous and tender at the same time. This image of Surve's mother is in contrast with the stereotyped sentimental mother-figure.

He goes on to involve women in social change, and seeks their help and moral courage, as in *Do Not Panic*:

Food cooked with your loving hands
I won't be at home to eat
Making plans for the morrow
At the meeting will I be,
Count not the passing hours
The demons some day may come
Knock on our door they will
Search our home too
Perchance, arrest you
Do not panic for a moment.

His dislike of sentimentality is evident when he says to his beloved:

When I am no more in the hollow of this existence
Then do this...
*Wear new green bangles**
Indulge not in eternal grief, uselessly!
Be happy; make a new home
Remembering me;
or else, forgetting me...

*Symbolic of auspicious occasions, specially worn by the bride on her wedding day.

• •

Surve does not like to dwell on the past. He looks ahead, and despite the trials and tribulations of the present, does not lose faith in the historical process of change. He writes in *Till Then You And Me!*

From this bustee our dawn will emerge
Till then sing I must...
From this bustee our happiness will come
Till then be wary we must
The Chariot of golden dreams will come to our door
Till then beloved await we must.

Again this faith and optimism ring out in *Vidyapeeth*, where he writes:

And yet, who knows why! A creator, capable as man, I have not seen.

This is not blind faith. Nor is Surve's optimism passive. He is fully conscious of the realities and is an activist in both life and literature.

Life, like a book-cover, looks soft, lovable
Beneath, expressions, like the butcher's carcasses hanging in a row,
Suspend neatly from their horizontal bars,
People, in their lonesome search for life's meaning, consume themselves within their shells.
Having seen these, today I feel, "Oh Narayan how have I merely swung with the wind",
Self-pity sometimes; feel, I have for nothing been sacrificed by the hands of this age
Should have commanded the blood, why did I
Withdraw my hand from the sheath, why did I not toss myself, as thrusts the fireman
His spade into the furnace

This positive stand finds expression again in *The Suggestion Books of my Country*, which Surve wrote on the silver jubilee of independence. He gives here a valid picture of a working democracy.

The sky here needs four coats of paint
The red spherical sun has to be sent to the blast furnace of Bhilai
And the pieces of farms have to be cleansed and arranged in a row
Before the Bills come to the Lok Sabha,
In the evergreens in the mountain's embrace
In the cool tranquillity of the clouds
In the earth-stained sowing hands
These Bills should flutter.
Send the Bills to the factories
Hold with steel tongs the unwanted words
Hammer them on the anvil and cast them anew,
They ought to be sent to the bustee beyond the village wall
There, while tanning the hides,
The Bills should be given a few stitches in the right places
And these Bills, oh my country!
Let them not enter the halls of education
Like the chancellor's angry face

"The same I, the same we, the artisans of your architecture... In your beauty oh city! have added every day... Living in hellish chawls..." At the Bogdyachi chawl in Parel, Bombay. The common man is the hero of Surve's poetry and his imagery is drawn extensively from the toiler's world, which has been Surve's own world since his birth.

Let them come like the fragrance
That spreads when friends enter the class room

After having described the hardships and inhuman living conditions of the workers, peasants and soldiers, which persist 25 years after independence, Surve goes on to give vent to the impatience of the people:

These and like remembrances,
Storing like petrol in our souls we walk
If perchance in impatience we
Twist our bodies into wicks and lay them
In the cradle of your prayer lamp;
Towards a new revolution, a fresh illumination,
If with guns on their backs our stallions spring;
Then oh my country, do not accuse us of ingratitude
We too are stars in your sky,
This do not forget,
We too are stars in your sky
This do not forget.

And thus goes on the thought process of this poet of the people. "I am attracted to politics," says he. "I cannot turn my back on the problems facing me. 'Do not run away; Change.' That is my motto."

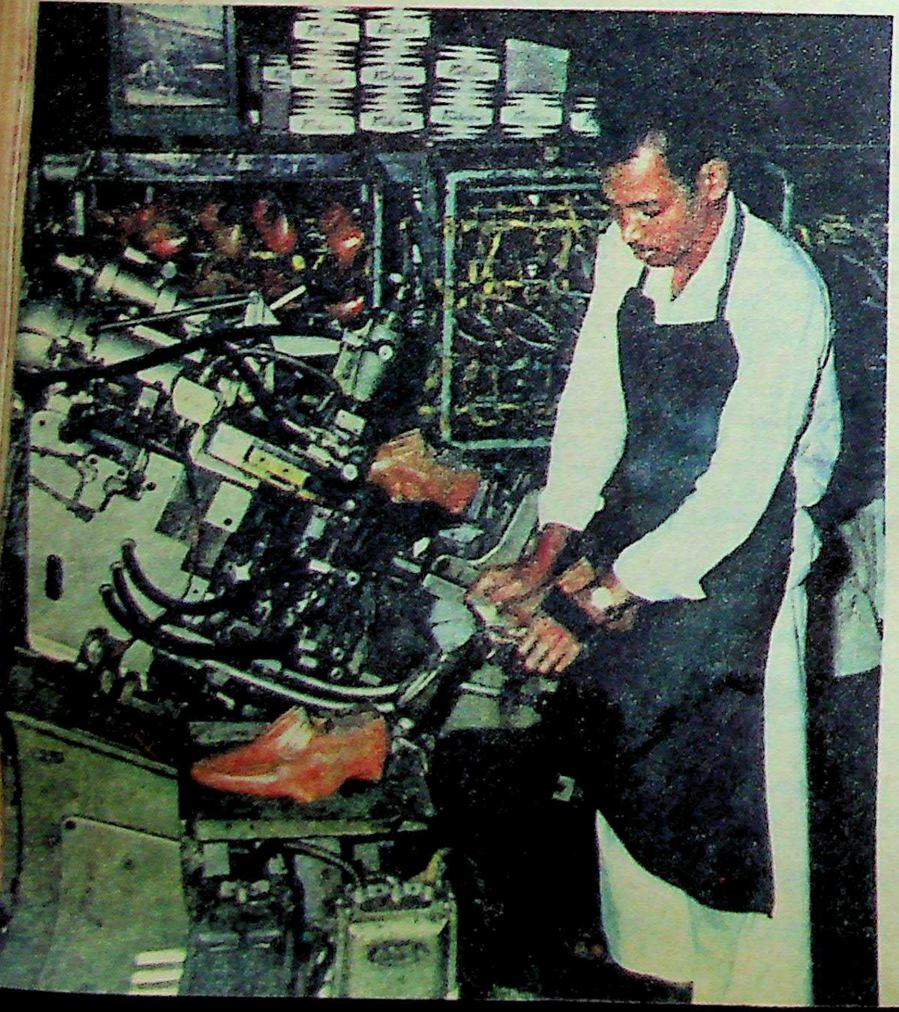
"I am a committed writer," Surve asserts, "and I believe that writers should involve themselves with politics.

"Usefulness is not the criterion of true artistic creation. For living, it is. We have to differentiate between true art on the one hand and partisan propaganda and social purpose on the other. Social commitment does not mean commitment to a party or to the established order. For an artist, it means commitment to truth and beauty, and the revolutionary conflicts of the two help mature the artist and liberate his soul and his artistic values."

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

The Shoemaker's St

CHINESE SHOES ARE CUSTOM BUILT. Calcutta is the centre of Chinese footwear production. About 1% of the total shoe manufacture in India is by Chinese cobblers. Below: The machine-made shoe. Only 20 per cent of the industry is mechanised.

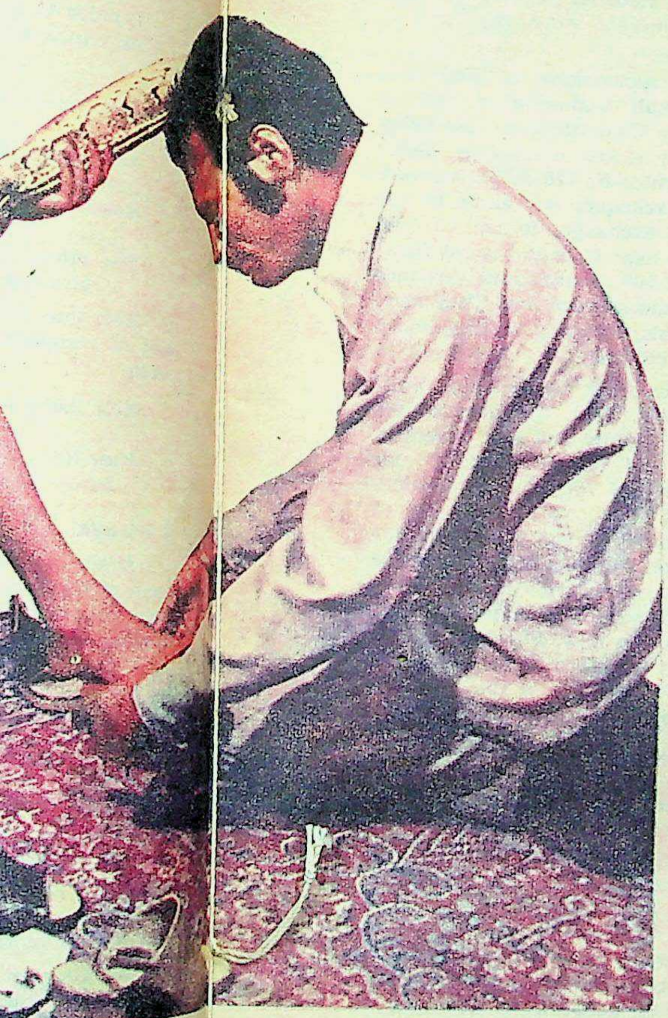


Photograp

by BIKRAM VOHRA

We have 200 million head of cattle, the largest livestock in the cow or buffalo in the world is Indian. For over a hundred year porting hides. No other country exports as much raw and sem skins, sheepskins and pigskins as we do. With this vast supply o able we have built up a sizeable industry making shoes slippers year we make 172 million pairs of leather shoes—more than th try in South-East Asia. Another 60 million are made from rubb Our footwear industry employs 8,800,000 people. We have 17 and over 7,000 small-scale and family units, which account for 8 production. Yet only one Indian in five steps into their shoes.

r's Story



—Jitendra Arya

Photographs by DILIP BANNERJEE

the largest livestock in the world. Every third
. For over a hundred years, we have been ex-
ports as much raw and semi-treated hides, goat-
do. With this vast supply of raw material avail-
stry making shoes slippers, sandals, etc. Every
leather shoes—more than that made in any coun-
illion are made from rubber, canvas and PVC.
0,000 people. We have 17 mechanised factories
y units, which account for 80 per cent of the total
ve steps into these shoes.

—Continued On Page 38

BUYING UP THE SHOP. Only one Indian in five buys leather shoes. Our biggest single manufacturer is the Bata Company. They have over 2,000 retail stores employing 50,000 people. Another 50,000 work at Batanagar, near Calcutta, and produce 200,000 shoes a day. Below: Children's feet are damaged by wearing ill-fitting shoes. Almost 50 per cent of children below ten years suffer from defective feet from such neglect.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

"HAVE IT READY BY HALF PAST TWO." Agra is India's largest shoe-making centre. It produces 500,000 pairs every day. The "Hawaiian" rubber chappals are a major seller—50 million pairs a year.

SHOES BY THE LAKH. Cutting leather at a Bata factory in Calcutta. Bata is our largest mechanised footwear unit, producing 200,000 pairs a day. Carona Sahu and Flex are its nearest competitors.

SHOEMAKING is a cottage industry which depends upon traditional skills. Forty years ago there were no leather factories worth the name. Shoes were made by cobblers working with the tools used by their forefathers. Shoes were custom built according to individual tastes but no attention was paid to design, style or fashion. Most people wore chappals or sandals. Only the *burra sahibs* wore shoes styled after those worn in Europe.

In the late 1930s larger units were commissioned to make boots for the army. Even in the years between the two wars, a very negligible proportion of shoes were made for civilians. 1947 statistics showed that only 23 per cent of Indians wore any kind of footwear.

The biggest shoemakers in India are Bata. With a small beginning in 1931 at Konnanagar, near Calcutta, Bata has today over 2,000 retail stores employing 50,000 people. It contributes Rs 720 lakhs annually to the national exchequer and earns Rs 460 lakhs in foreign exchange. It has its own private township near Calcutta called Batanagar. Here 50,000 inhabitants produce 200,000 pairs of shoes every day. They have their own hospitals, shopping centres, and a school for 5,000 children.

But high-powered, mechanised units like Bata are few. With the demand for shoes increasing rapidly and our buyers in Europe, USA and Canada asking for more, the need to mechanise becomes imperative. Most of our industry is still in the handicraft stage. To really enter the international market we must also standardise the quality of our shoes. This cannot be accomplished on the sewing machine. Mechanisation must come in now. **For such manufacture the craft of the cobbler has to be replaced by the knowledge of the engineer, the designer, the scientist and the chemist.**

This need not mean a total change-over. The originality and uniqueness of handmade shoes peculiar to their region will always remain. Our Indian industry could well follow the example of Italy where

Shoes And The Indian

The average annual expenditure of a middle class Indian family of six on footwear is between Rs 150 and Rs 200. An American family spends over Rs 2,000.

Chappals and sandals have the widest sales—90 million pairs every year.

Although we make so many shoes we are ignorant of the medical aspects of footwear. A majority of Indians do not wear shoes until their teens. Bare feet splay toes, change the arch and flatten the ball of the foot. Therefore, when children finally buy shoes almost half do not fit and complications occur. Feet continue to grow until 21 years.

Our manufacturers do not use medically approved lasts for making children's shoes. In Britain there are specifications which must be followed. In India, badly fitting shoes are the reason for over 50 per cent foot trouble in adults.

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machines replaced the awl and the last but without changing the design. They have captured a sizeable chunk of the world market in shoes.

In India the debate whether or not to mechanise the industry has been going on for ten years. Unfortunately, the smaller units have neither the technical knowhow nor the managerial skills to change from hand-operated tools to machines. And the Government dithering does not help. **In 1965, to encourage mechanisation, it abolished the excise duty on their products. After some units were mechanised the duty was reimposed in 1967. Many put their machines out of commission and went back to cobbling. This back-tracking resulted in a loss of Rs 250 lakhs of foreign exchange. Against this, the revenue collection through excise was only 2.5 lakhs. Somewhere, Government mathematics slipped up.**

High Cost Of Shoes

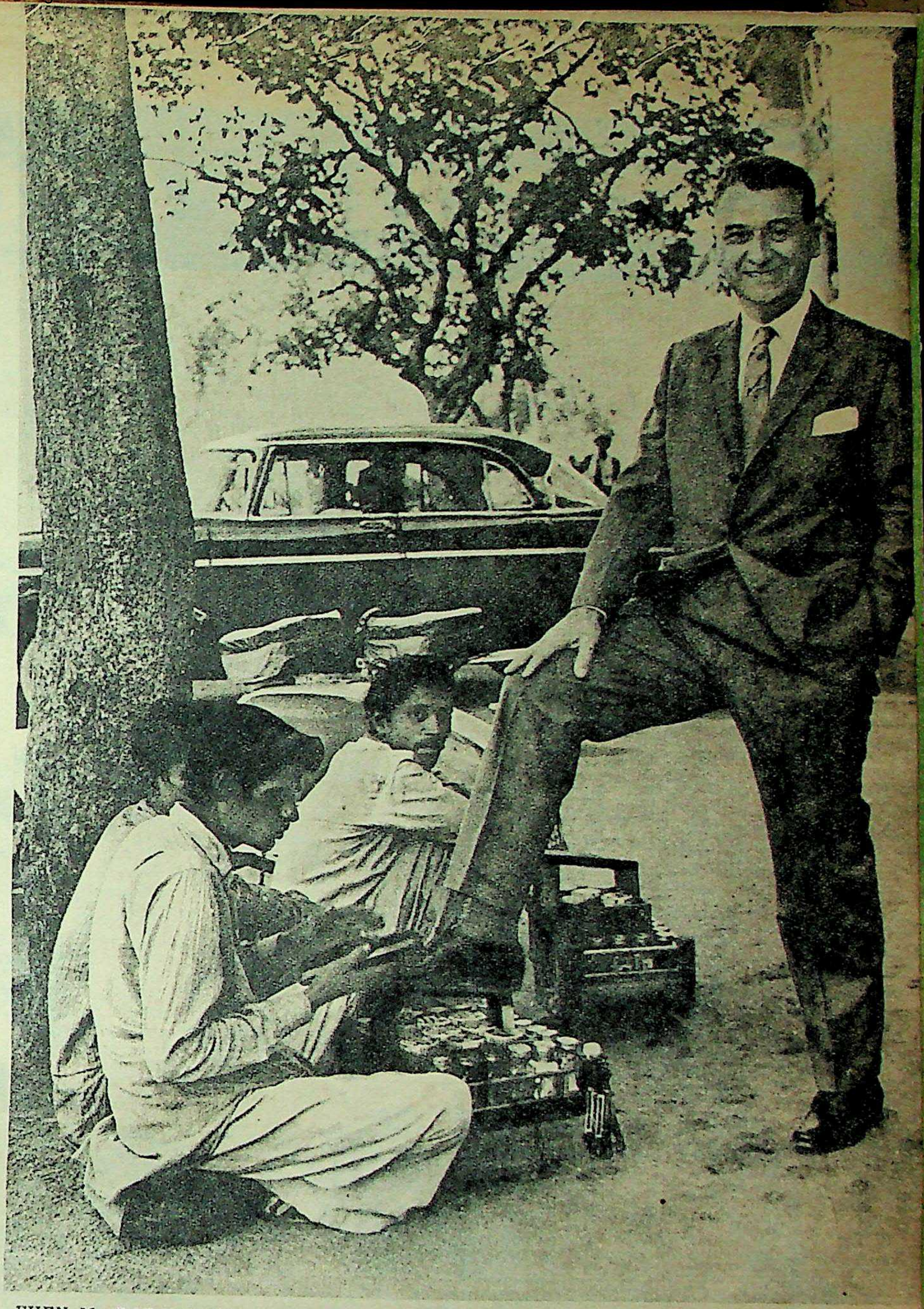
Although we have the world's largest stock of raw material the cost of shoes is prohibitive. One reason is that we only use half of our dead cattle—the other half are wasted by delays in transport, poor flaying and tanning. We have plenty of vegetable tanning material, especially myrobalan and hyrobalan nuts, but we are not making full use of them. We take the easiest course of exporting raw and semi-tanned hides instead of processing them into finished products. All other countries banned export of semi-finished leather in order to promote indigenous production. Britain, West Germany and France began to depend solely on us for their semi-finished material. As a result our exports rose to Rs 100 crores in 1971-72. But this led to scarcity and higher cost of leather at home; at times the hike was 300 per cent. The only happy people were the exporters who had been instrumental in delaying the decision to stop leather leaving the country. In 1972-73 the export is expected to be as high as Rs 200 crores.

The STC take-over of leather exports is expected to boost our trade abroad of finished goods which is only 3% of all leather exports today.

With more raw material available for domestic manufacture, especially in the small-scale sector, the prices will come down. Consequently there will be an increase in the home market.

Exhaustive market surveys have been conducted to ascertain the extent and type of the demand. The next step should be the creation of design cells where experts can create new designs and readapt old ones for better products.

These cells could be attached to the Small-Scale Industries Development Organisation in New Delhi, to the Agra Footwear complex, or to Batanagar, near Calcutta. The Footwear Training Centres run by the Government have machines that are hardly used today. Why can't the Design Development Cells employ them in the making of new patterns? Prototypes could be placed on the market for the consumer to make his choice. Manufacturing could be based on new trends that would so emerge.



EVEN Mr BATA NEEDS A SHINE. Czech-born, but now a Canadian national, footwear tycoon Thomas Bata has a "palish" in New Delhi. Foreign shareholders in his company have sold their stock to Indians. The firm will now be known as Bata India.

Few people are aware of the damage done by wearing poorly made shoes. 50 per cent of our children below the age of ten develop defective feet because of faulty footwear. Makers of children's shoes in our country have not given a thought to this aspect.

In England, the Shoe and Allied Trade Research Association has laid down specifications for lasts for children's shoes. It is incumbent upon the manufacturer to conform to them.

The Central Leather Research Institute in Madras, set up in 1944, provides training in leather technology, refresher courses for private tanners as well as short-term orientation in productivity and scientific management.

—Continued

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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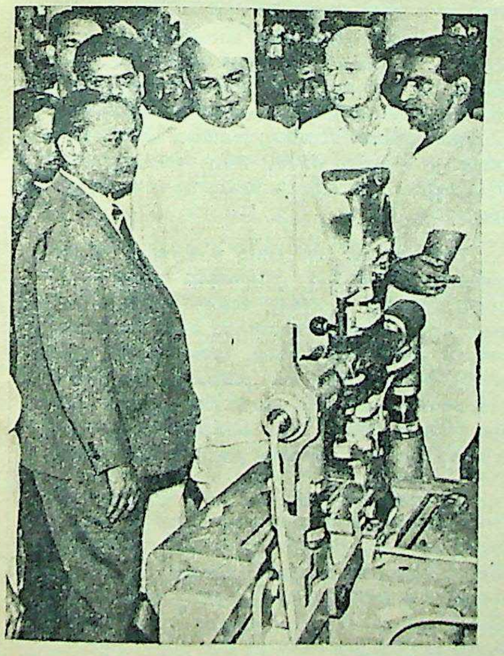
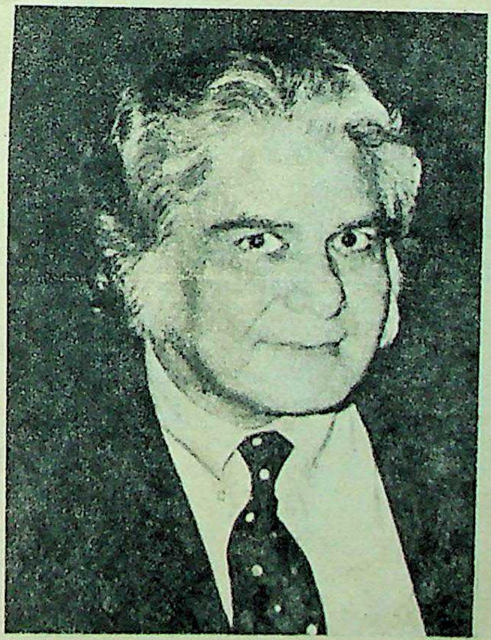
"I CAN AFFORD ONLY ONE PAIR." The industry is trying to meet the increasing demand for inexpensive shoes. The PVC sandals, priced at Rs 5 to Rs 7, are selling 40 million pairs annually. Canvas shoes, slippers and ladies chappals are the more popular selling items.

THE FITNESS TEST. Mr G. H. Thring of Bata India examines finished products for exports. With him is an American customer. One major problem is the shortage of design development cells to ascertain public demand and create new methods of shoe manufacture.



Mr GYAN CHAND SAHU of the Carona Sahu Shoe Company, the second largest footwear manufacturers in India. In 1972 they made 152,000 pairs of leather shoes and exported Rs 10 lakhs worth of leather and canvas shoes to 31 nations, thereby more than doubling their exports in one year.



Mr ANWAR MEHMOOD was with Bata for 20 years. He has, with his sons, now begun two factories—in Calcutta and Bangalore, which manufacture Trot shoes. Their company may well become one of our leading mechanised units.

The largest shoe-making centre is Agra. 50,000 craftsmen work in three categories. The small units, about 300 of them, produce 150 pairs of shoes a day, with each employee earning Rs 6. In the second group are the "namewallas", (1,000 units) who make 30 to 40 pairs and earn Rs 5 a day. In the third section are the "daliawalla" or cottage units, numbering 2,000, who make 20 to 30 pairs daily and earn around Rs 3.

All three produce handmade shoes. The difference in the categories is that while the small-scale units use superior raw materials the cottage units obtain poor quality leather and have less-skilled workers.

The footwear industry is trying to cater for the common pocket. The PVC (Poly-Vinyl-Chloride) sandals, priced at around Rs 5, are selling 40 million pairs annually. Of this, a quarter is made by the Bata Company. The "Hawaiian" rubber chappal has, for the last five years, been topping 50 million pairs annually—the cost is between Rs 8 and Rs 12.

Before we can put our shoes in order, we must improve the standard of our livestock. Unhealthy cattle make for poor quality leather. Good cattle means good shoes and many more miles to go.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Amrita, Muggeridge And Simla

Malcolm Muggeridge came to India in 1934 to serve as Assistant Editor of *The Statesman*. On his posting to Simla he met Amrita Sher-Gil; they had "beautiful moments" together. These excerpts from *The Infernal Grove*, the second volume of Muggeridge's autobiography, to be published this month by Collins, also provide a glimpse of the Raj. (Courtesy, *The Sunday Times*)

by MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

MY detachment from news gathering in Simla became total when I got to know Amrita Sher-Gil, an artist now generally considered to be the outstanding one of modern India. There is a room in the Delhi Art Gallery dedicated to her work, including a portrait she did of me. It was one of those obsessive relationships which for a while occupy one's whole being; then come to an end as suddenly as they begin.

Her father was a Sikh nobleman, Sardar Umrai Singh, and her mother a red-haired solidly built Hungarian lady named Antoinette. I have no idea how they met, but their union gave an impression of being discordant; he, Tolstoyan in his views and ways, ascetic, aloof, scholarly, and she a somewhat earthy person, who, when she played the piano—which she did a lot—seemed to be tearing greedily at the notes with her short, stubby fingers, the many rings on them knocking against the keyboard. Usually she wore European clothes—what used to be called gowns rather than dresses, with flounces and frills and billowing skirts; but when she appeared in a sari, as she sometimes did, she looked ungainly, her bare feet splaying out like trotters.

"Animal Intensity"

They lived in a house at Summer Hill, just outside Simla, where I was a constant visitor. Amrita had her studio there, and I sat for her; or rather lolled on a sofa, sometimes reading, or just watching with fascination the animal intensity of her concentration, making her short of breath, with beads of sweat appearing on the faint moustache on her upper lip. It was this animality which she somehow transferred to the colours as she mixed them and splashed them on her canvas.

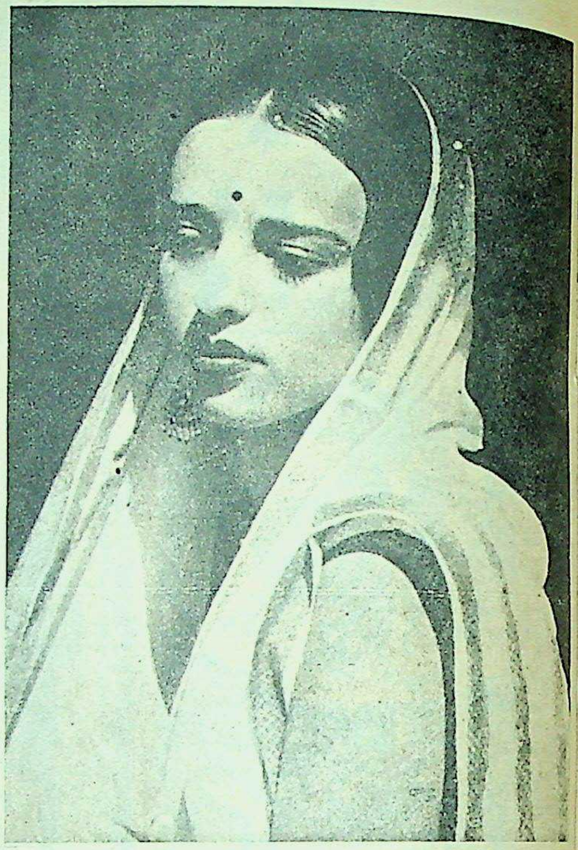
She was ten years younger than I, born in Budapest in 1913, and when she was seven came with her parents and her younger sister, Indira, to Simla, where she went to school. Then she studied art in Paris. When she spoke English it had the Anglo-Indian lilt (called *chee-chee* in the days of the Raj); when French, it came straight from the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*.

She habitually wore richly coloured saris with heavy gold or silver edging; and her face was Indian in its perfect symmetry. The expression, however, lacked the characteristic softness of an Indian woman's face; heavily made up, the lips loaded with red as her person was with jewellery—earrings, bangles, bracelets, necklaces, like gilded manacles—it was hard, self-contained, at times arrogant.

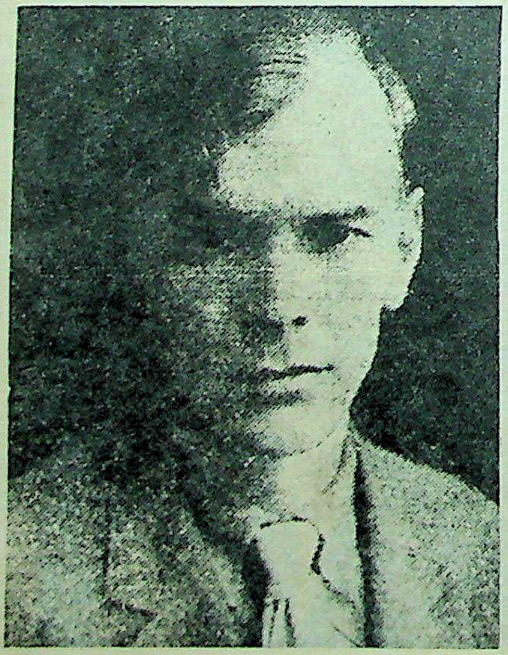
I sensed in her an inner conflict, which in her case was manifested in the disharmony of her parents. Her father, though smaller, more shrivelled, than Tolstoy, actually looked like him, with a similar beard and loose belted shirt, and displaying the same sort of petulance when assailed by distaste for what he considered to be the unduly luxurious manner in which the household was conducted. If, say, he were offered a pastry at tea-time, he would reject it with positive disgust, muttering: "No, I won't take, I won't take!" Mme Sher-Gil's whole style of living—bourgeois Viennese in the days of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, transplanted to Simla of all unlikely places—was displeasing to him.

If the Sardar's displeasure became too marked, she resorted to her piano, getting going on a Richard Strauss or Liszt number, pounding away at the keyboard, head nodding, foot furiously pressing and releasing the pedal. He would then withdraw to the roof, where he spent much of his time engaged in abstruse calculations and, by night, assiduously studying the stars through a telescope.

I occasionally joined him there. Up on the roof by night he was a wild-looking figure; hair and beard dishevelled in the wind, peering intently through his telescope as though he hoped thereby to get nearer to the stars and their celestial music and further away from the Hungarian Dances whose strains reached him even there. A similar disharmony was apparent in Amrita's painting. Rosewater and raw spirit.



AMRITA SHER-GIL (1913-1941) had a Hungarian mother who brought the life-style of the bourgeois Viennese to Simla—much to the displeasure of her Sikh father. The disharmony at home seeped into Amrita's art. There was an air of tragedy about the family. Amrita died of a sudden inexplicable illness in Lahore when she was only 27. Her mother committed suicide later.



THE MAN WHO CHARMED AMRITA. Muggeridge (b. 1903) at the age of 31. The job with The Statesman *came at a time when he was, as he says, at "a low point in my fortunes", and the year in India was memorable only for his friendship with Amrita. It was this perhaps which led to tension between him and his wife, Kitty—"the nearest our marriage came to breaking up."*

Despite all the time I passed in her company, and our ostensible intimacy, I never felt that I got to know her. She had built a wall between herself and the world, behind which she lurked, brooding on some secret of her own, or perhaps despairing; her sensuality being just fire signals that she sent up from her solitude to indicate where she was to any passing stranger.

She often dined with me at the Cecil Hotel, where her appearance in the dining-room always created a marked impression. This I liked. In relations between the sexes there is a strong element of exhibitionism. The pleasure of her company—and also at times the fatigue—lay in her vivid, forceful, direct reactions to life; the moral equivalent of her taste for steaks that were almost raw and curries that were almost on fire. When she achieved, as she sometimes did, some sort of weird amalgam of the bearded Tolstoyan stargazer and the red-haired pianist pounding away at her keyboard she was very appealing.

Salvation came in the shape of a telegram out of the blue from Percy Cudlipp, Editor of *The Evening Standard*, offering me a job on the Londoner's Diary at £20 a week, and I at once wired off accepting the offer. Amrita saw me off at Simla Station in the very early morning—a great concession on her part, she being a late riser. We walked up and down the platform until the little mountain train blew its whistle to indicate it was starting. Through the window she said we'd had some *beaux moments* together, which was true.

I waved as long as she was in sight, knowing I should never see her again. In 1941, when she was still only 27, she died suddenly in Lahore. Then I heard that her mother had committed suicide. Somehow, neither Mme Sher-Gil's suicide nor Amrita's early death surprised me; I had always been aware of an aura of tragedy hanging over them.

* * *

THE year I spent in Calcutta was easily the most melancholy of my life. I lived in a flat above *The Statesman* office with a man named Wordsworth—he claimed to be some sort of descendant of the poet—who was acting editor of the paper when I arrived.

It was the period when some White Paper or Blue Book or Royal Commission report relating to India was always coming out. Since they were all accorded editorial treatment they needed to be studied, analysed, criticised, even though they had little, if any, relevance to the actual existing situation—a tottering Imperial Power confronted with a rising tide of nationalism, still attached to the bizarre figure of Gandhi, but with other Indian leaders—mostly western-educated like Nehru, and Moslem zealots like Jinnah—increasingly taking a hand.

The Raj Played Mah-Jongg

It seemed obvious to me that there could be only one outcome; the British would have to go. Yet the British themselves, in their clubs and offices, at their mah-jongg and bridge tables, on their polo-grounds and tennis-courts, were serenely convinced that, with some adjustments here and there, the Raj, in one form or another, would go on for centuries yet.

This made it difficult to talk seriously with them about the Raj and its outcome; still more to write seriously about it in *The Statesman*, which was the organ of British business interests, particularly in Bengal and largely dependent on them for its very substantial advertising revenue. So I just did what I had to do, without bothering too much about it. Bored in a way, and yet not bored.

Sometimes I would stand on the balcony of the flat above *The Statesman* office and look down at the street below—Chowringhee—envious of passers-by pushing and elbowing their way along the pavement, the road likewise packed with jostling vehicles, trams and cars and rickshaws and bicycles all mixed up. Below me, the noise of an Indian street, with its jabber and bells and shouts, and I up above there, cut off from it all, isolated in the absurdity of the additional caste the English had created in India, overtopping all the others.

The editor of *The Statesman*, Arthur Moore, had by now returned from leave. He disliked the views I expressed in my leaders no less than Wordsworth did. So it was a great relief to us all three when it was decided that I should go to Simla and represent the paper during the summer months when the Government of India functioned there.

THE INIMITABLE GADFLY. Neither leftist, rightist nor centrist, Muggeridge has spent his life declaiming against authority and the establishment. His father was a Fabian Socialist, his mother a working-class woman. He was disillusioned with Socialist Russia after a tour of the country in the 1930s. He has been an intelligence agent, a pungent columnist, editor of Punch—and a lifelong exhibitionist.

I doubt if any government has ever existed so cut off from the governed as the Government of India nestling among the Himalayas in Simla. Up there we might read of rioting or famines in the plains below, or—as happened when I was in Simla—of a ferocious earthquake in Quetta, but these disasters were far, far away, and scarcely impinged on us. It was government pure and undefiled; endlessly minuting and circulating files, which, like time itself, had neither beginning nor end, but just were.

I grew familiar with the various government departments, trudging, as I had to, from one to the other to find out what, if anything, they were at. All housed in identical wooden structures, with broad verandahs, it was impossible to distinguish Finance from Home, or Political from Defence.

The focus of all attention in Simla, political, social, administrative, was, of course, Viceregal Lodge. Those embossed invitation cards—Their Excellencies request the pleasure...how precious and sought-after they were!

My turn came round. Encased in starched shirt and tails I sat in a rickshaw propelled by four coolies trotting along like ponies, two in front and two behind; knowing, but trying to forget, that Simla rickshaw coolies all die young from enlarged hearts through trotting up and down hills at so high an altitude. Anyway, there was no alternative; only the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief being allowed motor-cars in Simla.

The ADCs shepherded us into some sort of a line. "I've heard of you," the Viceroy said, a touch of grimness in his voice. It seemed better than nothing. The Vicerene, a large zestful lady with a red sash, wore a permanent unvarying smile which beamed upon one and all. He, on the other hand, was slight and frail and studded with gleaming stars and orders.

Viceroy Or Back-Bench MP?

I examined him closely. He gave out no emanation of authority, but might have been, at a casual glance, a chairman of some board or other, or a City alderman, or, for that matter, what he really was—an amiable back-bench Conservative MP. Even a Maharajah in his train, with a great jewel in his turban and a self-indulgent face, seemed more like a ruler than the Viceroy.

After dinner I was guided first to Lady Willingdon, where she sat giving out waves of energy and enthusiasm. She wished, she said, that they were staying on for another ten years. I put on an expression, I hoped convincingly, of one who wished likewise. "What about our successors?" she asked. I murmured "Linlithgow" with as much journalistic knowingness as I could summon up. "He's terribly pompous," she said. I agreed heartily, but at this point an ADC hove in sight to take me away and over to the Viceroy. It was somewhat unusual, I was given to understand afterwards, to be moved straight from her square to his, and was duly flattered.

Willingdon, when I got to him, looked tremendously like an old beau in a Restoration comedy; I half expected him to take a pinch of snuff and flick his handkerchief. People were inclined to think that India was difficult to govern, he began, but he'd found it almost ridiculously easy. You just had to be nice to these fellers and they responded. Such, at least, had been his experience. He doubted if there was in all the world an easier country to govern than India.

With A Little Help From God

In the circumstances it was a pretty extraordinary statement, and, while I was digesting it, he went on to say that he believed in Providence; otherwise he'd never have been able to carry on. Then, looking sidelong at me, he added: "You won't believe in that, I suppose." Before I could elucidate my own attitude to Providence my replacement had arrived; a man with a goatee beard. I saw the Viceroy moistening his lips from a glass of water in preparation for another conversation.

It annoyed him to think that, though (his predecessor) Irwin's Viceroyalty had been full of troubles and violence he passed in the public estimation for being the better man of the two of them. His method of denigrating Irwin was to begin by flattering him; he was, he said, a very great and high-minded gentleman (something, incidentally, that no one was likely to say of Willingdon, however admirable he might otherwise seem) but he had not found India, as Willingdon had, an easy country to govern; nor had he managed to get along with those fellers despite his sanctimonious exchanges with Gandhi. Why, then, such a high reputation?

To comfort him I developed on the spur of the moment a theory, often propounded subsequently—that to succeed preeminently in English public life it is necessary to conform either to the popular image of a bookie or of a clergyman; Churchill being a perfect example of the former, Halifax of the latter. Willingdon liked this notion and we successfully applied it to a number of other public personages.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

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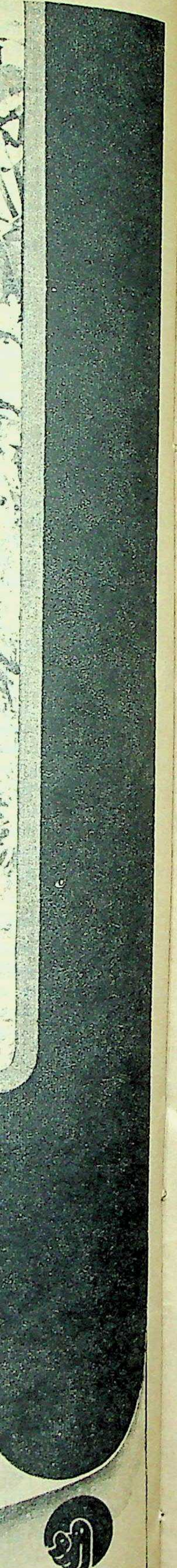

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Professionals Beware!

by NIRUPAMA KAPUR

With the price of professional services constantly spiralling, more and more people are resorting to "do-it-yourself". They are becoming their own lawyers, doctors, architects......

"I WOULD rather fight my own case than entrust my life to a lawyer. For my life cannot be dearer to him than to me," says a dynamic young man who has had experiences no one would envy.

The young man, who would not like his name disclosed, says he was wrongly framed for the embezzlement of Rs 22,000 by his office. This bolt from the blue naturally sent him running to the best lawyer available. Coming from a well-to-do background, he could afford it. But in spite of spending Rs 50,000 on his defence, including lawyer's fees and various other court expenses, he was convicted to 18 months' R.I. at the Yeravda Jail and a fine of Rs 10,000 (in default of which he would have to serve a further six months' R.I.)

This jail is equipped with an excellent law library filled with A.L.R. volumes (All-India Law Reporter). The A.L.R. has all cases to date under every section of law. After putting in twelve hours of rigorous manual labour each day he read up every single sentence pertaining to his case.

Know Your Rights

Having fully understood the implications he started insisting on his rights—one of which was a copy of the judgement of his case which ought to have been sent to him within a month but which had not reached him even five months later. Only after receiving this could he apply for a hearing in the High Court, which he did directly himself, waiving aside the "Amicus Curiae" or the Dharm Vakil appointed by the Government for helping prisoners understand court procedures.

This man's case came up for hearing in the High Court just seven days before his sentence was completed.

Much against the advice of his family and lawyers, he reopened his case at the High Court at the risk of losing it and serving another five-and-half-years—seven years being the maximum punishment given for a criminal offence of this nature. Burning with the righteous anger of the wronged, he spoke with terrific eloquence and won the day.

He based his defence on factual evidence and, in a day's hearing, his case was settled. But the Prosecution, irked by him, took him to the Supreme Court at a cost of Rs 50,000 to Rs 60,000.

At the Supreme Court again this gentleman set up a precedent by fighting his own case with no legal advice or help. He was acquitted within twenty minutes.

Today professional service is getting more and more expensive. But in a number of cases it can be dispensed with by the knowledgeable layman. Consciousness of this fact has made the public to sort out simpler problems themselves, thus saving a lot of money.

Today an increasingly large number of people doctor themselves. This is not only because of the high cost of medical service but because of a lack of confidence in it. A visit to a general practitioner can cost from Rs 10 upwards and to a specialist Rs 30-60. A G.P.'s home visit costs Rs 30 and a specialist's much more. The kick-off income of a doctor is anything from Rs 3,000 to Rs 5,000 per month and can reach a figure as high as Rs 50,000.

More and more doctors are specialising with the result that they are so occupied with a particular type of illness that they fail to diagnose an ordinary ailment without carrying out an unnecessarily large number of tests—all these spiral the expenses of the patient. Very often, at the end of it all, a wide-spectrum antibiotic is given. A sufferer tells how a top doctor prescribed a particular treatment for him involving thousands of rupees and a trip abroad. Upon enquiry, the foreign hospital wrote back to say that the treatment recommended was neither advisable nor feasible.

Self-Medication

People are beginning to feel that they can cure minor ailments themselves and save on the fees. Some patent medicines are available without a doctor's prescription. There is, of course, the danger of becoming immune to the drug if it is taken too often and indiscriminately. Doctors naturally decry this practice of self-medication not only because wrong diagnosis is highly dangerous, but because it means less business for themselves.

Our country has a fund of home remedies. For instance a clove of garlic folded in a dried grape taken first thing in the morning is supposed to be good for blood pressure patients; ginger with honey for a bad throat and a cold; a mixture of herbs called *banufsha* available at any grocer's shop is as good a cure for a cold as any other; whey water for diarrhoea and countless others are effective inexpensive cures. Besides, these home remedies give the system enough time to fight the infection in its own way, whereas an antibiotic often kills all foreign bodies—good and bad—as well as upset the patient's metabolism for some time thereafter.

Another disquieting practice is where doctors set up specialist services without qualified personnel to run them, e.g., pathological departments or cardiogram machines. This has tempted people to examine their blood or urine themselves and save anything from Rs 10 to Rs 50. If a diabetic can give himself an insulin injection he can also test the sugar content in his urine with the help of a gluco strip. In the same way an albu strip can ascertain the albumin content in the urine. Haemoglobin can also be checked by a similar strip which has various blood colour shades indicating the haemoglobin percentage. These simple tests can be carried out at one-tenth the cost at home. But discretion must be used and bias must not be allowed to influence a decision to see a specialist when necessary.

In the U.S.A. some Congressmen are trying to have a law passed forbidding doctors from prescribing patent drugs. They want medicine to be prescribed in its raw, original formula and left to the patient to decide on whether he wants the patented one or one made up by the chemist.

This would also check the outrageous claims of pharmaceutical companies and prevent them from charging exorbitant prices on the excuse that a minor fortune was spent on its research. For, after a couple of years in the market, the money invested is retrieved a hundredfold. The doctor also is then not liable to be influenced into prescribing the drug sent to him for sampling.

Scandals like the thalidomide case compel the public to try homoeopathic medicines which, though slow to act, rarely have side-effects—and have not been on the market without intensive research. The millions of pounds sterling spent by the firm which marketed the crippling tranquilliser can never be recompense for the suffering and sadness of the families of the affected babies.

Though municipal hospitals provide free services, they are by no means equipped to cope with the hundreds that flock daily to their gates. Often, after waiting

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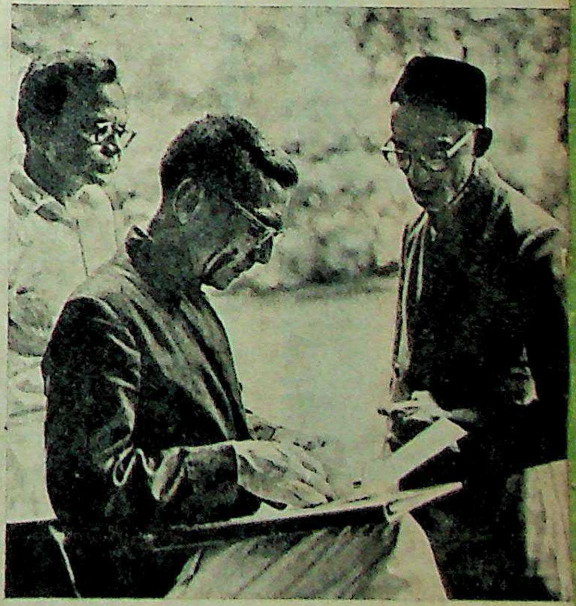

TAKING THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS. Lawyer's fees can drive a client to bankruptcy. The court's delays make matters even worse. So some people are taking to studying the relevant books and fighting their own cases.

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etc.
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in a queue for hours, an appointment is given for a week, if not a month later. This is not the case only for free medical-aid seekers but even for people prepared to pay the specialist's fees. It is difficult to get an appointment before three or four weeks—and God help him if he is in dire need. Now this busy schedule of the specialist may well be genuine but it has been said to be the "done" thing to create an aura of being a busy and extremely sought-after person.

There is the case of the man who suffered from intense backache for three years as a result of an accident. Money being no problem he spent a couple of years in and out of specialists' rooms with no noticeable improvement. In desperation, he finally went to a "doctor" who was nothing more than a good masseur. He was cured in one sitting for the paltry sum of Rs 5.

Quack dentists of course are well known in India. They remove a tooth for a nominal sum by merely rubbing on the affected tooth a powder made from some herbs. Within minutes the tooth falls off. The danger of these quacks is that in matters of basic cleanliness much remains to be desired. But for the poor man he is a Godsend.

Mistaken Identity

A friend of mine recently complained of stomach-ache and his doctor diagnosed it as gastro-enteritis. This man suggested that it may be his appendix. But the G.P. pooh-poohed the idea. Three days later the gentleman was examined by another top physician and immediately operated upon for apprendicitis. Peritonitis (infection) had already set in.

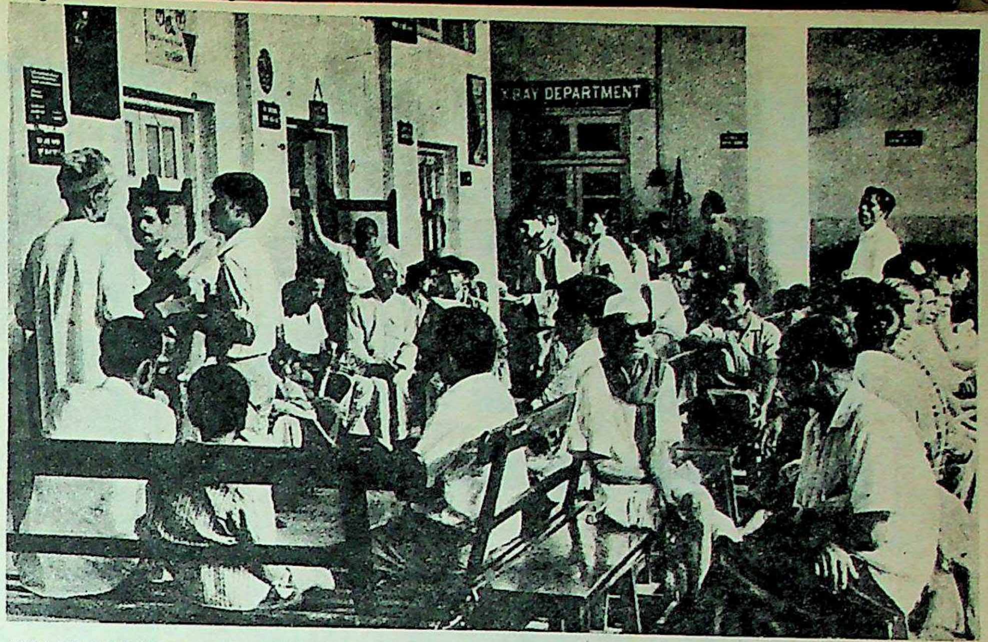
The medical ethics of silence can boomerang when a patient wants to find out a specialist in a particular field. While it is not desirable for the professional to "hawk" his wares so to speak, a patient should be able to find the specialist he needs. Consultants could be listed in directories under their own field of specialisation.

In China, "barefoot doctors" have been introduced by the Government and sent into the rural areas. These men have only a grounding in basic hygiene and health care and are taught to give injections and immunisations; they peddle vitamins, iron tablets, etc. Some such system is necessary here too for our primary health centres are grossly insufficient to serve the masses.

Even architecture is getting its share of do-it-yourself addicts. Architects charge anything from five per cent to ten per cent of the total cost. In the case of extensions or alterations, they only take up the job if they are known to you. Despite paying the 10 per cent fee one cannot be sure if your job will not be left in the hands of an assistant. So the layman decides to try his hand at it himself.

Mrs Jagtiani of Bombay has converted an old four-roomed cottage into a four-bedroomed bungalow on the downs of Coonoor all by herself. With no professional training except an eye for proportion she has changed the house unbelievably.

Was she afraid of going wrong with the plan and wasting time and money?



WHAT IS THERE AT THE END OF THE WAIT? Municipal and government hospitals are overcrowded and private clinics are terrifyingly expensive. So the common man is now turning to self-medication and discovering the efficacy of home remedies. Homoeopathy, for the same reasons, is also winning over a number of converts.

"No," she says emphatically. "First, I had no choice. Financial consideration prompted me to undertake the extension of this house myself. Having been interested in interior decoration all my life, I visualised its potential...." and she has converted a shack into a mini-mansion. She did it in stages. First the sitting room—which she completed in under five months. "It was easier of course," she claims, "as I just had to break through one wall and add another two. I used the existing two to build around. This naturally brought the expense down." She says that the conversion did not cost more than Rs 10,000.

Master Builders....

By using only two experienced masons and four helpers she had the roof of her study up in six weeks' time. The wiring gave her a little trouble for which she had to call in a reliable firm and pay them as much as Rs 1,600. The plumbing was carried out successfully by ordinary "mistris". She has since undertaken to convert an old stable into a farmhouse at an estimated expenditure of Rs 5,000.

By supervising the building oneself, she says, a lot of wastage of material can be avoided and costs cut down considerably.

The risk of course is that through ignorance and bad planning one may ultimately spend more. But, often, a mediocre architect has made similar mistakes. (Each municipality has its own rules. Some smaller ones do not insist on a registered architect's signature on the blueprint. In larger cities like Bombay this of course is the law.)

How many times has it been said that schools today are being run like a business? There are far too few schools for far too many children. The result is that school authorities openly extort donations—a euphemism for bribes—before they admit a child. Some schools have in fact been started to oppose such practices. They insist on active participation of parents. Though their fees are almost on a par with other expensive schools, they justify this by saying they offer better tuition and attention by keeping the number of students in each class much lower. Though the mothers do not teach the children themselves, because they are not all trained, they voluntarily help in governing and running it.

In Queensland, an enterprising individual produced a booklet—*Do It Yourself Divorce Kit*—the aim of which was to bypass exorbitant lawyer's fees. As many as a dozen people are trying for divorce themselves since its publication in Australia.

For The Poor

Similarly a retired judge in Bihar is reported to have gone to the villages with a couple of his colleagues to help villagers settle their disputes. These humble people could never have got to a court, or if they had, they could easily have been duped and swindled by a lawyer.

What is also greatly needed is an organised consumer movement which will prevent industries from passing off second-rate goods or making inflated claims about their products. Professionals should be controlled by their own ethical codes of behaviour and be liable to prosecution, heavy compensation and expulsion from their association if they fail to adhere to its mandates. If doctors fall off from the high ideals of Hippocrates, Charaka and Susruta, established almost 2,300 years ago, if lawyers, architects and accountants deviate from their lofty codes of integrity and honour, the community must rise up against them and reject them.

"Para-professionals" could provide service to a large section of society. For instance a compounder can prescribe medicine for a minor ailment; the *munim* could help out the lawyer; the draughtsman could look after simpler plans. This would no doubt make a dent in the professional's income but it would also leave him more time for doing jobs in keeping with his specialised skills rather than wasting them on routine "hack" work. It would also go a long way in establishing good relations with the community, instead of alienating it, as of now, by 'closed shop' operations.

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RAJVANSH

—Balkrishan

His first film, "Garibi Hatao", is to be released soon. He has several other assignments in hand, including a lead role in a so far untitled film. At twenty-five that is pretty good going for a newcomer.

RAJVANSH was a stage actor until he joined the films. Although he admits that his theatrical experience has stood him in good stead he is convinced that no actor can make the grade in films unless he possesses that special something—an inherent urge.

He has the necessary good looks for the screen. The first impression one gets of him is of a shy and diffident person. It takes time before he opens up. He seems nervous about the reception his first film will receive. In "Garibi Hatao" he plays the role of an angry young man fighting a world that doesn't care. Mercifully he resisted the temptation of a conventional run-around-the-flora role for his debut. It would have been commercially safer but would have only given him another insignificant slot in the film world. As a newcomer, Rajvansh has learnt he must keep his mouth shut. To get anywhere in the profession he must do as he is told—dictating terms comes later.

Although he is determined to be modestly selective in his choice of roles, Rajvansh is not overly impressed by the so-called new wave flood. Most of them have yet to be released. Those which have been screened have not clicked. Far more extensive experiments will have to be conducted in this sphere before the audience and 'art' will compromise.

Rajvansh was born in Aligarh and educated at the Aligarh Muslim University.

Besides acting, he is also interested in the technical side of film-making and hopes to make a mark in that field, too. He is also a sportsman and was the top swimmer and table-tennis player of the Aligarh University.

P. G.

Bedi's Film Banned

THE Government has banned "Manzilhien Aur Bhi Hai", a film starring Kabir Bedi and Prema Narayan. In a special press show in Bombay recently, Bedi read out the charges against this film. Romantic overtones to violence, sympathy for a murderer, mockery of the law, indecent and indecorous exhibition of the human form and encouragement to prostitution were among the more interesting ones.

The film is about two jail-birds (one a murderer on a death sentence) who are helped to freedom by friends just before the trapdoor opens. Chased by cops, and by friends whom they have betrayed, they seek sanctuary at the house of a whore. The trio then escape into a specially stocked jungle "paradise" (gallons of Scotch whisky, tinned food and stolen loot) to let things cool before they cross the "road" to freedom.

In between, they have a riotous time, the whore gets pregnant, there is lots of shooting and sadism and the terrible three-letter pastime, sex. Also, liberal doses of the criminals-have-hearts-too stuff.

The film is amateurish and downright bad in parts. This should have been the only reason for banning it! The arguments given by the censors smack of prissiness. Anyone who sees it is hardly likely to run amuck, and the role of this prostitute is definitely more convincing than similar roles in commercial cinema, including Rehana Sultan's in "Chetna". The law is not ridiculed and the good guys very definitely win in the end. As for sex, there isn't much to speak of, and the little there is, is quite natural.

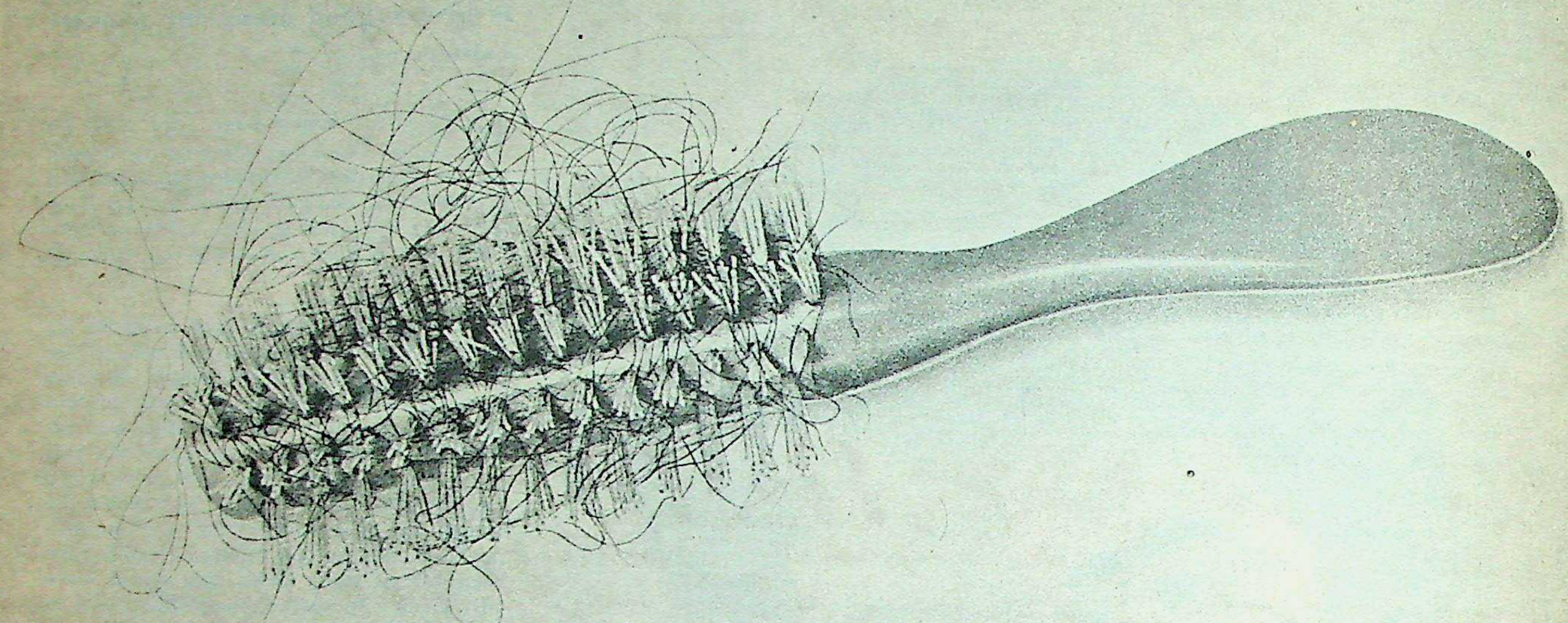
The photography is excellent and the editing slick. Putting a ban on a film of average merit only draws unnecessary attention to it. This attention is emphasised by an unusual cast—a Miss India and a top male model—one had to see the high-powered journalistic audience that attended the preview to imagine how the public would flock to it.

Like most films which the censors do not initially clear, this one, too, will probably be released. Bearing a "banned" label it should be commercially successful. To imagine it will corrupt the viewer is giving it far more credit than it deserves.

R. J.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Would you let your hair starve of protein after reading this?



We doubt it. If you really care for your hair, we know you wouldn't!

Protein—the vital diet for your hair.
All experts agree that your hair constantly needs protein to keep your hair healthy. Scientifically, your precious natural hair is almost all protein. But the weather, the winds and even the sun gradually rob protein from your hair. And worst of all, synthetic agents like dryers, bleaches, alkaline soaps, perspiration and rancid oils are forever draining out protein from your hair, leaving it lifeless, dry and dull. Only protein-nourishment restores life, body and bounce to your hair.

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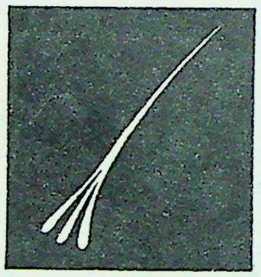
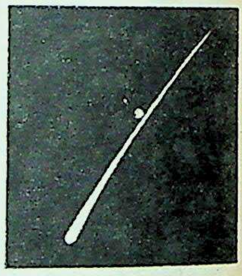


Protein-starved hair develops split ends. Becomes dull, lifeless.



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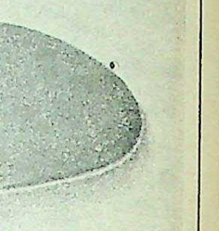

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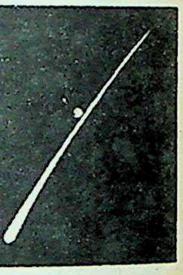

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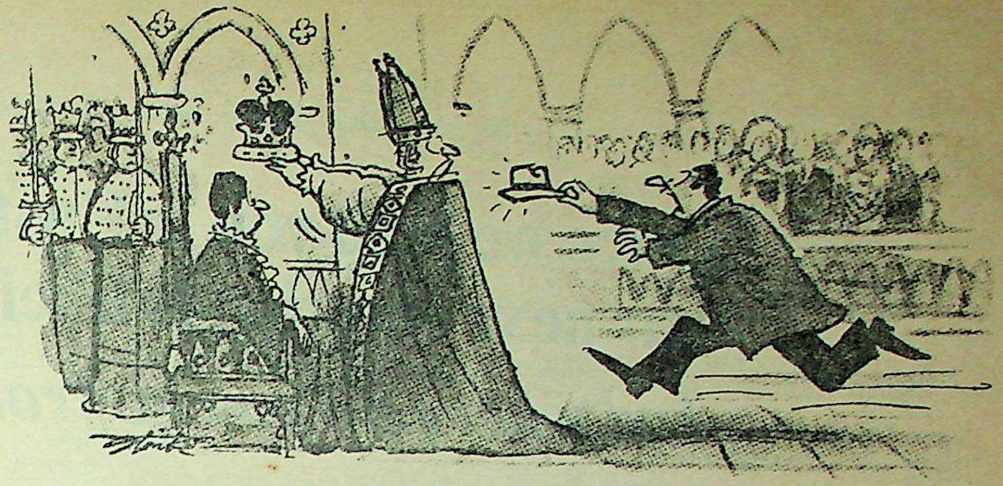


"Hold it, there's been a coup."

—from Punch

"MAN overboard!" shouted the young sailor on his first voyage.

Amid great confusion, the ship was stopped. The sailor stepped up to the captain, saluted, and said:

"I'm sorry, sir. I made a mistake when I said 'Man overboard.'"

"Thank God!" said the captain, signaling for full steam ahead.

"Yeah," explained the sailor. "It was a dame."

THE farmer's wife was shocked at the language the newly hired man used.

"Where did you learn such awful language?" she asked.

"Learn it, hell, it's a gift."

A Hollywood luminary, testifying in a minor breach of contract case, was asked to identify himself.

"I'm the world's greatest actor," he told the court with simple dignity.

One of his friends chided him next day: "Don't you think that boost you gave yourself was a little too thick?"

"Usually I avoid any kind of self-praise," said the film idol, "but remember, this time they had me under oath."

THE hotel clerk was astonished to see a guest parading through the foyer in a pair of pyjamas.

"Here, what are you doing?"

The guest snapped out of it and apologised:

"Beg pardon. I'm a somnambulist."

"Well," sneered the clerk, "you can't walk around here like that, no matter what your religion is."

THE young lover, eloping with the only daughter, climbed the ladder and rapped on her window pane. She opened the window softly.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Ssh! Not so loud!" she whispered. "I'm so afraid Father will catch us."

"That's all right," said the youth rather dubiously. "He's down below holding the ladder."

BABY Corn: "Where did I come from, Mamma?"

Mamma Corn: "Hush, darling; the stalk brought you."

THE clergyman was lecturing his small boys on the evils of losing their tempers.

"Never get excited," he said. "Always control yourselves. Try to face everything calmly and with unruffled mien. I never become worked up about anything. For example, see that fly that just settled on my nose? Do I wave at it excitedly? I do not. I quite calmly reach up my hand and gently—great jumping grasshoppers! Go away—CONFOUND IT! It's a wasp!" he shrieked.

AN intelligent-looking farmer had been examined by both defence and prosecution and was about to be accepted, when the prosecutor chanced to ask: "Do you believe in capital punishment?"

The farmer hemmed and hawed and, after a moment's reflection, replied: "Yes, sir, I do, if it ain't too severe."

THE millionaire, examining a prospective son-in-law, demanded:

"Would you love my daughter just as much if she were poor?"

"Yes, of course, sir."

"You've said enough. We don't want any fools in this family."

"MR Green," said Bobby, "I wish you'd hurry up and propose to Mary."

"Why, Bobby!" exclaimed Mary, blushing. "How dare you say such a thing?"

"I heard Papa say you'd jump at the chance," said Bobby, "and I want to see you jump."

THE girl was very rich and the young man was poor, but honest. She liked him, but that was all, and he knew it. One night he had been a little more tender than usual.

"You are very rich," he ventured.

"Yes," she replied frankly. "I am worth one million dollars."

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

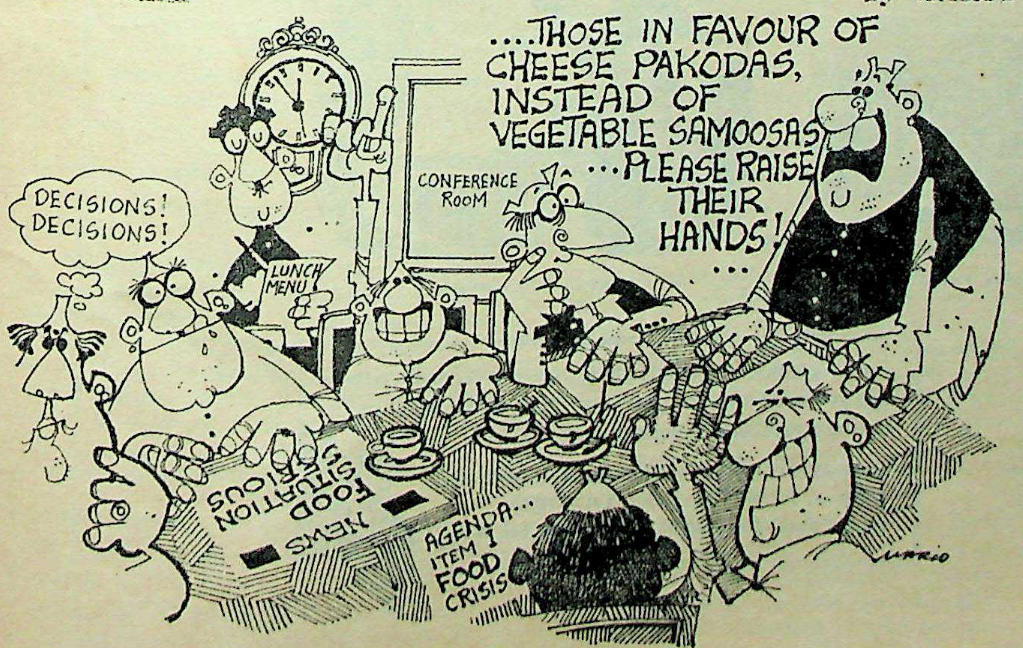
"No."

"I thought you wouldn't.'"

"Then why did you ask me?"

"Oh, just to see how a man feels when he loses one million dollars."

THIS WEEK **by MARIO**

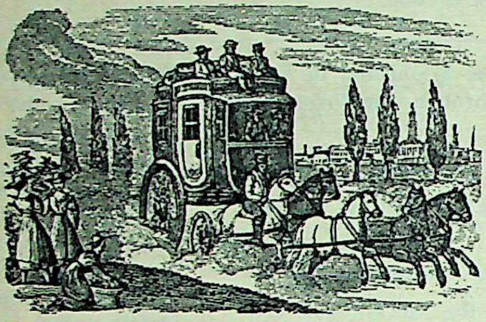


Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

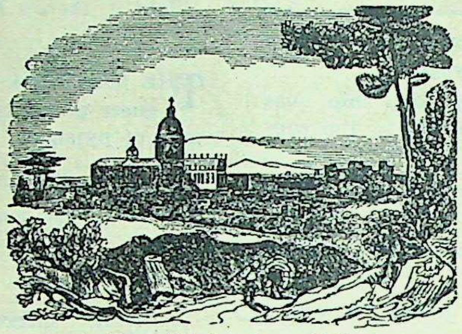
73 BOM 5

[But please don't think we want to hurry you!]

Once we land you in Switzerland our next question is likely to be, *And where do you go from here?*



France, 1830.



View of Modern Rome, 1840

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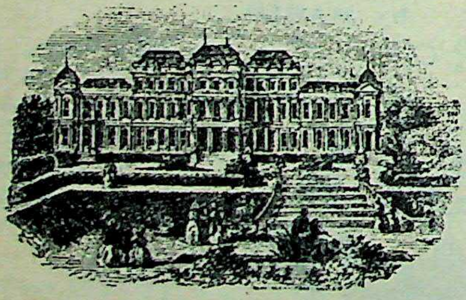
But then there are other splendid places we'll happily take you to (76 all told, outside Switzerland). Like Paris (an hour from Zurich), Rome (an hour and a quarter), London (90 minutes).

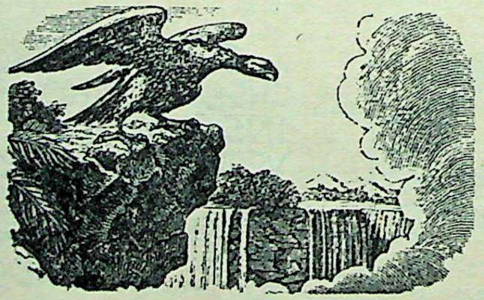
Or to start the fun sooner, we can put you down any Tuesday morning at Vienna; after you've done the opera or the disarmament conference, onward to Zurich (we fly there three or four times a day from Vienna).

Again, arriving in Switzerland one morning with a good day's doings and a sound sleep in the Alpine air ahead of you, you'll be ready next day for Europe, Africa, North or South America. Say New York (two superjets a day); Montreal, Chicago, and Boston (daily).

A parting word: Even back in Bombay we continue to ask, "Where do you go from here?" Our six weekly flights here from Europe keep on to Bangkok, Hong Kong, Manila, Tokyo, Singapore, and Colombo, you may remember.



Palace of the Belvedere, Vienna, 1855.



Niagara Falls, timeless.

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73 BOM 5

What The Stars Foretell

by S. K. KELKAR

Sunday, September 2

For luck today, wear or use: Royal blue, 4, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The stars promise a year of happiness and contentment. Financial position remains satisfactory, but you should control your desire to invest heavily. From the personal angle, you will develop an interest for mystic subjects. Domestic peace will encourage you to accept higher responsibilities. Youngsters will surprise you by their success in studies.

Monday, September 3

For luck today, wear or use: Orange 1, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Good luck rather than your efforts will contribute to the betterment of business. Awards and elevation of status await technicians, engineers and research scholars. There are no worries on the financial side. On the home front, happiness and tranquillity will prevail. A good year for youngsters to enjoy themselves.

Tuesday, September 4

For luck today, wear or use: Light brown, 5, topaz.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: If you are keen to maintain the present pace of business, then make it a point to be methodical and practical. It would be best to depend on your own intuition and judgment. Those in employment should avoid appeals for increase in salary. Good understanding with family members will ensure domestic peace.

Wednesday, September 5

For luck today, wear or use: Wine red, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Quite an auspicious and lucky twelvemonth is indicated. There is good scope for expansion in business. Those in service will be pleasantly surprised by getting unexpected promotions. Special luck awaits musicians, singers, artists and literary people. Sportsmen are likely to be involved in romantic tie-ups leading to marriage.

Thursday, September 6

For luck today, wear or use: Dark red, 3, garnet.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: This year will bring success, but you must guard against two things. Watch your health, specially at the close of the current year. Secondly, seniors should be handled intelligently and tactfully. Some minor worries concerning the health of female members are also likely to crop up in March-April 1974. Youngsters should concentrate on their studies.

Friday, September 7

For luck today, wear or use: Dark red, 8, garnet.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: There seems to be no reason why you should not get more than average success in business and in your profession this year. The employed will enjoy the full confidence of their superiors thus paving the way for promotional chances. At home, avoid quarrels with relatives. A good year from the financial angle. You will add to your assets, but refuse loans to relatives.

Saturday, September 8

For luck today, wear or use: Royal blue, 4, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A lively and lucky year is presaged. Business success and prosperity are certain. Minor gains in lottery or speculation are also possible. Fitting rewards for the hard work put in in the recent past await you. One or two celebrations in the family, especially concerning female members, will make the atmosphere at home gay and happy. Youngsters will enter happy wedded life.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

(December 21 to January 19)

Capricorn (Makara)

Financial stability will be in sight. Beneficial contacts will raise hopes of vocational expansion. Politicians and artists will enjoy much popularity. Money gains are very probable on Monday. Thursday-Friday are lucky for new business transactions.

(January 20 to February 18)

Aquarius (Kumbha)

Till mid-week business prospects are good. Meetings and interviews on Tuesday will be successful. Money comes on Wednesday which will take care of your urgent requirements. Health however will be disturbed on Friday.

(February 19 to March 20)

Pisces (Mina)

A rewarding week from the business angle. In personal life, however, spouses and intimate friends will cause you worry and anxiety. A piece of news on Sunday will contain an invitation for an interesting trip.

(March 21 to April 20)

Aries (Mesha)

In the next six months you will earn a lot of money, but it will be difficult to hold on to it. You will find yourself enjoying the company of your sweetheart on Tuesday. Business transacted on Saturday will bear fruit soon.

(April 21 to May 20)

Taurus (Vrishabha)

Family life is under happy stars. By a stroke of luck, your past investments will pay good dividends next week. You are likely to spend a hectic Sunday, which will leave you tired out on Monday and you will feel like resting on Thursday.

(May 21 to June 20)

Gemini (Mithuna)

Some changes in your social circle are quite likely. Financial gains are positive but extravagant spending will embarrass your position, so be discreet. Mid-week is good for sorting out your problems.

(June 21 to July 20)

Cancer (Kataka)

There is good scope this week for expanding your present business, but first consult colleagues and experts. Financial position will be very good, but you will not be inclined to spend freely. Family atmosphere will be happy.

(July 21 to August 21)

Leo (Simha)

The changes that have occurred will prove beneficial and your position becomes stable. The employed will get temporary promotion. Midweek is excellent for money gains. Guests will keep you busy on Friday.

(August 22 to September 23)

Virgo (Kanya)

This is the ideal time to reorganise your business structure with the cooperation of close friends. If you are trying for a trip abroad, financial help and support will be forthcoming. Week-end brings money.

(September 24 to October 23)

Libra (Tula)

Happy and gay company will keep you entertained this week, and your own romantic approach will help to widen your social circle. All this may put a strain on your health and also your purse. Saturday is suitable for domestic activities.

(October 24 to November 22)

Scorpio (Vrischika)

The tide of fortune is in your favour during the next couple of weeks, and you will succeed in securing finances for your schemes. Group activities will flourish, but do not exert yourself too much on Sunday-Monday.

(November 23 to December 20)

Sagittarius (Dhanus)

A happy and lively week. Business flourishes, and fame awaits you. Sportsmen and politicians will witness an auspicious time but they must be vigilant about what is happening behind the scenes.

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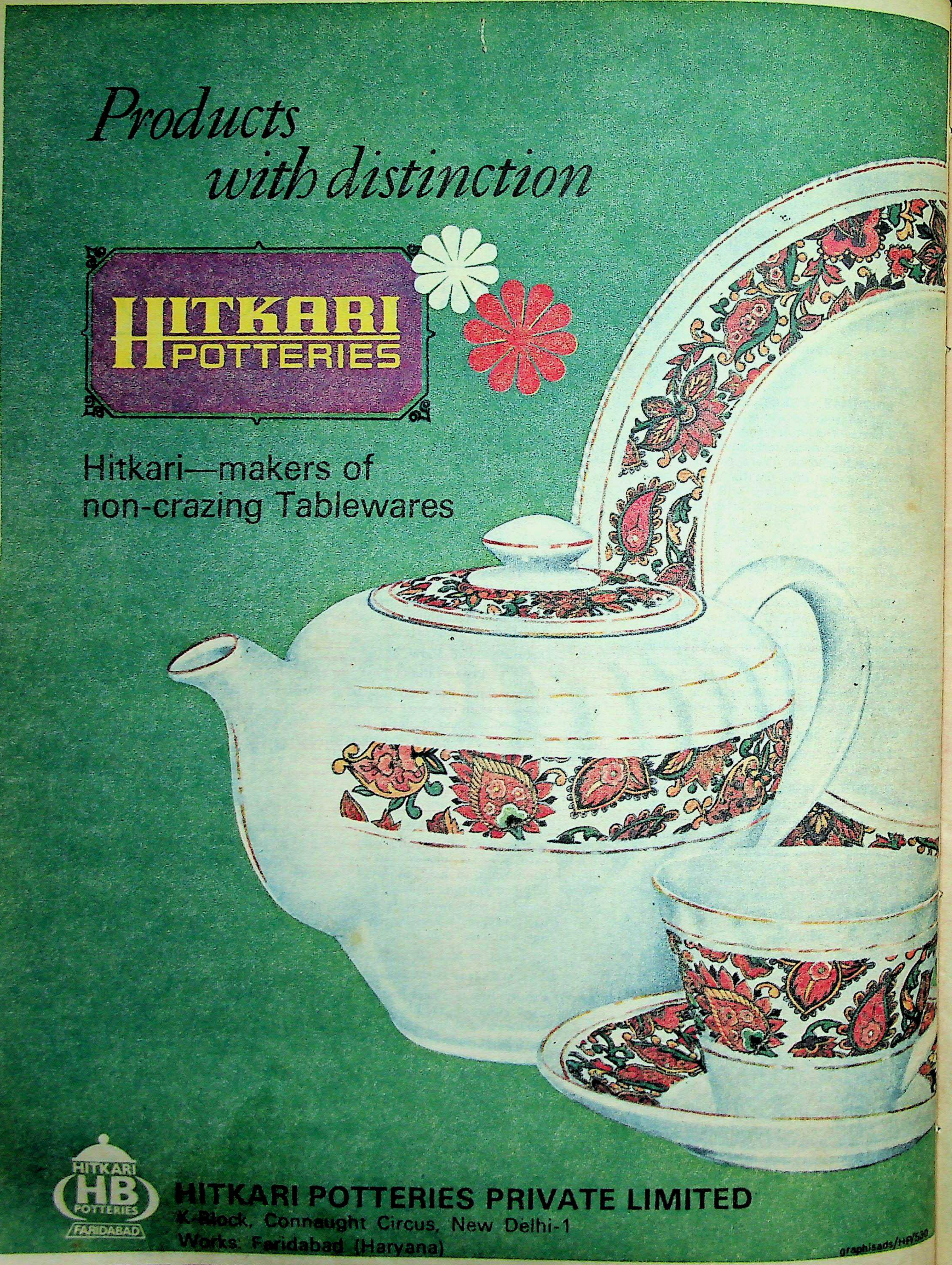

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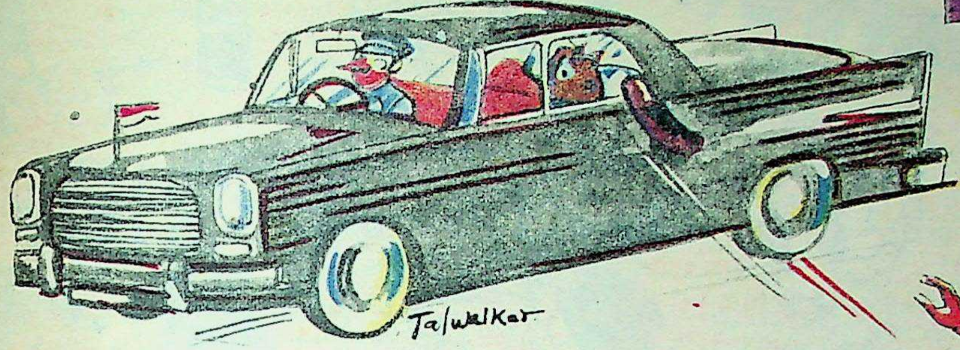

Martyrdom and Mukti

by KEKI N. DARUWALLA

Allegations had been made that some Harijans were forcibly sterilised at the Family Planning Camp currently running in the town. Half a dozen mushroom parties had made this their plank for launching a vituperative attack on the administration. The passions of the Harijan community had been churned to white froth. And now a VIP was visiting the Family Planning Camp. The situation was tailor-made for tension . . .

THE VIP was to drive straight from the camp to the Collector's court and file his nomination papers for the coming elections. February 1 was the last day for filing the papers, but the VIP was to attend an important meeting at Delhi on that date. The 31st happened to be Sunday. So on January 30, the day Mahatma Gandhi was shot dead, Sri Narbadeshwar Singh, author of a dozen books, editor of three anthologies, chairman of the management committees of a string of colleges, father of nine children, was to file his nomination papers.

The Family Planning bit had been deliberately placed on the agenda. It would prop up his image to some extent. After all, a prospective candidate with a brood of nine would be an embarrassment for the party. So he would visit the camp and "inaugurate" the five-hundredth vasectomy there. How this was to be done presented some knotty problems. Would he be cutting ribbons or releasing doves and balloons and the like?

THE Civil Surgeon suggested rather sardonically that he would open up an abdomen and the VIP was welcome to lay a foundation stone in the gall-bladder or the kidney—the choice was his. But the partymen were smooth operators and knew how to go about these things. A tent would be pitched in the hospital compound with the "500th" patient neatly tucked inside waiting for the surgeon's knife. The VIP would cut the ribbon strung across the open flags of the tent, get himself photographed with the 'five-hundredth' and then go around distributing a heap of fruits.

Shadilal Yadhav, tall and rangy like most Ahirs, without a single grey hair on his temples despite his forty-five years, was not known for good manners. He headed the *Yuvak Morcha Dal*, the Youth Wing, which also happened to be the agitational wing of the opposition party. He walked into the Collector's office thrusting the bamboo blind aside with a contemptuous flick of his wrist. Six henchmen trooped after him. "If this farce at the Family Planning Camp goes through there will be hell to pay," he said aggressively, taking a puff from his cigar. The Collector tried to placate, hummed and hawed, talked about democracy, the United Nations Charter and the right to vasectomy.

IT didn't cut any ice with the opposition. "What is the occasion for him to go there? Four Harijans forcibly sterilised! And instead of condemning it outright he puts his seal of approval to all this by paying an official visit. It is symbolic of course, this visit to the castration booth en route to the elections. But have we no respect for human dignity? How will that man feel—all that publicity and flash-bulbs exploding while he is being operated on? I warn you, Mr Collector, if Narbadeshwarji goes through with this, I will use his hind quarters as an ashtray!" Shadilal brandished his cigar and there was more menace than obscenity about the gesture. His face was a study in ferocity and the fellow certainly meant what he said!

A little after daybreak crowds started collecting near the hospital gate. Many of them were villagers from backward classes indented from hamlets which hugged the town. They carried cloth bags in which stones and old shoes were concealed. After all, the intention was to mob Narbadeshwar's car and place a garland of old shoes round his neck. But the latter's partymen were not wasting their time. For too long had they stuck to the path of non-violence! If anyone thought he could humiliate their leader, even though he was an utter stranger and had been foisted on the district by the party brass in Delhi, he was in for a shock.

Unwelcome he certainly was, in the sense that he belonged to a place three hundred miles away. But Narbadeshwar's home town, deep in the wilds of Bundelkhand now

—*Continued*

CC-0. Bhagw...

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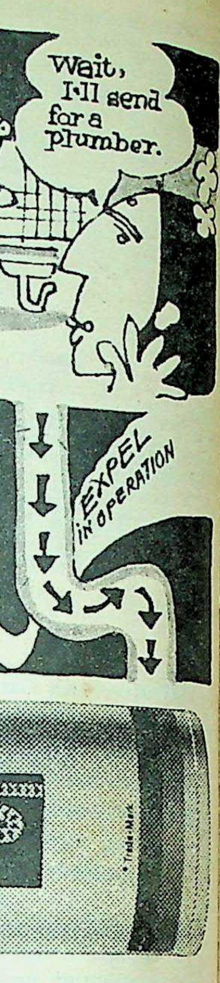

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formed a part of a reserve constituency from which only candidates from the scheduled castes could stand for elections. So Narbadeshwar had been grafted here. The local leaders who had been passed over were sore about it. So were the cadres who were to manage his campaign. Not only did he have no contacts in this district but he was also a financial embarrassment. He had no money to fling around. But the cadres and rank and file were all agreed on one score. They would not allow their leader to be humiliated by this scum of the opposition. They would cudgel their heads for them till their brains spilled out!

Seth Ajai Shankar Kulshreshta had a yen for martyrdom. It was that suffering-hero, wounded-soldier syndrome which is asociated with arrested adolescence. He always wanted to go to jail for some cause and had almost thrown in his lot with the 1942 agitators but frantic telegrams from aunts and uncles prevented him. Seth Ajai Shankar, bushy-browed and burly, got into his black 1956 Plymouth and asked the chauffeur to drive to the District Courts. He was going to surrender before the Sessions Judge. The police had told him clearly that if he did not, they would have to arrest him. That was the trouble about the police.

HE had had brushes with the Income-Tax, the Sales-Tax and the Excise departments before. But a warning here, or at worst, a penalty there, and he got away with it. But once these chaps in khaki got into the act there was trouble. The police came gunning for you. They were not bothered whether the loss caused to government revenues were made good or no. They just wanted to see you behind bars. Sadistic bastards! He had been charged with taking huge loans from Government on the nominal interest on the basis of false affidavits.

Twenty years of jugglery with account books, sale of permits in the black market and other heroics and they couldn't lay a finger on him. And now a leg-weary, panting nemesis had caught up with him on the basis of one lousy affidavit! It was enough to make one cry! If only he had listened to his inner voice in 1942. He might have been on his way to take the oath of some important public office instead of being at the mercy of a choleric judge.

As the car approached the hospital gate the driver saw opposing crowds massed on each side of the road. Between them, tall and immobile, with long lathis in their hands, stood the armed police like a grotesque human palisade that kept the road clear from the crowds. *"Sarkar yahan to joota chalega"*, said the scared driver. "Shall we reverse and take a detour?" "Get on with it! I am not afraid of this rabble!" thundered Ajai Shankar. Timorously, and in first gear, the driver started edging towards the crowd.

It was now noon, an hour past the 'inauguration' time. For some reason Narbadeshwar had not turned up. The crowd was restless. The moment they saw the black Plymouth, Shadilal's men took out their old shoes and pebbles from their cloth bags. Brickbats flew about like hail: Slogans and counter-slogans rent the air. As both parties grappled with each other slogans changed to personal abuse. Faces turning white, voices rising to a treble.

Ajai Shankar suddenly found an old shoe in his lap and before he could react a stone came sailing through the car window and hit him smack on the jaw. Above all other sensations, the first flutter of panic and pain which jammed the nerves proceeding to the paw, he found growing inside him a fiery nodule of rage. He had never encountered such motiveless malignity. Here he was, down and out, proceeding to the courts to surrender himself and a bunch of hooligans beat him up! By the biceps of Hanuman he would teach the scum a lesson!

He scrambled out of the car to find Shadi Lal Yadhav standing there. Actually Shadi Lal had waded through the crowd to ensure that Narbadeshwar was not lynched. He did not want to gift away a martyrdom to the rival party. They would sweep the polls! The moment Ajai Shankar saw Shadi Lal he almost screamed. Why, the so and so! Only a week earlier he had given Shadi Lal a cheque for rupees five thousand for the elections. With one quick tackle Ajai Shankar felled him and squatting on the chest of his prostrate adversary banged his head against the metal road.

Seeing matters worsen, the magistrate H. R. Garg, PCS, thin and anaemic, started talking of a lathi charge.

"Sahabzade, jaldbazi mat karo," said the old Deputy Superintendent of Police. "Where's the hurry?"

The mob fight was now turning into, what historians would call, a pitched battle. A half-brick whistled past the young Garg. An instant later someone threw a cracker right at his feet. It singed his pants as it went off. "Life in danger! Life in danger!" screamed the magistrate. "Ask them to load their rifles! Ask them to load!" The quaver of an excited bower-bird had crept into his voice. But the police officer had his stock answer to all situations. *"Jald bazi mat karo. Abhi sab theek hua jata hai."* "Don't act in a hurry. Things will sort themselves out." But the cracker did the trick. It sparked off a mild stampede. Once the crowd started running, the armed police got enough elbow-room to use their lathis. The crowd broke up.

RECLINING, wrapped in a red hospital blanket, with a sling around his fractured left arm, Ajai Shankar Kulshreshta still looked back with certain satisfaction at the events of the day. It was certainly better than standing in the dock and watching your attorney grovel for bail. Somehow he was left with a feeling that he had done his bit for a cause, put knuckle and elbow to good use. If only he had pitched into the 1942 movement with the same zeal! Today he had put at least one bully in his place.

But the law was a bigger bully. What pleased him particularly was his performance after the melee. With a fractured hand he had walked into the hospital compound. What was the function they were supposed to be organising? Fruit distribution? Where was the fruit? There was none. He took out a crisp hundred rupee note and had oranges fetched from the market. Did they know that he had written two letters to Tagore and got a reply each time!

The politicians were visibly impressed. There were solicitous enquiries about his fractured arm. He did not appear bothered. He would not get it X-rayed or plastered till every manjack with even a bruise had been rendered first aid.

In the half-light of dusk, as the shadows swarmed into the veranda two Fiats drove in disgorging a dozen cramped politicians. Faces molluscodial and greasy, faces corrugated and rough. Scrape of chappals on the gravel, chairs brought in hurriedly, the removal of the spittoon. In they walked, the suspension cables of his future. They had a request to make. Would Seth Ajai Shankar Kulshreshta possibly consent to accept the party ticket for the coming elections? Ajai was stunned. "But Narbadeshwarji?" "All that is being changed. We are not interested in strangers. Firstly he arrives late. Then he is easily persuaded not to visit the hospital, as a fight is going on.

"So far so good. But then he gives a statement to the press condemning both parties. Between those who wanted to garland him with shoes and those who fought, or thought they were fighting, to protect his honour, he made no distinction! He has equated us with ruffians, barbers, rickshaw-pullers and such tripe. Tomorrow, the papers will carry his statement on the front page! Campaign for Narbadeshwar? We will not even vote for him!"

AJAI Shankar hesitated a little. "Er... I hope you know about my little brush with the police. When one stands up for principles one is liable to fall of vested interests!"

"Not to worry, sir," said one of the politicians, scratching his thighs.

"Then I ask for your blessings," said Ajai Shankar. "When public service calls I have never been known to remain in the rear rank!"

Next day the hot line between our town and Delhi remained busy. Ajai Shankar must get the ticket. He was not only bold, influential, rich but also a personal friend of Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore! Faced with a revolt, the chief whip relented. Ajai Shankar was granted the party ticket.

When the axe fell on Narbadeshwar, journalist, author of a dozen books, editor of three anthologies, education magnate, father of nine children, he rang up the Chief Whip in Delhi. What were his orders, he would like to know. There was much coughing at the other end of the line as if a 'flu epidemic had overtaken the Capital.

There was no university 'vacant' at the moment but the Vice-Chancellor of Sagar was going to retire in another two years and the V.C. of Lakhanpur University had been felled by a heart attack, the second of its kind. He may not survive a third. With some luck Sri Narbadeshwar may wake up one fine morning and find himself at the head of a University. That would also give him *mukti* (liberation) from the sordid politics he so despised.

"Moksha and *mukti* are all very fine but they are not my immediate conecrns. What do I do today... now?"

The Chief Whip, contrite and vicious at the same time, cleared the slime from his throat.

"Er...that Family Planning Camp you were going to inaugurate, Narbadeshwarji? Why don't you get admitted there as a patient instead?"

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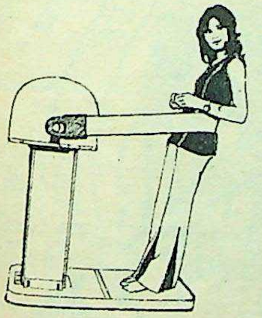

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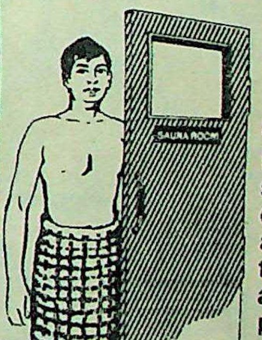

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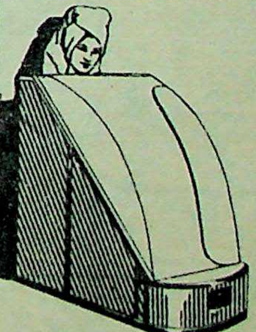

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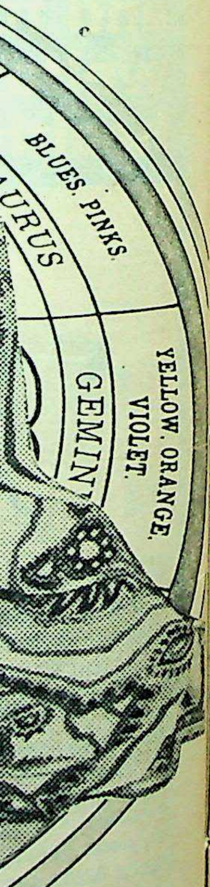

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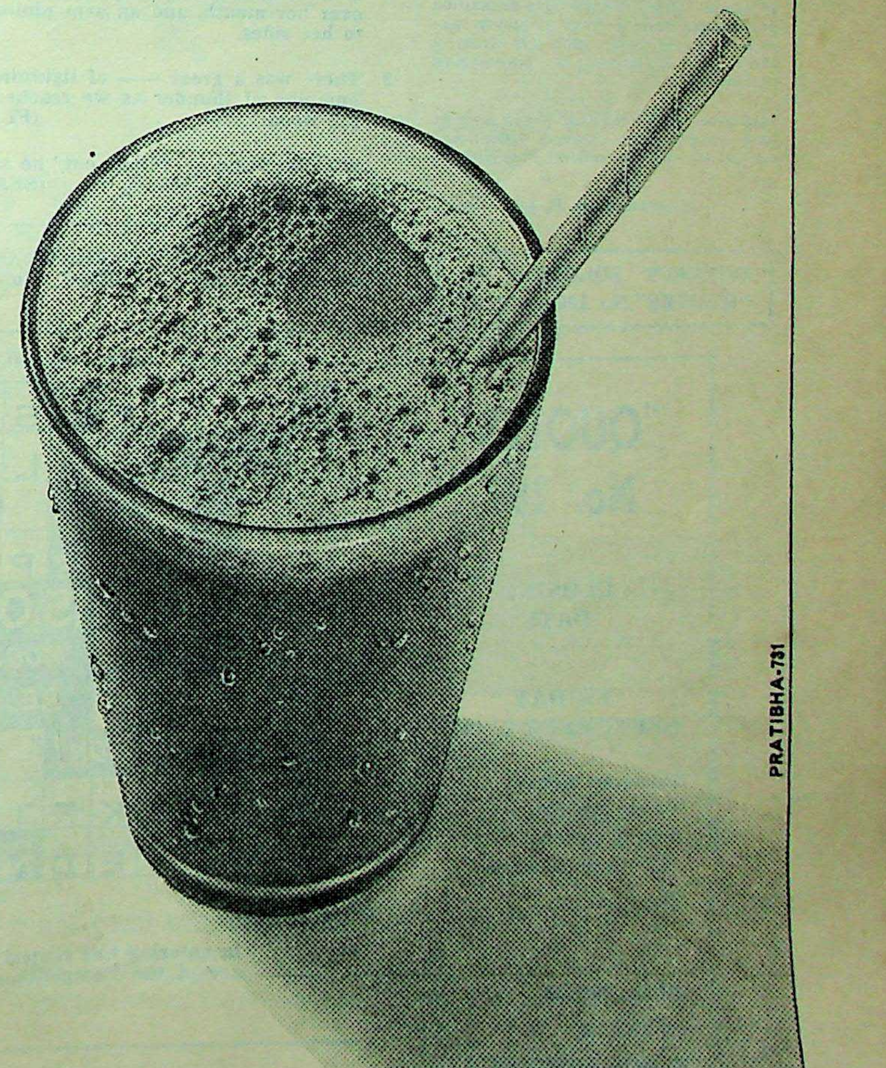

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For "QUOTES" No. 197 we give you some lines of approach clue by clue. Let us know if it helps you!

1-Across (LIFE/LINE): 'Single LIFE' could mean 'one-man', 'bachelor' or 'one life/death'. 'Single LINE' can mean 'Hereditary dynasty', 'one destiny (palmistry)' or 'one line of action'.

2-Across (SHOP/SHOW): Hesitancy to over-praise? Fear of sounding gauche or naive? If so, at which?

4-Across (BOLDLY/COLDLY): Syntax and sense builds the clue as a response to a challenge. What was the likely challenge and how was the likelier response?

9-Across (SORE/SURE): Something evident to 'see'. Irritation or conviction? And 'they' = a mob of Jury? Or some other group?

10-Across (BAG/HAG): Dis-association in contempt from a BAG = dowdy woman or messy spot, etc? Or from a HAG = old woman or not-so-young slattern?

11-Across (DIVE/LIVE): What is more likely to give faulty angle of vision. And can be set right by others? Plumbing the

(Continued on P. 64)

CORRECT SOLUTION TO "QUOTES" No. 196 ON P. 64.

Here's "QUOTES" No. 197, Our September Offer, with a handsome First Prize of Rs. 12,000! Find the suggestion in the clue or use your memory, knowledge and skill to spot the CORRECT WORD from among the words given at the end of each clue.

CLOSES: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1973.

CLUES ACROSS

1 Dictatorship, as he saw, can never be more than a temporary expedient; it is determined, as a rule, by a single ——. (LIFE|LINE)

2 "How lovely!" seemed over-enthusiastic for so expensive a ——, so I changed it to "Rather nice." (SHOP|SHOW)

4 "I'm not afraid of you," she said, ——, as she sat down. (BOLDLY|COLDLY)

9 "You see," she said in a low but angry voice. "They're ——." (SORE|SURE)

10 The underlying notion was, 'It disgraces me to have been mentioned in connexion with such a ——.' (BAG|HAG)

11 If there was anything wrong with his angle of vision, there would always be plenty of others to correct it. For himself, he wished to —— deep. (DIVE|LIVE)

12 When he had made an opening, he plunged his hand in, as if into a vault and brought out a dust-incrusted ——. (BASKET|CASKET)

13 After all, you're a year younger than most of your classmates. You could still catch up with them if you ——. (WAITED|WANTED)

CLUES DOWN

2 She started to whirl and run for the door, but from behind her a hand reached to —— hard over her mouth, and an arm pinioned her arms to her sides. (SLAP|SLIP)

3 There was a great —— of lightning and a long bumping of thunder as we reached the edge of the woods. (FLASH|SLASH)

5 'It's time these —— came out,' he said. (SEAMS|TEAMS)

6 All I know is the press, and the law of libel, and the laws relating to invasion of privacy: that's required of every newsman down to the lowliest ——. (CUB|SUB)

7 He can do anything the law will let him do, and he can —— a stab at doing some of the things the law won't let him do. (MAKE|TAKE)

8 But they were socially far apart, so it took time and female artfulness to —— her way with him. (HAVE|PAVE)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF SEPT. 30; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF OCT. 7. Address Envelope: "QUOTES" No. 197, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702, BOMBAY-1.

ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" NO. 197

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

"QUOTES" No. 197

CLOSING DATE:

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1973.

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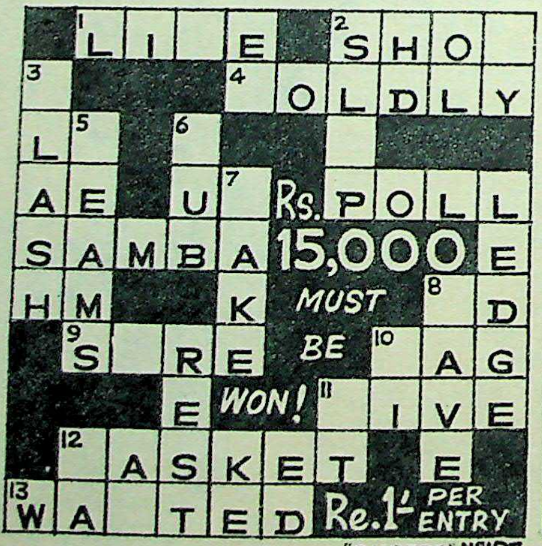
Nos.....................



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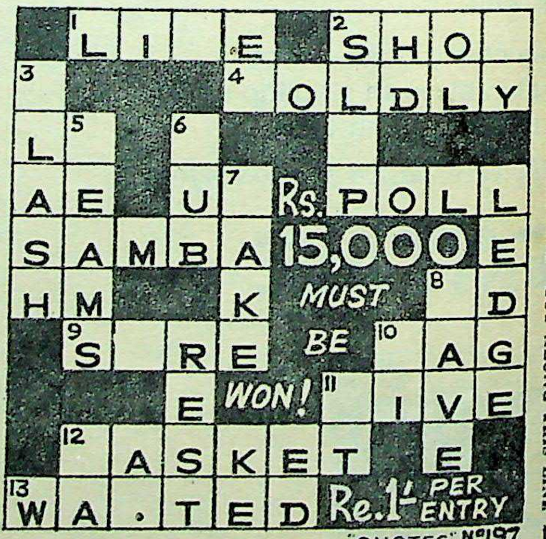

II Entry Re. 1/-.

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In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

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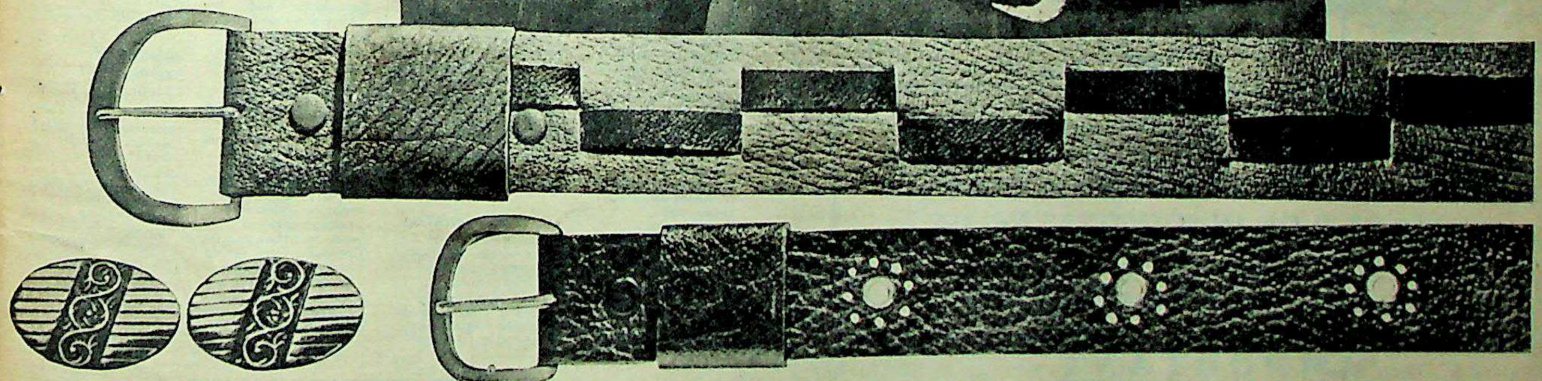

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RULES AND CONDITIONS OF "QUOTES" CONTESTS

CLUES AND ENTRY FORMS ON P. 62

1. All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with INK in **block letters or typewritten.** Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1/- per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order, Money Order or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. **Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps, or currency notes or coins** will not be accepted Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 197. Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 197, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order **receipts,** Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the space provided on the Entry Form. If this is not done, the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the sender.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing Date for all entries is Friday, September 7, 1973. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. **Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.**

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 12,000 will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications. are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes", Messrs. Bennett, Coleman & Co. (Ltd.) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the first publication of the prize-list of the Contest.

10. In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

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131, Dr. Dadabhai Naoroji Road,
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The Correct Solution and "Sources" of "QUOTES" No. 197, will also appear in "The Times of India" dated Wednesday, September 19, 1973.

POINTS TO PONDER

(Continued from P. 62)

depths literally or figuratively of the sea, of the unknown, of life or literature or an investigation or enquiry?

12-Across (BASKET/CASKET): 'Dust' instead of 'soil' or 'mud' rules out a BASKET/CASKET buried and unearthed. Some other opening or recess.

13-Across (WAITED/WANTED): A year ahead by birth or brains? Can catch up by ability or accident? 'If' doubts his 'will' or 'patience'?

2-Down (SLAP/SLIP): CLAP for SLAP and CLIP for SLIP could have made good alternatives. Why ignored? Also, 'one hand and one arm' indicates one person. Necessarily big-made to 'pinion' another around the body.

3-Down (FLASH/SLASH): Is the correct word an equally picturesque adjective like 'Bumping' (instead of 'rolling' or 'pealing') or is it just imaginative? We mean, imagined by the Compiler!

5-Down (SEAMS/TEAMS): A tailor/haberdasher/upholsterer speaking? Or an umpire/spectator/captain?

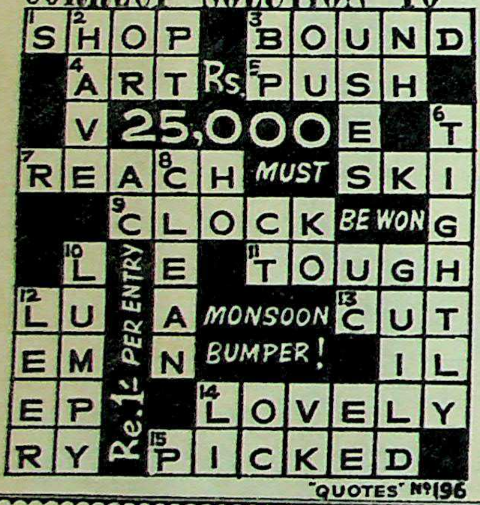
6-Down (CUB/SUB): Ask any newsman!

7-Down (MAKE/TAKE): A reference to earlier dissertations should help.

8-Down (HAVE/PAVE): Feminine artifice and time bridges social gap. How is this gap spanned in practice and method. Slab by slab or not so?

Now the rest is up to you!

CORRECT SOLUTION TO "QUOTES" No. 196



"SOURCES"

ACROSS: 1. Street; 3. Corder; 4. Marshall; 5. Benziger; 7. Steinzor; 9. Ernst; 11. Ellis; 13. O'Hara; 14. Cavanaugh; 15. Bennett.

DOWN: 2. Cavanaugh; 6. O'Hara; 8. Brett; 10. Butler; 12. Marshall.

Prize-list in next issue.

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CLOSES: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1973.

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(1) Please note that "QUOTES" Entry Forms can only be had in the Illustrated Weekly of India and Femina.

(2) Address your envelopes as follows:—

"QUOTES" No. 197,
Competition Department,
"The Times of India" Offices,
Post Bag No. 702,
BOMBAY-1.

IMPORTANT: If you send your Entry Form by Indian Postal Orders, Please Cross them and make them payable to "QUOTES" No. 197, Bombay-1. If you send the Entry Form by a Money Order, please address your M. O. to "QUOTES" No. 197, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1, and ENCLOSE THE M. O. RECEIPT WITH YOUR ENTRIES.

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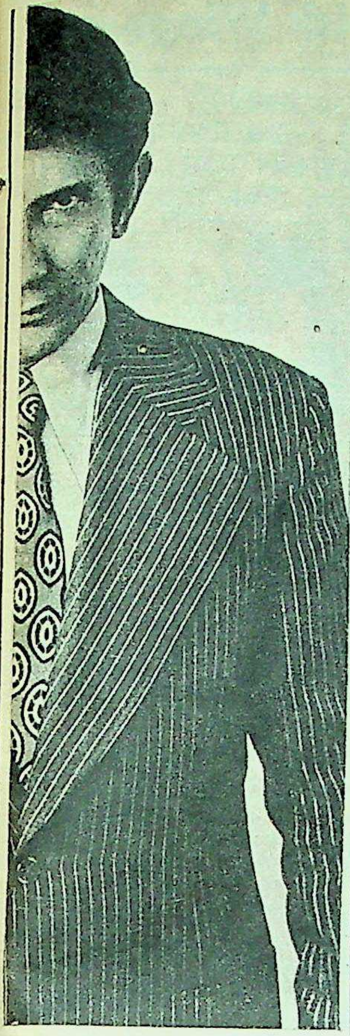
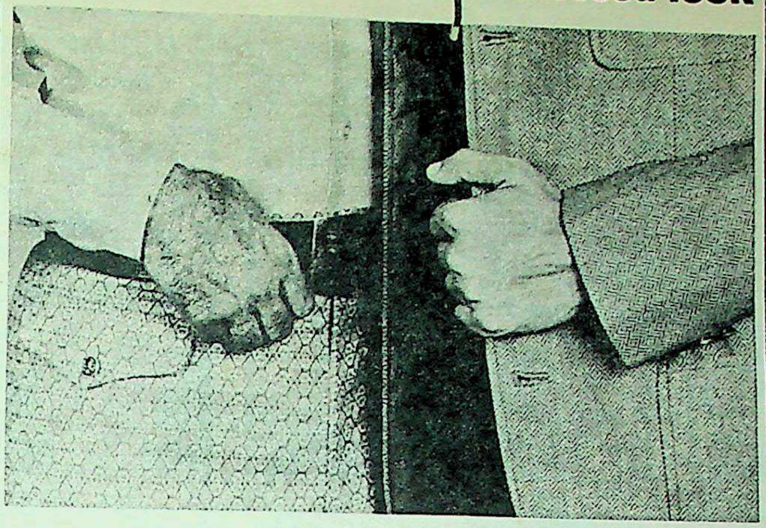
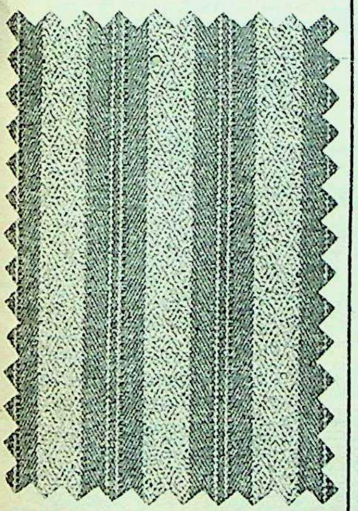


the dynamics of the well-dressed look





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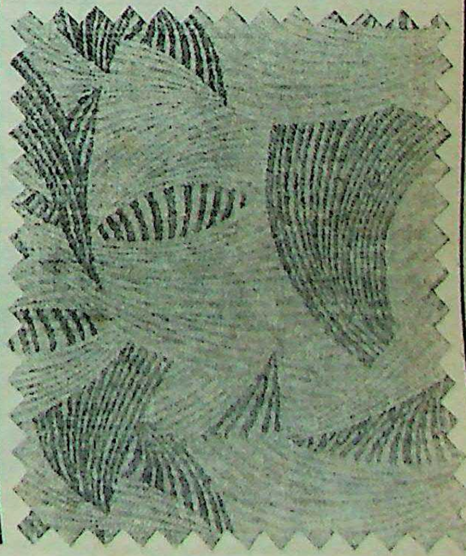

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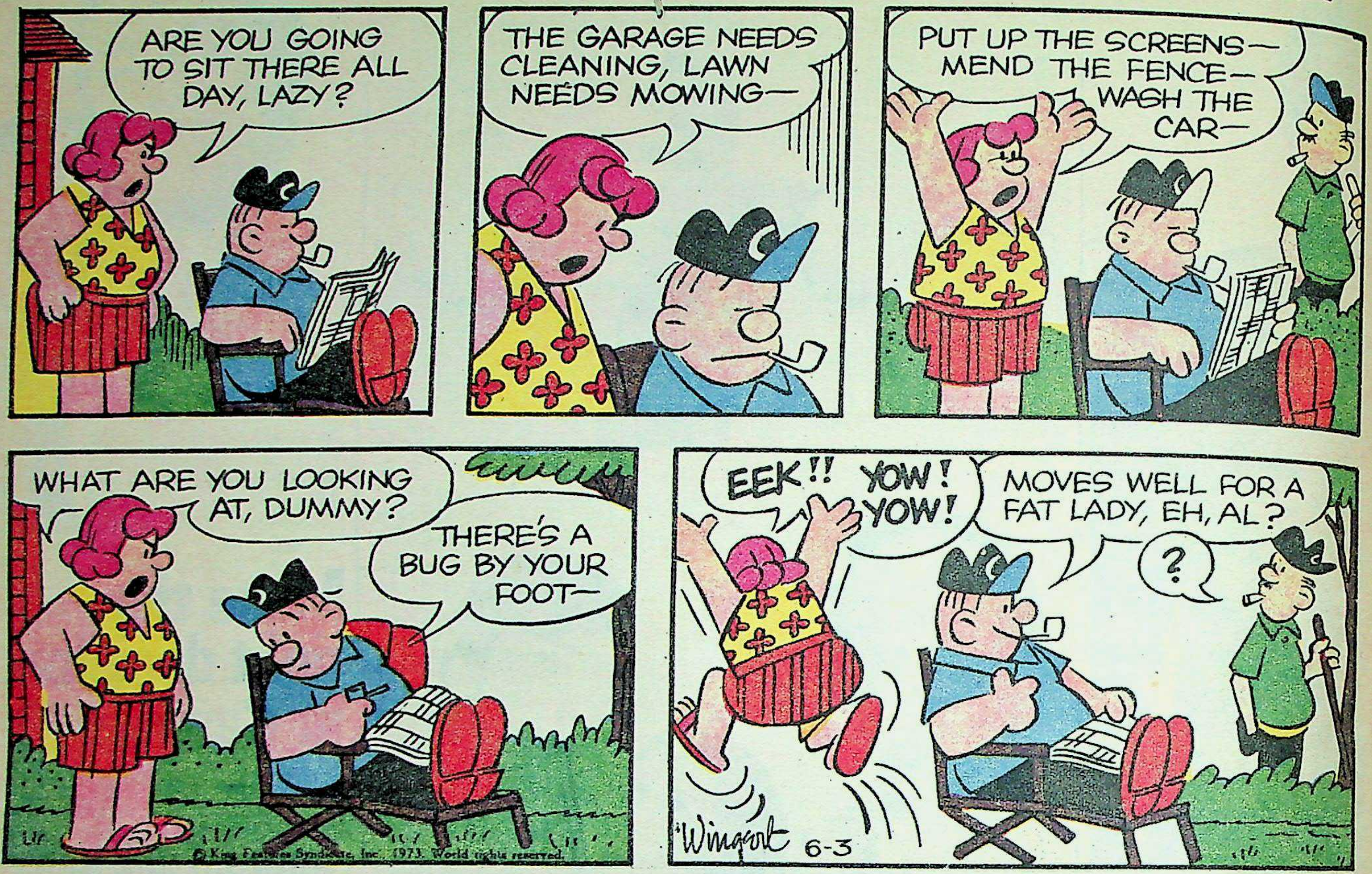

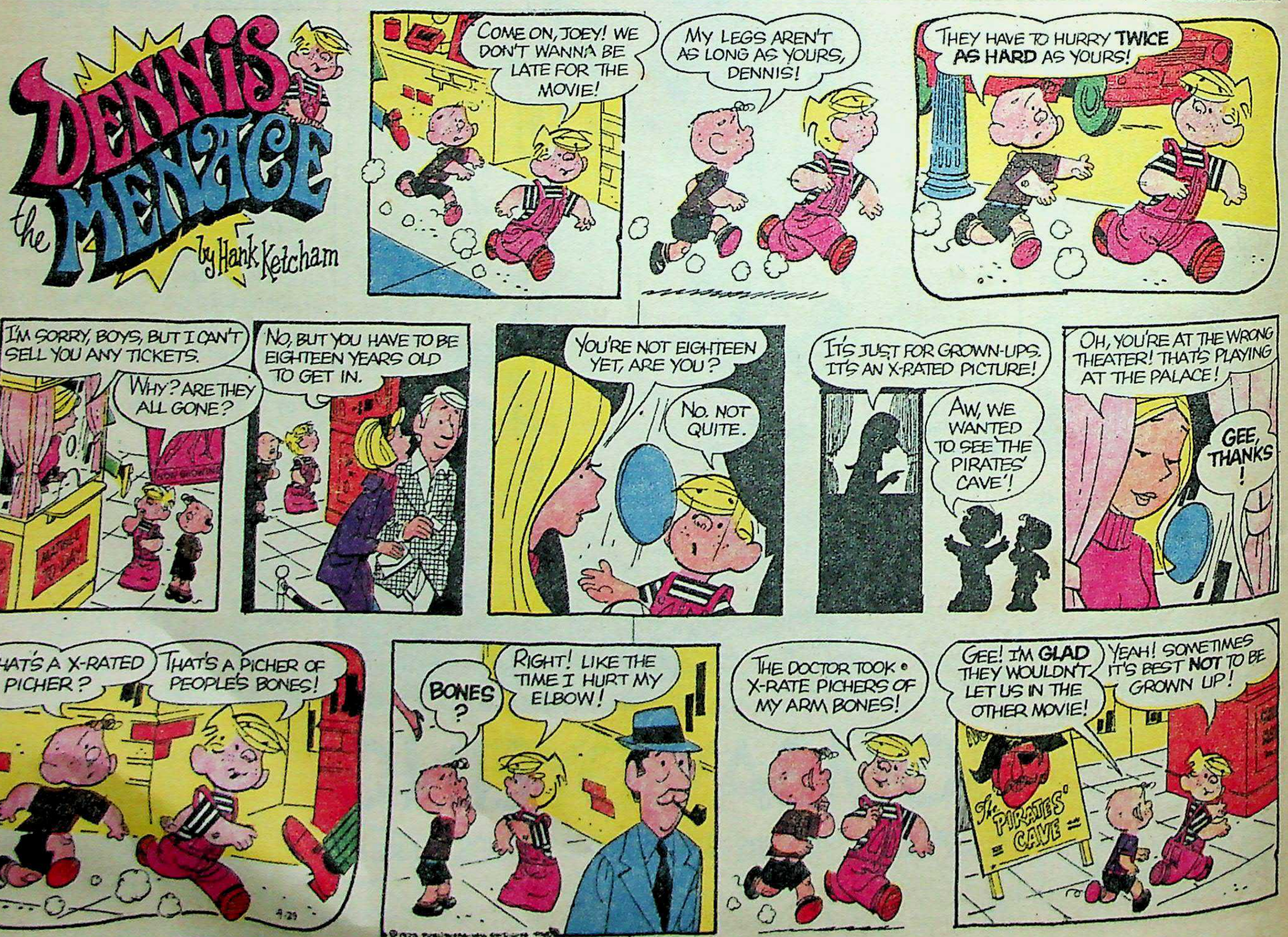

Wingert
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L FOR A
H, AL?
WICE
U'RE AT THE WRONG
ER! THAT'S PLAYING
HE PALACE!
GEE, THANKS!
AH! SOMETIMES
S BEST NOT TO BE
GROWN UP!

AZAD
ABID SURTI
PRATAP MULICK
MIRA WAS SHOCKED TO SEE THE GUNS POINTING.
COWARDS!
COOL DOWN, RANI! HERE YOU ARE!
I HATE YOU! I CURSE YOU! YOU DEVIL!
DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE AZAD ALIVE?
SHE SENSED AN INSTANT THREAT.
YES! I DO!
THEN DO AS I SAY! ENJOY!
HERE IS A TOAST TO YOUR FAMILY'S HEALTH!
© AFI Features
9-2
GET LOST! EVERYONE! SHE WANTS TO BE ALONE!
SOON BOTH OF THEM WERE LEFT TO THEMSELVES.
OH! DEAR ME, YOU CANNOT IMAGINE HOW I'VE LONGED FOR YOU!
HERE, IN THE CAVE WHERE AZAD AND THE KID ARE TRAPPED.
THE TUNNEL IS READY! WE CAN MOVE OUT QUIETLY!
LET'S HOPE THIS TUNNEL TAKES US OUT UNDISTURBED!
CONT'D

The PHANTOM
by LEE FALK
XO27--WHAT'S THE LATEST ON THE AMPHIB?
RIGHT AHEAD OF US--
I TOLD YOU--NOTHING'S HERE! I'LL SUE--
MAY BE A SIGHT-SEEING JOB FROM THE LOCAL AIRPORT...
LOOKS LIKE HE'S PLAYING LEAP-FROG! CRAZY!
THE FEDS ARE AFTER US! BE READY TO GRAB THE LOOT AS SOON AS SHE LANDS--
--OR HITS UGH--
WHAT'S THAT OTHER @☆#! PLANE DOING UP THERE!
I SAID--JUMP, DIANA!
PEPI, ARE YOU MAD? I'M NOT READY--MY CHUTES AREN'T FASTENED PROPERLY...
NOW--NOW!
SY BARRY
WHAT'S THAT @☆#! GUY DOING? TRYING TO HIT US?
GO--!
NO!
WE CAN'T GET ANY CLOSER OR WE'LL HIT!
EASE DOWN--JUST A TRIFLE--LIKE THAT--
YOU'RE INSANE--MAD--!
HOLD IT--THAT'S IT--
!!
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CONT'D

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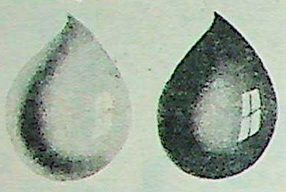
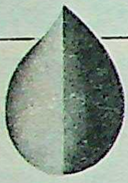


Why?



What oil does
The oil in Silvikrin Hair Dressing grooms your hair without the greasiness of other oils.

What Pure Silvikrin does
Pure Silvikrin contains the 17 essential protein supplements which make your hair thrive. A scientific technique proves that Pure Silvikrin reaches the hair root and nourishes it.

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TEETH

Strengthen Gums and save them.

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PAY ONLY IF CONVINCED

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Neglect leads to weak gums causing SEVERE PAIN, BLEEDING, BAD BREATH, INFLAMATION, INFECTION, SHAKY TEETH. None of these need force you to take the extreme step of extracting your teeth, if you should try KONORA concentrated.

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How to use 'KONORA': 10 Minutes of gentle massage with KONORA twice a day gives health and strength to the entire dental structure. In a few applications you can feel your gums and teeth responding to the treatment. The colour of your gums improve, the teeth shine and your entire mouth experiences freshness that was not there before.

Take advantage of the unique offer of a free sample and convince yourself.

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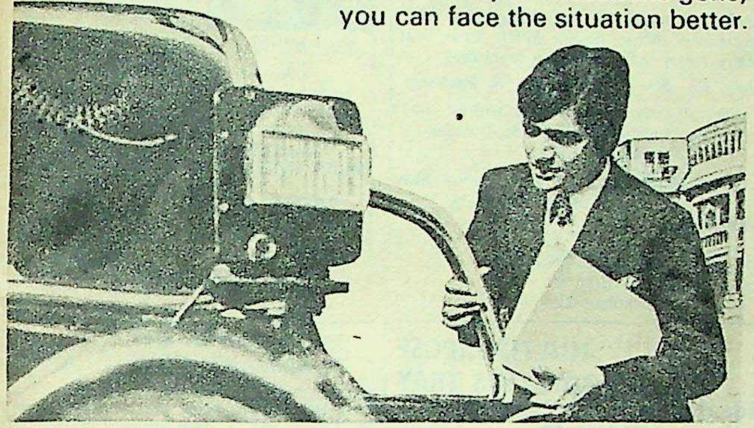
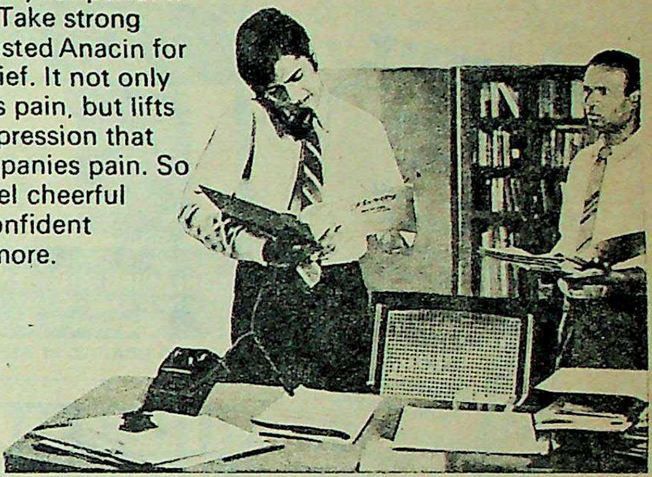


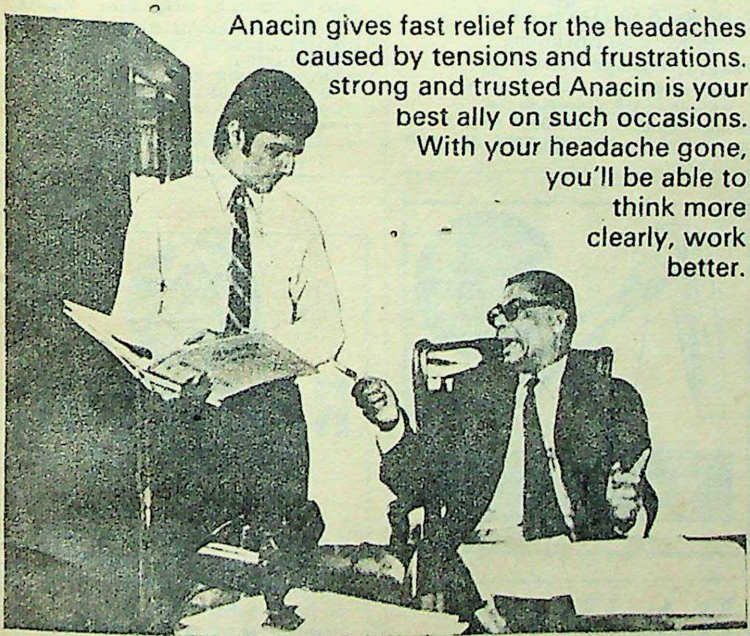
There is an important meeting in the afternoon and you are keen to do well. But you have this awful headache.

Why allow a headache to affect your performance? Take strong and trusted Anacin for fast relief. It not only defeats pain, but lifts the depression that accompanies pain. So you feel cheerful and confident once more.



You have had hot words with your boss. Your decision was over-ruled and you're left with this splitting headache.

Anacin gives fast relief for the headaches caused by tensions and frustrations. strong and trusted Anacin is your best ally on such occasions. With your headache gone, you'll be able to think more clearly, work better.



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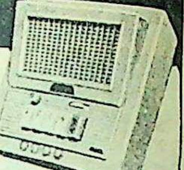

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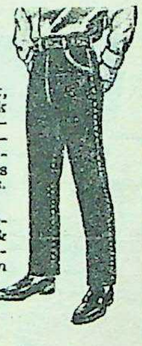

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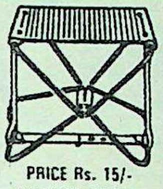

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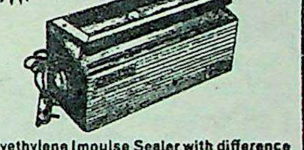

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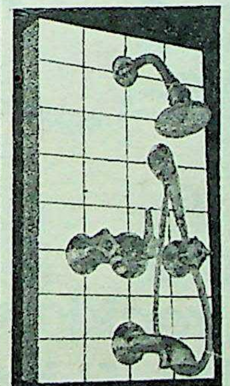

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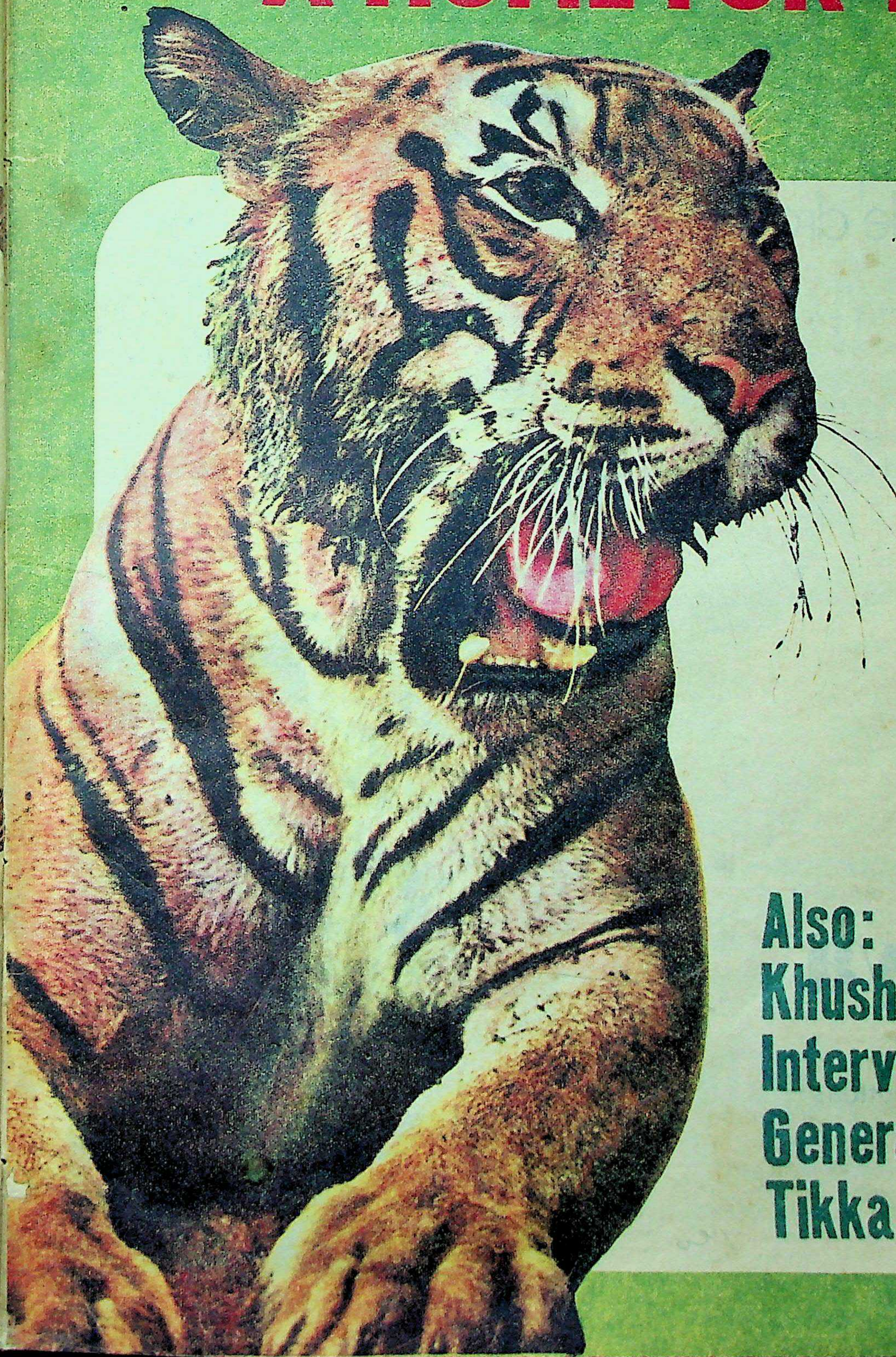

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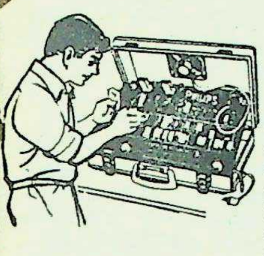

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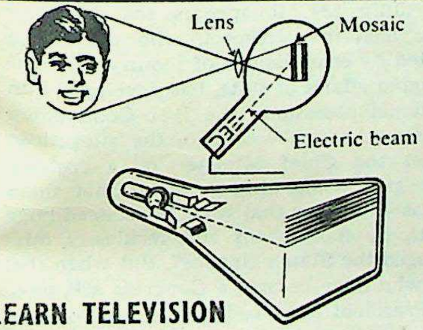

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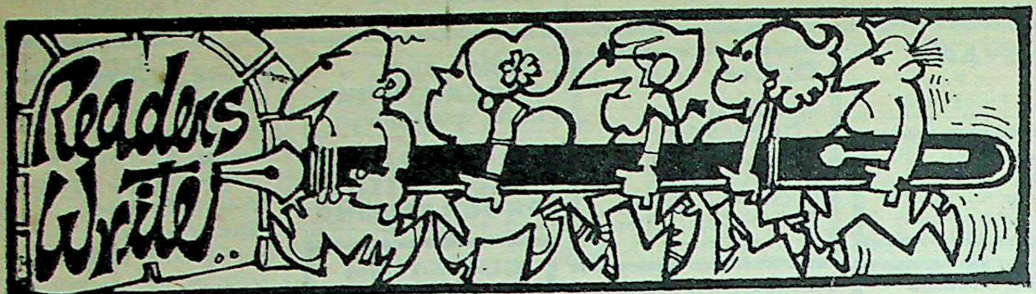

Indian Magazines

Sir—A lot of black money has been pumped into journalism and many millionaires have found journalism to be another avenue to regularise their shabby dealings. Some Malayalam editors do not even know Malayalam! E. M. S. Namboodiripad once said that, in Kerala, everybody who knew how to read an dwrite were editors.

Originality is unknown in Malayalam literary journalism. One Malayalam journal imitates the WEEKLY, down to its layout. Some others fill up their columns with matter lifted mostly from Tamil journals (because most of the editors do not know Hindi and other Indian languages) and, to some extent, from English journals. Of course, no credit to the source is given.

Bombay — E. BALACHANDRAN

Sir—The article, "Campus Journals", by Srinivas Laxman (August 5), highlighted the endeavours of students who belong to the affluent society. Laxman's depiction of the student community of India (as shown in the pictures) is misleading, because the overwhelming majority of our students do not look like frustrated hippies. While writing about campus journals, you have conveniently forgotten the students of Bengal. Perhaps you think them to be untouchable because of their revolutionary ideas.

Lucknow — S. AZAD SIDDIQUI

'Jaundiced' View

Sir—The article, "Moscow, Leningrad—An Unofficial View", by Sushma Kumar (July 22), is enlighteningly jaundiced. I wonder why Sushma did not add that the ice-cream in New York or Rome tastes a shade better. The author makes a big issue of the Soviet citizen's reticence in getting photographed by strangers, that too foreigners. Will the author allow her photograph to be taken by a complete stranger, that too without permission? As for talking with foreigners, only Indians show an extraordinary fascination for hobnobbing with foreigners, particularly the white-skinned ones, this being a status symbol. Nobody, I guess, will bare the heart to an acquaintance of a few minutes (and all Russians do not speak English).

For the ordinary man, the food costs in the Soviet Union are defininitely less than in the West. The queues in the vegetable and grocery shops are mainly the result of peak-hour crowds. There are many self-service supermarket-type grocery and vegetable shops where you simply pick up what you want and pay on your way out. The queues in restaurants show that the Russians have money to spend.

As for the old-style dresses, who in the affluent West dresses in the latest Paris fashions except the trend-setting jet setters? Which country in the world can offer 95 per cent of its citizens the educational and recreational facilities that a Soviet citizen gets as a matter of course? Is culture (I mean theatres, art and the like) so accessible to the common man anywhere else? Where is public transport so convenient and cheap as to be almost free? Did Sushma Kumar see a ghetto or an urban slum in Moscow?

And **freedom**? What is **freedom**? Freedom to starve? Is freedom filling the millions of hungry stomachs in India or merely lining the pockets of some? Nobody dies of cold in the Soviet Union despite the arctic temperatures. Did the author realise that, when she was sleeping cosily in her Stockholm hotel room, the Police were busy clearing vagrants from the parks and other public places to keep the city clean?

I am only sorry that the author did not want to or could not see the *Russkaya Dusha* (Russian Soul) as immortalised by Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Ranchi — P. A. RAMASWAMY

Bharat's Varsha

Sir—Not Cherrapunji—as stated in your issue of August 5—but Mawsyuran, which is 10 km from Cherrapunji, is the wettest place on earth—its average rainfall is 15.5 metres annually.

Bombay — B. M. SEN

Sir—It is reported that the weather satellites, circling the earth at a height of 1,500 metres, furnish photographs of the climatic conditions ("How They Forecast Weather", August 5). Let me point out that there can never be any satellite that circles at a height of 1,500 metres. Most probably the height should have read 1,500 kilometres.

Belgaum — R. M. SHIRI

Subhas Babu

Sir—The article about Subhas Chandra Bose (August 5) leaves much unsaid and says much that is wishful imagination. Subhas Bose was a political bigot. He never realised that Britain and her allies were fighting Hitler and Nazism. After the war, Britain conceded freedom to India and her other colonies. We know what atrocities the Japanese committed in Burma and Subhas hails Burma as having won freedom through the Japanese! When, after the war, Burma wanted to be a republic, Britain conceded her the right to do so and to lease the Commonwealth. I cannot understand why we do not see Subhas as a bungler.

Madras — S. S. GADHEKER

More On Yoga

Sir—About your feature on Yoga (July 29), deriving *yoga* from *yuj* (and *not yug*), implying "to yoke", is only one of the ways of doing so. Another one, which is equally **accepted**, is *Yuj Samadhau*. Patanjali's *Yogasutra* would reveal that what is attained through yoga is not the merging of the human "soul" with the Universal "Soul". The supreme attainment aimed at is *kaivalya*, or loneness, and not *sayujya*, or associatedness with anything whatsoever.

There is no "Tantric Yoga" expounded in *Hathayoga Pradipika*, nor has it developed as an outgrowth of Patanjala Yoga.

Jodhpur — T. P. BHARADWAJ

Sir—R. G. K. quotes from Arthur Koestler's book, *The Lotus and The Robot*, regarding the pit experiments conducted at Lonavla under the supervision of the late Swami Kuvalayananda. It is out of context and misleading. Since the book was banned in India, few readers could have had the opportunity to read it. Here is the relevant passage:

"They showed me their experimental pit: it was approximately six feet by three feet by three feet, its bottom about six feet down under the ground level. It was closed by a tight-fitting concrete lid, and then this was covered by three feet of earth. I shall not go into the details of the experiment because, as the Swami frankly told me, it had proved abortive. Though the pit seemed sufficiently airtight to make any human being die of suffocation after a few minutes and would certainly have convinced any village audience that it was so, it transpired that everybody had vastly underestimated the porosity of the surrounding earth.

"They discovered this when, after a series of experiments, the perssure inside only fell by 0.5. During the experiment itself, they had only measured the relative oxygen and carbon-dioxide content inside the pit; the leakage of fresh oxygen into the pit became apparent when they had the idea of pumping it out entirely.

"The thoroughness of the experiment, and the frank admission of its failure, were entirely to the Swami's credit."

Lonavla — T. P. SREEKUMARAN

Partap Singh Kairon

Sir—After **reading** E. Mangat Rai's **article**, "Kairon, Meteor of the Punjab" (July 29), it appears that praising public men in retrospect, who were once indicted by commissions of inquiry for mismanaging affairs of state, has developed into a national obsession. The Iyer Commission of Inquiry, which went into the allegations against the Chief Minister of a frontier State, gave a startling verdict—"that there is a cast-iron case that the CM amassed huge wealth by foul means and recklessly mismanaged the State's finance". But when that CM, who later became a Congress MP, died, our President described him as his "esteemed and trusted friend", our Prime Minister termed him as a "great son of India" and the Tricolour throughout the State flew at half-mast atop Government buildings. We can call it the epitome of hypocrisy.

We now look forward to articles by eminent civilians on "eminents" like Bakhshi, Biju, Biren and Mahtab in the WEEKLY.

Calcutta — KARTIK CHANDRA DAS, JAHAR DAS

Sir—In 1963, our Department convened a conference presided over by the late Chief Minister. Our Director got up to display to

the Chairman a commendation certificate purported to have been given by an Attache to the American Embassy in New Delhi on his visit to ITI, Rohtak. Sardar Kairon exclaimed: *Chhad pare Sardara, tainu inni akl nahin ki yeh sorrey American hathiyar Pakistan noo dende han, ate sanu certificate de ke khush karde han* ("Forget it, Sardarji, don't you see that these Americans give arms to Pakistan and please us by issuing certificates")!

Chandigarh — A. B. CHANDRA

Jacob Diamond Case

Sir—In my collection of the relics of the past, I have several documents of the famous "Jacob Diamond Case" of 1891. This diamond, originally known as the Imperial Diamond, was purchased by H. E. H. Nawab Meer Mahboob Ali Khan, Nizam VI (1869-1911), from one Malcolm Jacob, a jewellers' agent, through the Nizam's valet, one Albert Abid.

With an understanding between Abid and Jacob, the latter submitted a glass model of the diamond to His Exalted Highness, —the price arrived at was Rs 64 lakhs.

The deal was on "pasand-na-pasand" (accept-or-refuse) basis and Jacob was paid 50 per cent of the amount as earnest money and the remaining 50 per cent was deposited in a bank in India for a stipulated period.

Probably Jacob and Abid delayed the matter and, as soon as the stipulated time was over, Jacob took away the remaining money from the bank.

When it was found that the original was a little smaller than the model, Jacob was asked to take away the diamond and refund the earnest money.

When it was known that Jacob had already drawn the remaining 50 per cent, a criminal suit was filed against him, but Jacob escaped from India via Afghanistan.

I request readers of the WEEKLY to throw some light on this case as I am collecting material on many such criminal cases of old Hyderabad State, such as the Diler Jung Case, the Habibuddin, Case, the Raja Srinivas Rao Case, the Sarvar Jung Case and the Faramruz Jung Case.

HURMUZ KAUS

93 Public Gardens Road
Hyderabad

Feet Touching

Sir—Abdus Salam Siddiqui, in his letter (August 5), has quoted M. Chalapathi Rau as saying:

"The Minister should touch the feet of the Vice-Chancellor, not the Vice-Chancellor the feet of the Minister". But why should it be so when Vice-Chancellorships are manipulated and not offered to real educationists?

Kanpur — R. S. MATHUR

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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AND OUR REGULAR FEATURES

Cover Photograph by R. B. Bedi

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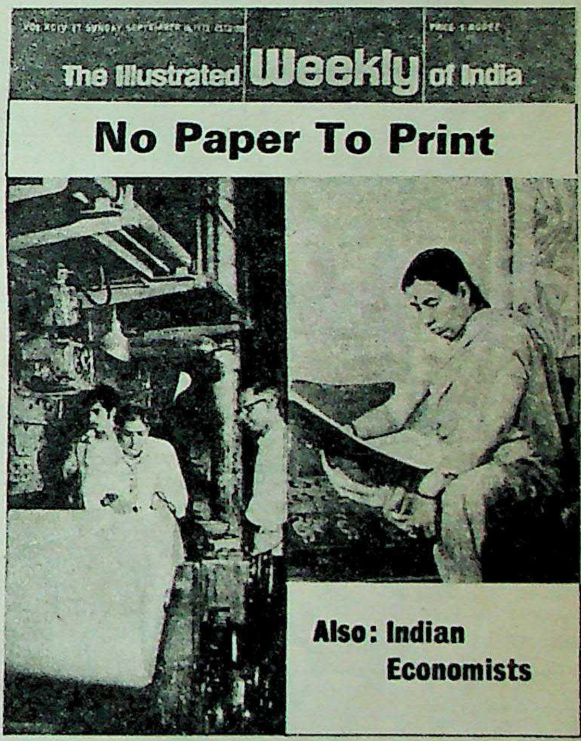
NEXT WEEK



NO PAPER TO PRINT: R. G. K. writes on the crisis in the industry? Why are newsprint and other qualities of paper in such short supply? Could the situation have been avoided? Mohan Pande tells the story of paper making.

INDER GUJRAL, Minister for Information and Broadcasting, answers critics of the Government's newsprint policy—in an exclusive interview to the "Weekly".

INDIAN ECONOMISTS: What has been their contribution to Indian economic thought? Have they anything new to say? An assessment by Arun C. Vakil.

RED GUARDS AND PINK OLEANDERS: "Life on all sides seems to be spartan, puritanical, low key. It is also peaceful, rather dull." Tara Ali Baig on the new China. Photographs in colour.

THE TIGER SPECIES IN PERIL: Arjan Singh shows why this magnificent animal is facing extinction. Second instalment of our serial: "Tiger Haven".

SOILLESS CULTIVATION: Is this revolutionary system of hydroponics the answer to the world's food problem? By Guy Olson.

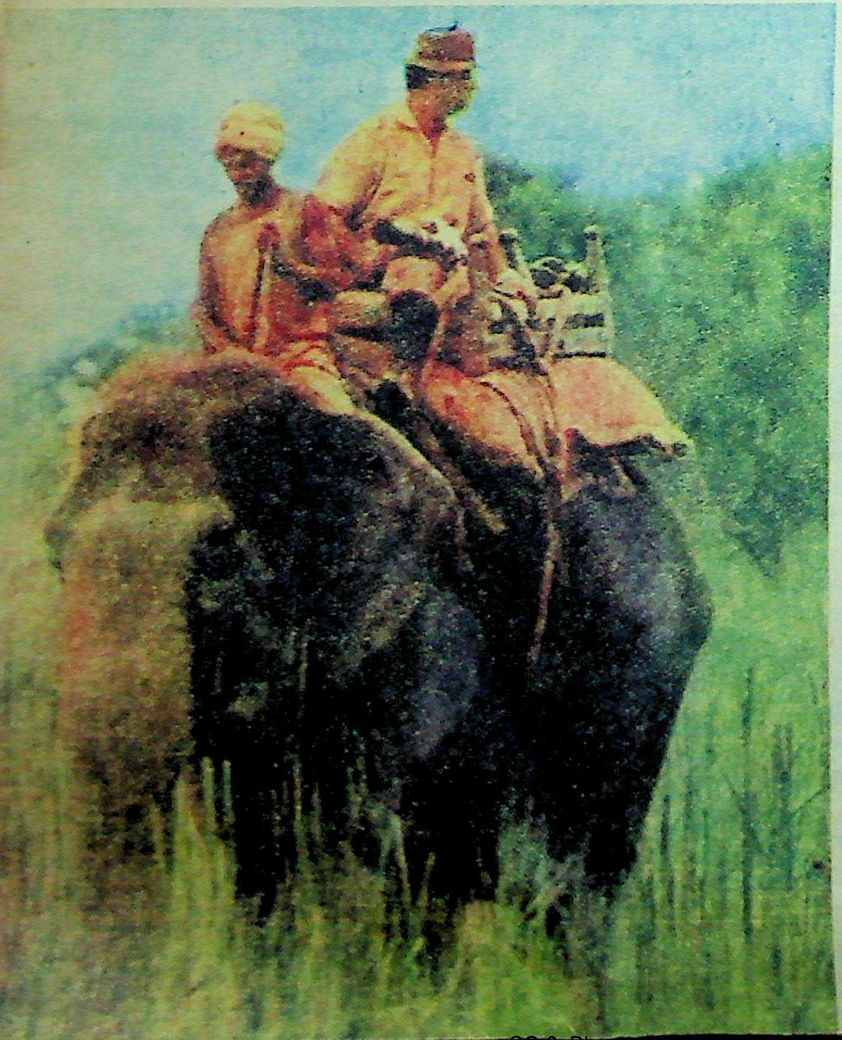
STATUE-BREAKERS ARE COMING: Story by Manoj Das

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

—K. S. Sankhala

A HOME FOR TIGERS

by ARJAN SINGH



Less than a hundred years ago, India was one of the great reservoirs of wildlife in the world. From the Himalayas to the Indian Ocean, vast numbers of animals, and a remarkable variety, populated the plains and mountains of the subcontinent.

Over the last century, man has almost totally destroyed this natural reserve: slowly at first, and without much conspicuous effect because of the quantity of wildlife, and then, after Independence, more rapidly, in a wanton display of thoughtlessness and intolerance.

This is the first instalment from Arjan Singh's exciting new book, "Tiger Haven" (Macmillan), due to be published in India next month.

ONE early morning in May 1959, I set out from my farm on my elephant, Bhagwan Piari, towards the forest which runs along the border of Nepal. It was a clear hot day, and across the plains you could see the foothills of the Himalayas rising above the line of trees seven miles away. I rode comfortably, sitting behind the mahout, and Pincha the dog ran along insignificantly below in the shadow

GOD ALSO LOVES ANIMALS. The author on his elephant Bhagwan Piari ("Beloved of God"). Arjan Singh acquired the animal from the stable of the Maharaja of Balrampur 25 years ago. Bhagwan Piari proved to be very useful for his wildlife work

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of the elephant, occasionally dodging her ponderous sidekick when the elephant felt the dog crowded her too closely. For the first hour we passed through cultivated fields where the villagers were already arriving to work and then, almost imperceptibly, the wild grasses of the savannah took over and we were out on the empty plain. Near the forest, I shot a wildpig and, a little later, when it grew hot, we stopped to rest in the shade of the first forest trees.

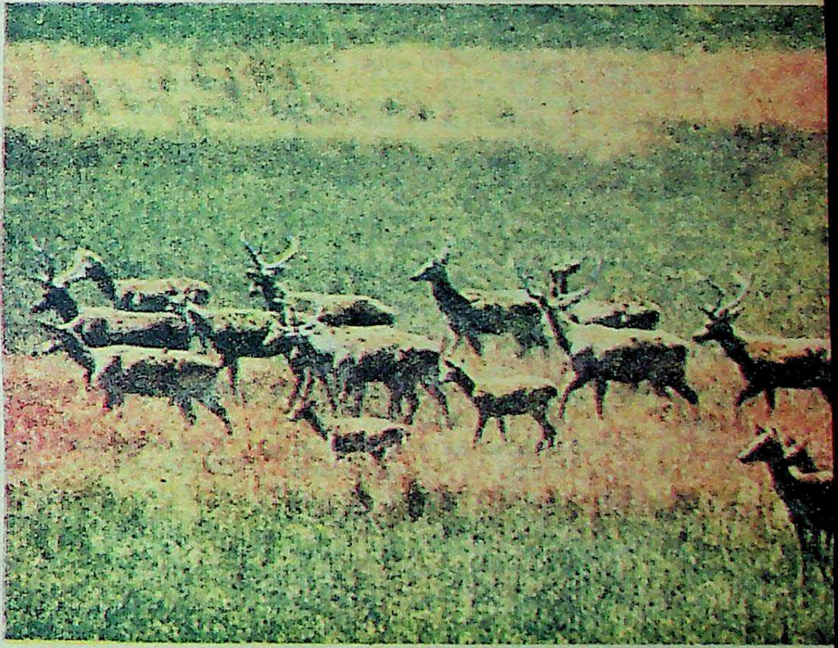
I was looking for some land to buy at the time, since the Government was contemplating a new law which fixed the ceiling on the amount any individual could possess: the limit was probably to be set at 40 acres and, as the owner of about 750, I was bound to lose most of my farm. Rather than continue with the surviving part, I decided this was a good opportunity to move elsewhere. What I wanted to do was to escape from the villages and cultivated fields which were springing up all around my farm and find a place where the grasses still grew wild and where the animals of Northern India had not already totally disappeared.

Haven For Wildlife

There had been a time, not long before, when the plain between my farm and the forest was a haven for wildlife. Vast herds of deer and antelope roamed across the savannah; the handsome blackbuck, the large ungainly nilgai, the stocky hogdeer and the graceful swampdeer all shared this common grazing ground. The rivers were thick with marsh crocodiles, and by night tigers and leopards emerged from their lairs to hunt.

Slowly, however, the steady advance of cultivation and a programme of indiscriminate killing had emptied the plains of these animals. Electricity has taken the place of oil lamps and klaxons blared at all hours on the metalled roads which once echoed with alarm calls announcing that the great cats were on the prowl. Gone were the herds of blackbuck and nilgai and swampdeer. The crocodiles

A LEOPARD CANNOT BE A MILKSOP. Cheetla is a male cub. It was first reared on powdered milk, later replaced by chopped meat and vitamin pills. Cheetla now weighs 70 lb, measures 5 ft, 9 in, and roams the wilds alone.

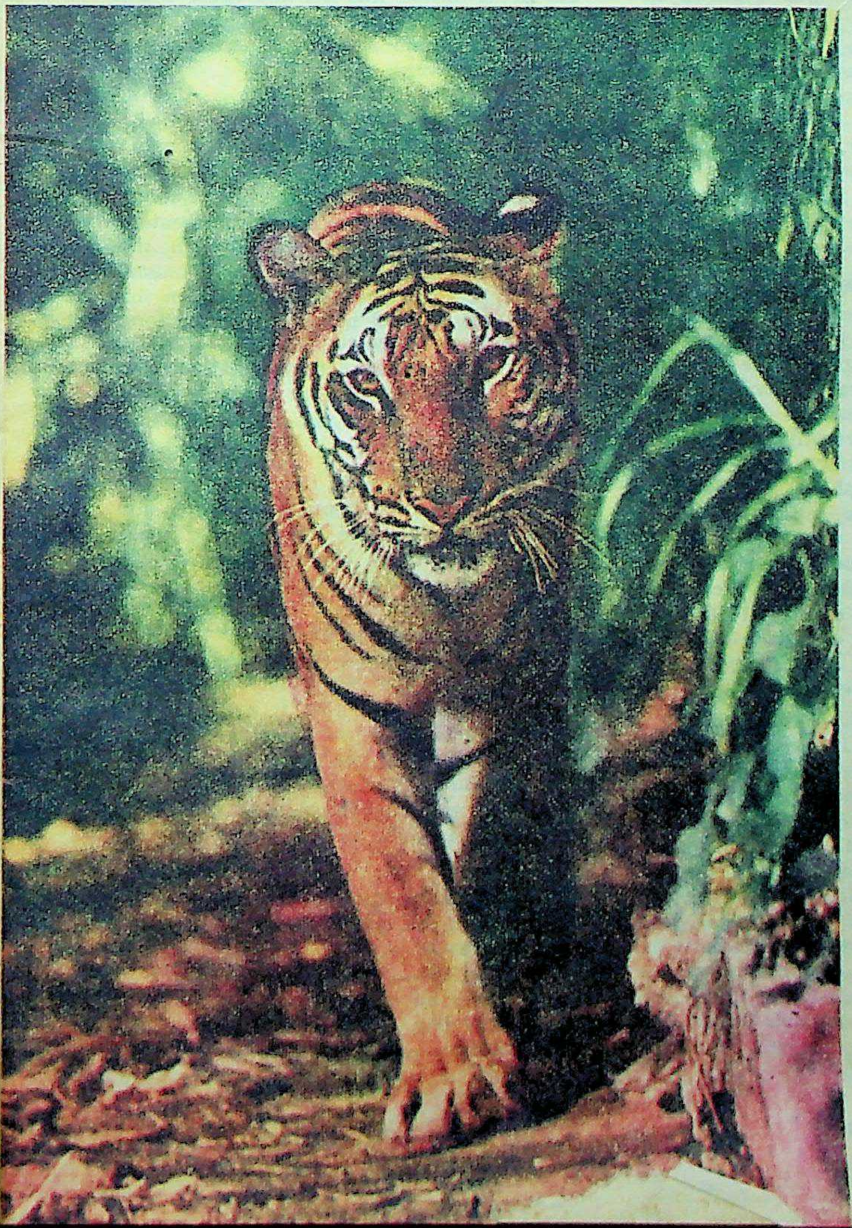


OH DEAR! The swampdeer is among our vanishing species. The herd in the Dudwa Sanctuary, in Uttar Pradesh, is now one of the last left in the world. Survival of this species will probably depend on this sanctuary, where swampdeer have grown from 250 to 1,000.

were virtually eliminated from the rivers and the tigers and leopards retreated further into the forests.

For years my principal interest in these animals had been as a hunter, but now it slowly began to dawn on me that they were disappearing and that some might soon vanish altogether. The conversion from hunter to conservationist did not happen overnight; it was a gradual process during which I went shooting less and less frequently. I began to see the animals in a different light, developing a curiosity about their living habits, how they ate and bred, and how they adapted to the seasons, and it was this new interest which prompted me to search for a place where I could live close to them and observe their ways.

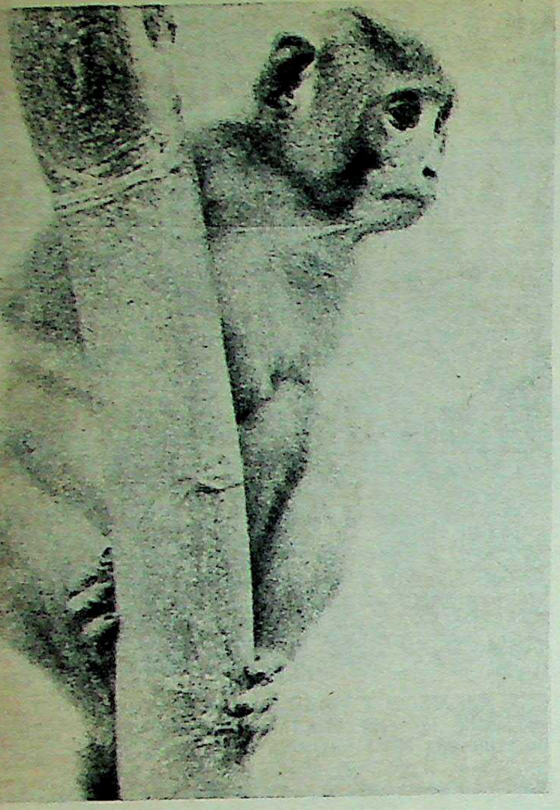
—*Continued*



—R. B. Bedi

THE STALKING PREDATOR. The tiger is exceedingly well equipped for stalking and bringing down prey. A fully grown tiger can measure as much as 21 inches round the foreleg. Tigers have been known to climb trees on occasion and are expert swimmers. The infant mortality rate among tigers is high.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.



THE HEAT'S ON FOR THE LITTLE FELLA! Rhesus monkeys hang about temples and grain shops in India. Scrubby and deformed half-human figures, they steal from pilgrims and merchants. In the countryside they are quite a nuisance to the farmers. A few years ago it was discovered that these monkeys could be earners of foreign exchange by being sent abroad for experimental purposes and many people from the town gravitated to the countryside as monkey-catchers!

The spot where we stopped that morning in May had not yet succumbed to the ploughs and the harvesters that had already domesticated most of the savannah on the plain. It was rough scrub-land interspersed with single trees growing here and there, giving it the appearance of a wild park. I walked along the edge of the forest for a little way, exploring the area, and soon came upon an open space surrounded by forest on three sides.

Standing there, facing south, I looked out at the plain spreading away to the horizon. Not a single sign of human life disturbed the view. There were no electricity pylons, no road, no habitation of any kind. The only reminder of the outside world was the sound of the trains trundling heavily down the tracks with their loads of sugarcane, seven miles away—a sound which reinforced one's sense of isolation. Here was the beginning of a production line which extended to big ports and cities all over the world. Listening to the train, these places, with their industry and teeming populations, seemed infinitely remote.

Behind me was the meeting point of two rivers—one, the Soheli, almost dried up, the other a shallow and lazy stream called the Neora, which flowed down from the hills of Nepal and meandered through the forest over sandbanks and dead logs. At the point where they met, the rivers widened to form a pool, and here, all day long, brilliantly coloured kingfishers flashed up and down between the water and the surrounding trees. On the far side, the bank rose steeply to the plateau of the reserved forest; magnificent trees over a hundred feet tall, with long branches interlocking with each other, towered above the river and from there spread in an even roof to the Nepal border five miles away. Underneath, in an eerie landscape of bare tree-trunks and creepers, was the home of the tiger, the leopard, the sloth-bear and many other animals in retreat from man.

It seemed to me then, standing beside the river and listening to the intense buzz of insects in the forest all around me, that I had found the place I was looking for. It was as far as I could go in that direction, right on the edge of the plain, and if civilisation was bound to catch up in the end, at least it would take some time. So as soon as I returned to my farm, I made some enquiries about the land I had seen and discovered that it belonged to a local politician. It turned out that he did not bother to farm the place but used it instead as a convenient source of timber from the forest. Recently he had been losing interest in this venture and when I made an offer he accepted it immediately.

For me this meant returning to a life I had first embarked on fourteen years before, when I had bought a farm at a place called Pallia, about ten miles away. The struggle I had experienced then, and had only recently overcome, would have to start all over again. But there was never any doubt in my mind about the decision, for I have always been one of those for whom the call of the wild is irresistible, however comforting the amenities of civilisation.

MUCH of my childhood was spent on an estate in Northern India and it was there that I acquired a feeling for life in the open country. When I was six years old my father was appointed by the Government to look after the affairs of the Maharaja of Balrampur, who was then a minor. Balrampur bordered on the Nepal terai and, apart from some of the finest forests imaginable, there was a plethora of wildlife.

A Stable Of 200 Elephants!

At one time the estate itself used to have a stable of two hundred elephants, while the museum contained the skeleton of a monstrous specimen named Chand Murat who was said to have been eleven foot six inches tall. Certainly, while I was there, Kanhaiya Prasad stood ten feet ten inches; and another elephant, a huge tusker of ten feet six inches called Macdonald Bahadur, had such an enormous girth of neck that no mahout could sit astride him. For nine months of the year these two were in *musth*, a state of mental derangement thought to have sexual causes, and which prevented them from being taken out except briefly on ceremonial occasions.

The attitude to wildlife was very different at that time and, in many ways, the animals were much better off than they are now. These were the days when crop-protection guns were muzzle loaders—only effective at short range and thus no great threat to the game—and their owners only came by them with difficulty. There was no political patronage and people who were lucky enough to possess gun licences took particular care not to commit any offence which might lead to confiscation. Such conditions only seem to be possible in a feudal setting in India but they undoubtedly helped to protect the animals.

On the other hand, hunting was the principal recreation of the estate and, from the moment we arrived there, I was surrounded by the atmosphere of the chase. Tiger shoots provided the main interest but every kind of wildlife was pursued. A single drive through the forest might uncover several hundred chital deer, apart from large sounders of wildpigs and other animals which shared the prosperity of the agriculturist by night and the cool of the jungle in the day.

My father was a fine shot and very fond of hunting, though in the end he gave it up; he was persuaded to stop after he had been sitting up in a tree one day, waiting for a leopard to approach the carcass he had left for it on the ground below. Instead of one leopard, no less than four appeared. They sat around and played with each other for a while, and when my father clapped his hands, they still continued at their games. He was so enchanted by this experience that he never shot another animal.

I myself learnt to handle a gun while still very young, and by the age of twelve I had shot a leopard, and by fourteen my first tiger. There were several ways of hunting a tiger. You could either sit in a tree platform or machan over a tethered bait and shoot him as he came in to the kill; or you could have him driven out of cover towards the machan. The "beat" was done by elephants in places where the undergrowth was dense or the grasses very tall, but if the terrain was flat and open, a line of a hundred to two hundred men took over, yelling and shouting as they drove the tiger forward.

The First Kill

This was what happened at Balrampur and one afternoon I found myself sitting nervously in a machan with an old forest ranger, listening to the cries of the beaters as they slowly approached through the forest. I was armed with a 9 mm Mauser, which I had borrowed from a man on the estate, and we had not been waiting long when a tiger suddenly came out of cover to my left. I fired and the tiger turned away in front of another machan where someone else took a shot. Then it disappeared.

It was too late in the day to follow up and I returned home, listening to the roars fading into the distance and wondering whether my aim had been steady. The next day it was decided that I was too young to pursue a wounded animal, so while I waited impatiently in the Rest House, the old forest ranger went out to search. When he eventually found the tiger, he discovered that it had been hit by two shots: one had been fired by me and the other by the man in the next machan. But as the rules of hunting state that the trophy goes to whoever draws first blood, I was able to claim the tiger as mine.

Apart from tiger shooting, my favourite pastime as a boy was to drive out into the forest in the middle of the night in an open car—the jeep had not made its appearance by then. Entering a hidden glade was like looking down from some high vantage point on to a sylvan city: thousands of eyes reflected in the head-

lights of the car shone out of the darkness. Whenever we saw something we thought worth shooting, we took a shot at it. I remember on one occasion that someone wounded a hyena and, in order to save ammunition, we tried to run the wretched beast over by driving the car backwards and forwards.

Quite a few unsuspecting animals were killed and many more wounded in these nightmare expeditions, but somehow the crime did not seem so terrible as it does in these days of scarcity, no doubt because the enormity of a crime depends on its context.

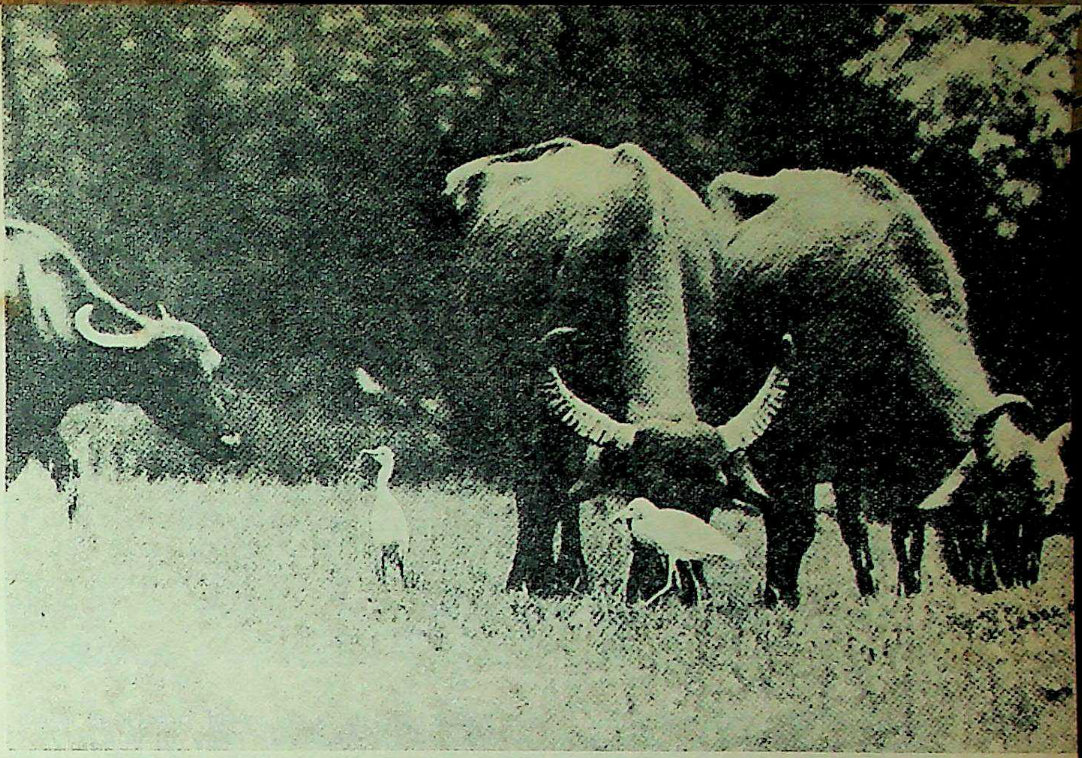
In the mean time, I had met a young man, the son of one of the landowning families in the District of Kheri in Uttar Pradesh, who suggested that there was nothing better in life than farming near the Nepal border in a place called Pallia. There was any amount of land available and the shooting was out of this world. This idea appealed to me immediately and, when I paid him a visit soon afterwards and shot a big old boar in the reserved forest and drank whisky by lamplight, it seemed to me that all the frustrations I had felt after leaving the army were worth while if I could earn my living in such surroundings. Tales of the terai as the breeding ground of malaria and the haunt of dacoit gangs did not daunt me, and although I had never lived in this part of the country, I fell asleep with the happy thought that I had come home to roost.

The next day we worked out figures at the minimum rates and minimum yields and it seemed that I had so much money that I did not know what to do with it. It then remained to consult the people who knew, or were supposed to know, and they were so impressed with our enthusiasm that they readily agreed that if we grew enough to eat, we could not starve. The Jeremiahs who dwelt on the loneliness and the hardships of a pioneer venture and its inevitable discomforts I did not go to see again.

Start Of A Farming Career

And so, one hot summer months later, at about three in the morning, I alighted from the small-gauge train at Pallia to begin my farming career. The land I had taken on lease was three miles from the railway station, an hour's journey either by foot or bullock-cart, which was the only form of transport available. I did not like riding on the carts, so I walked along the dust road and reached my land just as it was beginning to get light.

Jasbirnagar Farm, as I was later to name it, was a rough piece of ground on a plain covered with large stretches of tamarisk and savannah and a mosaic of swamps. Seven miles to the north were the forests of North Kheri and a few miles south the unstable Sarda river. The Sarda flows down into the plains from the Himalayas, passing the districts of Naini Tal, Almora and Garhwal, which were ceded to India by the Treaty of Sargauli in 1816 at the end of the Second Nepalese War. It then runs close to the Nepal border, arriving in due course in the district of Kheri. Over the years the river has wandered across the plain on which my farm stands and, at one time, it must have run as far north as the forest, since today there is a bank marking the limit of the plain.



BUFFALO GRAZING. Farmers suffer more from trespassing cattle than from wild animals. Some of these cattle break away from their masters to form semi-wild groups and graze on anything they can find. These domestic animals are more of a menace since they are unafraid of human beings.

The Trans-Sarda, as the area to the north of its present course is known, had for many years been a grazing reserve for vast herds of buffaloes and cows, and when I arrived in 1945, arable farming was still restricted to sites near the villages. Even there it was carried on under conditions of great hardship caused not so much by wild animals as by domestic herds whose owners used to turn them loose. From these herds some cattle broke away to form feral or semi-wild groups which knew no masters and grazed with impartiality on anything they could find. The domestic animals were more of a menace, however, since they were unafraid of humans and would accept no boundaries in their search for new pastures.

With little or no experience in the art of tethering these feral animals, the poor cultivator found them very difficult to catch and was usually set upon by the better nourished cattle graziers when he occasionally succeeded. Closer to the forest, whole villages went out of cultivation due to the activities of dacoits, who spent the months of the rainy season comfortably ensconced in the rest-houses and living off the land, while the forest staff were away. The foresters were well aware of this, but on the principle of live and let live, said nothing. Thus might was right in the land and the strong oppressed the weak.

I knew nothing about farming then and everything had to be learnt from scratch. The first few days were spent in building myself a thatched hut in which to live, and then, as I had no draught bullocks, in getting some low ground with enough moisture dug by human labour in time for the sowing season. I had heard that the local people were very slack, so I stood in the sun, keeping a check on the men whom I had hired, and soon I was down with sunstroke. Lying ill under a thatched roof with the temperature in the shade at 110°F taught me to be more careful in the future.

My land was next to a village of about a hundred huts and surrounded by a cattle population of well over 2,000, and it was not long before the battles with the graziers began. Needless to say, my arrival in the district was not popular, as the graziers were compelled to keep a check on the cattle which had until now roamed freely in the area, returning only to be milked.

At first the *Gaddis*—for that is what the Muslim graziers were called—decided to pretend I wasn't there. This meant that I frequently went to sleep in the evening with a nice field of standing wheat or corn, only to find next morning that it had been completely destroyed. I soon realised that there were few things more heart-breaking than to prepare a field, fertilise and sow it, and know that, one night before the harvest, you might discover nothing but stubble in place of a season's profit.

Nevertheless, the war of attrition continued and grazing carried on unabated. Wet nights, when the watchmen took shelter from the pelting rain and blood-sucking leeches abounded, were gala occasions for the cattle, which remained unaffected by either rain or leeches. But the other side also suffered when the cattle were shot "by mistake" or killed by a tiger after they had been caught in my fields and tethered in some spot which invited the attention of the carnivores.

Dacoits and malaria were the two other hazards which had held back agricultural development in the area. Twelve villages had gone out of cultivation near the forest owing to the unwelcome attention of a notorious brigand called Kallan Khan and his gang, and regular bouts of malaria had completed the rout. The sparse population of the district was now huddled in a few villages,

—Continued

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE, Digitization: eGangotri.

THE ELEGANT BLACKBUCK is one of the fastest animals in the world, capable of attaining a speed of 45 to 60 miles an hour. When alarmed, the blackbuck takes off in a series of prodigious bounds, sailing through the air, four or five feet off the ground and covering seven or eight yards in a jump. Its only s e r i o u s *predator (other than man) is the even fleeter-footed cheetah.*

racked by seasonal fevers, devoid of ambition and content simply to exist as their ancestors had before them.

For the first few years after my arrival, I was the only farmer in the district. It was a tough and lonely life after the army, and I think it was only my natural perversity of character which made me stick it. But after 1950, the situation slowly changed as pioneers displaced from the Punjab started coming in. These stalwarts from the dry heat of the plains suffered terribly in the moist enervating climate of the terai; whole families died but others clung to the wilderness because of the promise of large holdings and the prospect of converting the waving seas of grasslands into productive crops.

Kallan Khan had mercifully departed to Pakistan at the time of Partition, but his place was taken by an ex-wrestler and convict called Bashira. Bashira's wife also used to tote a gun and romantic rumours spread about this glamorous female who rode the rods with the gang and was as tough as any of them. Bashira raided and pillaged wherever he went and his exploits spread terror in the neighbourhood. Brutal murders were attributed to him and many others to his wife. If he required fire-arms, he merely walked into one of the widely scattered farm huts and took them. A neighbour of mine, a man called Boaz, was once accosted on his morning rounds and politely relieved of his shotgun.

Bashira lived in the forest and occupied the rest-houses during the months of the rainy season. It was very difficult to catch him because communications were bad, and long before the Police could reach the scene of a robbery in borrowed vehicles, the robbers had decamped. Extra police were posted in the forest but, after an inconclusive encounter near the Nepal border, they preferred to occupy their time poaching.

At one stage, I was informed by the district authorities that a roster had been found, marking down my farm as the next candidate for a raid. But Nemesis was stalking Bashira, too, and before he could carry out his plans, he was shot in an ambush by a policeman in Pilibhit District after being betrayed by a confederate. "Begum" Bashira proved, as an anticlimax, to be a plain, uneducated and pregnant village woman.

Compared to the struggle with dacoits and domestic cattle, crop-protection activity aimed at wild animals was rather fun. The pig was the chief culprit. His breeding capacity was outrageous and six to eight piglets could be seen at heel when the litters were dropped in June and July. A family of pigs would lie up in a thicket or preferably in the crops, where they could feed when they felt like it, living, so to speak, in the pantry. During the rains, they made shelters for themselves and their young ones by cutting long strands of grass with their teeth. They then piled the grass in a huge heap and, as soon as it was reasonably dry, they would burrow underneath the resulting dump, which soon assumed the sheltering aspect of an igloo; inside was a spacious, cool and rainproof abode. In the winter they slept, piled up one on the other, thereby solving the problem of thermal conductivity in nature's way.

The Stubborn Wildpigs

Wildpigs are destructive to all types of crops at any stage of growth. They are particularly fond of sugarcane and move into the fields as soon as the first shoots emerge with the onset of the rainy season. Thereafter they live, eat and sleep in the cane. Whatever you do, it is impossible to drive them out: if you try to beat them one way, they will surely go the other. Paddy is one of their favourite foods and it is a curious experience to walk up to a field on a dark night and hear what the city dweller might take for the chatter of innumerable castanets which is, in fact, the pigs chewing the ripe grain with their big teeth. They will demolish whole fields of maize, barley and wheat, dig up potatoes and yams and often destroy more than they can eat.

To protect my crops from the pigs, I built myself a portable platform about eight feet high where I sat with my rifle, waiting for them to show up. I placed this device, suitably camouflaged, wherever the damage was greatest, because the pig has the convenient habit of always returning to feed at the same spot. These tactics were remarkably successful and I used to get very worked up when a big board appeared, since there are few animals so replete with power as an old singler with curving tushes, somewhat reminiscent of a vintage fighter pilot. I was always looking for the chance to shoot a record-size boar with 12-inch tushes and weighing something like five hundred pounds, but the best I could do was one of three hundred pounds with 8-inch tushes.

Another source of trouble were elephants which can, of course, be ruinous to crops, but fortunately we had few of these ponderous visitors. They are, in any case, very sensitive to noise, and those which came soon decamped when tincans were beaten and blank cartridges or fire-crackers let off.

Nor did the various species of deer which populated the plains do much harm. Deer have never been great despoilers of crops; certainly they will come and graze on young shoots, but they are just as susceptible to noise as an elephant and, compared to the damage done by domestic cattle, the effects of their raiding are insignificant. They are continually kept on the move either by the threat of being shot or by the predators that always come in the wake of a swelling deer population. This probably explains the fact that, though the natural range of the deer tribe is restricted, they do not graze in one place for any length of time.

Carnivores — A Pleasant Diversion

The most interesting wild animals around my farm were, of course, the carnivores. When I first arrived at Pallia, there were quite a number in the area and an encounter with a tiger or a leopard became a fairly common experience. Tigresses were often to be found lying up with their cubs in the sugarcane, a situation which immediately brought all work to a halt if the cane was being cut at the time. On these occasions, I would go out on the elephant and endeavour to drive the tigress from the cane with shouts and blank cartridges fired into the air. The odd leopard turned up too, and I well remember being woken one night by my dog barking furiously at some intruder. It turned out to be a leopard and there is no doubt that, if I had not intervened, my dog would have been carried off into the night.

On the whole, however, more fear than injury was caused by these beasts and the local farmers, like all people who settle near the forest, learnt to live with them. I also counted their presence in the area as a pleasant diversion and a deterrent to the crop-raiding deer and cattle during my struggle to farm in the early years at Pallia.

I HAD been at Jasbirnagar Farm for fourteen years when I bought my new land on the edge of the forest, and I moved there almost as soon as I had completed the deal with the politician who owned it. In some ways, it reminded me of arriving in Pallia for the first time, except that it was more remote, and this time I travelled the last few miles by elephant and not on foot.

Admittedly, many of the problems which had confronted me on the other side of the plain fourteen years before no longer existed now. Malaria had been almost

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completely wiped out; and although there was always a risk of being attacked and robbed in the forest, dacoity on the grand scale of a Kallan Khan or a Bashira was a thing of the past. And in the mean time, of course, I had become an experienced farmer and would be able to avoid the mistakes of my early days. Nevertheless, converting a virgin piece of scrubland into a profitable farm was not an easy venture and, for several months, I worked every day, from dawn until sunset, coaxing order out of the surrounding chaos.

The first task was to decide where to establish my base. I had spent nine years at my other farm, living in a simple thatched hut before moving for the last five to a modest house I had built near by. Now it was to be a thatched hut all over again, and the obvious place for it seemed to be above the bank of the river, with the giant sal trees of the forest looming behind and the open plain spreading out in front. Later, I rebuilt the hut in stone and, over the years, added other simple whitewashed buildings until they are now strung out haphazardly over a hundred yards or so.

Recently, I even added a second storey to two of the buildings, giving the place an appearance of permanence which it never possessed in the early days; and with the arrival of mains electricity to take over from the generator which I originally imported, it has acquired some of the comforts not usually found in the wilds. That was later on, however, and when I first arrived on the scene, life was rough and simple.

Cobras, Kraits And Ratsnakes!

Snakes seemed to be everywhere at that time. There were plenty of cobras and kraits and any amount of ratsnakes. I have never been bitten by a snake, though several men on my farm have. One particular man once woke me in the middle of the night, claiming that he had been bitten by a krait; I sucked the poison out of his toe and took him to the doctor. A few days later he decamped, taking my wristwatch with him.

There were about ten men working for me altogether and we formed a self-sufficient little community on the edge of the forest. I sunk a well in front of my hut which provided plenty of water, and for food we relied on our stores, occasionally supplemented by a wildpig or deer shot in the fields. We felt extraordinarily isolated from the outside world; the nearest track ended two miles away as the surrounding area was waterlogged much of the year, and a visit to the local village to collect provisions or medicine occupied most of the day. Later on we built a dirt track, snaking along the river to join up with the cart, but even then communications were hazardous as the road became impassable during the rains.

The river has always been difficult to contain and, in these early days, it was often completely out of hand. A torpid stream for most of the year, it became a raging torrent during the monsoon and completely flooded my land for several months at a time. The weak spots were two cuttings in the bank half a mile downstream from my farm. From here the water would flow back to my fields whenever the river began to rise. Several times I tried to prevent this happening by earthing up the banks, only to see the river wash them away again, but by experimenting with several techniques and learning from my failures, I eventually succeeded in bringing it under control.

The floods often bring with them a variety of unusual visitors. I have seen two or three Gangetic dolphins gambolling around in the fast-running waters, only to disappear downstream to the bigger rivers from which they came as soon as the flood subsided. Turtles the size of small plates float past on logs, sunning themselves with their heads pointed up in the air and slipping from time to time off the logs to cool themselves in the water. And sometimes, when the river rises very suddenly after heavy rain, a mass of dead fish is left behind on the banks when the water subsides. The mudfish is invariably the only survivor on these occasions, which suggests that the others must die from the excessive amount of silt in the water.

I soon discovered that the river was the centre of wildlife activity around my emerging farm. Just below the confluence of the Soheli with the Neora, I built a little summer house, around a large jamun tree (*Eugenia jambolana*). I called it "Pincha's Bar" after my dog, a faithful companion of sixteen and a half years whose indestructible little heart was stilled, not by age, but by drowning. From there I could observe the animals and birds when they came down to the water to drink.

Official Honours For The Monkey

On the far bank, about thirty yards away opposite the bar, I have seen at one time or another all the animals of the forest except the tiger. Small groups of chital deer pass by, grazing on the fresh shoots, and leopards have walked silently along the bank. Once early in the morning, I saw a bear foraging in the undergrowth. And, every evening, the birds gather to feed on a mound under a large tree, where I leave paddy for them to eat. Sometimes a male peacock will join the others on the river's edge, but he is a nervous creature and scuttles back into the forest as soon as he sees someone on the other side.

Of all the animals I found around the place when I moved in, the monkeys were the most common. There were two kinds: the brown rhesus monkey (which is caught and exported for medical research) and the white-coated, black-faced langur. To me the langur has always been the more dignified animal. The rhesus monkey is continually causing some sort of damage. They pick up the grain of a newly sown crop and tear out young sugarcane by its roots. Government statistics accord them the honour of bracketing them with rats as a prime cause of food-grain shortage. Even in the forests they prefer to live in proximity to human habitation, eating sugarcane and other crops and seemingly unmoved by punitive action. I have sometimes caught them raiding my fields, and then they rush away to the river, jump in and do a furious dog-paddle to the other side.

Langurs, on the other hand, are shy creatures and keep to themselves. They move about in tribes, patrolling small beats in the forest, and the ones which frequented the tall trees on the far bank of the river behind my farm were somewhat startled by our appearance on the scene. Soon, however, they became accustomed to the sight of humans, though it has always been very difficult to get anywhere near them.

They sit comfortably high up in the trees observing the activities on the farm as they eat, and then suddenly take off through the forest, leaving the branches shaking emptily in the air behind them, as though disturbed by a gust of wind. They are playful animals and many times I have photographed them, fooling around in the forest and underneath the trees where the birds feed on the far bank of the river.

Step by step, my farm began to take shape in this setting. The road was finished, my huts became more comfortable and fields of sugarcane sprang up where once there was only scrubland. I decided to call my new home "Tiger Haven" in memory of my elder brother who, when an Air Vice-Marshal, was called "Tiger"; it also seemed appropriate to a place sitting on the edge of tiger territory.

—Continued

THE UNHAPPY AND PERSECUTED SWAMPDEER. The average swampdeer is almost 4 feet tall at the shoulder and weighs between 350 and 400 lb. The stags grow a new set of antlers each year. Their mating season starts from September onwards and lasts till January.

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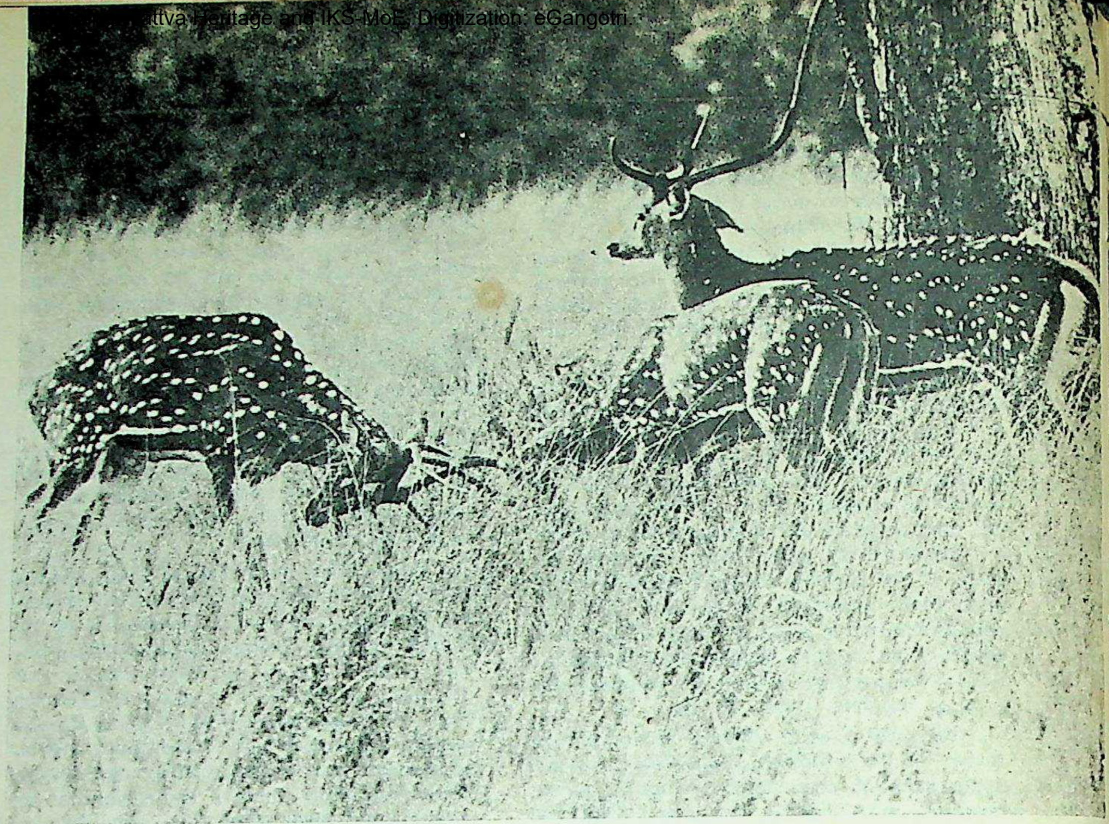
Every year I spent eight months out of twelve there. Late in June the call of the pied-crested cuckoo would warn me, with unfailing accuracy, that the monsoon was imminent, and as the first showers started sweeping in across the plains, I would pack my belongings in a trailer and return to the house of Jasbirnagar Farm, which I still owned. In October I waited impatiently for the last rains to die out and give way to the clear cool days—an event which was always foretold by the appearance of the redstart, another equally reliable bird. As soon as I saw it, I knew it was time to return to the forest. Winters at "Tiger Haven" were sharp. Sometimes the temperature dropped almost to freezing-point and we would light logfires outside the bar above the river. Then in March it started to get hot again and the fireflies returned, infiltrating the branches of the trees and making them appear like living objects in the forest.

I started sleeping outside again, and some nights the forest seemed to close in on our little encampment. Occasionally, I would be woken by the shattering roar of a tiger in an altercation over a kill or the hoarse falsetto bugling of a chital stag. If it had rained during the day, there would be heavy dew in the evening and, soon after dark, a thousand frogs emerged to fill the air with their deep-throated croaks, answering each other in different keys like the chanting of a choir.

It gave one a marvellous sense of freedom and space, lying there listening to the animals, and it seemed impossible that their survival could be so uncertain.



YOUNG CHITAL STAGS SPARRING. The chital is one of the world's handsomest breed of deer. Its most striking feature is the pale-brown coat flecked with white spots like large snowflakes. In North India, the chital's mating season is at its peak from May to July, when one constantly hears the falsetto bellow of the stag. The chital is a prolific breeder—after a gestation period of 7-8 months, twin fawns are born.

LESS than a hundred years ago, India was one of the great reservoirs of wildlife in the world. From the Himalayas to the Indian Ocean, vast numbers of animals, and a remarkable variety, populated the plains and mountains of the subcontinent. Over the last century, man has almost totally destroyed this natural reserve.

In my own district of Kheri the process of destruction has been as effective as anywhere else in India. When I first arrived at "Tiger Haven", the local supply of wildlife was already thin on the ground. Some species had virtually disappeared; others were eking out a precarious existence in diminishing numbers. Both in the forest and outside it, the animals were retreating before the tractors, domestic cattle and guns of the human invader.

Land Hunger

For those which lived outside the forest, no single development was more harmful than the remorseless spread of cultivation. Up to the end of the Second World War the area to the north of the Sarda river and up to the reserved forests along the Nepal border formed a buffer region which was almost completely wild. It had been a natural game reserve, but now civilisation was gradually encroaching and depriving the animals of their living space. An ever-increasing population required more food to sustain it and, therefore, more land to grow the food. Soon after Independence and Partition, this land hunger assumed mammoth proportions, and in the Trans-Sarda belt the dacoit-infested malaria-ridden tracts were heavily colonised by the farmers from the Punjab.

Every inch of available soil was reclaimed to the very edge of the forest—"Tiger Haven" had been one of the few places to remain untouched—and the grassland buffer, which had prevented a clash of interest between the wildlife and the settlers, disappeared. With it went the great herds of deer which used to roam across the plains, the crocodiles in the rivers and any living thing which was unable to adapt to the new order. A few swampdeer did manage to colonise some patches of open grassland within the forest, but, in such radically different surroundings, they were unlikely to survive for long. These islands of space in the forest were invariably too small to support many animals, and continual forestry operations threatened their existence.

Here, too, the deer encountered herds of domestic cattle in whose company no wild animal can survive for long. In India the cow, being sacred, is never killed and therefore multiplies in thousands. Crowded out like the deer from their traditional grazing grounds by the advance of cultivation and by their own increasing numbers, the cattle gravitate to the forest, where they are allowed to move about without restriction. Food becomes scarce and disease breaks out and is then transmitted to the local wildlife; in such conditions it is always the deer which yield to the cattle and slowly lose the will to survive.

The democratic processes of government also hastened their decline. On the basis of one man, one vote, gun licences for crop protection were issued on a massive scale as political patronage by the party in power. It was not only bona-fide farmers who benefited from this situation; anybody who went to prison during India's freedom struggle, even if his offence was somewhat less respectable than political resistance, could count on getting a licence; common criminals and jailbirds were also able to cash in on the windfall. There was no law to control shooting outside the forest at the time and guns, which had been issued for crop protection, soon provided the necessary arms for an ever-increasing band of poachers who slaughtered the deer indiscriminately and then sold the meat.

A Sport Becomes A Slaughter

Hunting was once governed by carefully devised rules and a strict code of behaviour; with Independence a new type of sportsman, less scrupulous than his predecessor, appeared on the scene. He shot anything at any time of the year and often used a machine-gun mounted on a jeep in a purely military-style operation. India, sadly, has always suffered from debasing the art of hunting until a sport becomes a slaughter.

Inside the forest the assault of the human invader was scarcely less thorough and certainly no less violent. The drive to exploit more land in the interests of solving the nation's chronic food problems inevitably marked our forest areas down as future sites of cultivation. Thus, in the early 1950s, began the process which has reduced the forests of North India to 13 per cent of the land—considerably less than the 33 per cent recommended by a recent commission.

A little later the same process was repeated in my own district, this time as part of a programme which provided each landless labourer from Eastern Uttar Pradesh with 10 acres of ground carved out of the forest; the educated did rather better: they received 20 acres, a brick hutment and a pair of bullocks.

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Simultaneously, there emerged a new policy of exploiting the forests to their maximum potential, which was as harmful to wildlife as the wholesale destruction of their living space.

The trees were not the only thing to be affected. No leaf in the forest was left unturned in the frantic search for a quick profit, and soon almost everything, however insignificant, acquired a monetary value. Fish from the rivers and driftwood from the streams, grass for thatching and grass-roots for scent-making, honey, manure, small plants and dead wood—nothing was left untouched. The proceeds from this exotic harvest were considerable; in my forest division, the auction of all forest rights over an area covering 300 square miles produced over 25 million rupees a year. Naturally the one aim of every official was to surpass the total of his predecessor, and thus a vicious circle was created which caused the forest to be more thoroughly exploited every year.

Wildlife also had its value in this market through hunting fees and royalties on animals killed, but the comparative insignificance of these earnings was reflected in the denial to the animals of the age-old principle that what comes out of the forest belongs to the forest: if a man was caught with timber outside the forest, the onus was on him to prove that he had acquired it legally; but if a dead animal was discovered in the same place, two independent witnesses were needed to prove that the animals had indeed been killed in the forest. Such unlikely conditions were never satisfied and no prosecutions resulted.

Hunter To Conservationist

Finally, a special mention should be made here of tiger shooting, the time-honoured sport of the ruling classes, both British and Indian. Legitimate shooting for sport, as I have already indicated, has never on its own exterminated a species. But, for various reasons, the tiger has been hunted more consistently than any other animal, and this has undoubtedly made a large contribution to the decline in its numbers. By the early 1960s few people had realised that the symbol of India's wildlife was nearing extinction; each year fresh expeditions were mounted to the forest, and though it became increasingly difficult to bring home a trophy, the sport continued to attract local and foreign hunters.

Thus, by the time I arrived at "Tiger Haven", the local wildlife was under attack from all sides. During my first few years there, I was too preoccupied in building up my farm either to appreciate what was happening to the animals or to do anything about it. I still occasionally went hunting, though not for tigers, and the possibility that the animals might vanish altogether was only a vague and not altogether convincing idea at the back of my mind. Still the signs were there, and each shooting season turned me a little more into a conservationist.

The immediate area of forest surrounding my farm formed part of one of the 40 shooting blocks in the State of Uttar Pradesh, and for a long time the only effective protection I gave the animals was when I managed to lease it from the Forestry Department. Each year I, along with twenty to thirty other people including local residents and sportsmen from Bombay and Delhi, would apply for the block three months before the shooting season opened. By then the professional shikaris had already had their pick on the basis of their claim that they had booked important American clients who could not be put off. The rest of us had our names put in a hat and those who emerged successful acquired the block for a month's shooting.

Sometimes, I used to put in four or five applications in different names, and with the help of this device I was generally able to lease the block two or three times a year. Then, of course, there was no shooting. But it was an expensive and haphazard business which only gave the tigers a brief respite. Occasionally I made life difficult for others who rented the block, particularly one individual from Calcutta who used to tie up buffalo as bait for the tiger immediately opposite my farm. As soon as it became dark, my brother (who used to visit me occasionally) and I went out and cut the buffalo loose. The man eventually discovered what was going on, and since then we have never been very friendly.

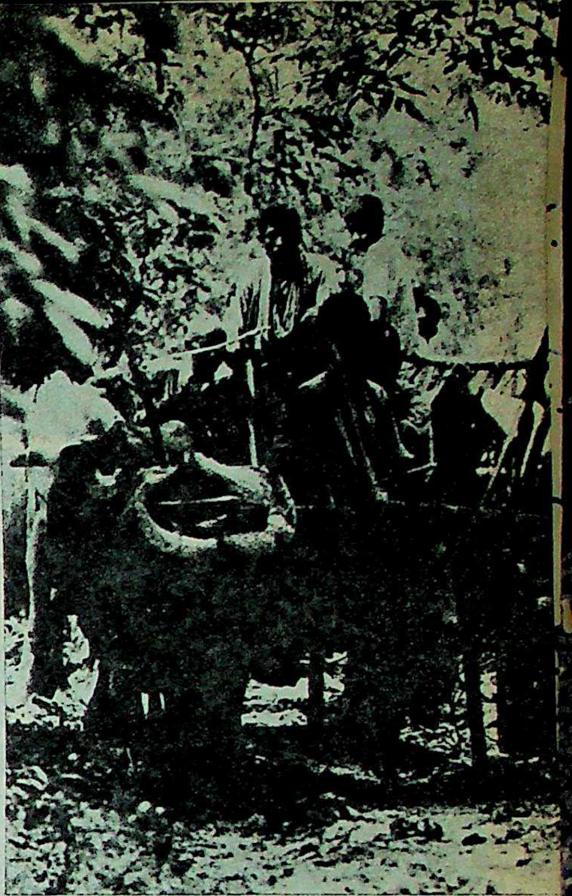
It Was No Go!

I also tried to stop some of the professional shikaris from ignoring the State rules for tiger shooting by reporting them to the authorities. On one occasion, I received first-hand evidence from a party of American hunters who came to visit me and spoke freely after they had drunk a couple of tots of "Old Crow" bourbon. They mentioned that they had waited up for a tiger after dark and had used a light, both of which were offences. Another time I heard that a tiger cub had been shot. I reported all this to the Forest Department, but as usual it was a complete waste of time and nothing was done.

It was the swampdeer and not the tiger, however, which finally engaged all my energy in the cause of conservation. With the possible exception of the blackbuck, no other species of Indian wildlife had been subjected to such a catastrophic reduction in numbers in the post-war years. The swampdeer is found nowhere in the world but India and Nepal and at one time existed in great numbers all over the north and central parts of the country.

In my own region the banks and reaches of the river Sarda afforded an ideal natural reserve for the species up to the end of the Second World War. Between the river and the forest, 15 miles to the north, there was plenty of marshland, interspersed with creeks and patches of sand and silt where the unstable Sarda overflowed its banks each year. This was the selected home of the deer, shared by robber gangs and malarial mosquitoes, and it was probably one of the most spectacular wildlife sights in the world to see a herd of nearly a thousand animals galloping across a freshly burnt plain or splashing through an expanse of water in what seemed like an endless surge of antlers, magnified by the stag's habit of segregating and by the many tines the swampdeer head possesses.

In 1964, when the State Wildlife Board was created in Uttar Pradesh and I became a member, I strongly recommended to the Board that Ghola presented a wonderful opportunity to save the swampdeer for posterity; instead of distributing the land in small parcels, the Government should hand it all over to the Forest Department, who could combine the three thousand acres with the adjoining forest to create a permanent reserve. My proposal became all the more urgent, at least in my mind, when the American scientist, George Schaller, visited me in 1965, and together we went to Ghola and carried out a survey of the local swampdeer population. Instead of the 1,500 animals that had been reported in the area, we found only 600.



TIMBER CUTTERS ILLEGALLY ENTERING A SANCTUARY. The annual excursions of the timber contractors into the forest are almost as disruptive to wildlife as the cattle. Each year they arrive in long strings of bullock-carts and create such a disturbance that every animal for miles around takes flight.

As usual, however, the State Government vacillated and it was not until 1966 that they accepted my idea. By then it was too late. Before anything could be done, land-grabbers, in the guise of Naxalites, took possession of Ghola and, with plough and gun, once again routed the unhappy and persecuted swampdeer from their last retreat. That the provincial constabulary had later to eject these would-be landowners is another story; the fact remains that the Government had failed to protect a species threatened with extinction.

One morning, soon after this debacle, I was sitting on a platform high up in a silk cotton tree (*Bombax malabaricum*) on the edge of the forest near my farm. Below me lay a burnt-out meadow where the new shoots of grass were just beginning to sprout through the charred ground. Gazing towards Ghola, I wondered about the fate of the swampdeer I had been trying

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to protect; step by step they were being eliminated from the marshes and swamps of their birthright through no fault of their own. Their only mistake had been to clash with human interests. They had no vote and nobody cared. Was this the end?

I realised from the beginning that it would be useless to approach the State Government for help, so I immediately set about preparing the ground myself. The first step was to plough up five-acre strips of open land in the reserved forest and sow them with the appropriate grasses for the deer to graze on. Next, I constructed salt-licks in the shape of cones on the edge of the fields; these would provide the deer with the minerals they needed.

My aim was to attract wildlife and this I soon succeeded in doing in the shape of a forest ranger, whose brother I had recently reported for illegally shooting a young chital. He demanded to know why I should not be prosecuted for ploughing up Government land.

Technically, of course, he had a point. But by then I had learnt that, if you want to get something done, it is fatal to wait for permission, so intricate and slow-moving are the wheels of bureaucracy. The best and only course of action is to go right ahead with whatever you are doing.

As it happened, the forest ranger's superior officer had a sense of proportion; wisely, he realised that, in the serious business of forestry, there was no harm in getting someone else to deal with the minor subject of wildlife, which by now held some academic interest even for the less exalted ranks of the administration.

My next visitors were the cattle, which grazed on the new shoots of barley which I had sowed for the deer, and knocked over and trampled on the salt-licks. Attempts to persuade the graziers of the value of a wildlife sanctuary were futile and my appeals to them to keep their herds away served no purpose, as the area was a normal forest block where cattle were allowed to graze on payment of a royalty. The only effective course of action, it seemed, was to adopt strong-arm tactics.

After waiting for a suitable opportunity, I caught a grazier (who was also illegally gathering dropped swampdeer horns) and tethered him to the towing hook of my jeep, this being the only way in which I could persuade him to accompany me to where two more graziers were awaiting collection. Then, with my two dogs looking out as interested spectators from each side of the vehicle, I drove slowly down the forest road, pursued by a strange assortment of sound coming from the rear. Thereafter I had little trouble, at least for a while, and was able to rebuild the salt-licks in peace. **The matter was taken up by local politicians but nothing could be proved and the law of the jungle prevailed.**

Protection For Swampdeer

I was now ready to receive the swampdeer of Ghola but the problem remained of persuading them to come. Ghola was eight miles away and separated from us by a thin belt of forest; clearly they would not move on their own. The answer seemed to be to drive them out, and so one early morning, while the dew was still lying on the grass, I set off to Ghola on Bhagwan Piari with five other elephants borrowed from a nearby farm. At the far end of the marshes the elephants fanned out, and we started moving slowly through the long grasses towards "Tiger Haven", shouting and letting off blank cartridges as we went. The deer leapt away in front of us and, though some wheeled back into the marshes as we approached the forest, quite a few disappeared into the trees. How many had gone through we did not know at the time, but a few days later I discovered that a herd of 250 swampdeer had arrived at the salt-licks on the other side.

Here at last, they found some protection, since the area I had prepared was inside the reserved forest where shooting rules prevailed, whereas at Ghola they had been freely shot by anyone with a gun. But it was still a long way from being a safe reserve. Local poachers sneaked in to kill the animals and large numbers of cattle remained on the range. I was the only person who tried to protect the swampdeer from these hazards, and though I did what I could, patrolling the forest at odd hours of the day and night, it was a hopeless task. Unless the Government declared the place a sanctuary and prohibited cattle grazing in the forest, all my efforts would be wasted.

This was a dismal prospect, so, using my influence as a member of the State Wildlife Board, I started working on the authorities, pointing out that, as the deer were already within the orbit of the forest, it would be a simple matter to declare a sanctuary and order the cattle out. To back up my case, I took pictures of the swampdeer and submitted several papers to the Board. But everyone seemed to have some objection to the scheme. The politicians maintained that there was nowhere else for the cattle to graze and the down-wind forest officials were inclined to agree with them. The vested interests of the professional shikari hunters also opposed my plan, since the sanctuary would protect the tiger as well as the swampdeer. They still clung to the tattered memories of the past when shoots invariably produced mammoth bags, and the fact that the supply had now dwindled to single figures did nothing to dispel their ambitions.

Minister To The Rescue

For over a year, the discussion continued with constant lobbying by the interested parties. I used to make the tiring eight-hour journey from my farm up to Lucknow where the meetings of the Wildlife Board usually took place, but, more often than not, I would return with the feeling that we were no farther advanced at the end than we had been at the beginning.

After a time, I began to despair of the whole project until, quite suddenly, help appeared in the shape of Charan Singh, a State Forest Minister who showed great interest in the preservation of wildlife. Finally, persuaded by my arguments, he announced one day that an area of 82.2 square miles surrounding "Tiger Haven" would be declared a sanctuary and that the cattle would be excluded "as far as possible".

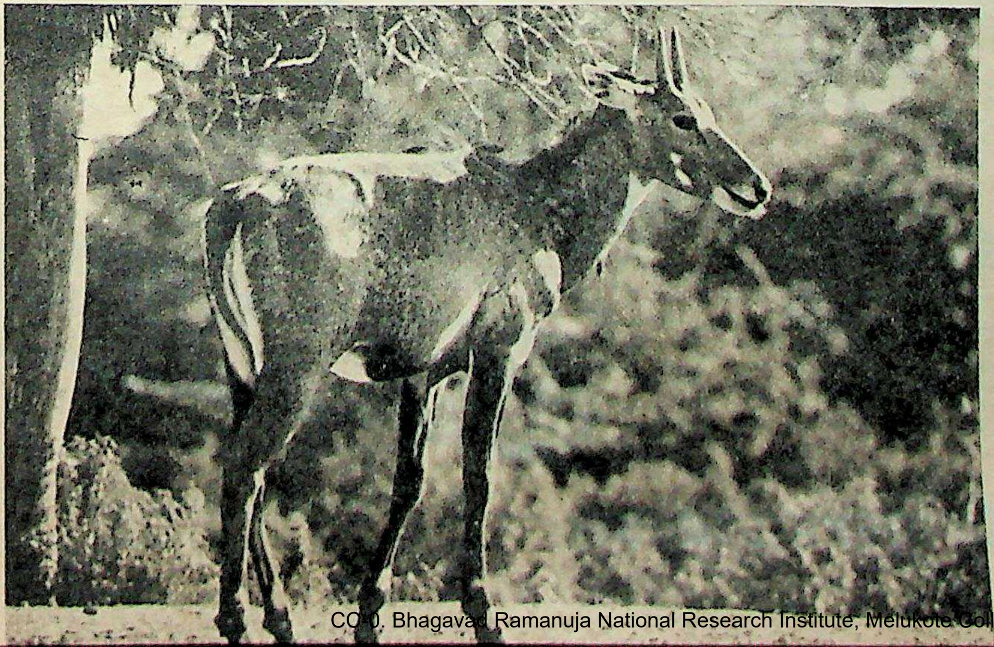
That last clause was the catch-phrase, of course, as it allowed a wide degree of interpretation to individual officials, but I was too pleased at the time to pay much attention to it. I had originally asked for only 40 square miles to be turned into a reserve; now, on the recommendation of the local wildlife officer, more than twice that amount was to be protected.

The proposed sanctuary, which was to be called Dudwa, was about 25 miles long, stretching 12 miles each side of "Tiger Haven" and three miles deep into the forest towards the Nepal border. Of the total area, about 20 square miles was open land, where the swampdeer could graze, and the rest forest consisting of two halves of different shooting blocks. Thus something had been done to protect the tiger as well as the deer.

It had been a long struggle but I was naturally delighted with the results which, among other things, would give me the opportunity of studying many animals in comparatively protected conditions.

—To Be Continued

THE UNGAINLY NILGAI. The nilgai is a big powerful animal, about the same size as a large horse, but without the horse's balanced proportions. It is India's largest representative of the antelope family. While not in any immediate danger of extinction, nilgai are fast reducing in number for much the same reasons as the blackbuck. Since the nilgai's habitat is thorny countryside and open forest scrubland, it does not find the sanctuary inviting.



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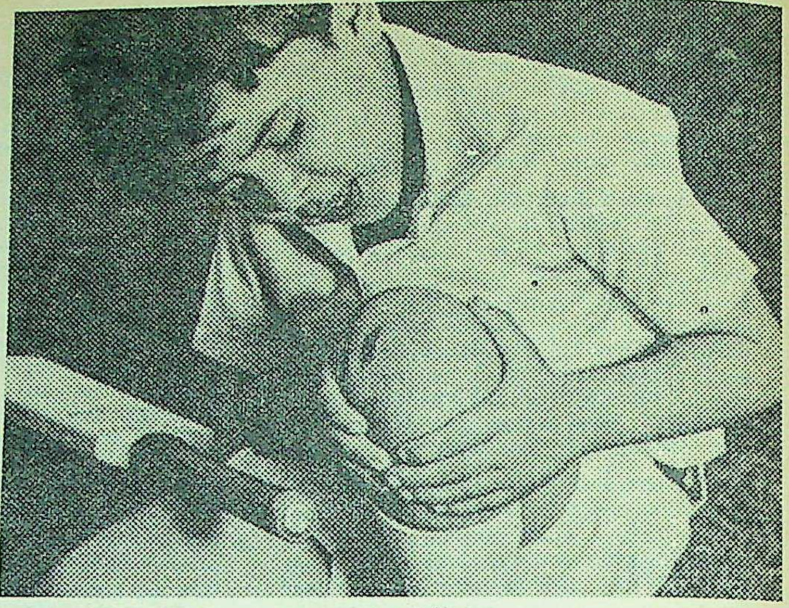
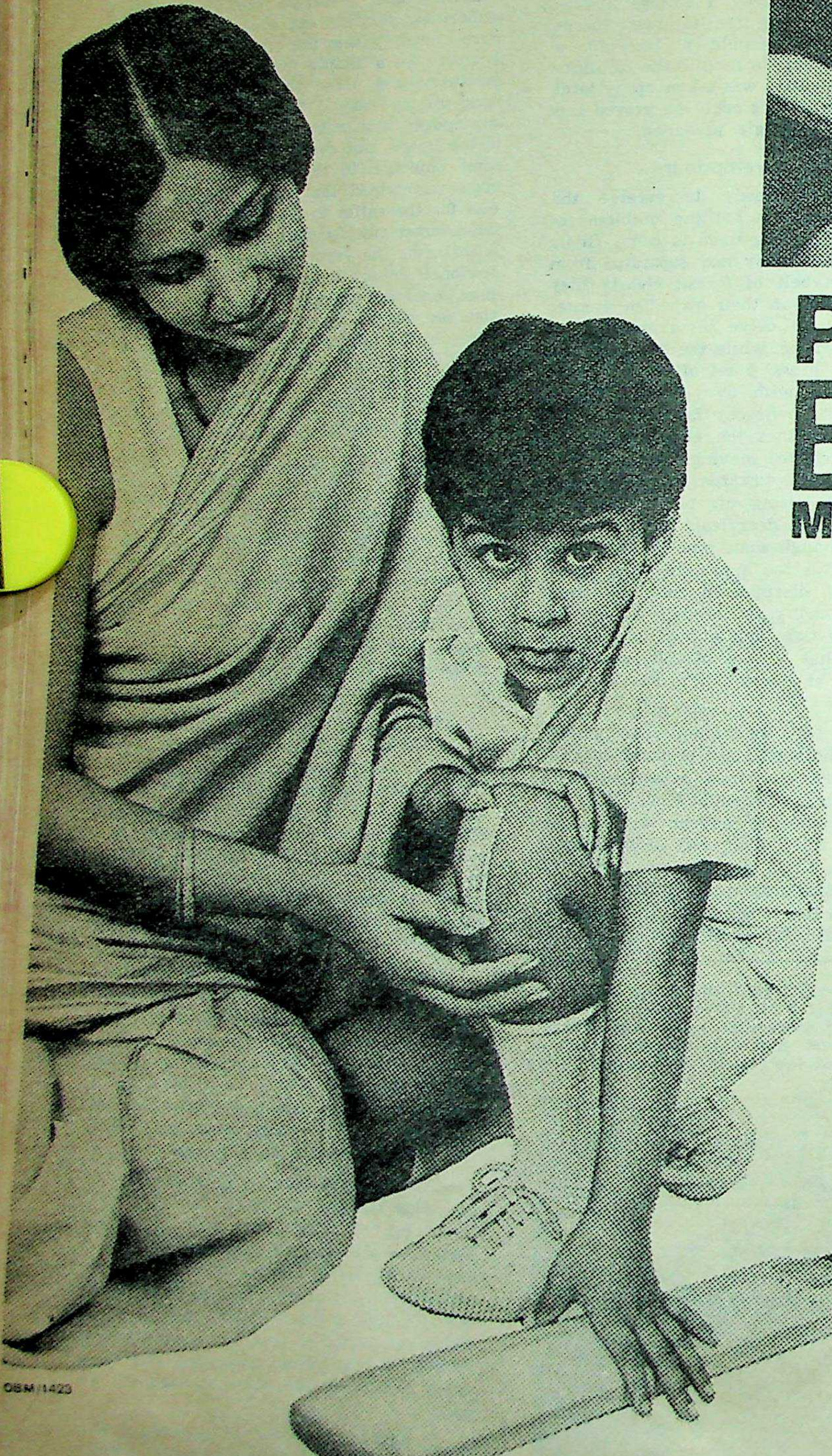
Wounds are open to infection.





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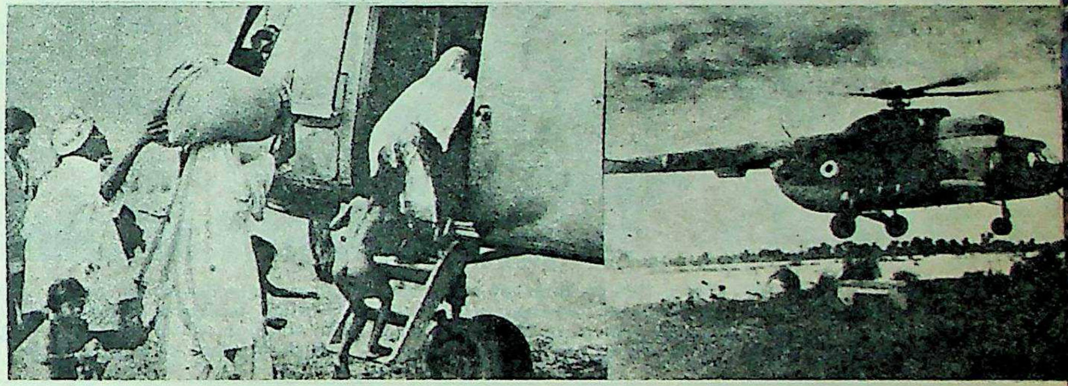
In The News

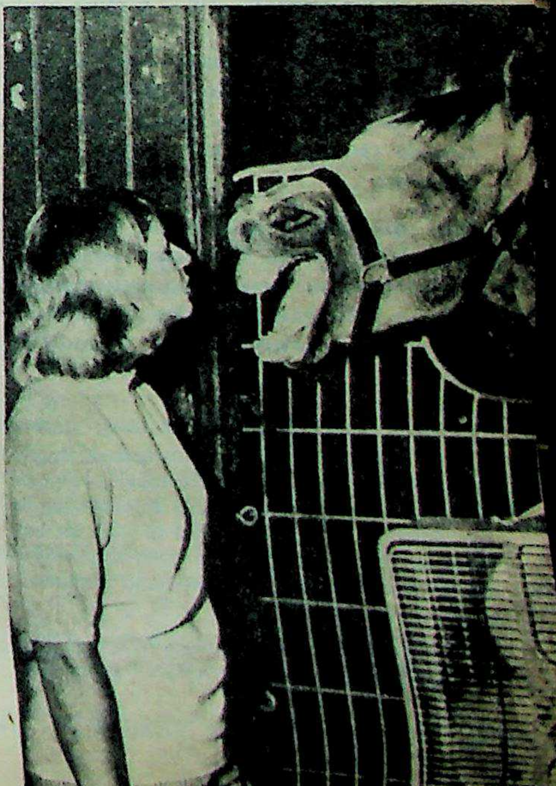
THREE CHEERS FOR BANGLADESH, INDIA AND PAKISTAN! *Displaying two faces of relief are P. N. Haksar and Aziz Ahmed. Their two teams finally reacned an agreement, ending months of talks, dilly-dallying and deadlocks. The agreement liquidates the bulk of humanitarian problems left over from the 1971 war and benefits 400,000 people in the three countries of the subcontinent. It paves the way for Pakistan's recognition of Bangladesh. It rules out Islamabad's trials of Bengalis and spells out the categories of "Pakistanis" in Bangladesh eligible for repatriation. It is believed that Islamabad will hold direct discussions with Dacca on the POWs' trial.*

A FLOOD OF RELIEF. *A passenger of the Delhi-Ahmedabad Express—who together with 700 others was stranded for 56 hours at Someshwar Station because of floods—is greeted by a relative when the train finally reached Ahmedabad. The passengers were full of praise for the villagers who helped them with food and water but complained that the relief packets airdropped by the IAF contained only biscuits and chana.*



THIS IS YOUR PILOT, CAPT. NOAH. *One batch of 1,000 Punjab villagers who were marooned by the Sutlej floods and rescued by IAF helicopters. Most of the major Western rivers are in spate. The Indus has caused intense damage on both sides of the border—it has inundated large tracts of Hyderabad (Sind) and threatens Karachi. The Washington Post backed Pak allegations that Indian engineering projects upstream had aggravated the flow of flood waters into their country.*

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE ESTIMATES BOGEY? *The Estimates Committee of the Bihar Assembly is said to have indicted Railway Minister L. N. Mishra (above) and his relatives for corruption in the Kosi project. Opposition members demanded his resignation, but the Minister stoutly denied any personal involvement in the irregularities. Three Bihar MLAs also affirmed that the Estimates Committee Report had nowhere blamed Mr Mishra or his brother, the State's Irrigation Minister, Dr Jagannath Mishra. The Report does however mention that two of the Railway Minister's brothers are nicknamed "Jalebi Babu" and "Laddu Babu".*



DID THE BREATHALYSER TEST FIND HIM GUILTY? *Is Leo the Greek having a horse laugh?—his owner claims the steed can be made to win by giving him a combination of whisky and aspirin.*

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LUNAR ROCK MOSAIC. Wafer-thin sections of moon rocks, when viewed through powerful microscopes, reveal the kind and texture of their constituent crystals. The needle-shaped transparent crystals are called feldspars and the coloured and opaque ones are other types of silicate minerals. These minerals are also present in terrestrial rocks. The study of these rocks not only reveals their chemical composition and age but also provides knowledge about particles and radiation in space and the history of events in the solar system going back millions of years.

The Greatest Rock Hunt In History

by Professor D. LAL

The study of lunar rocks has given us valuable information not only about the moon but also about the evolution of the solar system.

The author is noted for his outstanding work in lunar science, cosmic rays and oceanography. He is Director of the Physical Research Laboratory, Ahmedabad.

THE American and Soviet lunar probes were largely aimed towards a determination of the moon's chemical composition and age. Ironically, this information is the smallest of the sum total of gain in our knowledge. The gains have been impressive in other areas of space science and evolution of the solar system.

Much of our present knowledge of the solar system and space is derived from the fact that rocks store in them a large amount of information about the time which elapsed between the manufacture of their elements and their solidifications, and their interactions with radiation and particles.

At some stage during the history of the solar system, violent processes led to the manufacture of a large number of elements, including radioactive isotopes. Then followed a series of very complex events finally leading to the accumulation of Earth, Jupiter and other planets. These bodies were probably hot to begin with. The most important factor is the time interval between the manufacture of elements and their solidification. If a given rock takes very long to solidify, most of the radioactivity in it will decay.

Thus, in crux, one is looking for some nuclear technique whereby one can read the number of years which elapsed on a clock set at zero time immediately after the last manufacture of elements. It must be cautioned here that the word "last" has a very special significance. Elements have been manufactured again and again at different times in our galaxy and we are primarily concerned with the last manufacture because any radioactive elements manufactured earlier would have decayed.

It follows from the above that the importance of the age of lunar rocks is not just a given large value. If we say that a rock is three thousand million years old or four thousand million years old, in a certain sense it would make very little difference because after all both these values are very large, by any standards. However, as you would immediately see, the four thousand million years' old sample would probably contain some of the radioactive elements manufactured in the last cooking of elements prior to accumulation of the solar system.

In fact, work carried out in India on lunar rocks has clearly shown an evidence of the existence of unstable fissionable radio-nuclides when meteorites and lunar *dust* originally solidified. The same does not hold for the lunar *rocks* indicating that the rocks solidified much later. Some of the radioactivities seen in lunar dust seem to be analogous to superheavy transuranic elements. Theoretical physicists predict the possibility of manufacture of such elements

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in nature. If our results are confirmed it would imply that these theoretical considerations are correct.

Thus, "old" rocks are so important in scientific studies. There is no trade value for "young" rocks in the world of a cosmologist who wants to pry into nature's secrets: what elements nature manufactures, how large are the heaviest nuclei, how long does it take to make rocks after nuclei are manufactured? And lunar rocks are old enough to answer some of these questions.

Rocks are commonly labelled as "dead". The dictionary meaning of "dead" is "one that has ceased to live". On the other hand the dictionary meaning of "alive" is one which exerts force or contains energy. Hence I would like to assert that rocks are very much alive. Not only the rocks which you can bring from outer space but even the rocks on earth.

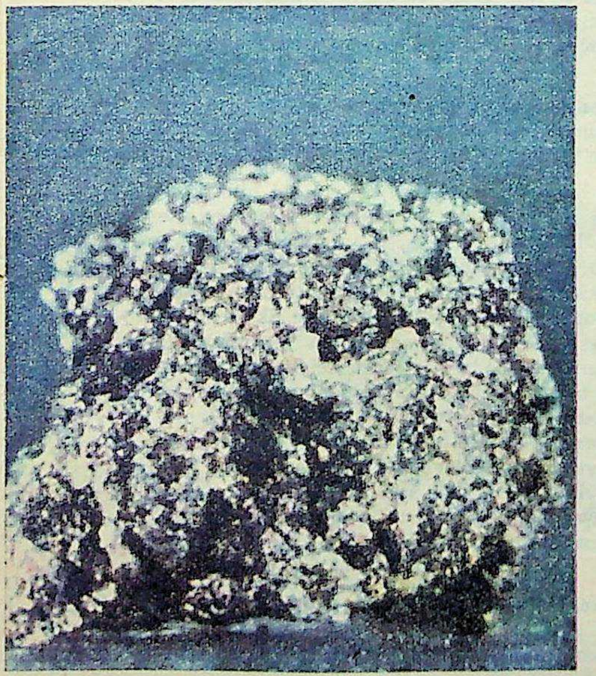
Interplay Of Atoms

We know that an atom consists of a nucleus around which electrons revolve continually. If you put a few atoms together, a new type of interplay of forces begins. The two atoms continuously interact with each other.

Put many atoms in a lattice structure and you have a crystal. Put many crystals together and you have a rock. The rock is held together by a variety of natural forces. And if a new force is brought in the picture, the rock immediately alters its form. This is the secret behind the intense drama that goes on between rocks and particles in space.

The void of space generally assumed to be still is in fact the most dynamic sample of matter one can lay one's hands on. Temperatures in space can be very high by virtue of motion. Thus, space is tenuous and dynamic. Part of this activity in space is due to the motion of the atoms themselves—the rest is due to the visiting atoms|nuclei|particles from the environment. What types of radiation and particles are present in the space around the moon|earth? They are: electromagnetic radiation from stars; fast particles travelling with ultra-high velocities close to the velocity of light (these particles are the nuclei of common elements we see around us—the particle radiation is called cosmic radiation, since we do not know about its origin as yet); a breeze consisting of atoms from the surface of the sun, called solar wind; dust particles and large-size objects transiting at speeds of the order of 10-50 km per second.

COMPONENTS OF THE LUNAR SOIL have different histories and origins. The glassy spheres seen here are formed as a result of quick cooling in flight of molten-rock fragments before they hit the moon surface at great speed. The white particles, rich in aluminium, sodium and calcium, probably splashed down to the sampling site from the highland regions of the moon.



DEARER THAN DIAMONDS, these rock specimens, collected by the Apollo missions, are records of events dating back 4,000 million years. They contain a few minerals not found on earth.

What happens when the above particles hit the lunar rocks, soil or meteorites? It is of course well known that the rocks will be shattered when they are hit by dust particles or larger-size objects. Large or small craters will be formed depending on the size of the particles. When smaller particles hit rocks, the damage is less.

Cosmic Gardening

And finally, when the particles incident are nuclei of atoms, the damage is on a still smaller scale. But it is interesting to note that the damage is not confined just to the surface. Dust particles hit and are smashed by the outer surface of rocks. Nuclear particles go deeper. To them matter does not appear as a solid wall but as thinly dispersed nuclei: imagine an empty room with a few peas hanging in mid air.

The meteoritic bombardment occurs on all scales—the tiniest particles you can possibly imagine bomb the surface with supersonic velocities. The large particles are responsible for change in the lunar surface topography, but the smaller ones produce mixing of rock and soil. This phenomena may be termed as cosmic gardening.

Besides fracturing or fragmenting rocks, impacts leave behind deformation and changes in their crystalline structure. Thus rocks retain in them a memory of any violent impact which has occurred.

One meteorite bombardment occurred while Apollo 14 was on the moon on May 13, 1972. The huge meteorite crashed uncomfortably close to the spacecraft and its impact was equal to about 1,000 tons of TNT. It made a crater as large as a football field.

One of the very exciting discoveries made recently by scientists is that Lonar Lake in Buldana District is actually carved out by a meteorite. The great value of the Lonar event lies in the fact that it occurred in the Deccan Basalt terrain whose chemical composition is similar to that of the moon's surface.

In the barren lunar landscape, there is another phenomena that goes on incessantly, and that is the production of isotopes as a result of interaction of cosmic rays and solar rays with the rocks. Solar wind is stopped in lunar rocks and we thus get a sample of sun too by sampling lunar rocks. From the studies of isotopes in lunar rocks, besides learning about chemical composition of solar photosphere, one learns about the history of cosmic radiation. The latter information goes back millions of years.

Earlier, the evolutionary history of rocks and soil was being studied from meteorites. However, since the outer regions of the meteorites are burnt off during their atmospheric transit, one loses information about low-energy particle phenomena in the outer surface of rocks.

The 'New' Moon

The moon that was worshipped by our ancestors under names such as Diana and Astarte and that was believed to influence social behaviour patterns and crops does not occupy this position any more. A suitor will now have to think ten times before calling his girl Chandra Mukhi—the moon soil and rocks are usually black. However, the moon has acquired a new, more elevated status as a result of a better understanding of the environment of space and the lunar surface.

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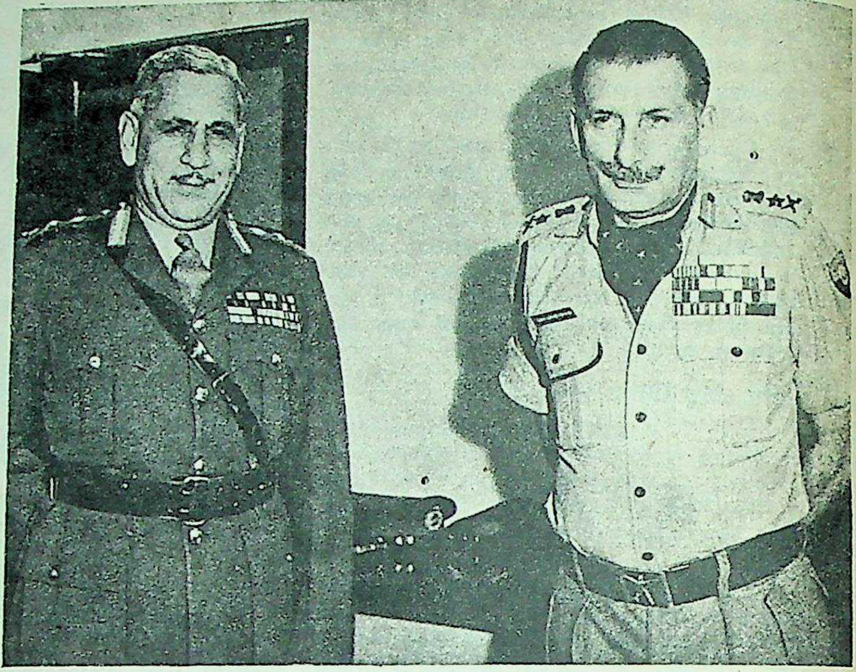
General Tikka Khan

Exclusive Interview with Khushwant Singh

The Pakistan Army Chief has two images. In Bangladesh, India and in many other parts of the world he is regarded as a murderer and denigrated with epithets like the "Butcher of Bangladesh" and the "Butcher of Baluchistan".

In Pakistan he is respected as a devout Muslim, an exception to the rule of hard drinking and high living which has come to prevail in the higher echelons of the Pakistan army. He is idolised for the "victories" he gained over the Indians in the skirmishes in the Rann of Kutch and, later on, the Sialkot Sector in the 22-day war in 1965. He is admired for his firm handling of the "rebellion" in what was then East Pakistan and the stubborn resistance he put up against the onslaught of the Indian army in the last war.

Tikka Khan is as popular amongst the officers and men of the Pakistan army as he is with the civilian population. Does his popularity endanger the new democracy in Pakistan? What does it mean to have a hawk as the C-in-C of the Pakistan army?



FOES AND COMRADES-IN-ARMS. Generals S. H. F. J. (Sam) Manekshaw and Tikka Khan (left) at the conference hall at Lahore Cantonment during their talks in November, 1972. Fellow soldiers who knew Tikka Khan during the Burma Campaign in December 1944 recall that he was a realist who knew, and worked within, his limitations.

GENERAL TIKKA KHAN was not anxious to see me. As I arrived at Karachi I made my request for an interview. It was received with an embarrassed smile. "We will convey the message to the C-in-C," replied the head of the Information Services, —and then provided the C-in-C an *alibi*, "but he may be on tour."

When I arrived at Islamabad I made sure that the General was in town before I repeated the request. The Foreign Office official was reluctant to ring up Army Headquarters and only did so at the insistence of my friend Manzur Qadir who had at one time been in a position of authority over both men. "Tell him I want to speak to him," said Manzur Qadir. From the number of "yeses" and "Oh I sees!" that the official mumbled into the phone I could sense that the General did not wish to meet any journalists—least of all an Indian. Manzur Qadir's name did the trick.

After a long pause, the official took down the dictation. "At the headquarters at fourteen thirty hours." Qadir took the phone himself, "You must invite him to your home; he is a friend of Pakistan." I was invited for tea. The Deputy Secretary explained: "Last week he gave an interview to Heykal of *Al Ahram*. He is not very happy over the way Heykal reported their dialogue."

I arrived at General Tikka Khan's house uncertain of the kind of man I was going to meet and the kind of reception he would give me.

The house of the C-in-C of the Pakistan army is not ostentatious. There was a sentry and plain-clothed security man at the gate. They waved me on into the bungalow. A young man in civvies received me and escorted me to the reception room. As usual I had come well before the appointed time.

I took the young man to be the General's secretary and I asked if I could get a copy of the General's biodata. "We don't have any such thing," he replied, "but you can ask me. I may be able to answer some of your questions."

I pleaded that I knew nothing of the General. "I don't even know where and when he was born, who his parents were, where he was educated, his family life. Nothing."

"Oh, that sort of thing!" remarked the young man. "I can tell you some of it. He was born in village Joccha Mamdot in Tehsil Kahuta, 28 miles from Rawalpindi. He is the eldest of three sons of Raja Iqbal. We are zamindars."

"We!"

"Oh, yes," said the young man, somewhat embarrassed at the slip. "I am the General's eldest son. I should have introduced myself. My name is Captain Khalid Masud Khan. I act as my father's ADC." We shook hands a second time.

So this was the son of the infamous Tikka! Nothing martial about the offspring. Just a sallow-complexioned, mild-mannered lad with a pin-stripe moustache and ill-fitting clothes! "How many are you in the family?" I asked.

"Five. I have a younger brother also in the army and another in college. And two sisters. One is a doctor in the army and the other is at school."

"What is your father's date of birth?"

He hesitated. "I think 1st July, 1915. But I am not sure. You better ask him. I know the year is 1915 and it is early July. I am not certain if it is the first."

"He is a Cancer!"

"I beg your pardon?" A look of suspicion came over the lad's face.

"A Cancer, you know! Born under the sign of the crab. Therefore kind, sensitive, sympathetic, with a powerful imagination. Also over-emotional, touchy and moody."

The young man looked nonplused. Just then a Pathan bearer in white uniform and plumed turban opened the door to let in the General.

I would not have recognised him from the photographs that I had seen, where the khaki uniform, the red tabs on the collar, the stars on the epaulets and the swagger stick gave him the martial bearing. Shorn of them, he looked more like a mild-mannered civil servant than an infamous soldier. He is barely 5.8 in height and slightly built. He sports a thin Charlie Chaplin moustache and wears thick-lensed glasses worn by people after cataracts in their eyes have been removed. He wore a grey suit obviously cut and stitched by a *darzi* in a Rawalpindi bazar. I tried to gain his confidence by a very effusive "Asalaam Alaikum".

"Valaikum Salam—or rather Sat Sri Akal. I haven't said that for a long time," he said as he shook hands. "Do sit down. Bearer, get some tea."

I sat down beside him. He was ill at ease. One hand constantly brushed the arms of the sofa; the other alternately rested on his knee—or on mine.

I expressed my gratitude to him for receiving me and assured him that I would

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report the interview as objectively and as honestly as I could. He patted my knee to indicate that he accepted my assurance; then startled me by quoting my words: "You wrote that we had killed Allah." (He was referring to the headline of an article I had written for the *New York Times*.)

I winced. "Well...that was taken from a story written by a Bangladesh writer... It made an effective beginning."

He smiled and patted my knee to forgive me. "You called me 'Butcher of Bangladesh', and the figures you quoted!"

I hailed the General's verbal assault by resorting to a diversion: an established military manoeuvre. "General Saheb, your son was good enough to tell me something about your parents and village. Where did you go to school?"

"In village Kallar Saiyeedan. Then I got selected for the army and went to Kitchner College, Nowgong. You know Nowgong? It is near Jhansi."

"Were you a Y cadet?"

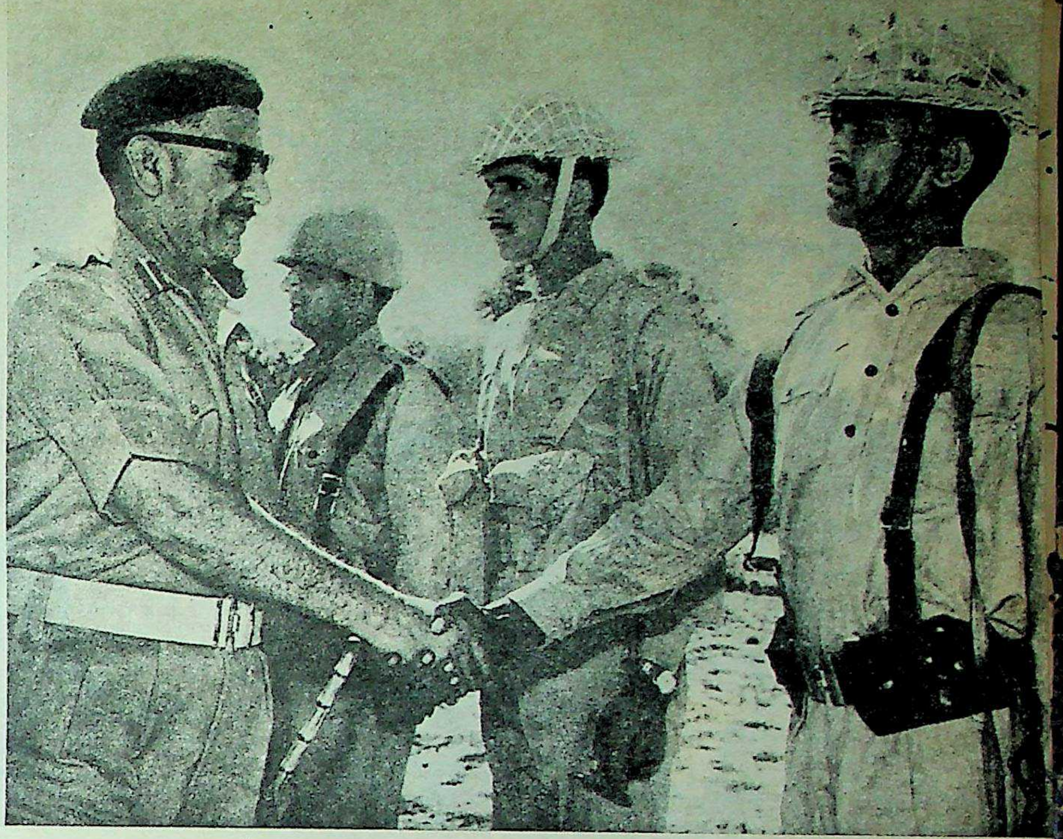
"Yes, I got the Viceroy's Commission. The Second World War started; I was on the front."

No Haw-Haw

It was apparent that Tikka Khan did not want to talk about his education because there was not much to talk about—no Prince of Wales Military College followed by Sandhurst or the Academy at Dehra Dun; no names of British regiments to throw about, no handlebar-moustachiod haw-haw which continues to be the hallmark of the Indian top brass.

The General comes from a lower-middle-class peasant family whose ultimate in military ambition would have been a Subedar Major. His English is halting, pronounced in a marked Panjabi accent and often punctuated with Panjabi words.

General Tikka Khan's sitting room showed how success had overtaken his would-have-been style of life. Everything in the room was obviously provided by the Government: the furniture and fillings were *sarkari*; the prints on the walls were equally impersonal. As a matter of fact, one hardly noticed anything except the liberal display of plaques of different regiments and medallions on the walls, tables and the mantelpiece. On either end of the mantelpiece were two framed pieces of Arabic calligraphy: one proclaimed the Glory of God, *Allaho Akbar*; the other a line from the Holy Koran, *Nasrum min-allahe wa fatehun qareeb* (If Allah is on your side, then victory is assured).



BUILDING THE "FINEST FIGHTING MACHINE". President Bhutto appointed Tikka Khan the Army Chief on March 3, 1972, in a major shake-up of the top brass. Lt-Gen. Gul Hassan, a friend of Mr Bhutto who had been made Army Chief after President Yahya Khan stepped down, "resigned" to make way for Tikka Khan. The General is the first Panjabi to become C-in-C of the Pak army and is a hero of the Pak soldiers. He made his reputation in the 1965 Indo-Pak war when he commanded a Pak division in the Sialkot Sector.

The General told me of his early days in the army and his many Indian friends. "Two years preceding the war, I was in Delhi. When the war broke out I was sent out with the 2nd Field Regiment to Libya against the Germans under Rommel.

The Good Old Days

"My immediate superior was Kumaramangalam, who was then only a Lieutenant. With me were Kalyan Singh of Jodhpur and Umrao Singh—who became a Major General—and Abhay Singh of Kotah. They were all Rajputs. But there was Prem Singh who was a Sikh and who also became a Major General. We used to call him 'Khorey-kee-hosee' (Who knows what'll happen!) Singh because he was forever waving his hands in the air and saying in his Pothohari accent: "Khorey kee hosee!". The General waved his hands in the air and imitated his erstwhile friend's speech. His deep sunken eyes sparkled through the thick lenses.

"The Germans captured me at Bir ul Hakim. I was a prisoner of war for 15 months. Then I escaped. I was back with my 2nd Field Regiment. I was sent to the Burma front. We fought the Japanese. And the INA. We captured your General Shah Nawaz. I was hit in the right arm," he said, stroking his right bicep with the other hand. "Nothing very serious but I was out of action for three months. By the time I left hospital the war was over. I was promoted to the rank of Captain and posted to Deolali, then Mathura. After that Kalyan, where I was selected for a staff college course. We were instructors in the I.M.A.,

—Continued

"PACIFICATION" OF EAST PAKISTAN. General Tikka Khan (extreme left) *with senior Pakistani officers. He was appointed Governor of East Pakistan by General Yahya Khan. Tikka Khan became notorious as the "Butcher of Bangladesh", a charge against which the General defends himself by saying: "I have devised a formula to get to the truth. Divide everything the Indians say by seventy."*

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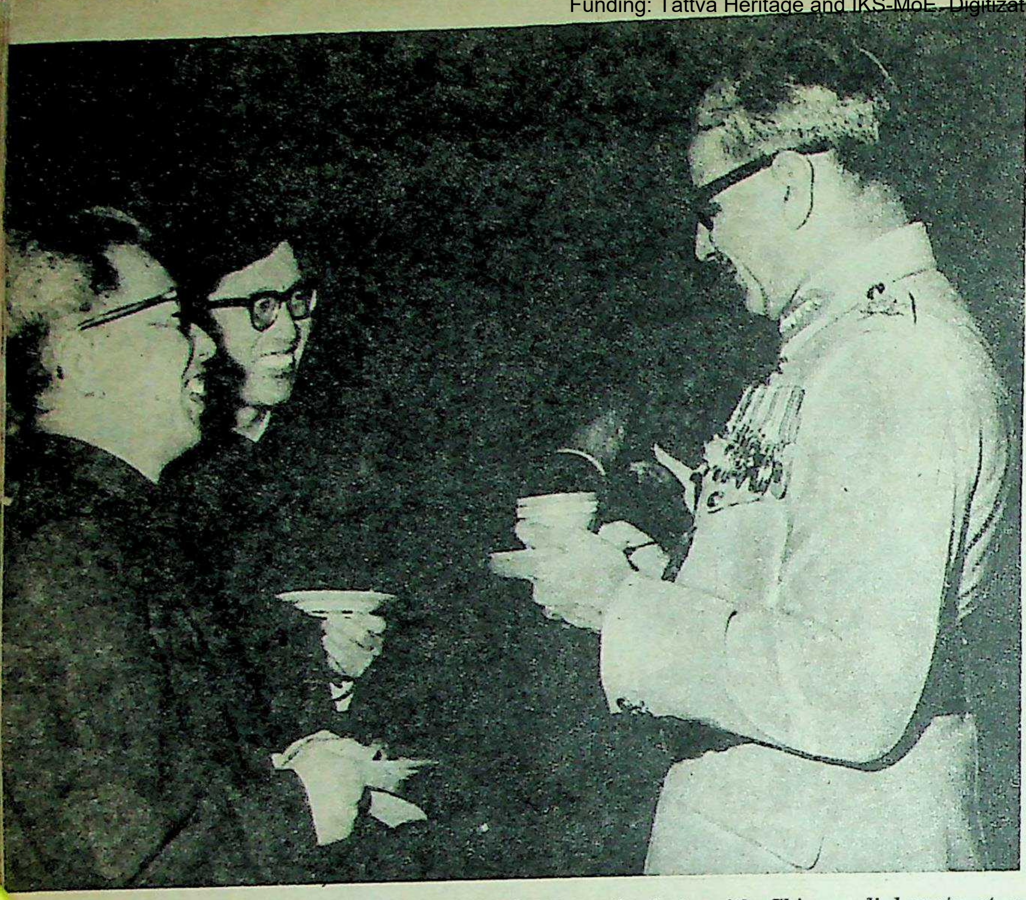

THE CHAI IS CHINESE. Tikka Khan—then Lt-General—chats with Chinese diplomats at a reception after being sworn in as Governor of East Pakistan on April 19, 1971 in Rawalpindi. The Chief Justice of East Pakistan had earlier created a crisis by refusing to swear in Tikka Khan. The General attributed the defeat of the Pak army in Bangladesh to the fact that "ninety per cent of the people" were with India and that the Indian Generals outwitted theirs. He does not believe that the Pak soldiers raped Bengali women.

Dehra Dun, in 1946. I took over from Ayappa (later Lt-General). I was made a Major. That summer I got married..."

"To your own cousin?"

"Yes! How did you know?" he asked, turning a questioning look at his son.

"I guessed. Most Panjabi Muslims marry first cousins."

"That's right," he conceded. "Then came Independence and Partition. And I came to Pakistan."

Rapid Promotions

In Pakistan there was less competition and promotion was rapid. Starting as instructor at the Kakul Academy, Tikka Khan went on to the Staff College in Quetta in 1948 and in January 1949 he came to General Headquarters. Six months thereafter he was promoted to the rank of Lt-Colonel and was entrusted with the raising of a new Medium Artillery Regiment. In 1954 he was made a full Colonel and Deputy Director of Artillery. A year later (June 1955) he became a Brigadier and, after postings at Nowshehera, Peshawar and Quetta, he returned to headquarters. In 1952 he became a Major-General.

Tikka Khan interrupted his narrative to fill me in on his role in Quetta in 1964, the period which earned him in the eyes of the Indians the title: "Butcher of Baluchistan". According to him, all that happened was that a band of brigands ambushed and killed eight and wounded 17 men of the armed constabulary and in mopping up the outlaws, he slew one and a few others were injured. "That was all," he said, "and your press made it out into some kind of massacre."

The 1965 War

General Tikka Khan first crossed swords with our men on the Rann of Kutch in 1965. "It was a small action," he said. "Your Border Security Force against our Rangers. After a short engagement, there was cease-fire and a few days later (4th July) our forces disengaged."

Then came the 22-day war. The General was in charge of the Sialkot Sector. Facing him on the Indian side were his erstwhile colleagues, Generals Thapan and Noronha. "It ended in a kind of stalemate," said Tikka Khan. "You outnumbered us three to one but we held our ground."

The Pakistanis claim they won the 1965 war. "You celebrate a victory day," I said. "That does not seem justified by either a comparison of casualties, the capture of armour or territory. Most foreign military observers say that we Indians had an edge over you."

General Tikka Khan gave me a wan smile and answered without any emotion, "We maintain you lost more. That stands to reason as you attacked us and the attacker always loses more men and material."

"What about the territory? And tanks? And aircraft? Our figures don't tally with yours."

The General held his ground and repeated, "We maintain you lost more." And then conceded, "There wasn't much difference, but we maintain we had the better of you."

I did not press him any further.

At the end of the 22-day Indo-Pak fracas, General Tikka Khan became a Quarter-Master General and in April 1969 a Lt-General. That summer he had his first foray into politics. In August he was appointed Martial Law Administrator of Lahore and stayed at the post for almost two years. Then the simmering in East Pakistan came to a boil.

No Political Ambition

By then General Tikka Khan had earned for himself the reputation of a strong man who could restore order in a disturbed area without resorting to unnecessary violence. He had the confidence of his colleagues as well as of President Yahya Khan. Unlike many senior officers he had no political ambitions; he could be trusted to negotiate with politicians without playing politics. Thus he was a natural choice for Governor and Martial Law Administrator of East Pakistan.

"It was on the 5th of March, 1971, that President Yahya Khan sent for me at Karachi. We had a long personal talk. He asked me to proceed immediately to Dacca as the situation was very serious," said General Tikka Khan. "I handed over charge at Lahore and took the first outward flight—of course by then you had banned overflights of Pakistani aircraft and I had to go via Ceylon. I landed in Dacca on the morning of the 7th of March.

"It was a very tricky situation. Admiral Ahsan had resigned the post of Governor; so had General Yaqub—but he was still living in the Governor's residence. I moved into a house in the Cantonment. I called a meeting of the Chief Secretary, the I.G. and the D.I.G. of Police and learnt that the situation was beyond civilian control and that Shaikh Mujibur Rahman was expected to declare the independence of Bangladesh at a meeting scheduled to take place at the Racecourse the next day. At the suggestion of the Chief Secretary and the I.G. of Police, I tried to meet Shaikh Saheb. He would not come either to the Governor's house or to the Cantonment. He evaded my suggestion that we meet at a neutral place. To keep up his political image he wanted me to call on him.

"However, he did not declare independence. But I learnt that his men were everywhere, creating chaos. I had moved into the Governor's residence but knowing his objection to coming there, I sent a note to him suggesting our meeting at the Assembly building which I remember describing to him as 'your future house'. Mujib did not even respond to this suggestion."

I interrupted him and asked him: "Didn't the Chief Justice refuse to administer the oath of office to you?"

"He was scared. He sent me a note explaining that he feared his life was in danger. However, I proceeded to perform the duties of Governor and Marshal Law Administrator without bothering about ceremonies."

He resumed his narrative: "On the 12th of March, I released the news that the President would be visiting Dacca. Three days later, Yahya Khan and Mr Bhutto arrived and negotiations were reopened between the leaders.

"I want you to know that till then we had taken no action whatsoever," insisted

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General Tikka Khan. "Not a soldier had been moved out of the cantonments; one unit, which was ready at Karachi for duty in East Pakistan, was not allowed to board the ship lest the move might be misconstrued. There was a ship loaded with ammunition in Chittagong harbour which the Bengalis refused to unload. I gave orders that no action be taken against them. Even when the political negotiations failed, I did not order any military action.

"It was only when I heard that units of the East Pakistan Rifles and the Armed Constabulary at different stations—Kushtia, Pabna, Chittagong and many other places—had mutinied and murdered their non-Bengali officers, in some cases massacred their families as well, that I realised I was up against a full-scale rebellion and decided to act."

"Can you recall the exact sequence of incidents on the fateful night of the 25th and on the 26th of March, 1971?" I asked.

The Night Of March 25

"Yes," he replied and proceeded to reminisce in detail. "I had information that the University which was closed was being used to store arms and ammunition for the use of the mutineers of the East Pakistan Rifles and the Bengali police. On my orders the Bengali police all over the country were disarmed at 16.30 hours. Later in the evening, my men took possession of the Peelkhana where arms were stored. I directed the operations and was in constant telephonic and radio communication with whatever was going on."

The General did not mention the arrest of Shaikh Mujibur Rahman and the way he was flown out to West Pakistan.

"There was heavy fighting in many parts of the country. In Dacca itself we were up all night, mopping up pockets of resistance. By morning we had the situation entirely under control."

"At what cost? Papers reported that you let loose a regular blood bath, particularly at the University. There are many eyewitness accounts of what happened..."

"It was your propagandists—your All India Radio and your press. It is then that I came to the conclusion that if you want to get to the truth, divide anything the Indians say by seventy."

I looked a little uncomprehendingly at him. "What do you mean, divide every figure by seventy?"

"Your papers and, following them, the foreign press, reported that 7,000 people had been killed in Dacca on the night of the 25th and on the 26th. The actual figure of casualties was under one hundred—to be exact, 97. I had ordered that all dead bodies were to be brought to two hospitals. One had 66 corpses and the other 31, making a total of 97. Let's say two or three were not traced or taken away by relatives and make the total a hundred. Multiply it by seventy and you get the figure put out by the Indians."

"Your own Mascarenhas..."

"Oh, Mascarenhas!" remarked the General, dismissing him with an imperious wave of the hand as if he were fanning away a dirty smell.

"How many did you lose?" I asked him.

"One dead and four injured."

"That doesn't sound very much like resistance," I ventured to suggest.

He ignored my insinuation and proceeded to lambaste the Indian and the foreign press. "Your AIR broadcast news of my assassination. And BBC Television took up the story. That's what I call 'forecast of operation'—hoping somebody would kill me." The General smiled triumphantly. I admitted that AIR had goofed.

"Not only on that one but on everything else," insisted the General. "They said that I had killed Hindus. In June, when the University reopened, 97 per cent of the staff, including all the Hindus, had reported back for duty. You people put the figure of the total killed from March to the beginning of the war at 3 million and the number of refugees that fled to India at 10 million. I know that not more than 26,000 people died and the number of refugees did not exceed two and a half million."

I protested at the figures. "General Saheb, I did not count the number of refugees but I visited innumerable camps; I can assure you that our figures were not exaggerated; they were compiled on the basis of ration cards and assistance given to each one of them. We have been paying refugee tax for over a year."

The General would not give in. "I was in charge of the operations, I should know. My estimates are based on reports received from all the districts. I toured every affected area by car and helicopter. I can tell you the casualties did not exceed 26,000. We lost 8,000 of our men. Those are not very high figures. I was fighting a rebellion."

The information officer who was escorting me butted in with a quotation from Akbar Allahabadi:

In this tortuous world everything is
exaggerated and twisted
If you want examples
Hear a Bengali talk and see the length
of his woman's hair.

He turned the attack on me. "We have evidence that Indian infiltration began in March. We have proof of Bengalis massacring Biharis." He mentioned the name of some town which sounded like Santahar, near Bogra, where, according to him, 17,000 Biharis were killed. "Our job of restoring normalcy was made difficult because your Border Security Force was not only keeping the borders hot—they had also infiltrated six to seven miles into our territory."

I realised there could be no agreement on the figures. But the General would not let go.

Your press has spread stories of our soldiers raping Bengali women by the thousand and leaving a lot of illegitimate children. In the entire month of May, only two cases of rape were reported to me. The victims were Panjabi women of the military police. Two men were sentenced to imprisonment of seven and three years respectively. By September, when I left, another two cases had been reported. The total was four. Sardar Saheb, I know my men. I have been with them for 40 years. They are a religious and God-fearing lot who do not go about molesting women. It was all a part of a game to malign us. If there were 300,000 cases of rape, where are all the children these women are supposed to have had?"

I explained that many had been aborted—many others taken in adoption through the good offices of Mother Teresa.

"No, no," insisted the General, "it was all a part of a game to give our army a bad name."

"Can you then explain why your army came to be hated by the Bengali populace?" I asked him. According to the General, this was due to the false stories spread by Indian propagandists. I realised the futility of wrangling with him and changed the topic.

"General Saheb, you may or may not want to answer this question. Can you explain why your army put up so poor a performance?" I told him of my interview with our General Jagjit Singh Arora a few months before the outbreak of hostilities. "Even Arora did not expect your army to crumble up so quickly because he had high regard for the fighting qualities of the Pakistani soldier." I told him of the vast quantities of Pakistani ammunition which had seen captured by the Indians. "What happened? Why didn't they fire away or at least destroy these ammunition dumps before laying down arms?"

Indian Generals Were Superior

Tikka Khan answered the question with remarkable candour. "Your Generals outwitted ours: that must be admitted. They did not allow our army to fight from proper defensive positions. They kept up pressure on all the borders and cut off communication between our units. Niazi was completely outgeneralled by the Indians, no doubt about it." He agreed that General Fazal Mukeem Khan's analysis of the debacle in his book, "Pakistan's Crisis In Leadership", was correct.

"But it was the hostility of the local people that really went against us," he concluded. "In any such war, 10 per cent of the people are with one side, 10 per cent with the other and the remaining 80 per cent go over to the winning side. That's what happened in Bengal; in the later stages, 90 per cent of the people were against us. I think a havildar who managed to escape gave me the right answer when he said: '*Awam hamare khilaf ho gayee hai*'—The masses turned against us.

"Even so Niazi could have done better. The terrain was favourable for defence. He had another month's supply of ammunition stacked away at Rajindrapur. Malik (Governor of East Pakistan) told me they had only a month's supply of food left with them. So what? I said, 'Reduce the rations by half, this is a war.' They gave up too soon."

"What about the Western front? Your army did not do anything spectacular on this side either."

"Western front?" he queried. "There was no real war on the Western front. We had our reserves intact, our crack regiments uncommitted. Yahya Khan's order to cease fire came as the greatest shock of my life. We could have fought on for many months and ended the war on equal terms."

We had been talking for two hours. I stood up to take my leave. "I was expecting to hear a lot of talk of settling scores with India," I said. "I am relieved to find that no one here speaks of another war."

General Tikka Khan replied, "Pakistan wants to live in peace with India—but it has to be peace with honour."

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The World In Colour

MAO SEES IT ALL. School-children in Canton welcome deposed Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia. Despite heavy American bombing, pro-Sihanouk forces still have the upper hand in Cambodia and the fall of Pnom Penh is considered imminent. Prince Sihanouk said he would never accept partition of his country: "We have never been a country divided into two nations. Even after the Geneva Conference (1954), which ended in the division of Viet Nam and Laos, our country remained unified."

THEY LOVE THEIR SAINTS AND FLOWERS. Residents of Genzano, a small hill town near Rome, use flowers to pave their main street. Graphic designs depict religious themes to mark the feast of St John. The main theme this year was about the late Pope John XXIII.

CHECKS AND FEATHERS. Queen Elizabeth, during her recent visit to Canada, is received by the Red Indians at Calgary, Alberta.

TO MAKE THE DESERT BLOOM. Syria's new dam across the Euphrates is expected to irrigate 1½ million acres of desert. A 50-mile-long lake is likely to be formed behind the dam.

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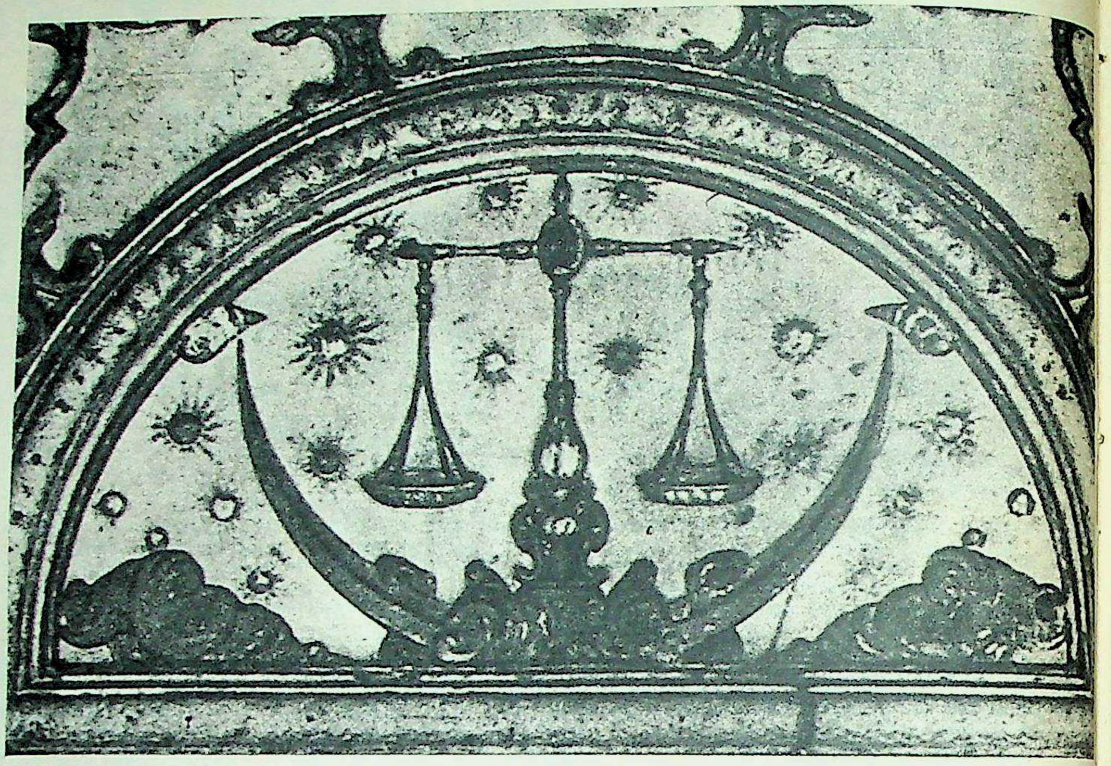
Who Built Delhi's Red Fort?

by P. N. OAK

Shri P. N. Oak is a new phenomenon among historians. His mission in life appears to be to prove that buildings like Kutub Minar and the Taj, festooned with verses from the Koran and with the dates of their builders inscribed in stone, are in fact Hindu monuments. Dr Agehananda Bharati wrote of him: "Oak is a Hindu fascist, but he has certain solid historical credentials."

The same process of argument is now applied to the genesis of the Red Fort of Delhi. Although contemporary records mention names of architects, builders and craftsmen (most of them Muslim), Shri Oak contends that the fort, including the marble mosque ascribed to Emperor Aurangzeb, is of Hindu origin.—*Editor*



MUSLIM CRESCENT OR HINDU KING'S COAT OF ARMS? In the Red Fort's Khas Mahal is a marble panel which, according to the author, consists of Hindu symbols supporting his theory that the fort was built by a Hindu king: two swords laid hilt to hilt, the sacred kalash (water pot), a lotus bud which supports the scales of justice and several conchshells. The panel is dotted with figures of the Sun God from whom many Hindu rulers claimed descent. Shri Oak maintains that Lal Kila was built in 1060 A.D. by King Anangpal.

THE story of the origin of the Red Fort in Delhi has gone awry. It is almost universally believed that the fort was built by Emperor Shahjahan between 1639 and 1648 A.D. This belief has no historical basis. The fort existed six centuries earlier. According to the evidence now available the Red Fort in Delhi was built by the Hindu king Anangpal in 1060 A.D.

A tablet in English put up at the Nakkar Khana Gate inside the fort by the Archaeological Department says that Shahjahan, who ruled from 1628 to 1658 A.D., built the fort from 1639 to 1648 A.D. **That is to say the fort was not built until 20 years of Shahjahan's reign had elapsed. As against this is a painting, by Shahjahan's court painter, preserved in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, which depicts Shahjahan receiving the Persian Ambassador inside the Diwan-i-Aam of the Red Fort in 1628, the very year of his accession. The inevitable conclusion is that the fort existed much earlier.**

What led the world into believing that Shahjahan built the fort in the 17th century, when even Shahjahan's official court chronicle, *Badshahnama*, makes no such claim?

General Cunningham, the father of Indian archaeology, very sagaciously points out in his voluminous and monumental report that he discovered among the Garhwal and Kumaon papers a document which asserts that *Raja Anangpal ne Delhi ka Kot Karaya, Lalkot Kadhya* (Raja Anangpal fortified Delhi and built a fort called Lalkot). The Indian year given in that manuscript corresponds with 1060 A.D.

Cunningham refers to it as Anangpal's Red Fort. Yet he allows himself to be misled by earlier myths and, instead of identifying it with the Red Fort near Chandni Chowk, he strives hard to search for it elsewhere. On Page 152 of Vol. 1 of his report Cunningham notes: "If the site of the Red Fort (*sic*) may be fixed by the position of Anang Tal, as well as by that of the Iron Pillar, then the grand old fort which now surrounds the Kutub Minar is in all probability the very Lalkot that was built by Anangpal."

One wonders what kind of research is this which is hedged in with many "ifs" and "mays" and "possiblys". Firstly, there is no massive fort wall left as such surrounding the Kutub. Secondly, wherever it exists in ruins a few feet above the ground, it is all made of dull grey stone. There isn't in it even a single redstone.

As a result of General Cunningham's noting, history departments of all universities in the world and our Tourist Department blindly hug the myth that Anangpal's Lalkot surrounded the Kutub Minar. The noting also strengthened the belief that the Red Fort near Chandni Chowk was built by Shahjahan.

The public has also not been told that there is not even a single shred of paper available in the court record of Shahjahan with the remotest allusion to the building of the Red Fort by him. Had Shahjahan built the fort, there should have been papers pertaining to the acquisition of land, its survey, design drawings of the fort, bills and receipts for the material ordered, day-to-day expenditure sheets and labour muster rolls.

THIS DOOR KNOB in the fort has an elephant head with a rider. Hindus associated elephants with fortresses; Muslims regarded it as idolatrous to carve such figures. The Delhi Gate of the fort is flanked by life-size stone elephants. Similar elephants stood at other gates but they were destroyed and their pieces are stored in the Rang Mahal basement.

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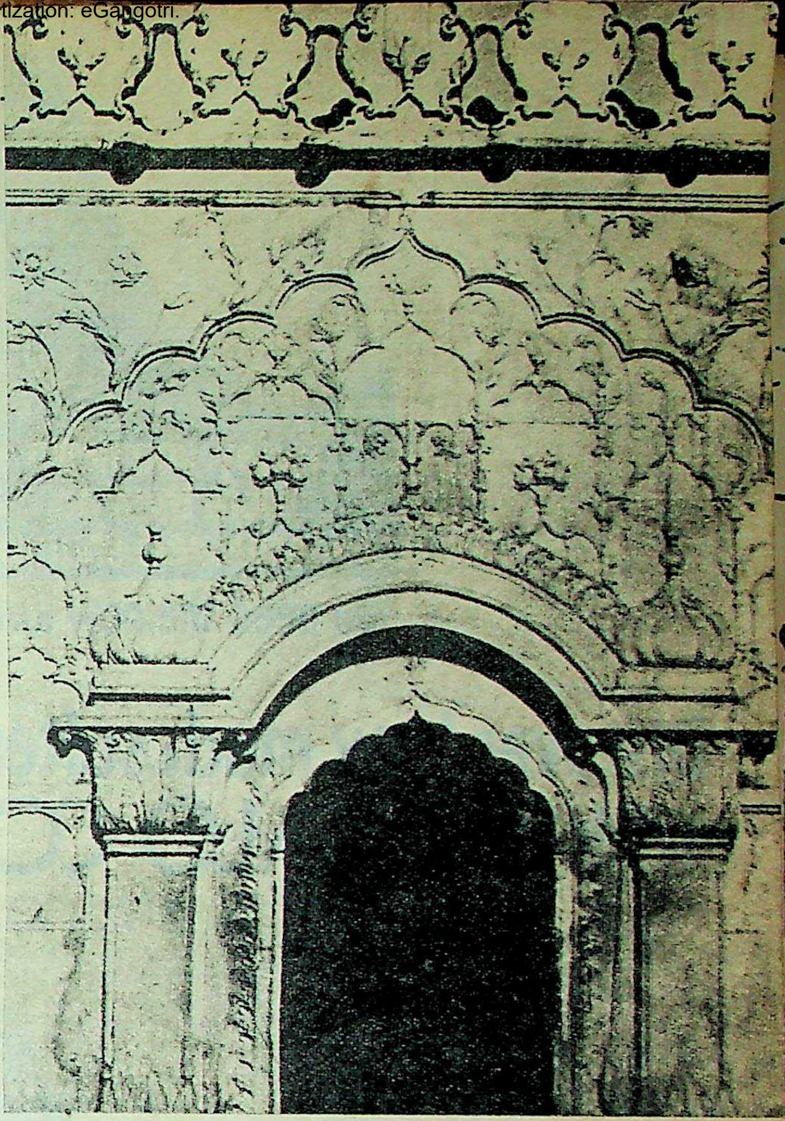
EMPEROR SHAHJAHAN RECEIVES THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR in the Red Fort, Delhi. This painting is believed to date from 1628, the year Shahjahan ascended the throne. So how could the building of the fort be ascribed to him? asks Shri Oak.



THE ENTRANCE of Moti Masjid (Pearl Mosque, ascribed to Aurangzeb) is typically Hindu, the author points out. Above the arch are two trays with five fruits such as those offered as prasad. The practice of naming buildings after gems is also Hindu.

The inside of the Red Fort contains many Islamic inscriptions but in none of them is there any claim to Shahjahan having built anything. The inscriptions are all absurd, irrelevant scrawls like the ones with which irresponsible picnickers spoil others' buildings. One such inscription says: "God is great! God is holy! How beautiful are those painted mansions and residences. (They are a) part of the high heaven. I may say the high-souled angels are desirous of looking at them..." It has no head or tail. Would not real owners or builders put a relevant inscription recording the date, the cost and the purpose of the building, giving the name of the owner?

We may here refer to a couplet scrawled in the Diwan-i-Khas. It says: "If there be a veritable paradise on earth, it is here, it is here, it is here." It ends there abruptly without enlightening the reader as to who rated the building a veritable paradise on earth, who composed the couplet, who carved it, for whom and when.

Though the couplet reveals nothing positive, we may draw a number of adverse inferences from it. Firstly, since the inscription is shy of saying anything about the origin of the building, it is clear that the inscriber is a mere interloper and not the owner-builder. Secondly only a usurper praises a building sky high. The real owner-builder very modestly terms his own creation a mere cottage. The usurper boasts about a building because he has captured it at some sacrifice. This proves that the Persian scribe describing the Hall of Private Audience as a paradise scrawled that inscription on behalf of a usurper and not the owner.

The visitor to the Red Fort may also note that in the central apartment called the Aramgah or Khas Mahal or Khwabagh is the ancient Hindu royal emblem. It is a large representation of the shining sun in the arch above. On either side of it is the sacred, esoteric Hindu letter OM. Under the arch is a panel dotted with a number of smaller representations of the sun. In their midst stands a pair of scales. The central shaft of the scales e m e r g e s out of the Hindu lotus bud. The bud itself rests on the sacred Hindu "kalash" (water pot). Immediately below the "kalash" is a pair of swords laid hilt to hilt with their blades curving upwards like brackets. Four conchshells, sacred to the Hindus, are also seen in the panel. Two of them are near the tips of the swords and two larger ones at the corners of the panel base. Dotted around the panel are tiny representations of the sun from whom many Hindu kings claimed descent.

This panel incidentally also provides us a graphic illustration of the n a i v e t e of historical research in India because the pair of swords referred to above have all these years been misrepresented as a Muslim crescent.

Four pipes which stick out of the exterior of the walls of this royal pavilion, to drain rain-water from the terrace, are shaped like pigs' mouths. In Islamic tradition the pig is a highly detested animal. Even as iconoclasts Muslims never make images, much less those of pigs. Contrarily Hindus have a penchant for shaping water-outlets as mouths of lions, cows or pigs. In Hindu tradition the wild-boar, "varaha", has been a divine incarnation.

Hindu terminology associated with the fort's interior persists despite centuries of hectic efforts to supplant it with Islamic terms such as Tasbih Khana and Tosha Khana. The Hindu names that continue to stick to the fort are Rang Mahal, Chhota Rang Mahal, Shravan Mahal, Bhadrapad Mahal, Kesar Kund, Gulal Badi, Nakkar Khana, Mansamman Burj, Sheesh Mahal and Chhatta or Chhatra. The names of some pavilions that were destroyed during numerous Muslim invasions of the fort also linger in history. These are Hira Mahal and Rupya Mahal.

In the apartment which houses the royal Hindu emblem of the pair of scales the rooms have metal elephant heads surmounted with mahouts as door knobs. Similar life-size elephants also stand on either side of

—Continued

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the Delhi Gate of the fort. European travellers have testified that the Nakkar Khana gate too had huge life-size stone elephants flanking it. These statues were chopped to pieces and are now lying stored in the basement of the Rang Mahal. The destruction of those stone elephants is evidence enough that the Muslim occupants of the Red Fort could not for long tolerate the sight of the "idolatrous" Hindu elephants standing outside the Nakkar Khana gate.

In the Rang Mahal on the ground floor is a beautiful fountain with a large lotus-shaped trough. On the riverside wall of the Rang Mahal is embossed the outline of a temple entrance. Towering above its centre is the sacred Hindu "kalash" capped by a canopy such as is seen raised over sacred icons on Hindu altars. All these are exclusively Hindu features. The elephant and lotus motifs are invariably associated with Hindu forts and palaces.

Shahjahan Demolished Temples

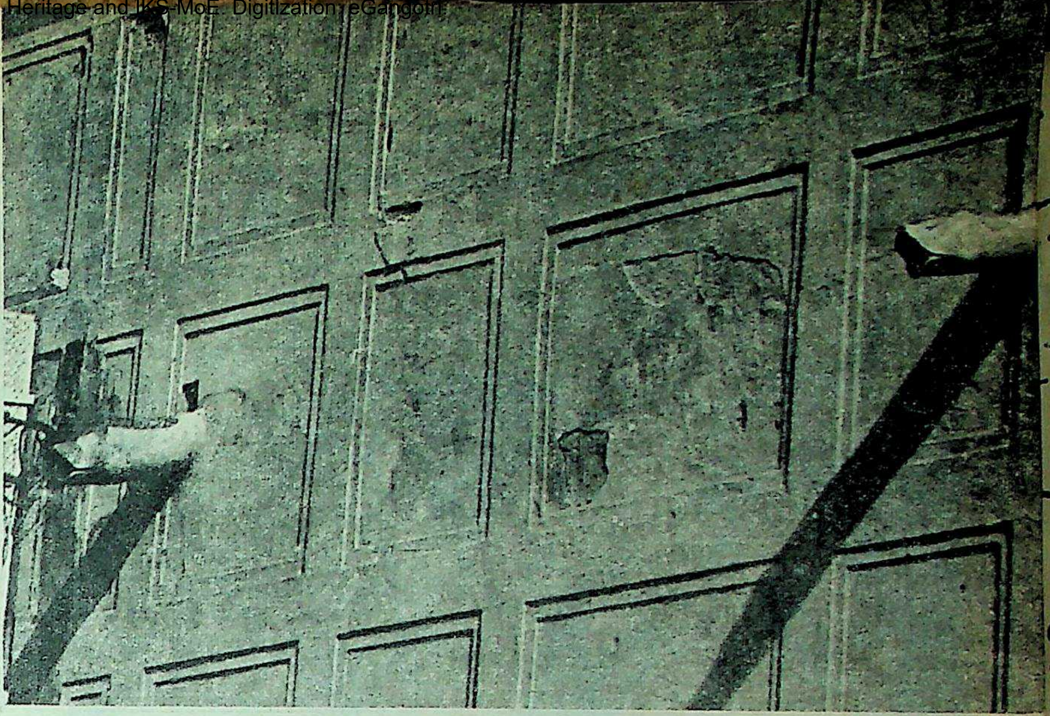
If it is contended that Shahjahan was a great lover of art who had a special preference for idolatrous Hindu symbols, that is another myth which was floated to explain away Hindu motifs in buildings fancied to have been built by Shahjahan. As the father of Aurangzeb, Shahjahan was even more fanatic and bigoted. This is evidenced by his own court chronicle, *Badshahnama,* which notes that on coming to the throne Shahjahan ordered the demolition of all Hindu temples throughout his realm. In implementation of that order, 76 temples were razed in Allahabad district alone. Another illustration of Shahjahan's bigotry is provided by the arrest of a group of 400 Jesuits who were ordered to be trampled to death by elephants because they refused to renounce Christianity and embrace Islam.

Naming buildings after gems or gold and silver is an exclusively Hindu custom. Moreover, inside the so-called Moti Mosque one may notice the Hindu sun embossed on panels in the upper part of the wall. On the inside of the marble entrance arch is embossed the outline of a Hindu temple facade. Above that temple pattern are two trays holding clusters of five fruits each. These are the sacred Hindu offering to divinity, known as "naivedya" or "prasad".

It may also be remembered that the mosque is said to have been built by Shahjahan's son Aurangzeb. If Shahjahan built the fort, how is it that he did not commission any mosque inside it? It clearly shows that the Muslims who occupied the fort for several generations before Shahjahan had never cared to raise any mosque. Ultimately it was left to Aurangzeb to convert the Moti Mandir of the fort's erstwhile Hindu kings into a Moti Mosque by removing the Hindu icon.

The ribbed domes capped with flower patterns and the curving roofs of certain pavilions with pegs sticking out of them are all entirely Hindu in design. The so-called Diwan-i-Aam is built in the Hindu mandap style with its pillars carved from top to bottom. Its ceiling is of the flat-terrace type with Rajput cupolas at its four corners.

The royal gallery inside has birds inlaid in its walls. Such figures are considered idolatrous by Islam. There is a definite Koranic injunction against drawing the figure of any living being. Contrarily it is a Hindu penchant to decorate all their buildings from top to bottom with engravings, embossed and inlaid motifs. The ceiling of the royal gallery in the Diwan-i-Aam is modelled after a Hindu altar because the Hindu king is the representative of God Vishnu on earth. Parallels for such *pietra dura,* elephant motifs, etc, may be found in the City Palace, Kota, which has been built in the orthodox Hindu tradition.



PIG HEADS IN A MUSLIM PALACE? The nozzles of the drainpipes inside the fort could not be the work of Muslims who abhor hogs. Hindus, on the contrary, are fond of making water spouts in the shape of animal heads.

The fort itself is an irregular octagon. Its many kiosks and cupolas are also octagonal. This is an unmistakable Hindu sign because only Hindus have special names for eight directions (*ashtadik*) and supernatural guards assigned to each.

At the rear of the fort, connected with a bridge, is a fortified bridgehead abutting the Yamuna river. That portion is now called Salimgarh. Since all the three well-known Salims—Jehangir, Salimshah Sur and Salim Chishti—lived before Shahjahan, it is clear that the fort predates Shahjahan.

The late Vasudev Sharan Agrawal, an archaeologist and a well-known indologist, has provided charts in his book, *Harsha Charita—Ek Sanskritic Adhyan,* and elaborately described how royal apartments inside the Red Fort are identical with those described in ancient classical Sanskrit literature.

"As A Usurper"

A Government of India publication (1932), *Delhi Fort—A Guide to the Buildings and Gardens,* notes on Page 1 that Shahjahan entered the fort for the first time to hold court by a back (riverside) gate. Had Shahjahan been the fort's builder, he would have made a state entry by one of the city-side gates with the residents lustily cheering and showering flower petals. But since he was entering the fort as a usurper, he had to do so stealthily by a backdoor, fearing attempts on his life.

In a niche inside the Nakkar Khana gateway, one may notice several layers of plaster, each one bearing a Hindu floral or arborial motif. That is an indication of several generations of Hindu and Muslim royalty having occupied the fort.

The exclusively Hindu population along Chandni Chowk, the main highway beginning from the fort, is a clear indication of the Hindu origin of the fort. Had Shahjahan been the builder of the fort, he would have allotted plots of land along Chandni Chowk to Persian, Afghan, Arab and Turkish courtiers.

The shrines nearest to the fort are all non-Muslim, such as the Red Jain temple and the Gaurishankar Temple. Had Shahjahan acquired open land for building the fort, he would never have allowed Hindu shrines in the close vicinity.

"Why Rajghat"?

The Yamuna bank stretch at the rear of the fort is called Rajghat precisely because several generations of Hindu Rajahs climbed down the fort's rear ramparts to bathe in the Yamuna. Had Muslim Badshahs alone tenanted the fort from Shahjahan onwards, the river stretch should have been known as Badshah Ghat.

The very location of the fort and Delhi city on the west bank of the Yamuna is strong proof of their Hindu origin because Hindu residents who proceeded to the river bank for their morning bath could face the rising sun and offer oblations.

There is thus voluminous documentary and circumstantial evidence to prove that the Red Fort in Delhi, built by Anangpal, is the one which is near Chandni Chowk and that the fort existed at least six centuries before the Moghul Emperor Shahjahan, while there is none to prove Shahjahan's authorship of it.

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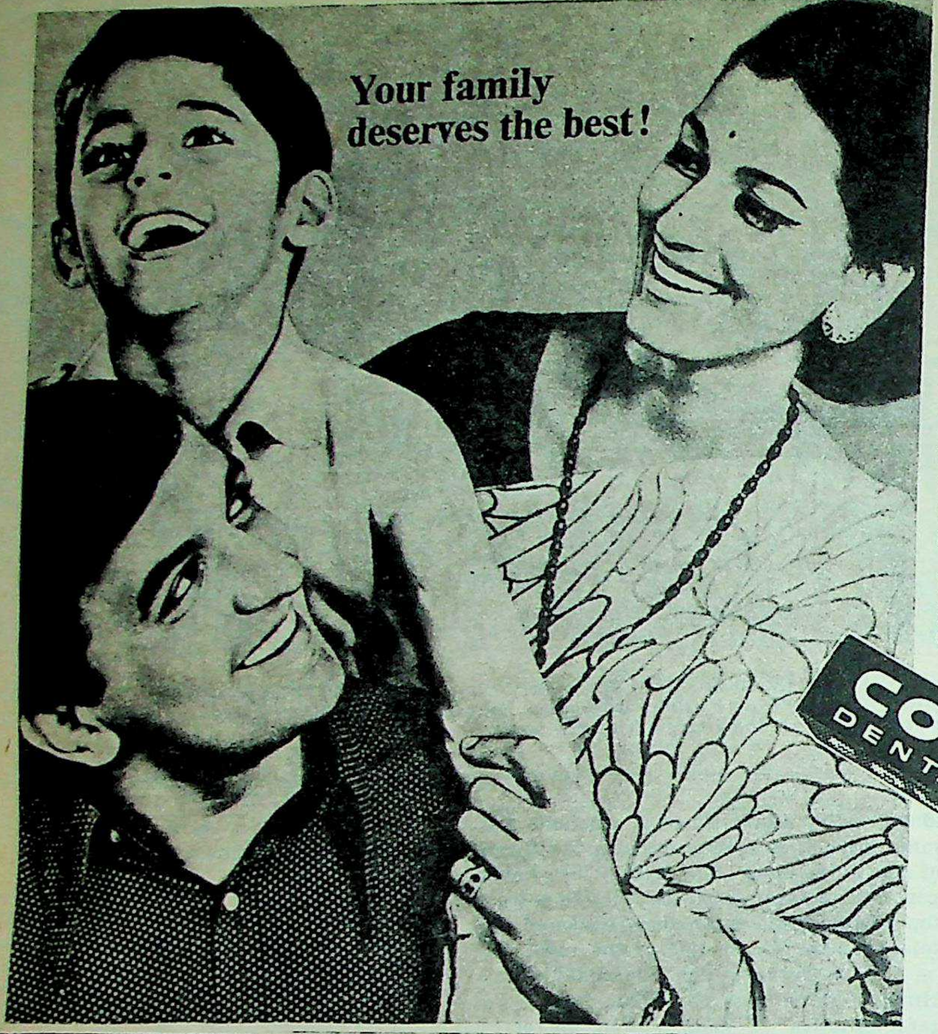

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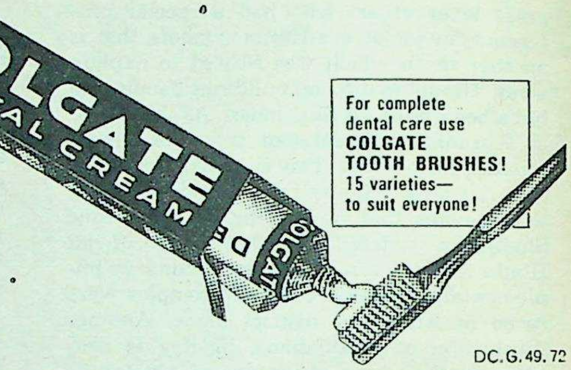

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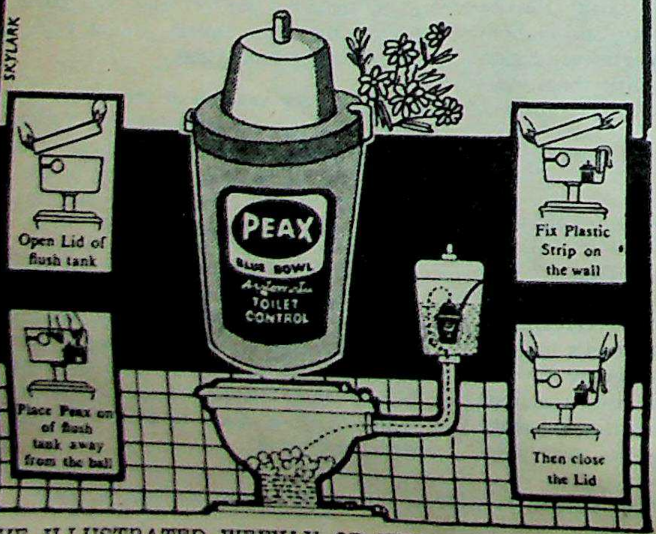

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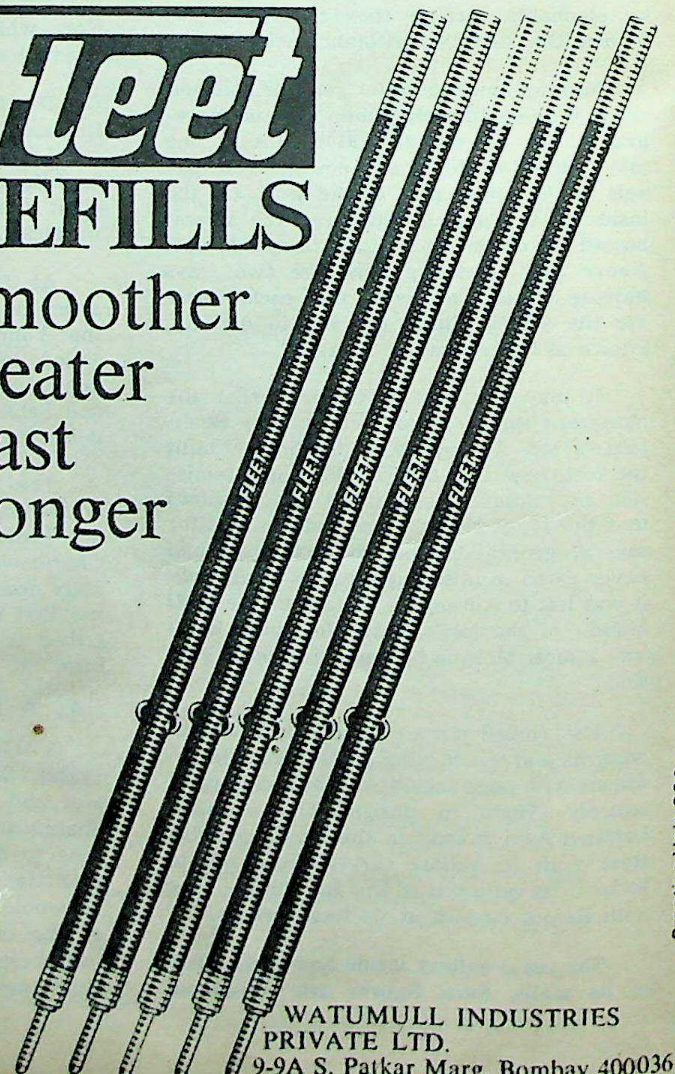

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LAKSHADWEEP: 100,000 Islands

by V. R. KRISHNA IYER

The group of 20 islands named Lakshadweep could be turned into a tourist resort to rival Hawaii. The inhabitants are still poor, but new laws are slowly eliminating the exploitation by middlemen. The islanders settle their problems without recourse to lawcourts. Although the inhabitants are Muslims the caste system still exists.

WE ARE QUITE LIBERATED. Though polygamy is practised, women have rights to property and can divorce their husbands. Wives often assert their independence by continuing to live with their parents. The husbands visit them periodically.

LYING scattered between 125 and 250 miles off the south-west coast of India in the Arabian sea, the Lakshadweep (officially called the Laccadive, Minicoy and Amindivi Islands) were "discovered" by Vasco da Gama in 1499 but have an earlier history going back to Ptolemy, Al-Biruni and the Greek, Roman and Arab traders who did business with Kerala. This pretty cluster of twenty islets, half of which are uninhabited, is the home of a Mopla population of over 30,000 living within a total land space of less than 30 sq km. There are few roads, no cars and no crows—or this might be the Malabar coast.

The sea is within sight from anywhere, but the well water is sweet all the same and the level country and a gentle breeze keep the mercury moderate—except between March and May when the sticky heat makes for humid discomfort and during the turbulent monsoon. Properly developed aquatic sports—yachting, swimming, surf-riding and the like—are a glamorous holiday possibility. And, when fully exploited, seafoods like shrimp and shellfish should be a delectable and profitable prospect.

The profusion of coral could be the basis of a cottage industry. Coral and shell handicrafts have a good export potential.

Another Hawaii

An imaginative organiser of Indian tourism will find rich raw material here, enough to humble Hawaii. Rumour has it that an Italian team visited these islets to study the tourism prospects. If this is true, it is in keeping with our swadeshi habit of listening only to foreign testimony.

Though each tiny island has its individual characteristic, the islands have a common social history and ethos. Being hundred per cent Muslim, inter-religious strife is absent. The Administrator is not generally distracted by law-and-order problems. The people are not much involved in politics, but, being nationalists and believing in cooperative effort, they support progressive policies and development programmes.

The seeming submissiveness might make an official glad; but the backwardness, economic and cultural, of this scheduled area is a challenge to any government. This is a cloistered community, still half steeped in feudal values and struggling to catch up with modern life.

On a pleasant February afternoon, the district magistrate of the islands and I rested aboard the M.V. AMINDIVI on our way to the islands.

Our journey included boat and canoe rides. If we want tourism to flourish, these facilities need to be updated, of course. Thanks to a wise public policy, the Cochin-Minicoy fares are subsidised—just like the air fares to Port Blair—to bring them within the means of the average islander and to promote closer contacts with the mainland. Economic losses are made up by social gains.

The early saga of the islanders is interlaced with legend. The Portuguese, who came to the West Coast of India with the twin flags of trade and religion, controlled these islands with characteristic cruelty but did not earn a single convert. The medieval rule of the Hindu and Muslim Rajas of Chirakkal and Arakkal was no better. Tippu Sultan ruled the islands for a while. Finally came the British. These mainland governments inflicted varying degrees of misery, economic exploitation and tyranny. The work of Logan (author of *Malabar*) and Ellis (who wrote *A Short Account of the Laccadive Islands and Minicoy*), and the *Report to the Madras Government* made by S. Y. Krishnaswamy, the first Indian Malabar Collector, provide useful reference for any researcher into the island story. Independence and, later, the States Reorganisation, which transferred the administration from Madras to Delhi, ushered in the new order whose first fruits have been sweet.

Today, everyone on the island is a Muslim but the original settlers were Hindus—Nambudiris and Nairs and the lower castes brought to do manual chores for them. Fascinating myths have been woven round Cheraman Perumal and Obeidulla to explain the first arrivals and the phenomenon of conversion but they lack authenticity and must be dismissed as amusing and unhistoric. R. H. Ellis sums up:

> *Universal local tradition points to the period of Anarchy and Confusion on the coast which followed the era of*

—Continued

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Cheraman Perumal as the time when the islands were first occupied. One tradition asserts that the earliest settlers were the shipwrecked members of an expedition that set out from Malabar in quest of the Perumal, who was believed to have gone to Mecca.

Originally Hindus, the islanders, under the influence of Arab traders, were converted to Muhammadanism at some time, probably in the fourteenth century, and thus furnish another example of the way in which the Muhammadan religion followed trade and was accepted almost universally by the islands along the Asiatic coasts.

The hard facts are that they were, to begin with, matrilineal Hindu immigrants from Malabar, both upper caste (as the common use of *illom*, *madhom*, *etam* and *tarwad*, the temple profile of the mosques and the idols in the older islands as also the numerous *banyan* trees and *tulsi* plants indicate) and lower caste.

Minicoy apart, the inhabitants speak medieval Malayalam of the tenth century A.D. with its Tamil admixture, enriched by Arabic, Urdu and Kannada, which, in that religious and seafaring context, was natural. The dialect is not too easy to follow for a modern Malayali but the younger generation, processed through schools, speak the current Kerala tongue. Even the script is the Vattezhuthu (extant in Malabar in the Middle Ages) and, for a time, was Arabic, thanks to the early religious schools teaching everyone the language of the Quran.

Caste Pattern

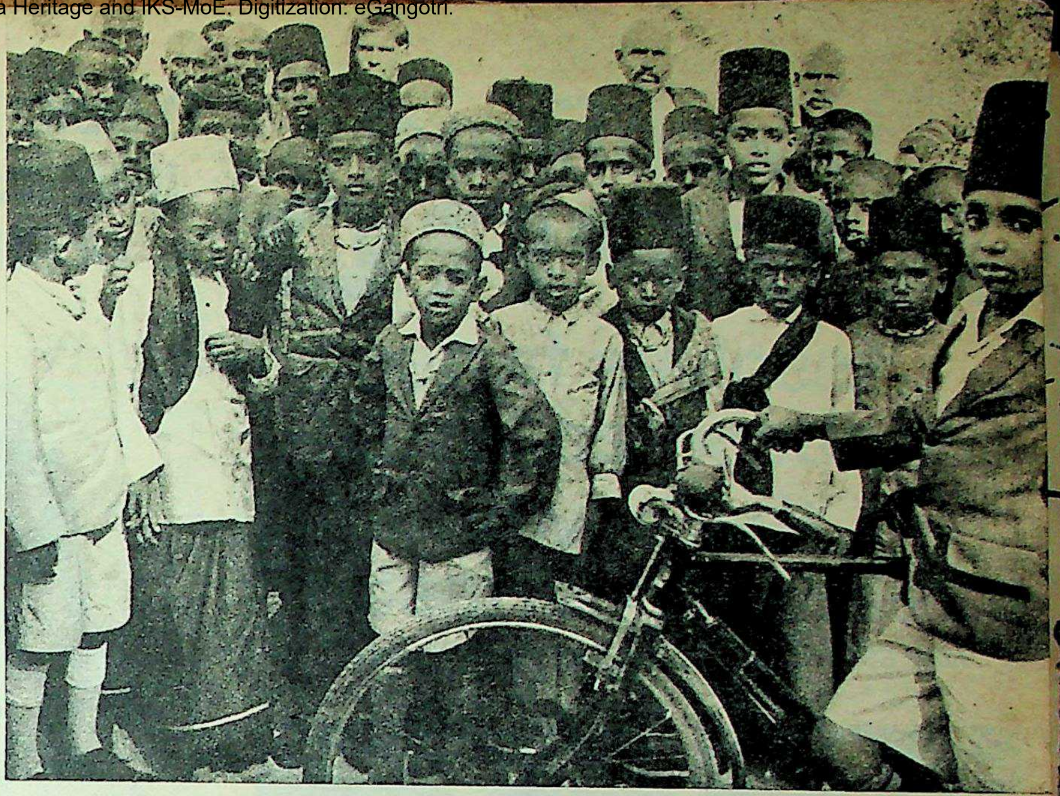
The bane of Hinduism is caste and the blessing of Islam is equal brotherhood. Islam, however, has not been able to cure the islanders of the diehard vice of casteism. (Did not Goan Christians surrender to caste culture?) The Nambudiri brahmins survive as *Koyas* (*Khojas*, in Arabic, means the respected) and the former Sudras are today's *mlechchha*. In between they have two more castes, *malshas* and *malmis*.

In Minicoy, the caste pattern is the same but the names are different—*manikfan*, *takrufan*, *takru* and *raveri*. The upper castes can intermarry, as can the lower two; otherwise, mixed marriages are generally taboo. The caste pattern in employment is maintained: coconut gathering, fishing and other inferior jobs are done by the lower castes. In matters of marriage and succession, custom—not pristine Islamic principles—prevails.

Young marriages have been and still are frequent and a man can have more than one wife. Divorce is common.

In his "Short Account" R. H. Ellis writes: "Divorce is very common and in most cases it appears to be the woman who wants it ... If the wife does not want the husband, he is bound to divorce her ... Either party can divorce for any reason whatsoever. As might be expected with these facilities for divorce on both sides, very few men have more than one wife and there are very few men or women who have not been married and divorced several times."

The Kerala High Court has upheld, on the strength of custom, the equal right of the wife to claim divorce. Even so, the female suffers from this promiscuity while the male sometimes makes a profitable business of it. But youth are revolting against this evil. In every island I visited, the younger members urged legislative protection against indiscriminate divorces, of course without violation of Islamic canons. The social system is matriarchal, Islam notwithstanding. The practice of wives continuing to live in their family houses and husbands visiting them nocturnally persists.



ENTERING THE BICYCLE AGE. The proud owner displays the first bicycle to come to Androth, one of the Lakshadweep islands, in 1936. Transport and communication are the major problems in this underdeveloped region. Visitors still have to make hazardous journeys by country boat. Unless facilities are improved, there can be no future for tourism.

Property ownership follows the coastal matriarchal pattern although some differences in the customs exist among the islanders. Here again, Islamic personal law has lost to the migrants' *marumakkathayam* system. But litigation about the precise customary incidents is too elaborate for a poor community and I was repeatedly pressed to save them from unjust and uncertain customs by codification.

The pity is that the report of a committee of the local judicial officers on the question of inheritance in these islands submitted a few years ago slumbers somewhere. Delhi and Kavaratti are not on the hot line! Indifference to injustice is convenient in the short run but explodes in the long run, and the agenda of social inequities for which remedial measures are desired by near unanimous island opinion is old, but their voice, with just one young member of Parliament and an Advisory Council which meets once in a way, is perhaps too feeble to reach the capital. It is strange that, in our society, decades pass, freedom comes, but medieval systems stay on.

I witnessed, however, some signs of change. Every island has more than one school. The region is sixth in the country on the literacy ladder, with around 45 per cent of the population able to read and write. The campuses are quiet, the proximity to Kerala notwithstanding. And I found many girls in this all-Muslim territory in the higher classes. Of the 7,000 odd students, about a third are of the fair sex. There are, in all, 39 schools, including nursery schools. Education lays stress on craft, particularly fishing technology, and it is free. Medical and engineering graduates are studying in Kerala colleges.

At present, these islands are insulated; visitors require permits of entry from the Administrator—a British restriction which persists. Politics is still a one-party affair. Typically, Minicoy, with a population of 5,000, has a Congress membership of 3,000. There is no other party, though there are some Communists.

Yoked Bullocks

Formerly, the islands were part of the Calicut parliamentary constituency but the people voted for the yoked bullocks and against the Muslim League star and crescent. Now, with a parliamentary seat for itself, this constituency has returned the only law graduate of the islands in an uncontested election and that young man sits on the Congress benches. This lack of appetite for pluralism perhaps reflects a shrewd approach to the politics of power. Imagine the waste of energy for a small, backward community in party strife, the advantage of minimising the costs of friction in public life and the benefit of realising that national politics means not merely fighting other parties, but also cooperation and coordination in economic development!

It certainly does not mean allergy to elections or fear of suppression. Remember, they are Malayalis! The ubiquitous cooperatives—every island has a society and there is hardly a family without membership in a society—hold elections and yet they work with responsibility, verve and understanding. Minicoy chooses its committee of elders by the elective process and even women leaders are elected. The youth are in the forefront of this movement.

—Continued

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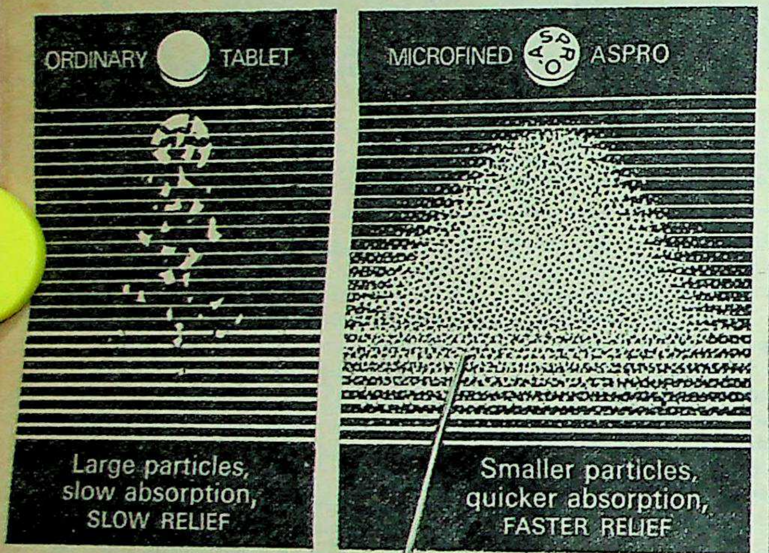

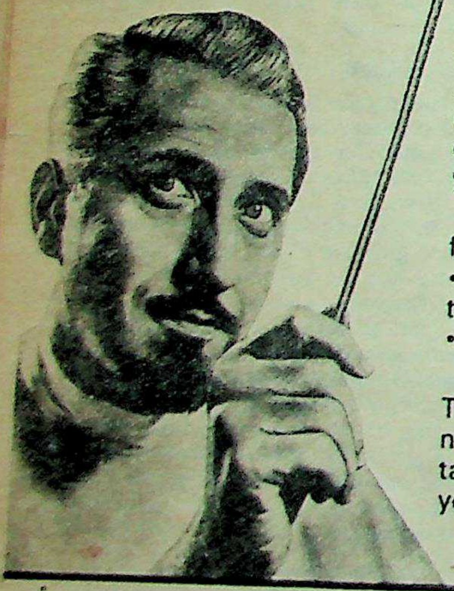

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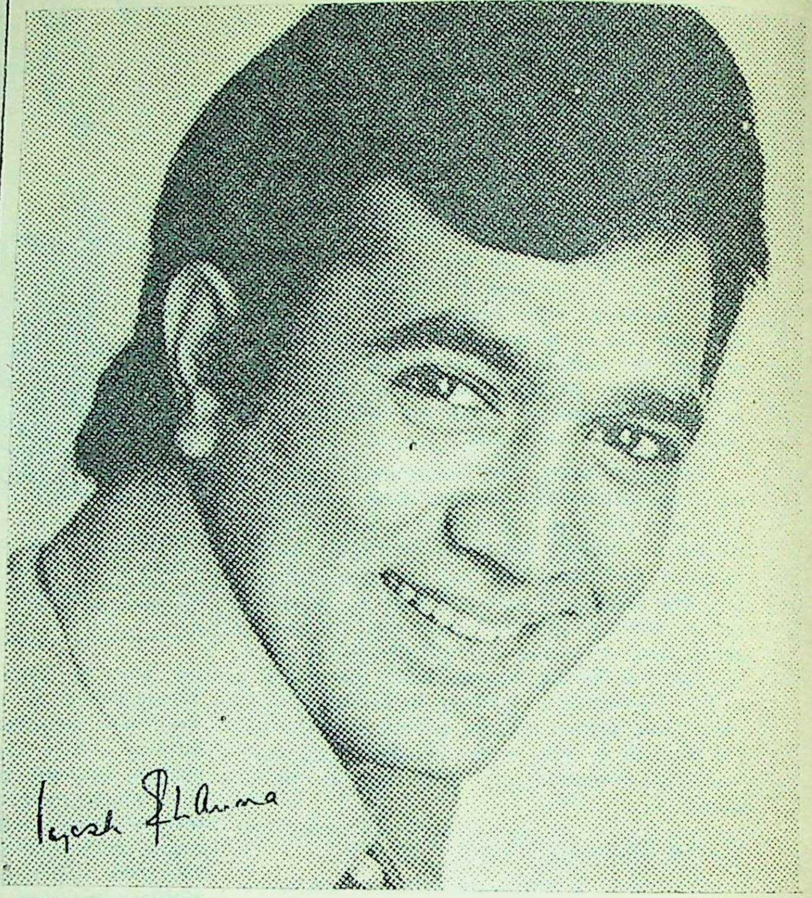

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Every island has a youth club. Folk songs in the captivating Mopla style, physical displays and sports, adult education and general discussions are some of the cultural activities of these nascent yet popular youth organs functioning on an elected basis and helped by the Administration. **I was impressed by the nationalist sentiments in the improvised boat songs, invocation songs and nocturnal dance troupes. One is reminded of similar but more regimented institutions in the socialist countries. Here, away from Kerala's tumult and Indian unrest, a silent revolution is going on. The hold of fanaticism is slowly loosening; secular solutions for social problems have an appeal for the island youth.**

Intercaste marriages are increasing, monogamy is gaining ground and caste division in occupation is being eroded. Family planning is slowly making headway among these Mussalmans. At one of my meetings, an assertive youngster dissented from the Kazi to demand a common civil code.

In the feudal vocabulary, family property is called "Friday land" and individual ownership is known as "Monday" or, in some places, "Thursday property". But the time has come for a new land code. Till some years ago, land was less important than coconut trees, which could be planted by anyone anywhere, even if the land belonged to someone else. A puzzle for a lawyer, true, but life is the mother of law.

The tillers are becoming owners these days. With the broad consensus of the community and activised by an imaginative administrator, cultivators were made owners even before legislation was formally enacted, and without litigation and law-and-order problems! The high-caste landowner and the low-caste tenant are both settling down to new legal realities of the L.M. and A. Island Land Revenue and Tenancy Regulation, 1965, and every landlord has mercifully resigned himself to his new position. No writ petitions, nor evictions. Of course, peasant prosperity comes not from ownership alone but through modernised agriculture. That battle has just begun.

No Thefts

Thefts are virtually unknown among these naive, poor people. Any minor theft is detected and dealt with by the elders promptly. Very few cases are reported to the police and magistrates are idle all the time. Minicoy is, perhaps, the most prosperous of the islands with a large sea-going adult population. And yet, in 1970-71, no civil suit was instituted and the villagers do not recollect many court cases. In Kavaratti, the headquarters of Lakshadweep, only one crime was reported to the police in 1972. In the few offences committed, most of the culprits are mainlanders! In living memory, only one murder has taken place—in January 1973 in Androth. The accused is from Kerala!

Believe it or not, although there are civil and criminal courts and some suits and appeals, there are absolutely no lawyers. The only law graduate has joined politics, while a few are wrestling with lawbooks in the Kerala colleges. Quack service is now rendered by veteran para-professionals of the days when the headman appointed by the British wielded administrative and judicial powers. The vital machinery of justice among these people is not the professional courts but the people's courts of elders.

Constitutional compassion for the backward islanders induced the application of the Scheduled Districts Act in 1874. Similar special treatment was extended by the Governor-General in declaring the area a Backward Tract under Section 52A (2) of the Government of India Act, 1919. The Indian Constitution bestowed Central care by first treating it as a "C" State after the reorganisation of States, making it a Union Territory a little later. Section 33 of the 1912 Regulation banned entry of outsiders without permission since Ellis advocated it, pointing out that crimes came with the mainlanders.

Exporting Soil To Kerala

In the fertile soil of the islands, coconut trees flourish even without husbandry. The research farms, now popular, produce mini coconuts of the size of tennis balls but equal in copra content to the bigger ones. In Kavaratty, some of the trees yield over a thousand nuts a year! Plantains and other vegetables also thrive in this calcium carbonate-rich earth. A former Administrator toyed with the idea of exporting, on a commercial scale, this alkaline soil to Kerala—which suffers from soil acidity—but the forbidding cost of transport buried the scheme.

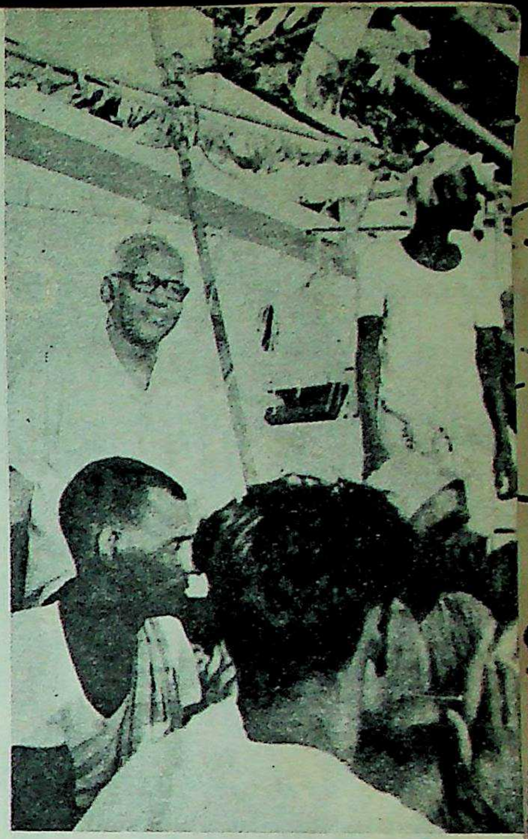
Neera is allowed but toddy drinking among the youth, being prohibited by religion, is done in hiding.

The islands, except Minicoy with its maritime occupation, have a coconut economy, with coir-making as a sister profession. The pages of their history groan with the oppressive monopoly trade in these exports by the feudal rulers and Koyas whereby coconuts could not be freely sold in the mainland by the island people but had to be compulsorily sold to the Raja's men at ruinously low prices. Imports were similarly processed. A barter of rice for nuts, injurious to the commoners, persisted till recently. Even fish catches underwent a similar commercial fate, the owners of boats being high-caste Muslims. Today, the coconut economy has been liberated—so also fishing—through a popular and benign cooperative movement.

The network of cooperatives has been organised with State support. Copra, coir and fish have now come under this public sector. They even have shipping facilities, mechanised boats and boat-building yards.

Agriculture and fisheries, housing and electricity, are registering rapid strides. Shipping, vastly improved with the M.S. AMINIDIVI's arrival, still leaves much to be desired, particularly in inter-island communication during the long monsoon. Island prosperity is bound up with port facilities and, even here, "the undone vast" stares us in the face. Kavaratti has telephones and the Calicut radio station beams programmes for the island folk.

Public health hazards, a few decades ago, were enormous and much has been done now on this front with two small hospitals, seven primary health centres and anti-malarial and other prophylactic measures are taken. Even family planning is picking up. Superstitious practices and rituals masquerading as medical treatment are being squeezed out of these myth-laden territories.



THE AUTHOR, V. R. KRISHNA IYER (wearing spectacles), with a group of islanders. Justice Iyer (b 1915) was Law Minister in the first Communist government in India —the E. M. S. Namboodiripad Ministry in Kerala from 1957 to 1959. He was later a Judge in the Kerala High Court. In 1971 he was appointed a member of the Law Commission. He was made Justice of the Supreme Court this year.

But at least one island, Androth, has a great Asian reputation for black magic, mystiques and religious savants. And many families thrive on the generous credulity of Muslims abroad by marketing mantric and tantric powers in Malaysia, Singapore and even Kerala. After all, their ancestors were Nambudiris and had been influenced by Sufi mystics. And, in India, religion is a lucrative profession. Colleges will hopefully heal this disease.

Lastly, Minicoy deserves special mention. The old, tall lighthouse gives a glorious glimpse of Minicoy's celestial beauty. By dress, the women are nearer the Coorgs than the Malabaris, by language allied to the Sinhalese, and by customs and family ownership, *sui generis*. They are more advanced, looking after family affairs when the men, mostly sailors, are away; their homes, though small, are modern, since sailors earn more and bring foreign goods; their men are more widely travelled and possess closer contacts with cities.

Even so, family feeling in the islands is strong and a single name, Lakshadweep, to identify the comprehensive personality of the whole group, as suggested by S. Y. Krishnaswamy, is apt. There is something in a name, as in a nationality, and this Union Territory will be more intimate, integrated and Indian if fused, freshened and renamed Lakshadweep.

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The Rose

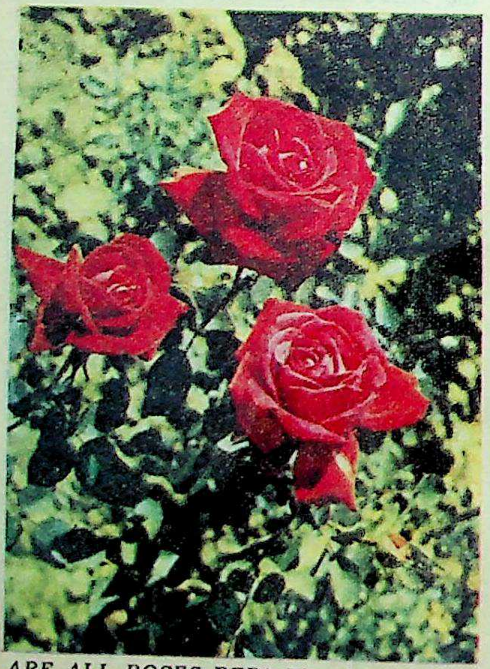
by RAMAN SWAMY

Photographs by M. C. DANDIA

In the days when the rose was a wild flower, simple in form and limited in colour, it was its fragrance which endeared it to man.

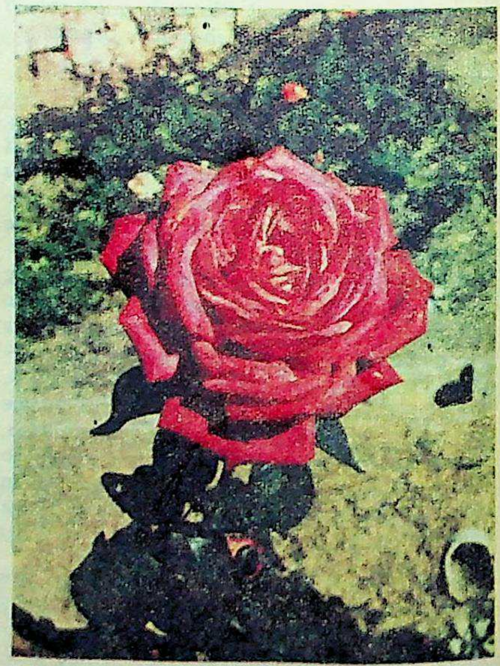
Today the appeal of the rose is visual; it lies in its wealth of form and colour, ranging from the five-petalled bloom to the breath-takingly beautiful exhibition varieties.

From information gleaned by archaeologists, it is known that the history of the rose is much older than the history of mankind. There have been roses on the earth for about 25 million years and the cradle of these lovely flowers is most probably Asia.



ARE ALL ROSES RED? The dominant colour pigments in roses are magenta-pink and rose-red. The older roses were either white, pink, red, deep crimson or purple. Today, roses come in all colours except blue and black.

THE RISE OF THE ROSE. The popularity of roses is on the upswing the world over. Every year, 100 million plants are purchased—many by amateur gardeners. In India, too, rose lovers are legion. Dr Zakir Husain and Nehru were two prominent rosarians. The rose has been a symbol of Love, Worship, Wealth and War. Today rose-growing can be a profitable business.



EXHIBITION VARIETY. Even the amateur rose grower can aspire to take part in a rose show. But, like a blushing bride, a bloom needs a little dressing—leaves must be wiped clean, misshapen petals removed and insufficiently opened petals loosened.

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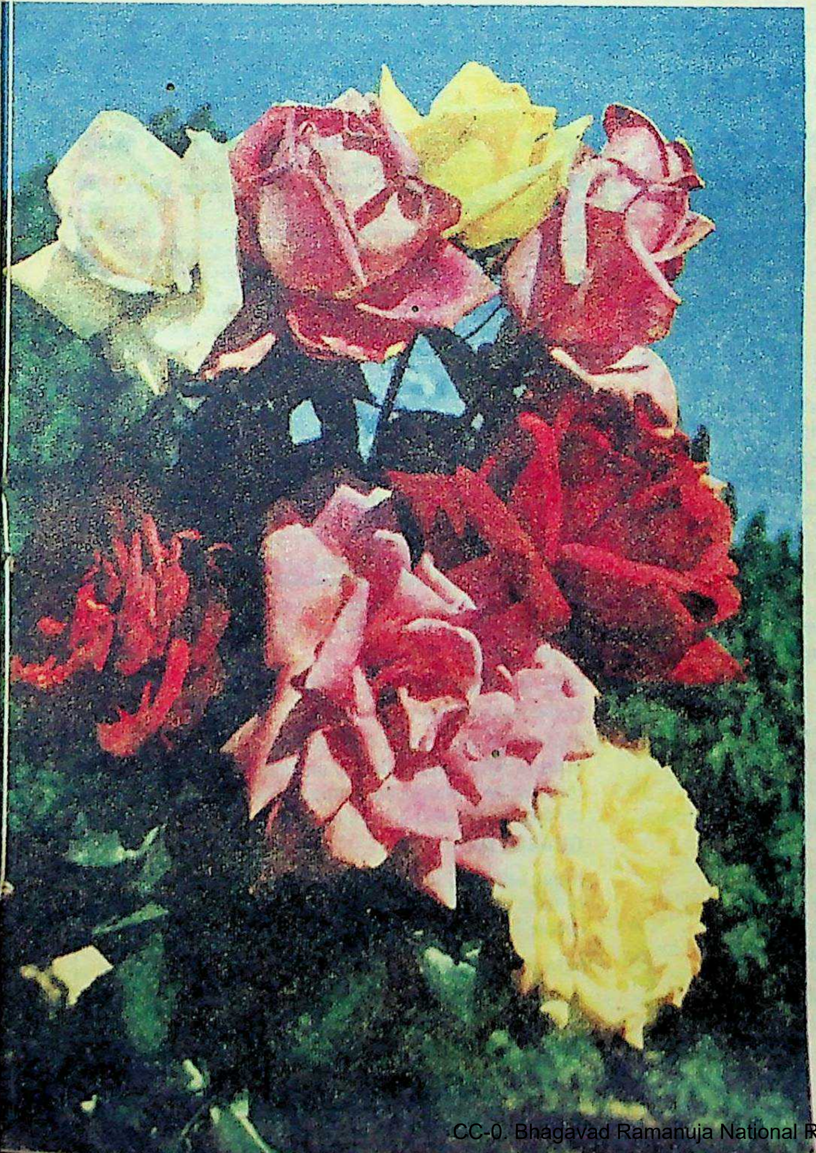
PLANTING IN THE BED. The rose-bed must be dug and manured a month before the roses are planted. The roots of the plant are evenly spread out and placed on a small lump of soil. The bed must then be copiously watered. In India, September-October is the best time for planting.

ROSY PROSPECTS. India's rose export, now in its infancy, has ample room for expansion. Indian roses flower in winter when Europe's gardens are subject to frost. Modern air transport can reach the European markets in 6-7 hours. The preference in overseas markets is for red, pink and orange varieties.



PEST CONTROL. The rose plant is often attacked by a host of pests and diseases. To curb this menace, 250 litres per hectare of soil fumigants should be used 4-6 weeks before planting. DDT paste should be applied to the cut ends after pruning. At least once in a year, the garden must be sprayed with DDT.

THE rose was a highly esteemed flower in the thousand-year-old Chinese Empire. The imperial library in the fifth century B.C. contained 600 books on roses. Attar of roses was produced in China at that time, but then, as now, only the affluent could afford it.

Indeed, periods in history known for their wealth and prosperity have always been marked by interest in roses. The Romans prized the rose above all other flowers. Rose baths were believed to preserve a woman's youth and beauty, and rose petals were put on the face at night to smooth out wrinkles. The demand for roses was so great that large gardens sprang up in Italy and Egypt. **It is said that Nero paid one ton of gold for a shipment of rose petals from Egypt.**

The fall of the Roman Empire led to a decline in rose cultivation. Only the hardest varieties survived and most of them became wild.

The rose was not only a symbol of Wealth and of Love but also of War. The year 1455 marked the beginning of the famous War of the Roses between the Houses of York and Lancaster, between the White Rose and the Red Rose—the stake being the crown of England.

In Europe, in the mid-seventeenth century, attar of roses, the essential oil of the rose, was used in treating eye diseases, headaches, nose-bleeds and heartburn. A mixture of petals and sugar was recommended for liver disorders, for consumption, and for diseases caused by fungi. **Smoke from dried rose petals placed on glowing charcoal was reputed to cure stabbing pains in the ear.**

In India, the traditional symbol of worship, beauty and good fortune was not the rose but the lotus, the flower of Brahma and Lakshmi. Yet the rose has figured in ancient jewellery designs and architectural motifs and in the myths, music and poetry of yesteryear. Sanskrit texts contain references to Taruni Pushpa, and the love displayed for the flower by the Mughal Emperors was profound.

However, it is only during the last two decades that interest in the growing of the modern Hybrid Teas and the Floribundas has been aroused. As such, rose breeding in India is still in its infancy.

There are about 200 species and several thousand varieties of roses in the world, spread over the north temperate and subtropical regions of both the hemispheres. Of these, only eight or nine species are of ancestral importance for the 16,000 odd garden varieties which exist today.

The nineteenth century saw serious efforts at intervarietal hybridisations, which resulted in the famous Hybrid Teas, the Noisettes and the Bourbons. Some of these varieties had improved

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qualities of flowering and rich colours. Indeed, it has been said that, if the rose is the queen of flowers, the Hybrid Tea is the queen of roses.

The period after the First World War has been the era of such gems as "Crimson Glory" (1935), "Peace" (1945), "Super Star" (1960), "Orange Sensation" (1961) and the appearance of new varieties with brilliant new colours, such as "Prelude" (1945) and "Sterling Silver".

One result of the research in hybridisation is that the "colour barrier" has been overcome. Previously, the range of colours of roses was limited to white, pink, red, deep crimson and purple. Today, roses come in all colours except true blue and true black. Now the search is on for the elusive Blue Rose.

Unfortunately, few of the new varieties are really fragrant. This is not to say that all the old varieties were perfumed, but the fact remains that intensive research has failed to evolve well-perfumed varieties. The Musk roses, which sweeten the air all around them, are the most delightful among scented roses. Equally enjoyable, perhaps, are the roses which have to be smelt at close quarters for one to get a tantalising whiff.

Perfectly Formed

The Floribunda group of roses, now in cultivation, are hardy and very colourful, with each of the many flowers being perfectly formed. The "Queen Elizabeth" rose is a typical representative of this group.

The Hybrid Teas are the second most important group of roses. They are the offspring of the Musk, the Bourbon, the China and the Noisette roses. Characteristic of the Hybrid Teas is the exceptionally large colour range from pure white to dark violet.

The miniature roses are the small plants with tiny foliage and flowers. They are usually grown in rock gardens, in pots and in miniature beds of flagstone terraces.

As a contrast to the foot-high miniatures are the climbing and rambling roses which are tied to fences, pillars and walls so as to create the impression of climbing plants.

The conditions under which roses are grown in India differ greatly from those in Europe and America. Because of the intense heat of the summer, roses bloom best between November and March. Somtimes, however, very low night temperatures in winter result in the rosebuds failing to open. In certain areas, too much light and exposure to the sun's rays cause the blooms of red varieties to absorb too much sun and to be literally scorched.

Success in growing roses depends principally on the selection of suitable species and varieties for the particular climatic conditions, on the layout of beds and spacing of individual plants and on the amount of care given to the plant during the growth period.

The best time for planting roses is after the monsoon when the beds, exposed to rain and sunshine, have settled down. For this reason, digging and manuring of the bed are carried out towards the end of summer. While planting, the roots should be spread out around a cone of soil at the bottom.

The newly planted roses are at first watered daily. Later, watering may be done once a week or so. The beds must be well drained, as the roots abhor water-logging.

Once a year, the rose plant requires pruning, which consists of removing all suckers and decaying branches and shortening the stronger stem so as to encourage new vigorous growths. In India, pruning is usually done at the end of the rainy season.

Among the enemies of rose cultivators are the hosts of pests which infect the gardens. These range from white ants, beetles and plant lice to leaf-cutting bees, hopper bugs, thrips and wasps.

Experts recommend that, to control the pest menace, insecticides should be used during and after the preparation of the bed and also at the time of pruning.

Diseases

This is also necessary to ward off such destructive diseases as dieback, stem blight, black spot, powdery mildew and rose rust, which are caused by fungi or virus attacks.

Growing roses in one's private backgarden can be a very pleasurable occupation. Yet rose cultivation as an agricultural crop can also be very profitable. The margin of profit per acre of land is about Rs 2,000. After the initial expenses of planting twigs in well-prepared fields, the cost of manuring, weeding and pruning are not much.

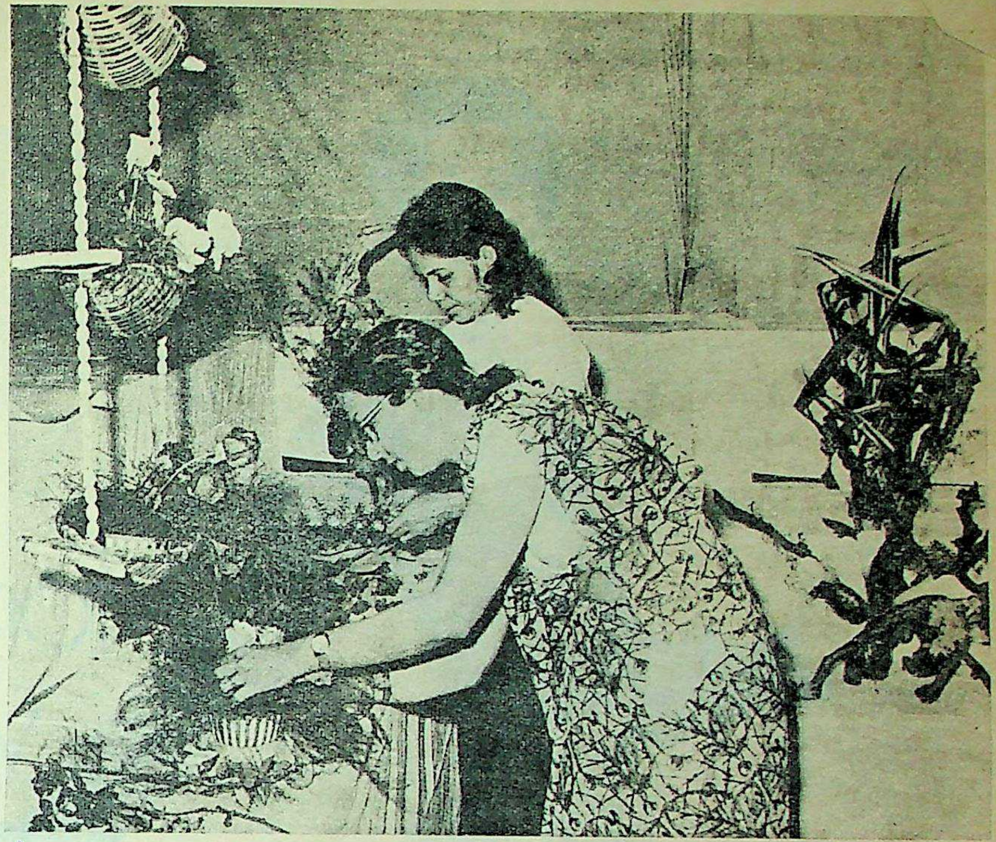
In the rich rose-growing district of Aligarh, the annual output is not less than 2,000 maunds (80,000 kilos). The price of rose flowers has gone up several times: the price per 40 kilos of roses is around Rs 250 for good varieties as against Rs 60 twelve years ago. The price of rose-water and attar have also risen enormously since their demand has increased with the growth of the perfumery and cosmetics industries. Gulkand (a "jam" of rose petals and sugar) is popular because it is a perfumed, mild and delicious purgative and tonic.

There is further scope in the industry to produce "otto of roses", the essential oil of the rose. Unfortunately, the flourishing position India had achieved in the ancient and medieval periods was lost because of lack of scientific knowledge and equipment. Consequently, at present the country's essential oil industry is in a deplorable position, rendered more so by the employment of modern technology and scientific floriculture in Bulgaria and France.

New uses are being found for rose products. Rose hips are a rich source of Vitamin C. Every 100 grams of rose-hip syrup contains 150 mg of Vitamin C (absorbic acid) compared with only 50 mg present in orange juice, 20 mg in raw tomatoes and 5 mg in apples.

India is only six hours away by jet plane from the rose markets of Europe. The growth of roses during winter in the West is poor because of the extreme cold, whereas this is the best season for Indian roses. The export potential is therefore vast.

The need for roses, like the need for flowers as such, is an indication of living standards and of the prosperity of a nation. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the popularity of and the demand for roses will continue to grow not only in the industrialised West, but also in India and other developing nations of the world.



IMPROVING ON NATURE. An Ikebana arrangement takes shape under deft hands. "Attar of Roses" was said to have been discovered by Empress Nurjehan. It was used not only as perfume but also as a cure for eye diseases, headaches, nose-bleeds and heart-burn. A mixture of rose petals and sugar (gulkand) was recommended for liver disorders, consumption and illnesses caused by fungi.

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ABU RAIHAN AL-BIRUNI

by Z. H. KAZMI

The 1,000th birth anniversary of the Central Asian scholar and encyclopaedist is being celebrated by UNESCO. Al-Biruni also visited India and wrote his famous "Tahkik-e-Hind", which remains an important source book for the social conditions prevailing in India a thousand years ago.

AL-BIRUNI PERFORMING A CAESAREAN OPERATION. Like Avicenna and Michelangelo, Al-Biruni was a versatile genius. Many of his works were taught in the universities of medieval Europe. (After a contemporary miniature—courtesy, Embassy of Morocco)

AMONG the great thinkers and scholars who enriched the diverse branches of knowledge during the medieval period, Abu Raihan Mohammad bin Ahmad Al-Biruni holds pride of place. He was a versatile genius who made valuable contributions to astronomy, mathematics, mathematical geography, chronology, physics, chemistry and anatomy.

Born in 973 A.D. in Birun, a village near modern Khiva, now in Uzbekistan (Soviet Socialist Republic), Al-Biruni was an Arab by origin. After the Omayyad persecution of the partisans of Hazrat Ali, his ancestors are said to have fled Iraq and settled in Iran. Here they lived for some centuries and intermarried with the Iranians. His grandfather migrated to Khiva, Central Asia. Al-Biruni was brought to Ghazni by Sultan Mahmud when the Sultan captured Khiva. Thus Al-Biruni is claimed by the Iranians, Arabs, Afghans and Russians as theirs!

Tahkik-e-Hind, his great work on India, is considered to be the best treatise on the various aspects of life in our country during the 10th and 11th centuries A.D.

"Al-Biruni travelled into India, lived among the Hindus, studied their language, their sciences, their philosophy and literature, their customs and manners, their law, their religion and their peculiar superstitions, the geographical and physical conditions of the country, and embodied his observations in a work diversified by quotations from Homer and Plato and other Greek writers and philosophers," says the Right Hon'ble Justice Syed Amir Ali in his famous book: *A History of Saracens.*

Describing the political condition and the general administration of India of his age, Al-Biruni says: "India is divided into small kingdoms and their rulers wage wars against one another. The rulers are generally just. The criminal laws are not rigid. Death penalty is not awarded to Brahmins. Taxes are nominal. The rate of the agricultural tax is only one-sixth of the total production."

Describing the social aspects of the life of Hindus, he says: "Hindus are proud and consider the foreigners as polluted and do not like to mix with them. Educated Hindus believe in the existence of One God but the masses practice idolatry. Much of the country's wealth is stored in its temples. The caste system and child marriage are prevalent. The widows commit sati on the funeral pyre of their deceased husbands, but those who do not are not permitted to remarry."

He viewed with displeasure Mahmud's invasions of India and criticised him for destroying towns and villages and uprooting thousands of innocent people of this country who, according to Al-Biruni's assessment, began to hate the Muslims on this account.

During his stay in India, Al-Biruni made a deep study of the Gita and the

—Continued

Al-Biruni's Books

Uzbekistan, where the scientist lived and worked, is preparing to observe his anniversary on a wide scale. The Soviet Socialist Republic's publishing houses are busy publishing the works and biographies of the great thinker. Al-Biruni wrote 150 major works on diverse fields of knowledge. A book recently published in Russia entitled, Abu Raihan Biruni, *is based on all available sources and describes the stages of development in the world outlook of the scientists of the ancient East.*

The book, Biruni and His Work on Pharmacology, *relates to the scientist's splendid work on the history of drugs. It contains descriptions of some 1,000 medicinal preparations of plant, animal and mineral origin.*

Biruni's extensive knowledge of minerals is summed up in his classical treatise: A Book of Information on Precious Stones. *It gives detailed data on minerals, ores and alloys, and also glass, pottery and enamel, and a description of methods of processing stones and a list of their deposits in Central Asia. Russian researchers and specialists have also written many pamphlets on various aspects of the scientist's works.*

The fifth volume of the selected works of Biruni will include his large treatise an astronomy, mathematical and descriptive geography. The treatise explains a trignometric method of determining longitudes, close to present-day geodesic methods. Biruni was the first to discover that the problem of angle trisection and that of doubling the cube are solved by means of equations of the third power. He was the first in the Middle East to advance the view that the earth might be moving round the sun and calculated the circumference of the earth by measuring the angle of the horizon's lowering from the summit of one of India's mountains.

The book, The Great Thinker Biruni, *is devoted to the study of Biruni's scientific heritage, especially his contribution to the development of progressive social and philosophical thinking.* Biruni's Philological Heritage *is also being printed by the Uzbekistan Publishers.*

Some of the works of Al-Biruni could not be deciphered so far. Uzbek scientists and historians at Tashkent have now succeeded in this task. They have accordingly prepared new translations into Russian of Al-Biruni's work. It throws new light on medicinal herbs available in Central Asia, Afghanistan, India and Iran. This book by Al-Biruni contains references to the works of 250 philologists, physicists, historians, geographists, poets and philosophers.

E. RASHIDOV

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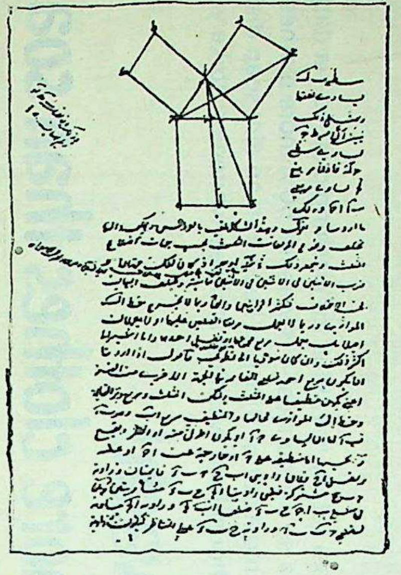


ON THE ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY. A page from Al-Biruni's manuscript in Arabic (courtesy, Embassy of Morocco.)

Upanishads and translated Patanjali and Sankhya into Arabic.

He also visited many other countries, including Egypt and Greece, and wrote scores of books on diverse topics. Besides his original works, he executed several translations from the Greek. *Tarikh-ul-Hind* (History of India) is considered to be the most outstanding among his readily available works. *Qanun-i-Masudi* is also well known. He dedicated it to Sultan Masud, son and successor of Sultan Mahmud Ghaznavi, and was handsomely rewarded for the book.

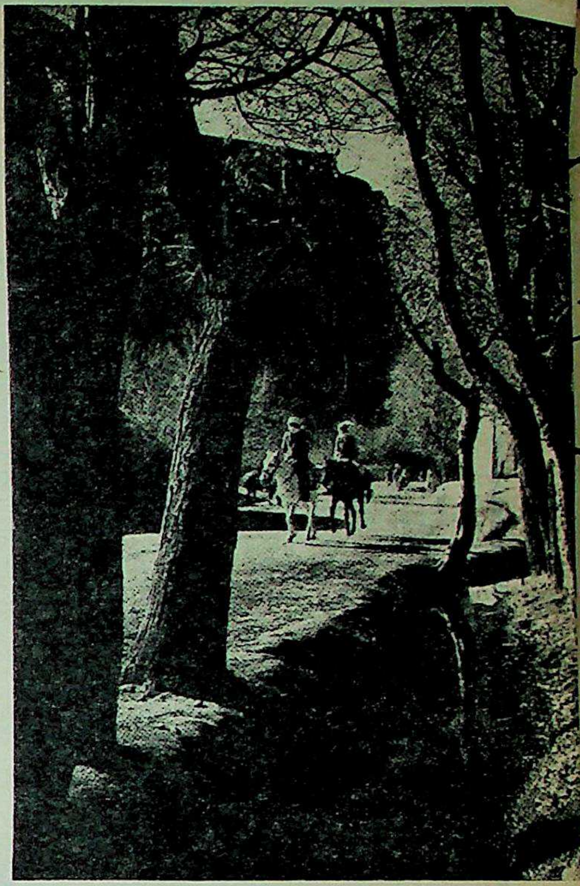
Al-Biruni was adept in surgery and he performed a delicate caesarian operation with success at a time when anaesthesia and antiseptic drugs were unknown.

Professor Satron considers Al-Biruni to be one of the greatest scientists of all time.

In his book, "The Arab Heritage of Western Civilisation", Dr Rom Landau has observed: "It was he (Al-Biruni) who gave, finally, an accurate determination of latitude and longitude, and who, six hundred years before Galileo, discussed the possibility of the earth's rotation round its own axis. He also investigated the relative speeds of sound and light. Not limiting himself to mathematics and astronomy, he succeeded in determining the specific density of 18 precious stones and minerals."

Al-Biruni's discoveries and inventions, his achievements and deep insight into many branches of knowledge he dealt with, excite the wonder and the admiration of modern scientists and scholars.

Al-Biruni died in 1048 A.D. and is buried at Ghazni.



THE AVENUE TO THE SCIENTIST'S TOMB at Ghazni, Afghanistan. A part of the whitewashed tomb can be seen through the trees (courtesy, Embassy of Afghanistan)

AL-BIRUNI ON INDIA

A DECISION to celebrate Al-Biruni's 1,000th birth anniversary on a worldwide scale has been announced by the International Congress of Orientalists. Of his 150 works, some of the most important are *Chronology of Ancient Nations, Geodesy, Pharmacognosy, The Masudi Canon* (a work on astronomy), *The Science of The Stars* and *Mineralogy*.

Biruni opposed narrow-mindedness and superstition (including religious) and strove for rational reasoning in his works. He made the most precise calculation, for his time, of the earth's circumference, designed a number of astronomical instruments. His book, *India*, a historico-ethnographic work, is generally recognised as an outstanding model of study into a country's history. He studied Sanskrit and read many Indian scientific treatises in the original and held disputes with Indian scientists, which enabled him to expound objectively the achievements by Indian sicentists in the shape of natural science and philosophy.

A Contemporary of Avicenna

The scientist went to Ghazni in 1017 or 1018, right after Mehmud, Sultan of Ghazni, conquered Al-Biruni's hometown, Khwarizm. However, he did not break off scientific contacts with Central Asia. In particular his correspondence with another prominent Central Asian scientist, Bu Ali Ibn Sina (Avicenna), is of great philosophical value. Biruni wrote in Arabic and Persian and thus contributed to the development of science among the Iranian, Afghan and Arab peoples.

Al-Biruni lived in India for many years.

As an orthodox Muslim, he was educated in the traditions of Islamic education. Al-Biruni studied Hinduism for many years and became an expert on Hindu doctrines. For Al-Biruni, traditional Indian culture was never something strange and antagonistic. His task was to penetrate deeply into another religious and philosophical sphere.

The life and creative work of Al-Biruni in India represent a great feat, especially as he put this task before himself and accomplished it at the time of Mehmud Ghaznavi's invasions of India.

In order to come to India and to spend many years here, Al-Biruni had to overcome tremendous difficulties. The scholar had to use all his physical and moral strength to cross many obstacles and dangers. That might be the reason why Al-Biruni regarded the courage of a truthful and objective scholar to be higher than the courage of a brave soldier.

Today, we can utilise the work of Al-Biruni not only to study the grammar and mathematics of ancient India but also to understand the importance and grandeur of India's cultural heritage. As he himself admitted, before writing on any Indian cultural phenomenon, he had to read a lot of books, letter by letter. Al-Biruni became a brilliant Sanskritologist of his time.

In his work, one can find a number of extracts from original Indian texts which have now been lost. He translated from Sanskrit into Arabic, *Sankhya* by Kapila, *Brahmasiddhanta* by Brahmagupta, *Brihatsamhita by* Varahamihira, etc.

Scholar of Sanskrit

During his stay in India, Al-Biruni translated into Sanskrit the works by Euclid and Ptolemy; he acquainted the Indian pandits with these Greek works. Thus, in a way, he tried to connect the Oriental and Western cultures.

A great part of Al-Biruni's work consists in making a comparative study of the Indian and Arabic-Muslim cultures, which he knew well. But his work is full of deep respect for the cultural heritage of India. He writes:

"The ways of approach to the studied subject turned to be very difficult for me, in spite of my sincere affection for it, in which I was absolutely alone. Without being stingy, I spend all my forces and savings on collecting Indian books, trying to get them everywhere I thought they might be found and on searching for people who knew where these books were hidden. Who else besides me had a fate like mine? I am thankful to Allah that He rewarded me in this generous way."

In the words of a Russian scholar, Al-Biruni was the first genuine Indologist who laid the foundation for serious scientific study of India in foreign countries.

R. J.

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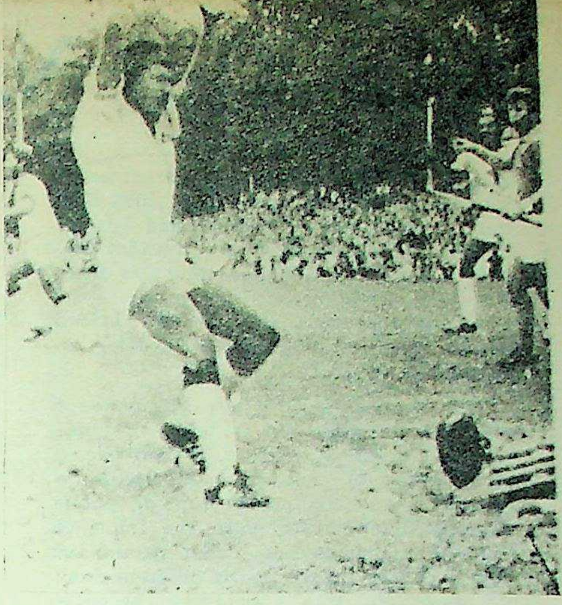
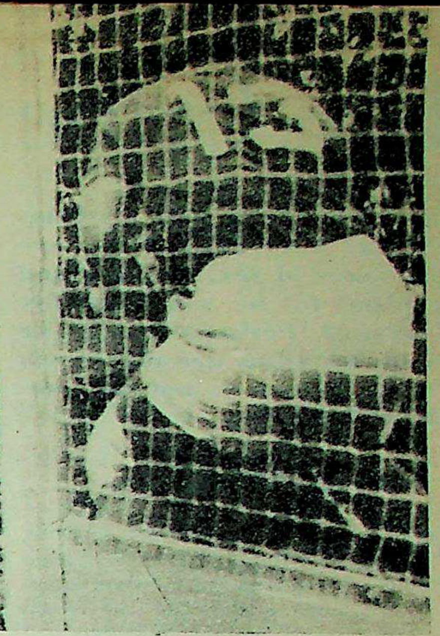
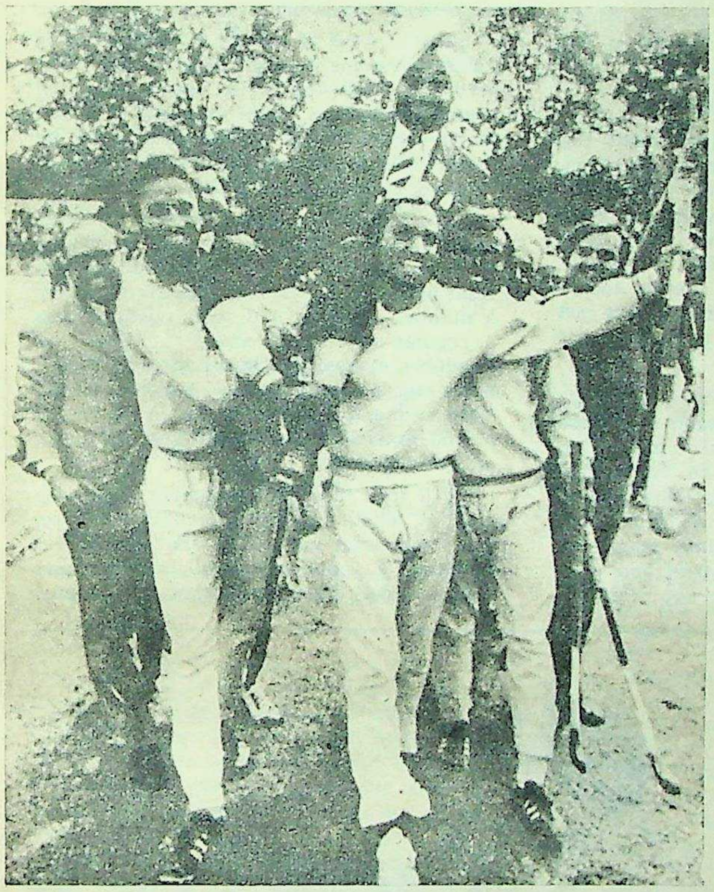
When India Lost The World Cup





GOVINDA WATCHES as Surjit Singh's rasping penalty-corner drive beats the outstretched left leg of the Holland goalkeeper to put India one up in the final of the World Cup at Amsterdam. Holland emerged as the new World Champions when they beat India 4-2 in the tie-breaker after the two teams had finished level at 2-2 in 107½ minutes of play. During the "sudden-death" phase of play, India lost a golden chance to deal the death blow when Govinda failed with a penalty stroke. India ultimately paid the supreme penalty for missing six such "strokes" in the tournament—Govinda 3, Harmik 2, Harcharan 1.



IN THEIR LAST "POOL" MATCH AGAINST SPAIN, India played at their best to beat Spain 2-0, Surjit scoring both goals. Left: On the way to the World Cup that never was, India's Ambassador in Holland, Shri Yadavendra Singh (former Maharaja of Patiala), is chaired by Baldev Singh, Ajit Singh and Vijay Phillips. This was after India beat Pakistan.

GOVINDA! GOVINDA! Ashok Kumar lifts Govinda, who notched the match-winner with a beautiful reverse flick in the semifinal of the World Cup at Amsterdam to enable India to avenge their defeat at the hands of Pakistan in the 1971 World Cup at Barcelona and the 1972 Olympic Games at Munich. At left is Chand Singh and at centre Harmik Singh, who has reason to be happy as he had failed with a penalty-stroke earlier. India won by the one goal that has generally settled the issue between the two countries, but Pakistan put up an excellent fight, considering they had to field a virtually new team. On their Olympic hockey debut at the same venue, Amsterdam, in 1928, India beat Holland 3-0 for the gold medal, having earlier whipped Austria 6-0, Denmark 5-0, Switzerland 6-0 and Belgium 9-0.

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The Critic And The Naked Lady

Why are there no real art films in India? Why must films have large doses of sex, violence and escapism to be commercially successful? Perhaps because enough art films are not shown in India and we do not have enlightened critics.

by ANIL DHARKER

DEATH IN VENICE died very suddenly in Bombay. Like so many others before it, the film arrived with the medals of international honours jingling on its breast, only to receive a silent and total rejection.

It is said that the Indian audience does not have a discriminating taste. But this is absurd—there is a very definite discrimination in favour of all that is tawdry and cheap and vulgar. It is this discriminating audience that patronises *Mackenna's Gold* for 39 weeks and dismisses *Death in Venice* in four days; or demands to see again and again *Blow Hot, Blow Cold* while M*A*S*H* cannot gather a quorum.

Death in Venice is not singled out because it is the most outstanding film to be shown in India but because it is a recent example in a very long line of good films that have come, and been seen, and have failed to conquer.

It is said by distributors (digging deep into their pockets) that they provide only what "people want". They point out how subjective taste is and how uncertain is the science of projecting it over the vast amorphous cinegoing public to obtain a common denominator. Some even say that they would like to show better pictures but they have to make a living. The economic argument is a telling one and, in some ways, valid. Formula films are therefore shown and it is left to Film Societies to show any film that does not conform to type. In accepting this, there is a tacit acceptance of two cultures—the elite and the mass (to use two loaded terms), both existing and co-existing in perpetuity.

Art or film societies also presuppose a closed membership—not in terms of numbers, but in the sense that, to join one, a high degree of motivation is necessary. Lacking any introduction through public channels, like cinema halls, the influence must be a private one: from parents or from a college friend who is different from the others. But this is an elitist concept—one culture for them and one for us—which is too easy to accept and is ultimately too much without hope.

How Film Societies Function

But if no alternative presents itself, the lack of choice makes for easy decisions. Therefore, accept for now that there will be this dichotomy of elite taste and mass taste. Slowly but surely the word will spread: the one college student or parent will start a chain reaction (virtue too is infectious) till the city throbs with art societies and soon becomes a society that sees art only.

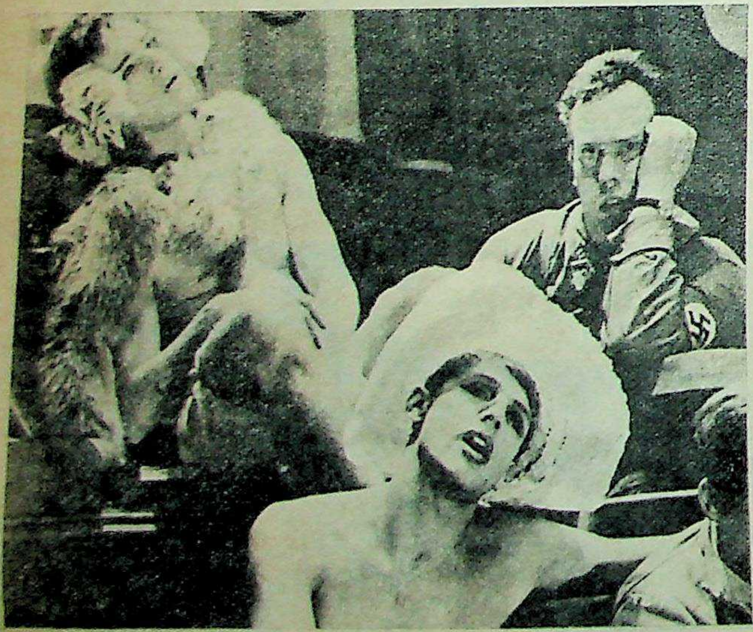
But is this really a workable possibility? To suggest it is not to understand how these societies function. First of all, the motivation must be strong enough to make one become a member—very few societies allow guests. So there you are, not really knowing what to expect of these foreign films, mostly in languages you do not understand and with actors and directors you have not heard of. But your friends say they are good, so you join and lay down your Rs 100. That is taking a lot on trust.

Even if his initial barrier is crossed, it calls for dedication to remain a member. Not only to see more austere films but to see them more austerely; to be deprived of CinemaScope and the Wide Screen, to see dim images and, instead of stereophenic sound, to hear a cackle is really carrying too far the dictum of simple living and high thinking. And in such a visual art as film, it is also rather foolish. To have to comprehend Godard's very fast visual style through a fog, or to hear Ray's dialogue and his music (at least there's something familiar) through distortion, may make one feel ennobled through denial, but does not add up to an aesthetic experience.

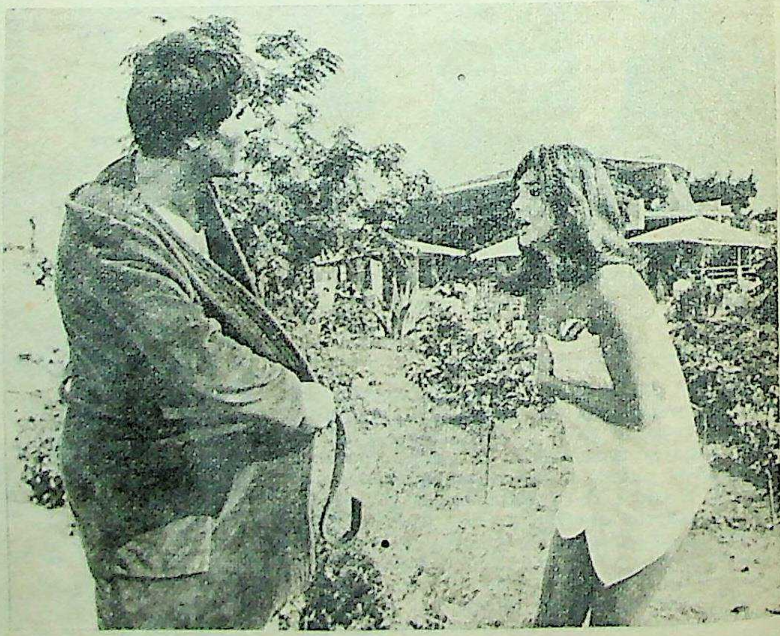
The concept of the art cinema house is a fairly new one: a small cinema, with basic decoration, but the right sound and projection equipment, with a regular three-shows-a-day routine, small enough to be run without a loss and yet available enough to allow *anyone* to see a film.

The London experience is relevant here: small suburban cinemas like the Everyman in Hampstead and the Paris-Pullman in Kensington were showing offbeat films for a number of years, but their clientele was a regular coterie of cinegoers. When the Academy opened in Oxford Street, it was a big step forward, because this was in the West End, and the West End is in the centre of the entertainment world—the place for an evening out.

Till then most entertainment there was escapist, whether in the commercial theatre, the commercial cinema or the commercial striptease. Commerce was all-important and it is a widely held belief that the amount



"The Damned" Was Damned.



"Blow Hot, Blow Cold" Blew Very Hot.

The Censor plays a large part in determining whether or not a film will make the box-office. The Damned drew large crowds when shown uncut at film festivals, but flopped when released after the Censor had snipped it. Similarly, Blow Hot, Blow Cold *had a record run because a number of "daring" scenes had somehow escaped the attention of our Censors. What we need are a chain of art cinema houses—not very large but with good sound and projection equipment and a regular three-shows-a-day routine, so that anyone who wants to see this sort of film can do so without too much effort.*

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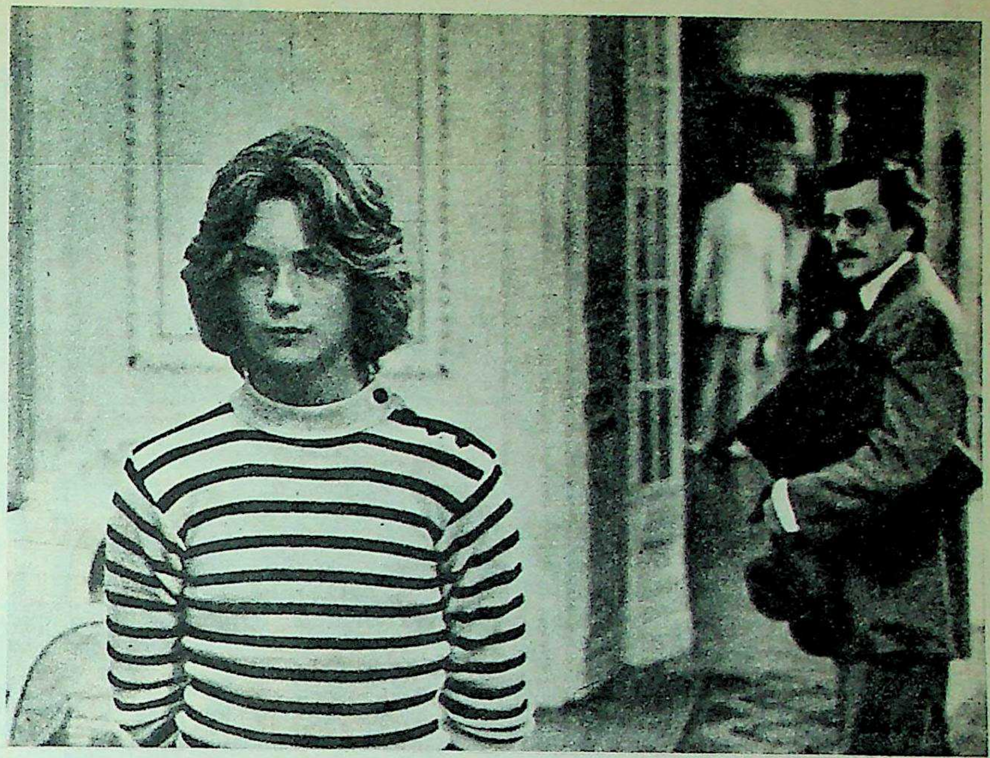
of enjoyment is directly proportional to the money spent. This was, in a sense, the attempt of art to be commercial; not at commercial art but at good art making a profit. The attempt was successful (it is not heresy for an artist to be financially competent) and where there was one Academy cinema there are now three, as well as some others that have followed the example.

This did not just happen. It was made to happen and leading this revolution in taste was the cinema critic. A perceptive band of critics reviewed new—and, to many, strange—films with patience and understanding. Many of the films were baffling: for an English viewer the ritualistic and highly stylised acting of a Japanese film may be strange, but so is the portrayal of village life in a Ray film.

Critic's Role

It is the function of a critic to understand and inform. Faced with an alien culture, it is easy to laugh. But this laughter is not cleansing—it is dismissive, it is a shirking of responsibility. It is not enough for the critic to give a subjecive reaction—all of us can say: *This film is terrible—I hated every moment of it*, or: *Isn't this film just great?* It is for the sudden shaft of illumination that we turn to the critic; evaluation can follow.



"A SICK STORY OF HOMOSEXUALITY" is what an Indian critic called Death in Venice. *According to the author, the film is more about the pursuit of idealised beauty than about the "disease" of homosexuality.*

Thus *Death in Venice* was described by an Indian newspaper critic as:

> *...a slow, inarticulate and sick story of homosexuality by suggestion.*
>
> *Dirk Bogarde turns one's stomach as the aging, ailing composer who... sets eyes on Bjorn Andressen, a handsome lad, and literally falls head over heels in love!* (sic)
>
> *... The pathetic hero and his love object exchange only glances, hardly any words.*
>
> *... The tragic game of "I Spy" between old lecher and aware teenager slowly wends its way to its tragic end.*

Perhaps yes. The film might have been sick if it had shown an underlying belief in sick values or glorified them. But merely dealing with homosexuality does not make a film sick, just as a biographic film of a doctor is not a sick film. (The theory of homosexuality being a curable illness is also now open to question—but that is another matter).

Only very superficially, in fact, is *Death in Venice* about homosexuality. The novel on which the film is based is Thomas Mann's: the ageing writer of the book has become a composer-conductor (musicians being more picturesque than writers) and, for reasons best known to Visconti, there are strong hints that the musician is Mahler. The haunting fourth movement of his fifth symphony is played throughout and the end is signalled by the aria of his third symphony.

Mahler also had a daughter who died young and his first name too was Gustav. But no one has said that the composer in real life was a homosexual. The film in fact appears more likely to be about the artist and his pursuit of idealised beauty. When its personification is not in the form of a girl but a boy, the artist is horrified: he finds that not only is his lifelong belief in spiritual beauty wrong—beauty can be perceived through the senses; and when seen turns out to be imperfect.

But in a complex film, there can be many hypotheses. Not given the facility to speak to the artist, the critic must point out the possibilities and then, through his experience of the background of the film-maker, his philosophy as seen through previous films, his ideology, try to narrow the possibilities to the most likely one.

The art cinema theatre and the enlightened critic are the leaders in any forward movement that may occur in films. In support is the Film Festival (the international kind) and also the sponsored national ones of the type recently seen in Bombay—Polish, Czech and, to keep our ideological balance, American. This aspect of introducing new films to the public is important but another purpose is served.

"F" Certificate

It has been observed, even by critics, that the films which draw most crowds at film festivals have an *A* certificate. An *A* certificate, here, may as well be changed to *A* an *F* certificate—not because of what you are thinking, but because it involves a certain kind of freedom. Freedom can be liberating, and not too much fun should be made of the single men with the salivating tongues who buy tickets in black to go in. It is, after all, as much a cultural experience watching Marianne Faithful in *The Girl on The Motorcycle* go in and out of her leather suit as it is to watch Japanese samurai brandish their swords.

If "The Damned" was sold out at film festivals but, later, on general exhibition kept the crowds at home, who was the winner? If the film had not been censored and if, of the many who had gone out of prurient interest, some had stayed to applaud, would there be any harm? Under a liberated censorship, the many who would go out of curiosity might initially see film after film, but they would either be converted or drop out from sheer fatigue. To sit through a film 120 minutes long for one or two scenes of sex is not corrupting, it is boring.

The question of corrupting an adult audience is in any case absurd. By the time one is eighteen, one is as corrupted as it is possible to be. Then, of course, other questions arise:

Is a film festival audience less corruptible than an ordinary everyday one?

Does seeing your naked wife corrupt you or does only the naked lady on the screen have this ability?

After our Censors have finished their term—serving us nobly by seeing, then cutting out dirty pictures—are they locked up in a special Old Censors' Home, stark raving sex lunatics?

One is not advocating that sex should be utilised to sell pictures. Society accepts certain limitations in certain endeavours. Thus, to use sex to sell a commodity is all right in commerce or advertising (these professions being imperfect anyway), but, in any artistic enterprise, society demands that good motives should obscure the rest. Properly used, however, sex is as natural on the screen as at home. It is for the artist to liberate, but he must have the critic and the censor by his side.

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Raju's **Moviana**

SHE HAS 'IT'

WHO EVER thought that the Old Flame would turn over a new fig-leaf on our screen! The gun moll has always had an identity of her own in our films—an identity distinct from the Dresden doll that is the leading lady. It was therefore something of a screen revolution when Glamour Puss Mumtaz made the switch from Best Supporting Temptress to Best Actress with Prasad's *Khilona* (1970). Mumtaz had shown her acting ability earlier in *Ram Aur Shyam* when, playing opposite Dilip Kumar, she exuded nothing but self-confidence. This, coming from one who had all along exuded only oomph, was something of a revelation. *Khilona* therefore confirmed what filmgoers had all along suspected of this "other woman"—that she could be at once sensuous and sensitive.

Mumtaz has *it* and "It Girls" are the "in" thing in our films today. "In one moment, out the next", however, is also a norm of our cinema, so that it is not surprising to see Mumtaz right now fighting a grim rearguard action to hold on to her hard-won position, confronted as she is with all the handicaps of an artist who has risen from the ranks.

Her Position

In the wake of the success of *Do Raaste*, *Khilona*, *Sacha Jhutha* and *Bandhan*, Mumtaz should have commanded in our films the kind of niche Hema Malini does today. (Hema's name has only to be announced in the cast and the film is presold, no matter who the hero and what the rest of the set-up.) But Mumtaz, in spite of proving her acting mettle so impressively in *Khilona*, has yet to win ready acknowledgment for a capacity to sell on her own steam, as one feels she was doing after the success of *Do Raaste*, *Sacha Jhutha* and *Bandhan*. What stood in Mumtaz's way here was the telegenic personality of Rajesh Khanna—she was at last "accepted" but only as a satellite of the Super Star.

For all the heartbreak of coming the longest way home, Mumtaz has not had the luck that should have been hers. True she has by now done any number of films as an A-grade heroine; but in the present permissive setting of our cinema, she has not had the type of roles in which she can show herself an actress fit to rank with the best.

When she did get such a role in *Tere Mere Sapne*—in which she came up with a charmingly "domesticated" performance—she found that, though she was Dev's better half in the movie, the best half of the show belonged to Hema Malini as the "star" attraction of the film! Tested by any touchstone, Mumtaz's was the best performance in *Tere Mere Sapne*; yet she did not reap its full benefits—all the "fringe benefits" of a flop film went to Hema Malini.

—Rajendra Panchotia

BINDIYA CHAMKEGI. *Mumtaz is one of those rare glamour girls who has been accepted as a leading lady even after she went "domestic".*

Some will say this happened because today, unlike in the past, the sympathy of the viewer is with the "other woman" rather than with the heroine. In support of this viewpoint, they will point to the spotlight being on Zeenat Aman in *Hare Rama Hare Krishna* though in actual fact Mumtaz is Dev's leading lady in the film. But on closer scrutiny it will be seen that Mumtaz is the film's heroine only in name; Dev Anand, as director, seems almost *studiedly* to have cast Mumtaz in a decorative mantle so that Zeenat may have full play as the hippie with a spring in her stride. A more prudent Mumtaz would have taken the hint from the way Dev had sidelined Waheeda in favour of Zaheeda in *Prem Pujari*.

This, of course, is one of the occupational hazards of being a leading lady in what is still a man's film world. But then Mumtaz's has been a screen occupation paved with hazards. It is sheer guts that got her to the top. Having got there, she may be trusted to stay the course like the thoroughbred filly she is.

Mumtaz has her big chance now in Bhappi Sonie's *Jheel Ke Us Paar*—she has the looks and talent to make her own mark even opposite Dharmendra, her he-man in the film. Dharmendra turned the tables on Rajesh Khanna by sheer staying power. One expects Mumtaz now to do the same since she has never shied away from a challenge.

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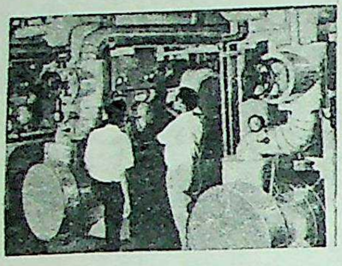

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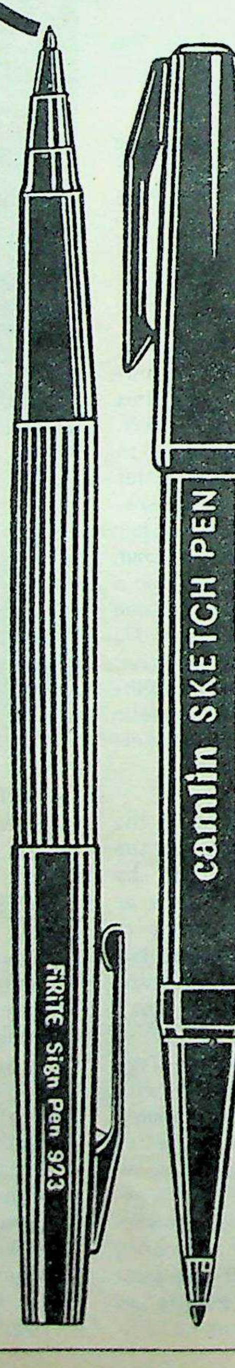

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"I want a present for an old gentleman for Christmas," she said.

"Yes, Ma'am," replied the clerk. "Something nice in ties?"

"No; he has a beard," the customer explained.

"H'm," the clerk murmured thoughtfully. "Perhaps a fancy vest might be suitable?"

"No; it's long beard," came the answer.

The clerk sighed wearily. "Well, how about carpet slippers?"

THE Censor: "About this picture, *Beaches and Peaches*, you call it an educational film. What does it teach?"

The movie's producer: "Anatomy."

"DARLING," said the radio announcer right after dinner, "I've got to go to the meeting tonight. I'm a vice president."

"But you've only been at the station a month."

"I know, dear," he admitted, "But on our network there's nothing lower than a vice president."

A distinguished visitor to an insane asylum went to the telephone and found difficulty in getting his connection. Exasperated, he shouted to the operator: "Look here, girl, do you know who I am?"

"No," was the calm reply, "but I know where you are."

"DO you remember that couple we met on the steamer we took such a violent fancy to—I mean the couple we invited to visit us?"

"Yeah. You don't mean to say..."

"Yes, the idiots are actually coming!"

"I CAME into this town, Sir, as a very small boy, without a shoe to my feet or a penny in my pocket, and now look at me!"

"But I always thought you were born here."

"And so I was. Doesn't that prove my statement?"

"GUESS what, dear," said the weather man on arriving home. "I've been transferred to San Francisco."

"That's good," replied the little woman. "I've noticed the weather here doesn't agree with you."

ONCE there were two little worms. One was naughty and the other was good. The first was lazy and improvident and always stayed in bed late. The other was always up early and about his business.

The early bird got the early worm, and a fisherman with a flashlight got the night-crawler.

The moral: You just can't win.

POLICEMAN (calling up Station): "A man has been robbed down here by another man and I've got one of them."

Chief: "Which one have you got?"

Policeman: "The one that was robbed."

EDITOR: "Did you write this poem yourself?"

Contributor: "Yes, every line of it."

Editor: "Then I'm glad to meet you, Edgar Allan Poe. I thought you were dead long ago."

"GIMME an all-day sucker," the youngster demanded of the candy man.

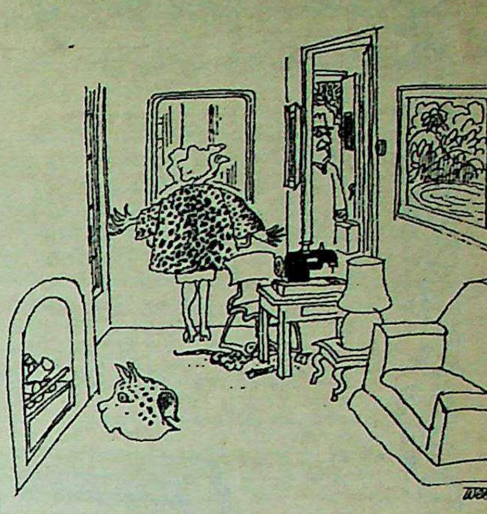
He was handed one.

"Looks kind of small," remarked the boy, looking at it doubtfully.

"Yeah, the days are getting shorter."

LORD DEREK: "Did you cancel all my engagements as I told you, Ruggles?"

Valet: "Yes, Sir. But Lady Gwendolyn didn't take it very well. She said you were to marry her next Monday!"



From "Punch"

"Audrey, I've decided not to leave you, after all."

POLICE LIEUTENANT: "I never saw the park so littered with paper as it is this morning. How do you account for it?"

Sergeant: "The Mayor had leaflets distributed yesterday asking people not to throw paper about."

A WASHINGTON matron once boasted she could make President Coolidge talk. Cornering him at a dinner, she sought to make good her boast.

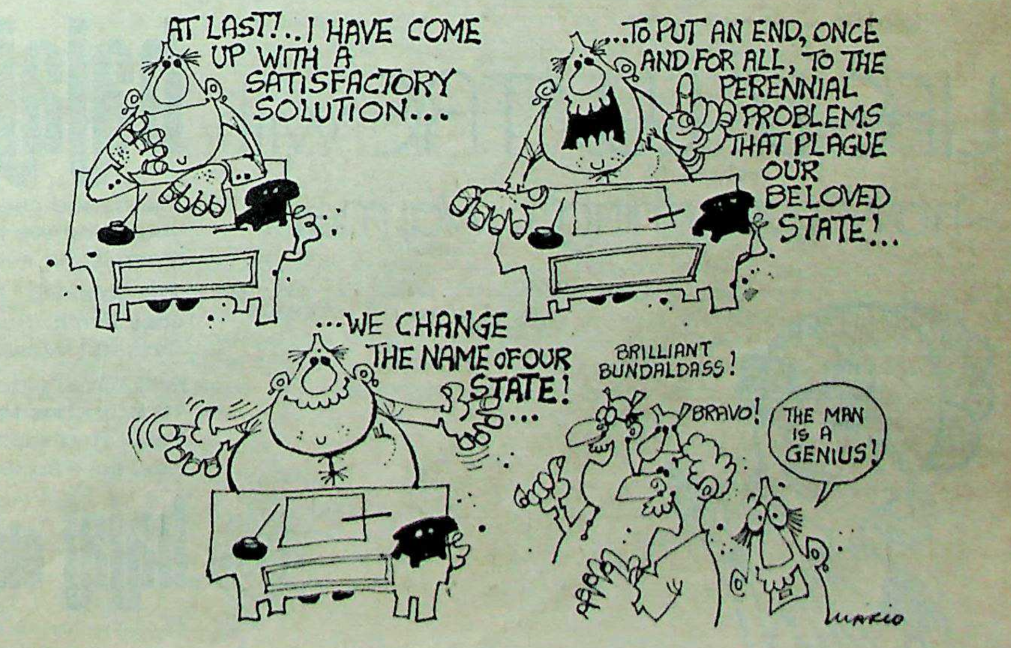
"Oh, Mr President," she said, trying to disarm him with frankness. "I have made a bet that I can make you say at least three words."

"You lose," Coolidge replied.

A POLITICIAN said to Horace Greeley one day: "I am a self-made man."

"That, Sir," replied Greely, "relieves the Almighty of a terrible responsibility."

THIS WEEK **by MARIO**



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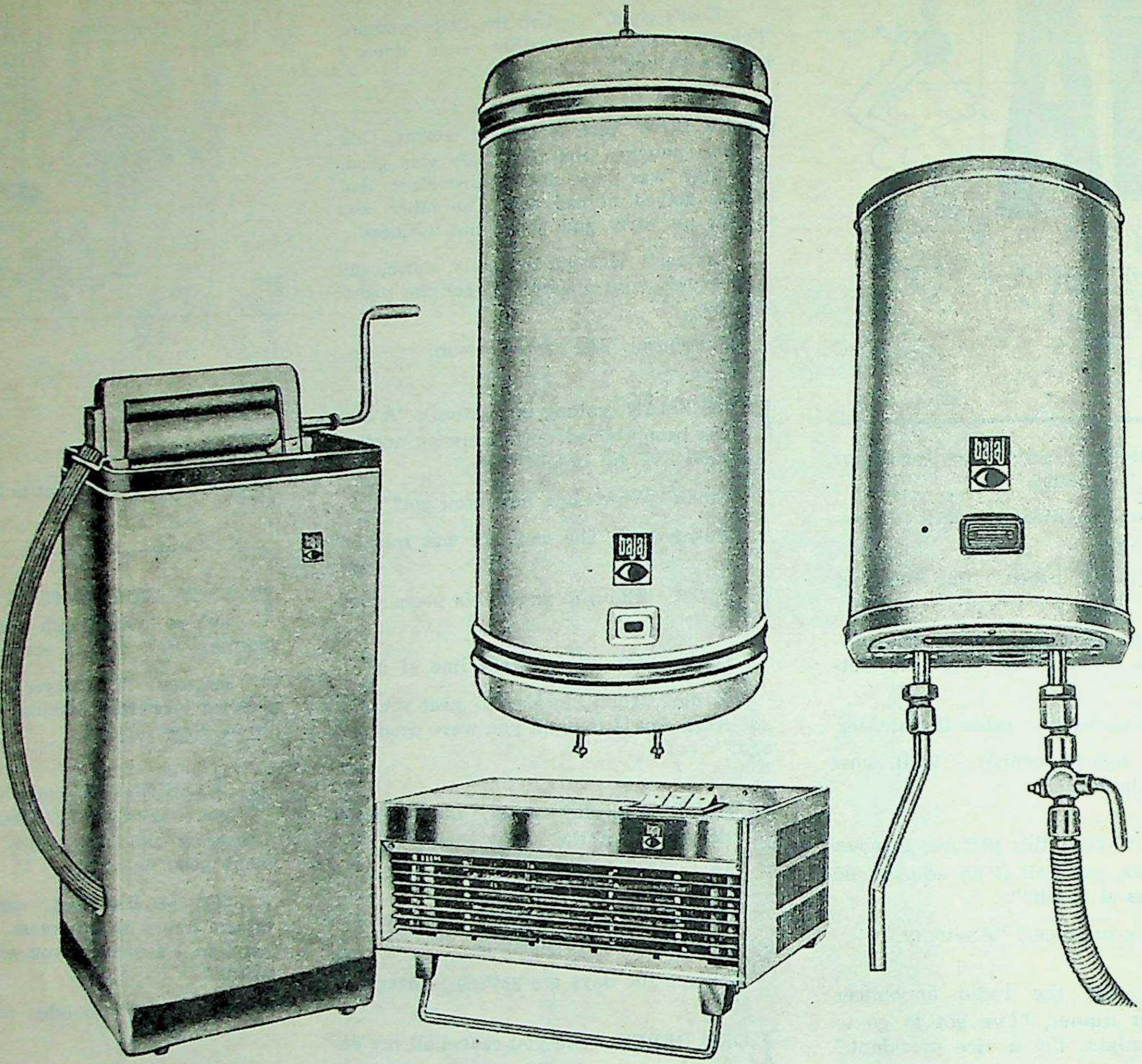

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What The Stars Foretell

by S. K. KELKAR

Sunday, September 9

For luck today, wear or use: Silver grey, 2, aquamarine.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A year during which you should observe restraint and curb extravagance. Business will show a steady upward trend in the middle of 1974. Maintain the *status quo* and just await a more auspicious period to ask for promotion. At home, you are likely to pick quarrels with family members. In matters of romance avoid being unduly suspicious. Financial position is satisfactory, but do not invest heavily.

Monday, September 10

For luck today, wear or use: Rose red, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: This year there will be expansion in your business. But a chain of events will force you to tackle some problems. Financially you will be helped by your colleagues. Personal life is full of joy and romance. Group activities are quite promising and you will occupy a prominent position after winning an election.

Tuesday, September 11

For luck today, wear or use: Dull blue, 8, jade.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: More than average business success is in store for you. Go all out to employ new business techniques and new ideas for advertising your goods which are sure to bring profits. In personal life, elders will not only give you guidelines but also provide money. A new arrival will prove the centre of attraction. If you are keen on a trip abroad the middle of next year is a good period. Marriage prospects are bright.

Wednesday, September 12

For luck today, wear or use: Royal purple, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The stars this year bring good opportunities to gain new experiences. The more outspoken you are in airing your grievances, the better will be your chances to advance your interests. But seek the wise counsel of elders before you expand your activities. Avoid the temptation to mix in undesirable company.

Thursday, September 13

For luck today, wear or use: Royal purple, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: This year do make it a point to shed complacency and take a realistic attitude, otherwise good opportunities will be lost. As far as possible, avoid changes. Keep a strict control on your spending so that financial handicaps can be surmounted. At home, keep matters smooth by not allowing the family members to start bickerings.

Friday, September 14

For luck today, wear or use: Silver grey, 2, aquamarine.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Much depends this year on your own initiative. There are good prospects for business expansion. Long-term investments are likely to prove more beneficial. Financial position remains satisfactory, but watch your spending. Family affairs are under happy stars and you can count on the cooperation of all the female members.

Saturday, September 15

For luck today, wear or use: Bright yellow, 5, onyx.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Mixed influences are indicated. In personal life, there will be peace and harmony. But vocational activities are likely to be temporarily disturbed in November and December. March and April will bring you back to your old position. Consult elders and experts before investing new capital to avoid worry on this score. One or two celebrations in the family are likely to take place, but do not spend too lavishly on them.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

(December 21 to January 19)

Capricorn (Makara)

A good week for routine business activities. The extra money that comes in will be spent in decorating your business premises. From the social angle you will be called upon to act as chief guest or to speak at a function.

(January 20 to February 18)

Aquarius (Kumbha)

A good period in all walks of life is indicated. Projects which were awaiting finalisation will be implemented within a week or two. On the domestic front, difference of opinion among family members may cause minor irritation.

(February 19 to March 20)

Pisces (Mina)

Friends and associates will press you to join them for an excursion but think before you agree. Business will improve from Tuesday onwards. Sort out your problems on Thursday and clear the backlog by Friday.

(March 21 to April 20)

Aries (Mesha)

Those in service are lucky to enjoy elevated status whereas industrialists are likely to face minor labour problems. Business is rewarding. Temporary separation from spouses is likely to occur by mid-week. Money will come in.

(April 21 to May 20)

Taurus (Vrishabha)

Romantic people are going to peep into your life this week, but guard against deep involvement. Money comes easily, making you complacent, so there is need to use the available financial resources carefully.

(May 21 to June 20)

Gemini (Mithuna)

An ideal week for business and professional activities which will be in full swing, especially for doctors and professors. Sunday is good for meetings and interviews which will show good results on Thursday.

(June 21 to July 20)

Cancer (Kataka)

Due rewards, including publicity, will come your way. A charming new personality will enter your life in a startling manner. Luck through partners and spouses is quite likely this week. Barring Sunday, all will be well.

(July 21 to August 21)

Leo (Simha)

Although business conditions are good, you will feel mentally unsettled. However, confidence will be regained by Thursday and you will be able to get a good grip on the situation. The week-end will be most entertaining and amusing.

(August 22 to September 23)

Virgo (Kanya)

Favourable opportunities should give a boost to your business. Social and group activities will flourish. Authors will be able to get their works published in the next few weeks. You are likely to get deeply involved in a love-affair.

(September 24 to October 23)

Libra (Tula)

A week of slow but steady activities. You are likely to find yourself worrying unduly about the future. Financial prospects are good but heavy schedule of expenses may cause anxiety. Saturday is auspicious for business.

(October 24 to November 22)

Scorpio (Vrischika)

You are likely to find you are over-optimistic about your success in business and group activities. Do not forget that some of your colleagues are working against you behind the scenes. Tuesday is lucky for financial gains.

(November 23 to December 20)

Sagittarius (Dhanu)

A good week from the business and the vocational angle. Industrialists should not neglect labour problems as these are likely to come to the fore by the end of October and early November.

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Shilpi HPMA 42 A 72

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The girl edged out of the bed, avoiding the still form, and grabbed the blood-stained sheet, which she wrapped around her nakedness.

He stood for a long time, motionless... He must get rid of the body first. Then he would go to his priest and the lawyer...

MR FERNS was woken out of a deep sleep late at night. He thought he had heard a groan. He switched on the dim bedside lamp and felt for his slippers. His wife slept placidly beside him. Again the groan was repeated. It seemed to come from the direction of his daughter's room. The old gentleman picked up a torch from the side table and stepped out silently to investigate. Despite his sixty years, he could still move his tall powerful frame with the litheness of a panther. As he paused outside his daughter's door, he heard the sounds again. This time the moaning was mixed with a scuffling sound, as if a prolonged and restrained struggle was in progress. Without a sound, he turned the knob and entered.

In the brief instant that the torchlight played on the bed, he saw every detail with the vivid distinction of a flashlight photograph or a landscape revealed in a flash of lightning. A dark male body, partly clothed, moving on the bed, crouched over a quivering female form. The spasmodic

—Continued

A Question of Conscience

by DENZIL JOSEPH

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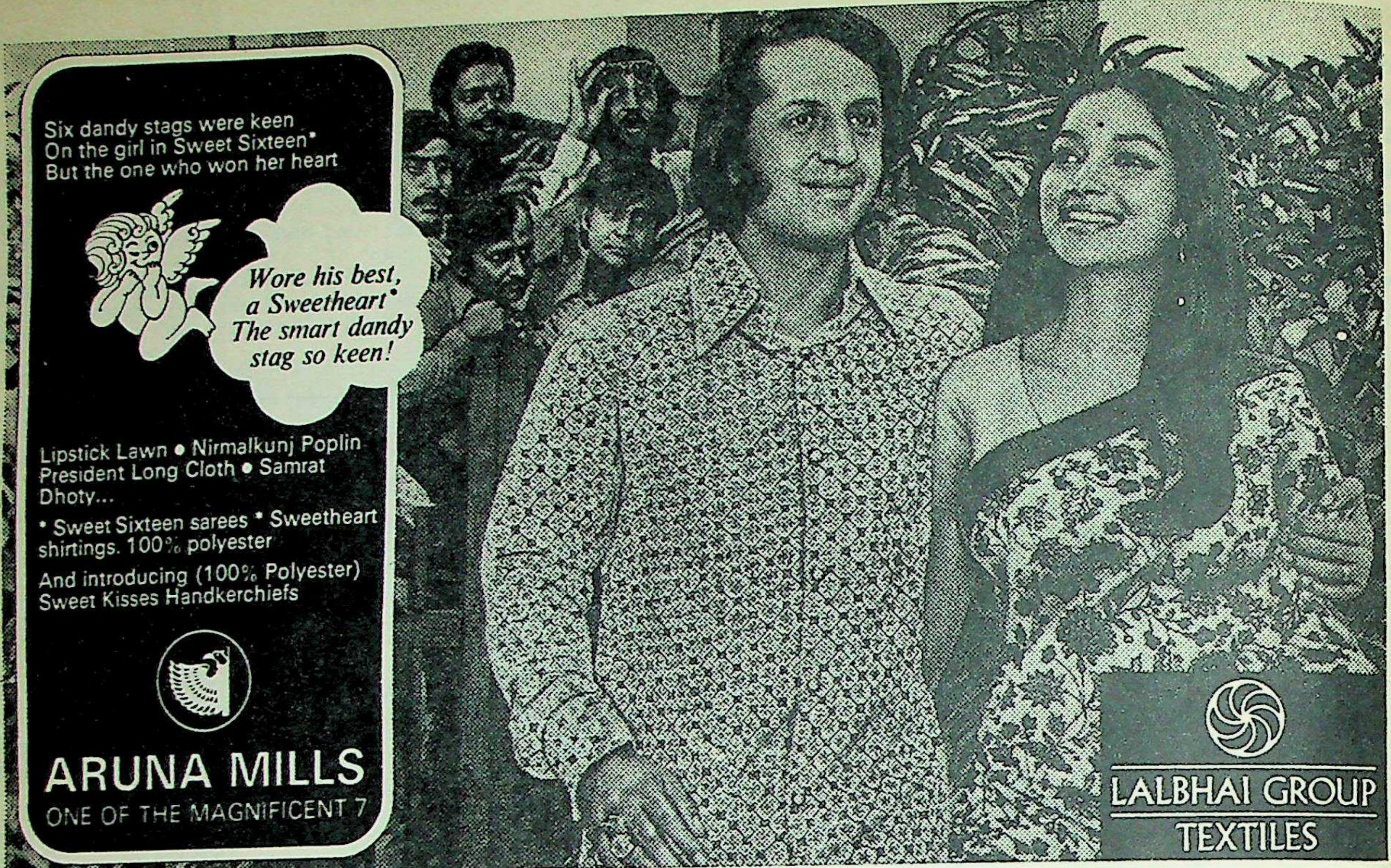

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jerking of dark and white limbs to the accompaniment of laboured breathing and the quickly repeated moans. The torch dropped silently on the carpet as he shot his strong hands out and seized the brown straining neck in his long curving fingers. He squeezed relentlessly. The convulsions of passion changed horribly to those of a wild struggle for life, but he held on inexorably. In the dim light that filtered through the window and to which his eyes had by now become accustomed, he watched, in a detached, uncomprehending way, the staring eyes of his daughter.

Her mouth was partly open and she still breathed in a laboured, rapid manner. No word was uttered; the only sounds were the harsh rasping for breath from the slowly strangling man and the wild threshing of his limbs over the girl's body and the surface of the bed. After a long interval, all movement stopped. The only sounds now were the measured breathing of the father and the quick, shallow panting of the girl. As the old man removed his hands, for the first time, from the now still neck, a spell seemed to have been broken. The girl spoke in an urgent, compelling whisper: "I couldn't help it, Daddy, I swear I couldn't. He forced me... He threatened me."

The old man spoke flatly, mechanically, but not unkindly: "I know, dear, don't worry, it will be all right. Go, dear, to your mother. Don't worry, I'll look after everything."

The girl edged out of the bed, avoiding the still form, and grabbed the blood-stained sheet, which she wrapped around her nakedness. The father held her arm and escorted her to the door of their own bedroom. "Go to your mother, dear, and try to get some sleep. Don't worry"—and he turned back to his daughter's room.

HE stood for a long time, motionless, beside the bed, sunk in thought. He had the calm, logical mind of a writer, and the habits of a lifetime of mental discipline helped him even in this extremity. He must get rid of the body first, remove it from here. After that he would have time to consider further lines of action. He got his car out into the porch, unlocked the outer gate and left the rear door of the car open so that he could carry the body straight in without interruption. Back in the room, he reclothed the body—a task which he performed with mechanical indifference. He felt no particular repugnance or hatred for the dead man.

He carried the corpse to the car, installed it, lengthwise, along the rear seat, with legs doubled up, and drove off. He had already decided to dump the body in the town garbage area. He drove slowly out towards the dump. As he entered the location, he doused his lights and crawled slowly past huge mounds of refuse and debris. Behind one of these he stopped, pulled out the body and left it concealed beneath a litter of paper, rags and other miscellaneous waste.

He returned to the house and poured himself a strong drink. He sat in his drawing-room easy-chair with a cigar. First he must consult the priest. Father Anthony, the Catholic parish priest, was an old and trusted friend, besides being his spiritual adviser. He finished his cigar and looked at his watch. It was four o'clock, a bit early to disturb the priest, but the situation justified it, he felt. After much knocking, Father Anthony made an appearance, looking like an angry little gnome. At sight of Mr Ferns, his frown disappeared and was replaced by a look of concern.

"Yes, Richard, what is it?" He ushered his visitor into his bedroom.

"I've come for your help and advice, both spiritual and temporal, or shall I say legal. What I'm going to tell you is in the nature of a Confession."

The priest listened silently while Mr Ferns outlined the night's happenings.

"As far as you and God are concerned, it is a question of motive," the priest explained. "Human beings, of course, judge you on *evidence*, what we call facts, but God judges you by your *intentions*. Now it is not for me to judge—your own conscience must do that. You have killed a man—why? Was it to prevent a rape or the consummation of a rape? Or was it out of revenge, because the injury to your family honour was insupportable? If it was to prevent a rape, was it really necessary to kill the man—his actions could have been interrupted in less violent ways, couldn't they?"

MR FERNS brooded long in silence. At last he lifted his head: "Yes, Father, it was a desire for revenge—I wanted to destroy him—but then my daughter! Is not that a sufficient excuse even for God—and even for murder?"

"Yes, my friend, God will forgive any man anything, provided he admits his guilt and repents. If you admit it was revenge that motivated you and you are sorry for it, you are forgiven."

"I admit the revenge, but I can't *seem* to feel sorry. I'm not glad, you understand. I don't gloat over it, but I seem to be quite indifferent. My view, right or wrong, is that he deserved it. I was just the instrument. I have little personal emotion in the matter as far as he is concerned."

"Try to feel sorry—at least intellectually. It is sometimes difficult to do so emotionally, I know. After all, it is a question of logic. You appreciate intellectually that you have done wrong, then by a mental act you admit this wrong and beg forgiveness of God, though you may feel indifferent or even rebellious."

"I'll try. But now, what about the practical side? What should I do? Report to the Police?"

"Strictly speaking, Richard, that is hardly my sphere. I suppose you ought to report to the Police as a good citizen. A crime has been committed, whichever way you look at it—rape, attempted rape, murder or manslaughter. But, really, I am not competent to advise you. I suggest you consult Alphonse immediately. He'll give you the best legal advice available and you are old friends too, so you'll be in safe hands. God bless you, Richard!" the priest followed Mr Ferns to the door and saw him out.

Alphonse listened carefully to Mr Ferns' recital. "You see, Richard," he commented, "from the legal point of view, there are various aspects. In exercising your right of private defence—self-defence, in lay terms—you may injure, even kill, a person to prevent him doing grievous harm or killing you or any other person. The intention in such cases should be to prevent the commission of the injury or the murder that is threatened. The other aspect is: if you injure or kill another under grave and sudden provocation, you may be guilty only of manslaughter, not of murder. In other words, there is here no question of preventing the act. It has already been done, but the grave and sudden provocation occasioned by such an act would constitute a mitigating factor if a fatal revenge is exacted on the spot.

"A third aspect, and the most crucial one in this case, is establishing the fact of the original offence. Did a rape or an attempt to rape actually occur? This must be painful for you, Richard, but we must go through with it. You will appreciate that it is a question of consent. The victim of the attempt, in this case, is of age, so it must be found out and established whether or not she gave her consent freely, not under duress."

"She told me herself that he had threatened her," Richard replied in a low voice.

"Yes, but is there anything else to corroborate that? You are the only witness. Any knife, pistol, signs of struggle, torn clothing, anything to suggest resisance?"

RICHARD cast his mind back to that instantaneous photographic flash—where every detail remained vividly etched in his mind's eye. He recalled the movement of limbs in unison, the heavy breathing, the repeated moans—they all suggested a harmony of passion rather than a violent resistance Then he saw his daughter's face—the staring eyes and heard the insistent whisper trying to force conviction: "I couldn't help it, Daddy, I swear I couldn't. He forced me... he threatened me."

Richard drew a long shuddering sigh. His intellect pointed to one conclusion, his emotion to another, and emotion triumphed.

"She was forced. I know it. After all, she is my daughter. I know she could never do a thing like this freely, voluntarily. She'd die rather than disgrace herself..."

—Continued

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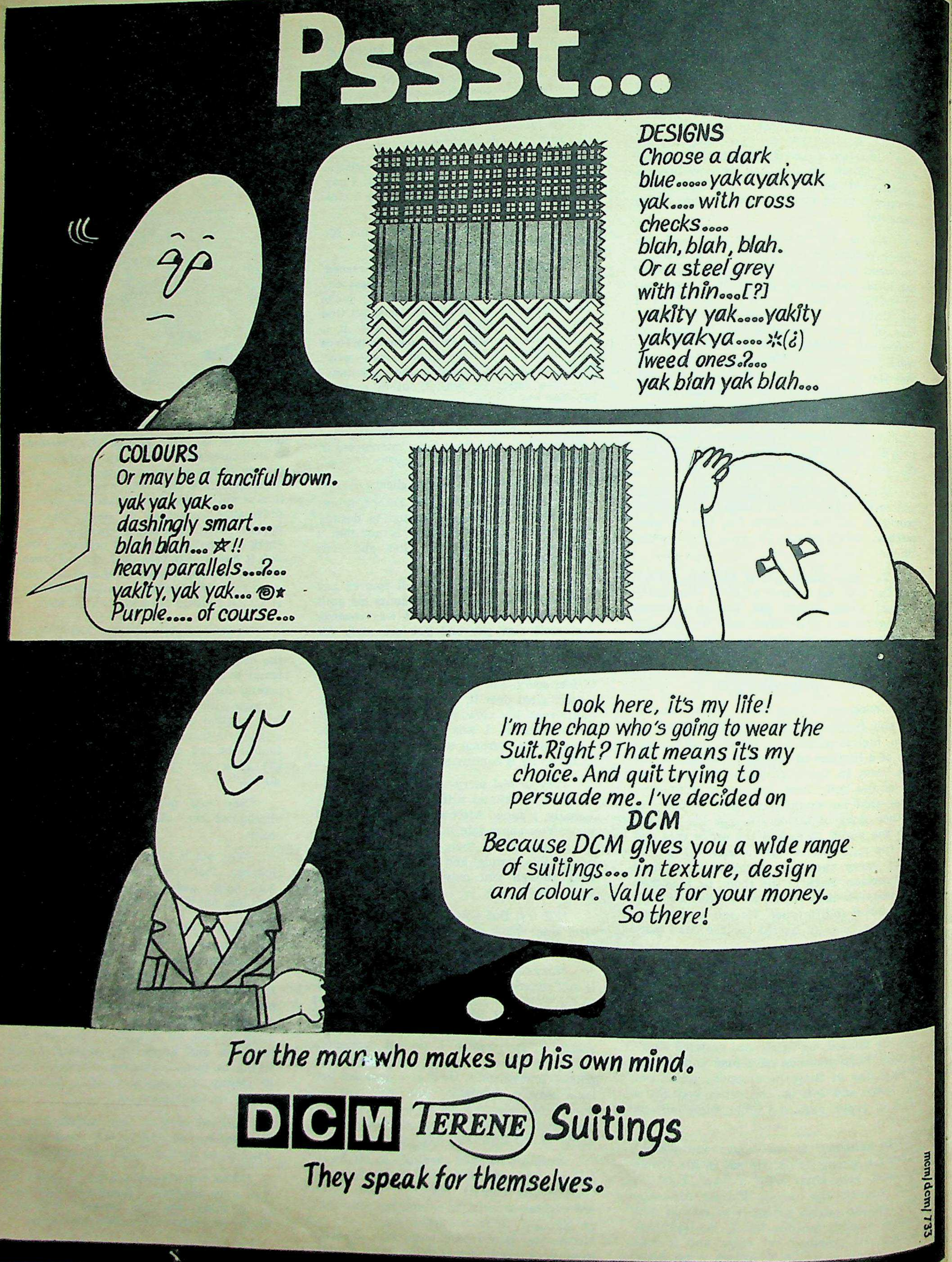

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"I see. Any other signs of struggle? A weapon of any sort?"

"No. No weapon, but the bedclothes were all disarranged and her clothing had been torn off."

"Ah, torn off, that's something. If we can produce torn garments, that would help." Richard reflected that he had seen no torn garments, but resolved to remedy that without delay.

"And what should I do now about the Police?"

"I suggest you go home and write down briefly what you've told me, then we'll both go through it and I'll accompany you to the police station, say, in an hour's time." The lawyer rose and put his arm around Richard's shoulder. "Don't worry, we'll see it through together."

Richard returned to his house and entered the study. No one was about. He drew out some paper and uncapped his pen. But he sat eyeing the sheets blankly, his mind racing. He saw his own position with great clarity. On the moral side, he had committed murder out of a burning desire for revenge, but God would pardon that. On the human or legal side, the position was far more complicated. His own guilt or innocence depended strangely on whether his daughter was forced or a willing party to the night's incident. It seemed stupid that his own state should be conditional on that of another.

From what Alphonse had told him, if a woman freely gave her consent, there was nothing anyone could do about it. Even adultery required that one of the partners should be married. The crucial question then was: Was she forced? Only *she* could answer that. If she was, he could continue with an easy mind. Things would be difficult enough, but his mind would be at ease. If not.. if not, then God knew what he would do. But he refused to dwell on the possibility.

HE walked into the dining-room where he saw his wife preparing the morning cup of tea. "Mary, my dear, is Lisa awake? I must speak to her at once."

"You can't, dear. She's in a terrible state—all cold and shivering, and she's terrified of you. She keeps sobbing: 'Don't let Daddy come in. I can't bear to see him. Promise, Mummy, you won't let him come in. I swear I'll kill myself if he comes near me.' She needs to see a doctor immediately. I don't think you should see her till the doctor's been."

Richard looked at his wife, wondering how much she knew. Both mother and daughter were very close to each other and shared many secrets.

"Mary," he said quietly, "it is essential—a matter of life and death really—that I should speak to Lisa. She may have told you about last night?"

"Yes, yes, but, for God's sake, don't touch on that. She must be helped to forget about that horror. Her mind's half unhinged as it is."

Richard walked slowly towards their bedroom, his wife following anxiously, with a detaining hand on his arm. He opened the door, then turned to his wife.

"Mary, I must speak to Lisa alone, please try to understand. She is also my daughter and I love her beyond my own life. I am incapable of harming her. You do believe that, don't you?"

As he softly closed the door, leaving his wife outside, Lisa screamed out: "Mummy, you've let him in. Come back, don't leave me alone—I'm frightened..."

Richard spoke calmly, in a flat, unemotional voice: "Calm yourself, Lisa. I haven't come to harm you. Can you ever believe I'll bring harm to you, no matter what you've done? You are my daughter, my own blood. I want to know only one thing so that I may know how to proceed further. It is not idle curiosity or a morbid prying into your affairs. It is literally a matter of life and death for me. Last night, were you, were you forced or did you act of your own free will? Tell me the truth, darling, I won't think the worse of you anyway. I am concerned now with more vital issues."

He paused and looked at her with a painful intensity, almost holding his breath, awaiting her reply.

SHE spoke shrilly, hysterically: "He forced me, he threatened me—I told you, I told you! Would you prefer he had killed me so your honour would be safe?"

"Lisa, believe me, I am not in the least concerned with my so-called honour. It is a much more radical question. Would you swear by Almighty God that you were forced? That is all I ask."

She looked at him with a hunted expression. "I swear... I, I, Oh God... Forgive me, dear God! Daddy, kill me! Daddy, but I... I wasn't forced. I... I allowed him... I encouraged him. Forgive me, forgive me... I didn't know!"

She broke down, sobbing. He went up to her and stroked her hair and cheeks.

"It doesn't matter, Lisa darling. It doesn't matter at all. We all love you just the same. Go to sleep, dear. We'll get the doctor for you presently and he'll give you a sedative." He stooped down and kissed her tenderly on the brow and walked out of the room.

The mother, who had been listening outside the door, looked at him anxiously. "What are you going to do, Richard?"

Richard regarded her with a deep sadness in his eyes. "I must write a letter and then go to Alphonse."

He caught her to him and kissed her lingeringly on the mouth. When he left her, she stood staring after him with a puzzled expression: he was so rarely demonstrative.

He went into his study, typed out two letters, placed them in envelopes which he addressed and one of which he stamped. He put both letters in his coat pocket. He felt in the desk drawer and drew out a bottle of sleeping tablets, which also went into his pocket. He walked swiftly to his car, checked that the water bottle was in its accustomed place in the glove box and drove off. He pulled up at a letter-box and examined the stamped envelope before dropping it down the chute. It was addressed to Alphonse.

THE AUTHOR, DENZIL JOSEPH, retired from the Indian Army as Lt-Colonel. He has written in Army journals and now writes as a free-lance.

He then drove on towards the garbage dump. He identified the exact location where he had dumped the body and drew up alongside. The body wasn't visible as he had covered it up with debris, but he knew the spot. He switched off the engine, secured the water bottle and began swallowing the tablets, one by one. After emptying the bottle, he threw it on the refuse heap, then leaned back in his seat and drew out the second letter. He was already in a drowsy, irresponsible state of mind, as if he had no cares left, free of all burdens at last. In this mood of abandon, he began reading out loud from the letter in his hand.

It was addressed to the Commissioner of Police and he read in a drowsy monotone:

I am destroying myself by an overdose of sleeping pills because I am guilty of murder. A man broke into my premises late last night. In the course of the struggle, I got hold of his throat and strangled him to death. I need not have killed him—he was incapable of resistance long before the end. However, that is my crime for which I now make atonement. No one else knows about this. My wife and daughter were fast asleep throughout. The body of the murdered man will be found close to where you find me—in the place where I left the body early this morning. No one is to blame for my death excepting myself.

He put the letter back in his pocket with a fumbling effort, then his head slumped forward over the wheel. Two hours later, a Corporation refuse truck driver found him and the Police were there within the next hour. They read the letter, then searched the garbage dump for the other body, but could find no trace of it. By the time they took Mr Ferns to the hospital, he was quite dead.

MEANWHILE, back in the city, a young man with a handkerchief wrapped around his throat, his eyes bloodshot and unable to speak at all, staggered painfully up the few stairs to his room and collapsed on his bed, where he lay breathing hoarsely and with agonising effort.

Alphonse received his letter by the first post. It read very simply:

According to my own conscience, I am guilty. God will forgive me, but man cannot—such is the law. I have informed the Police. A copy of my letter to them is enclosed. Burn these letters. There is no need for you to get involved. My family is provided for but help them out with the Police till all this blows over. Thank you. Good-bye! RICHARD.

As the lawyer burnt the letters, the thought ran through his mind: "It is not cowards who commit suicide—they shift and dodge and evade; it is a brave man who can determine the price and pay it. But we live in a world of slogans!"

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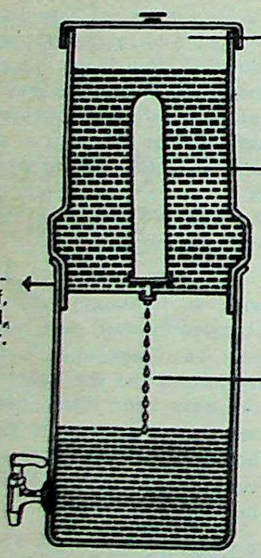

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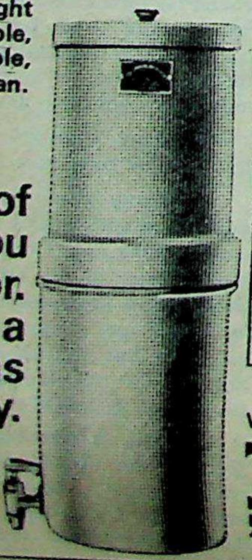

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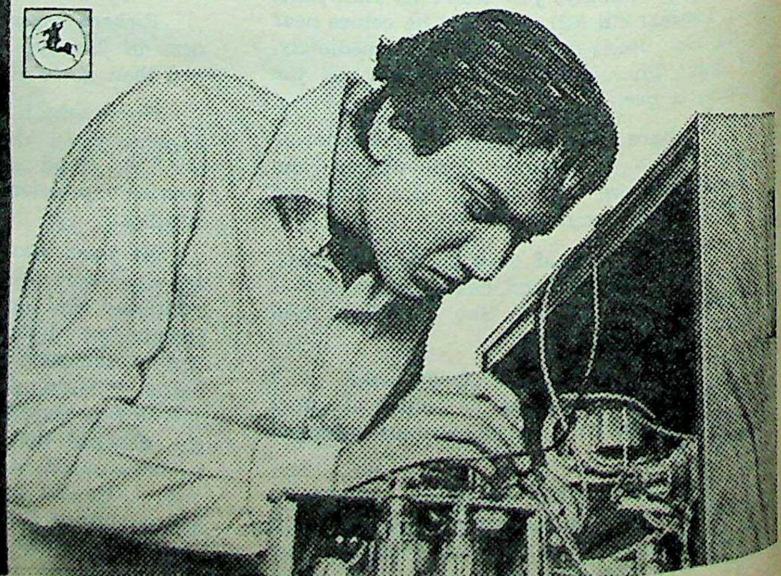

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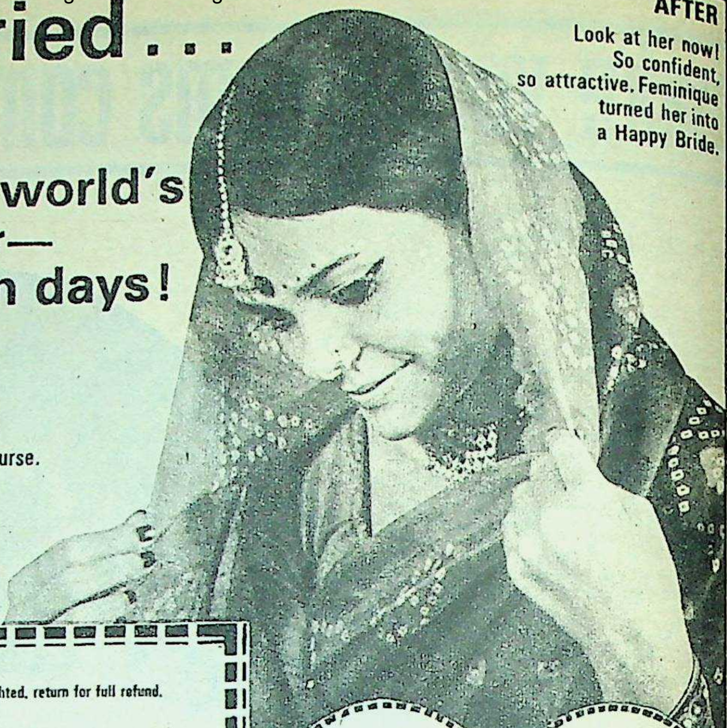

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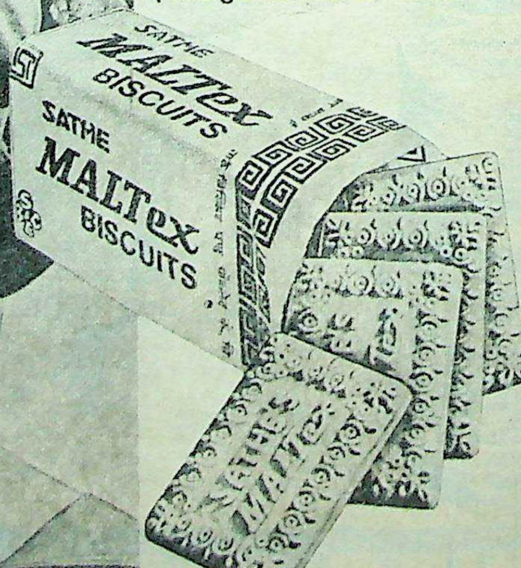

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CLOSES: MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1973

CLUES ACROSS

1 'I love being ——,' he said. 'Good Scotch and good friends.' (ALIKE|ALIVE)

3 To demand of us truth to nature, excluding Philosophy, is really to bid a pumpkin ——. (CAPER|TAPER)

5 I think he's ashamed. He won't —— come right down to it with me. (EVEN|EVER)

6 It was more like a night of rolling thunder than one of cloudless ——. Not her grace, either; anything but glad. (CHIMES|CLIMES)

10 She clutched the wide, black arm of the chair and dropped her head onto it, to avoid being —— off. (BUCKED|SUCKED)

14 A drink, the excitement of risking money, a few —— moments of physical pleasure. (HUSKY|MUSKY)

CLUES DOWN

2 Most of the human race does not strive for it, and what evidence we have about our own society suggests that the —— marriage is achieved only by a small minority of couples and that it is not worked for as a goal by the majority. (LIVING|LOVING)

4 His voice raised to normal level and then above. Soon he —— uncontrollably. (RAGED|RAVED)

7 It was in his mind to —— the life out of her there and then, but he was suddenly grim and tense. (SNUFF|STUFF)

8 The dust —— my face and cracked my lips. (CAKED|RAKED)

9 "Don't —— it," she said in a hushed little voice. (FIGHT|LIGHT)

11 There are a lot of wonderful gentlemen in here. The only thing that worries me is that mother will —— up the car. (CRACK|CRANK)

12 A ——! The thought came insistently back to her. (ROLE|ROPE)

13 'Okay, I'll tell you. You —— me. That's why. All right?' (BUG|DUG)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF OCT. 28; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF NOV. 4. Address Envelope: "QUOTES" No. 198, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702, BOMBAY-1.

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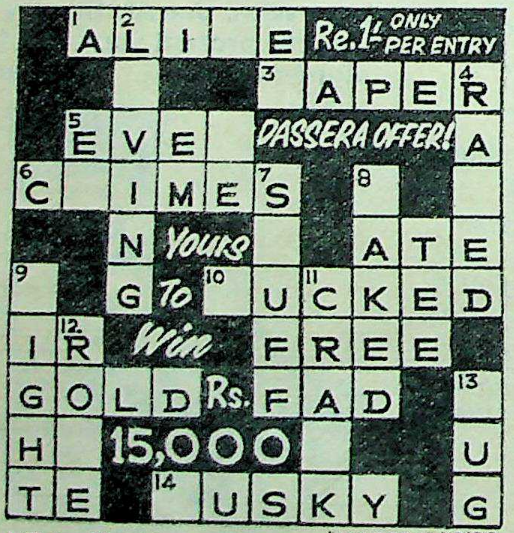

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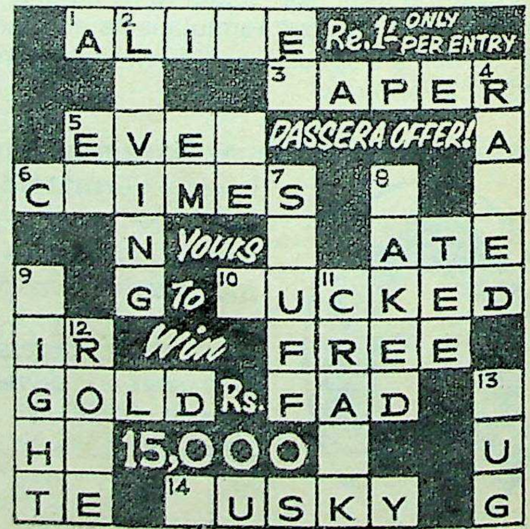

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In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

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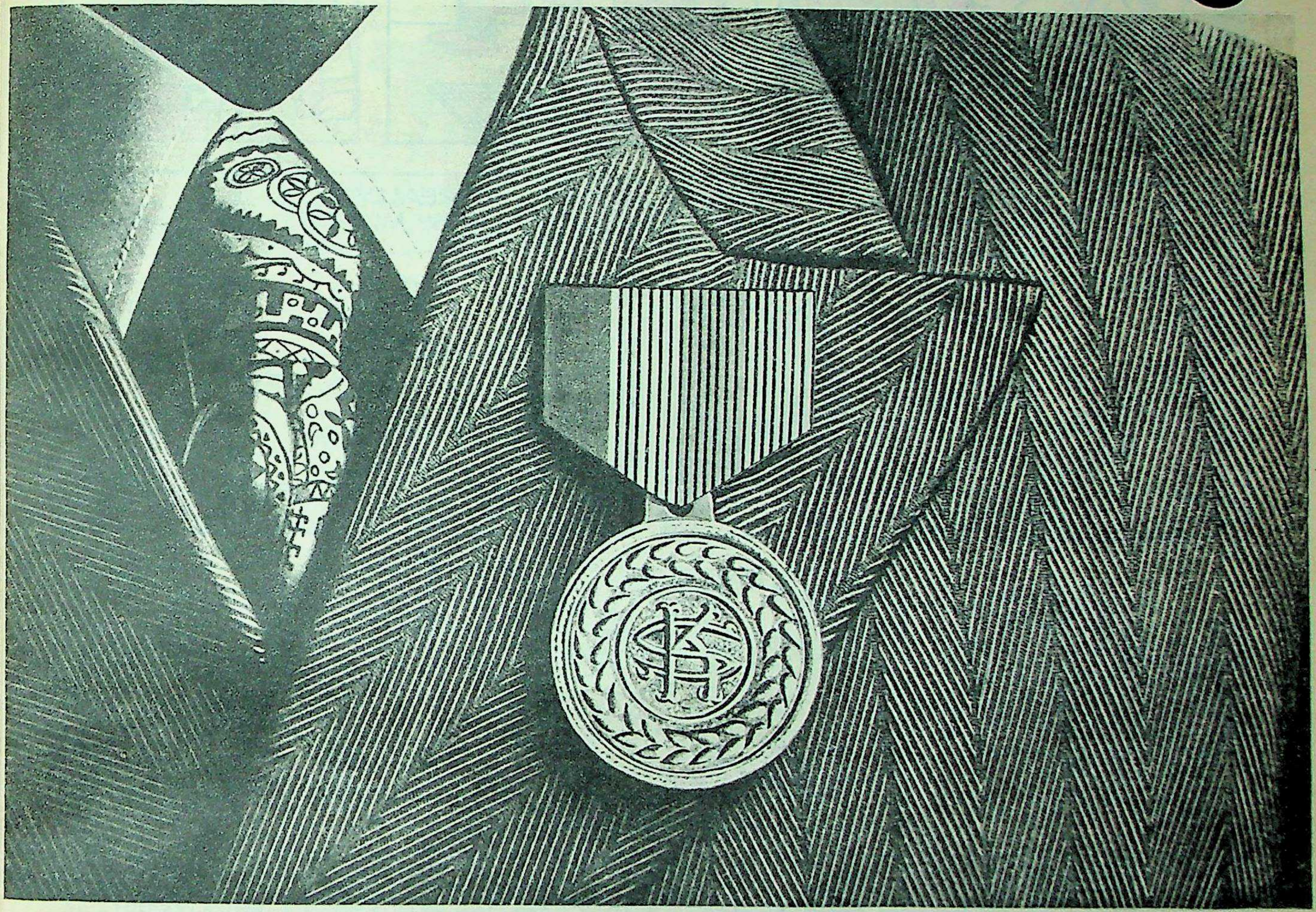

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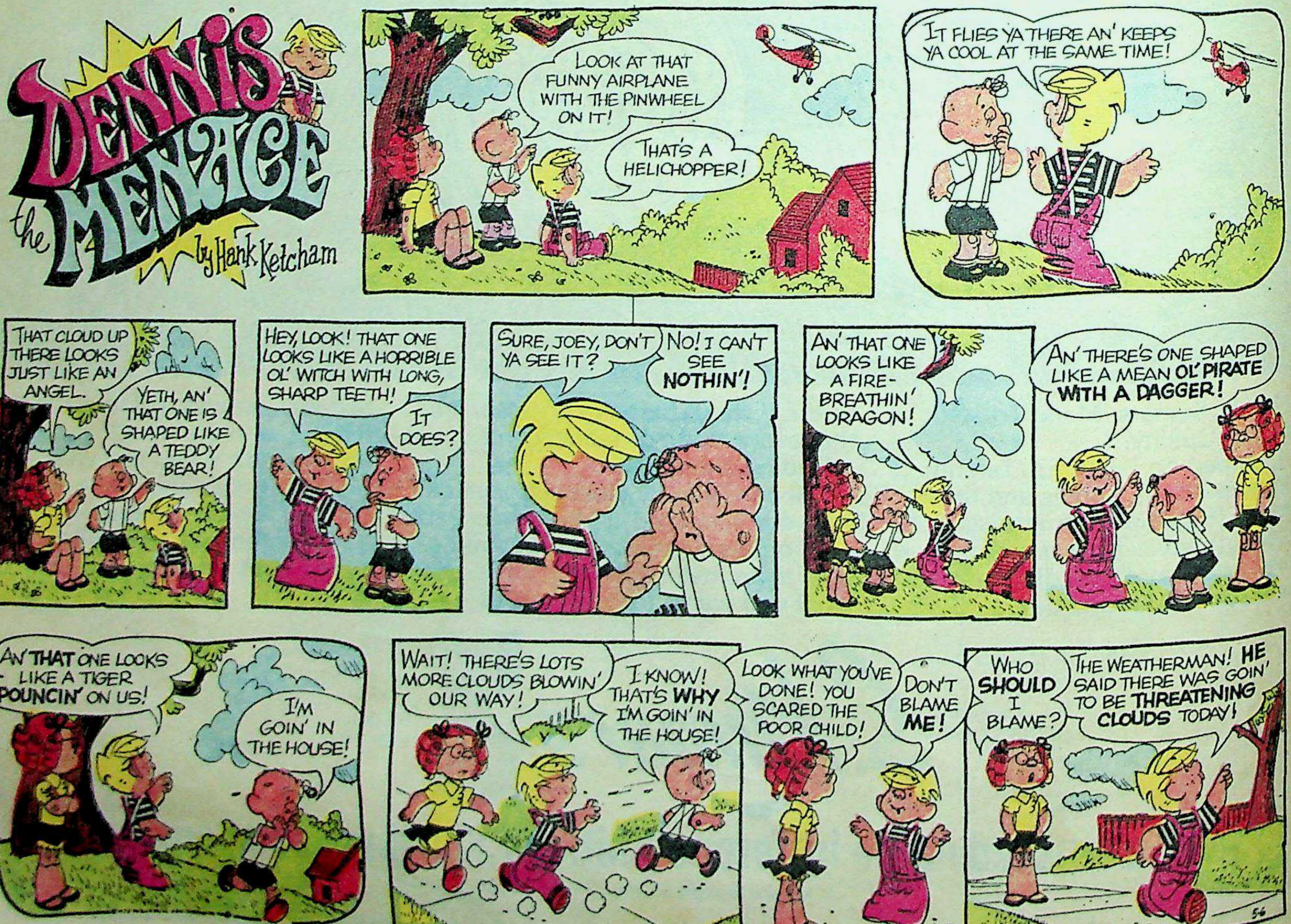
by Dick Wingert



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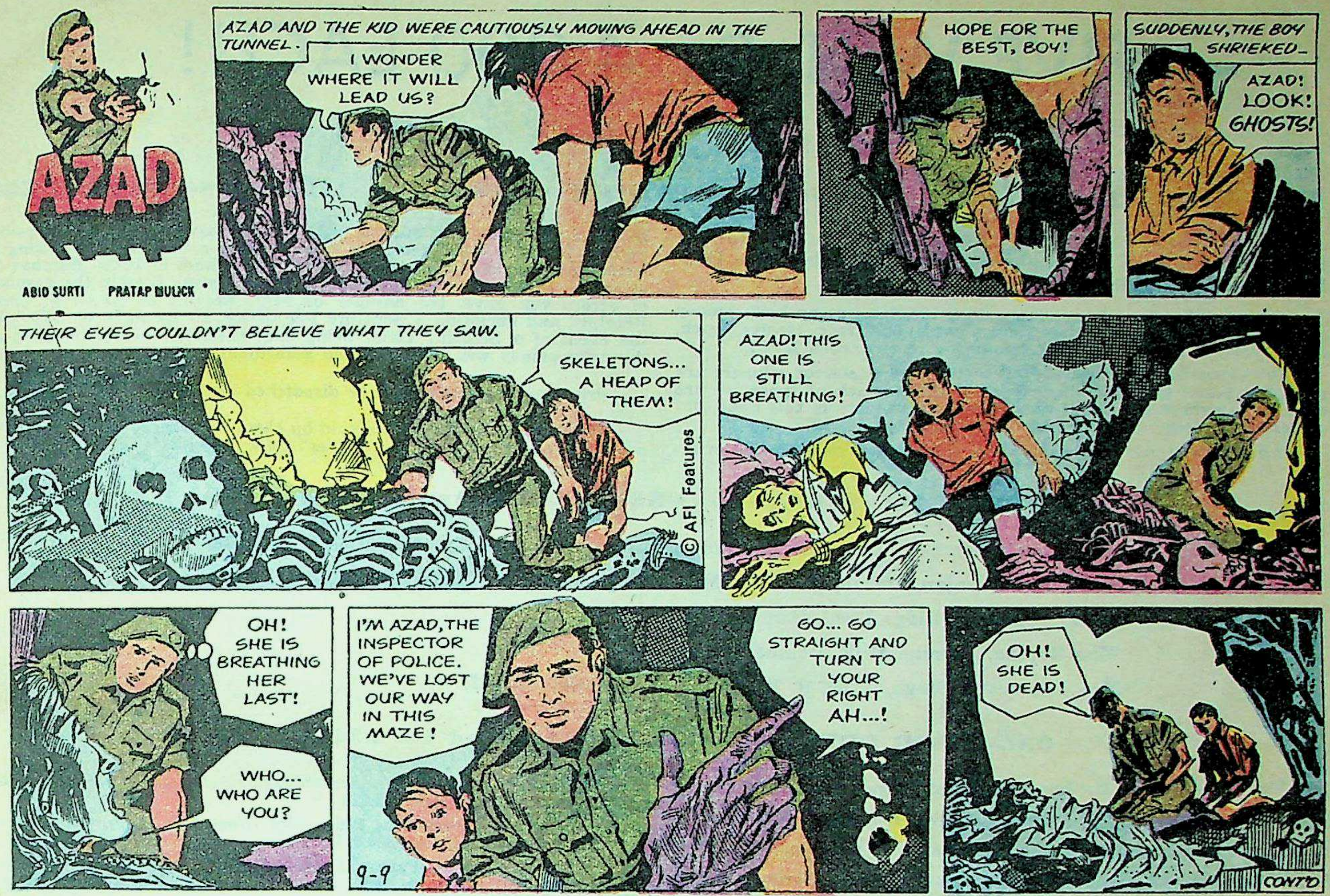

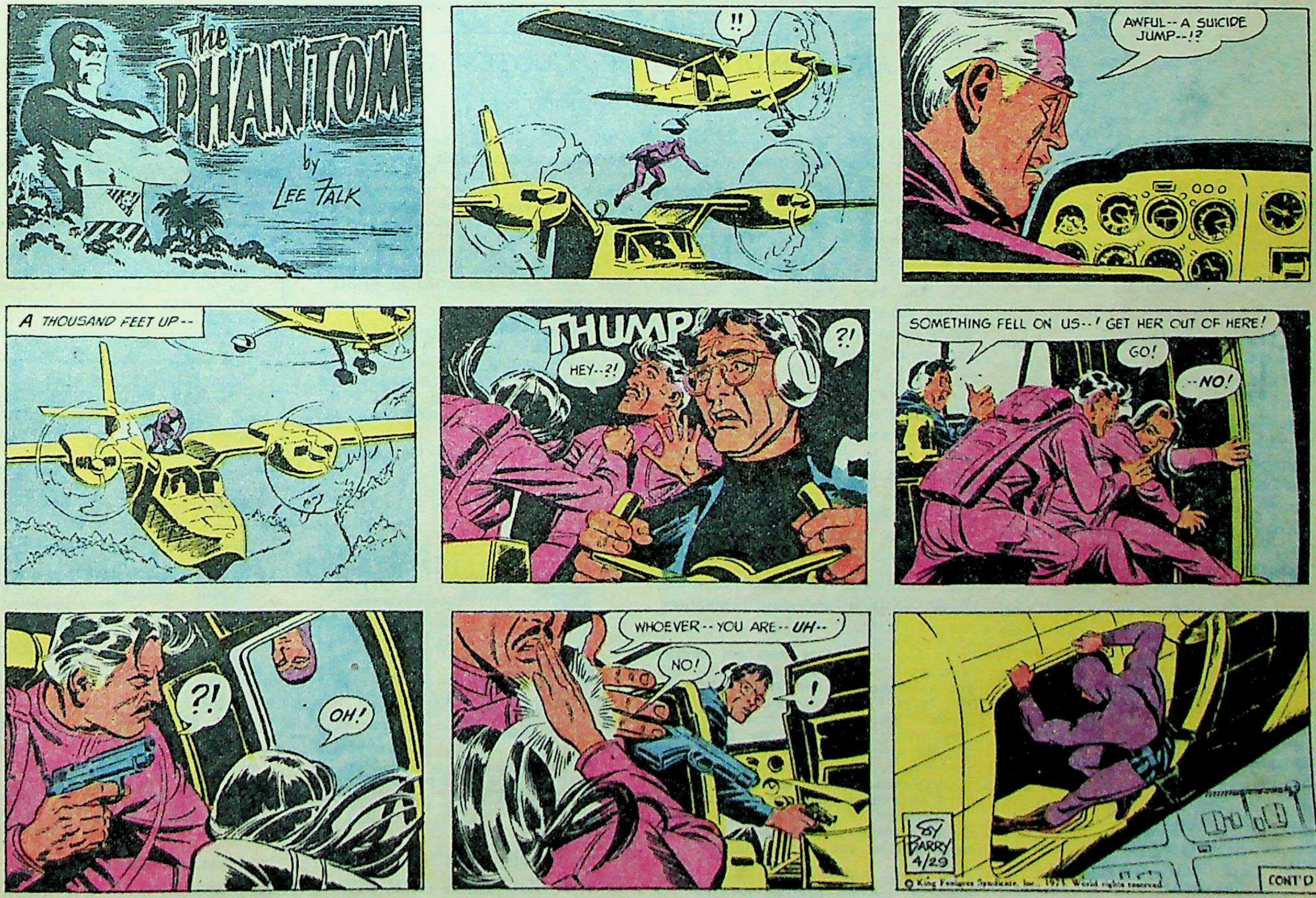

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Results of "Quotes" No. 196

First Prize: 20,000 **MONSOON BUMPER OFFER !** **Runners-up: Rs. 5,000**

In "QUOTES" No. 196, only five readers were able to spot the correct words to all the clues and they thus share the First Prize, each getting Rs. 4,000|-.

Solvers with one and two errors share the Runners-up Prize money proportionately as follows:—9 solvers with one-error receive, each, Rs. 331.89P., and 61 solvers with two-errors receive, each Rs 33|-.

The names and addresses of all-correct and one-error winners are published below in alphabetical order. Owing to lack of space we are not able to publish the list of two-error prize winners in this issue, but readers will please refer "Weekly" of September 16, 1973.

If you believe you have won a prize and it is not stated in the prize-list that you have won such a prize or you have not been otherwise notified by us to that effect, you may demand a Scrutiny by writing a letter to Scrutinies, Competition Department, Times of India, Bombay-1, so as to reach us on or before September 17, stating therein the number of errors you have, the number of M.O. Receipt or I.P.O. or Cash Receipts, and enclosing a Scrutiny Fee of Re. 1|- by M.O. or I.P.O. In the event of a Scrutiny claim being substantiated, the distribution of the prize money will be readjusted accordingly.

Prizes to all winners will be dispatched on September 24, 1973.

Prizes of Rs. 50 or over are paid by cheque. Prizes of Rs. 15 or under are awarded in the form of "Quotes" Cash Receipts.

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS (ALL CORRECT) Each Awarded Rs. 4,000/-.

Sukhminder Matharu, C|o Mahinder Singh, U-15, Green Park Extension, New Delhi-16;

Nilan H. Muranjan, Muranjan House, Marol Bazarpeth, J. B. Nagar, Marol, Bombay-59;

M. T. Pujari, 46, Ridge Road, Bombay-6;

Miss Rupina, Jasmine Mills, Bombay-17.

Mrs. Leelavathi Singh, 3|269, R. K. Puram, New Delhi 110 022;

ONE-ERROR PRIZE WINNERS Each Awarded Rs. 331.89P.

S. J. Duggal, WZ. 46A, Krishna Park, Tilak Nagar, New Delhi-18;

Mahmud Humayun, 'Sahel' Prakashamnagar, Begumpet, Hyderabad.

R. Sankara Iyer, Vysya Bank Ltd., Avenue Road, Bangalore-2;

Brij Mohan Khanna, Khanna Beej Bhandar, Kankhal, Hardwar, UP;

P. K. P. Menon, 62, Jubilee Hall, Delhi-7;

Mrs. Kamala Natarajan, 27 Arunodhaya, Block XII, Kumara Park West Ext., Bangalore 560 020;

Y. Sreenivasa Rao, 1048 Usha Bldg., 36th Cross, 26th Main, 4th T Block, Jayanagar, Bangalore-560 011;

A. A. Shaikh, Tracer, Panam Project Colony, Qrt., No. B7, Godhra, Panchmahals, Guj;

J. B. Walwork, Mosaboni Mines. Dt. Singhbhum, Bihar.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF "QUOTES" CONTESTS

CLUES AND ENTRY FORMS ON P. 64

1. All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with INK in **block letters or typewritten.** Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1/- per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order, Money Order or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. **Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps, or currency notes or coins** will not be accepted Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 198 Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 198, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order **receipts,** Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the space provided on the Entry Form. If this is not done, the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the sender.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing Date for all entries is Monday, October 8, 1973. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. **Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.**

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 12,000 will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications. are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes", Messrs. Bennett, Coleman & Co. (Ltd.) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the first publication of the prize-list of the Contest.

10. In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list, unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

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The Correct Solution and "Sources" of "QUOTES" No. 198, will also appear in "The Times of India" dated Wednesday, October 17, 1973.

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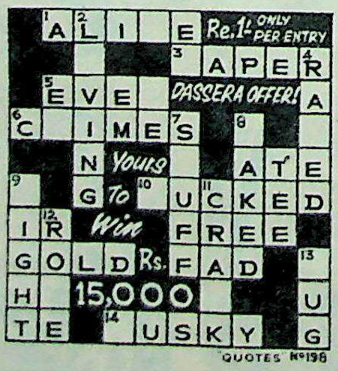

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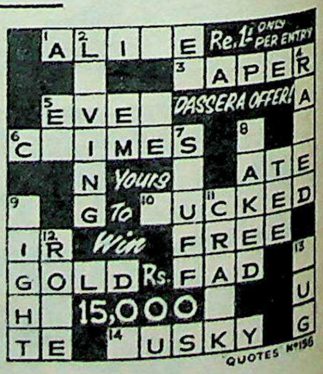

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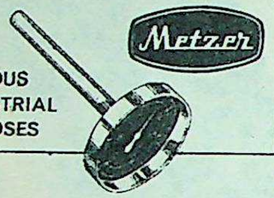

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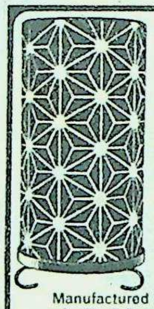

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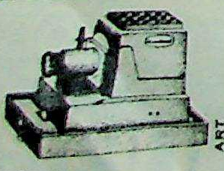

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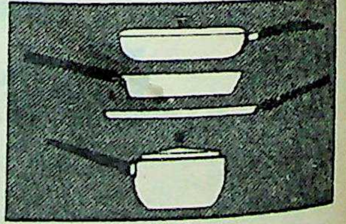

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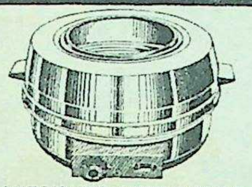

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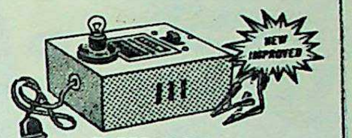

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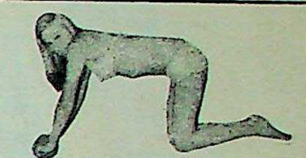

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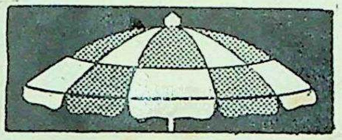

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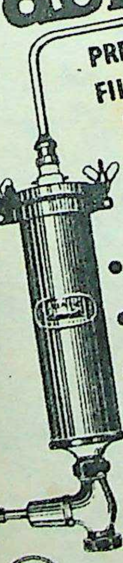

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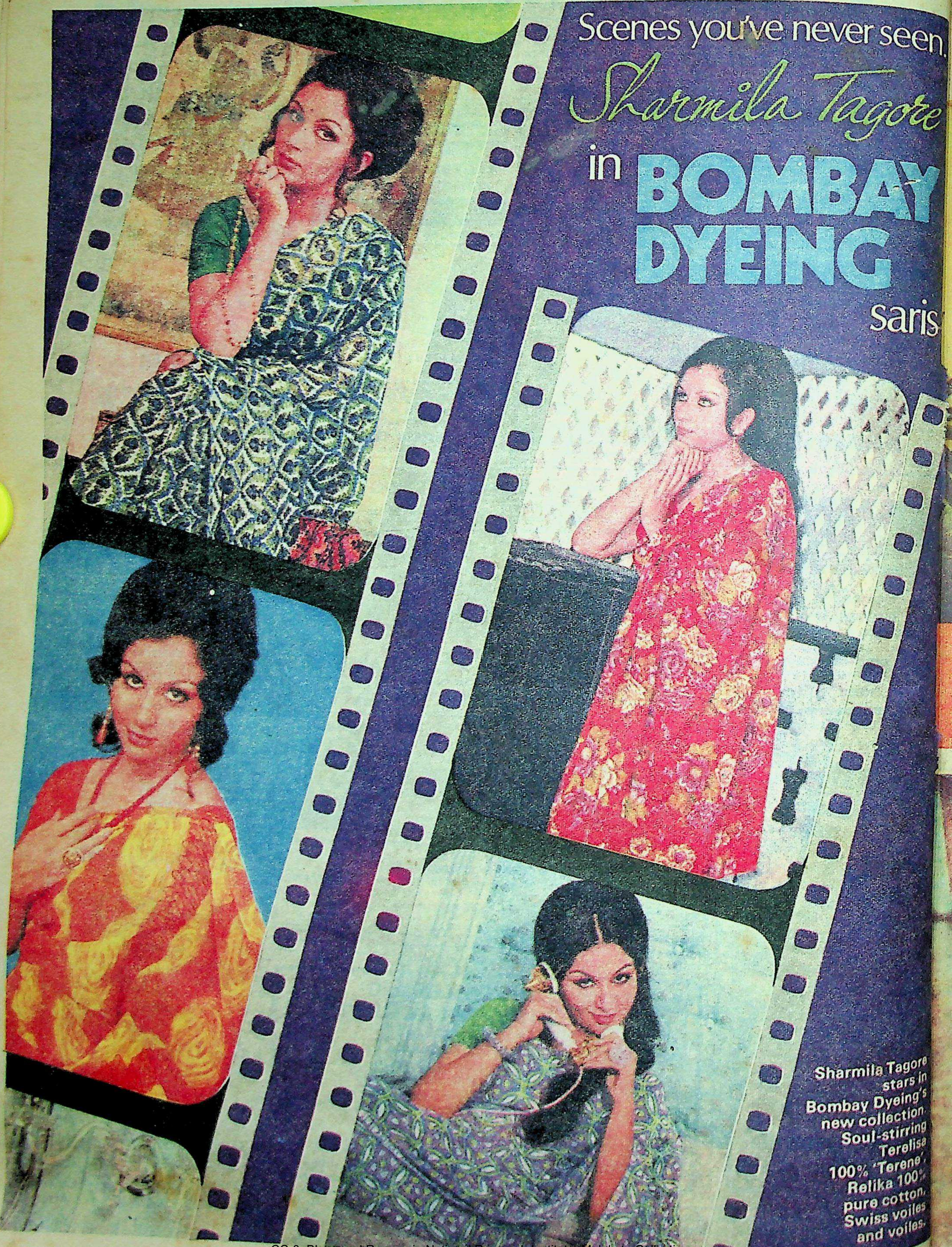

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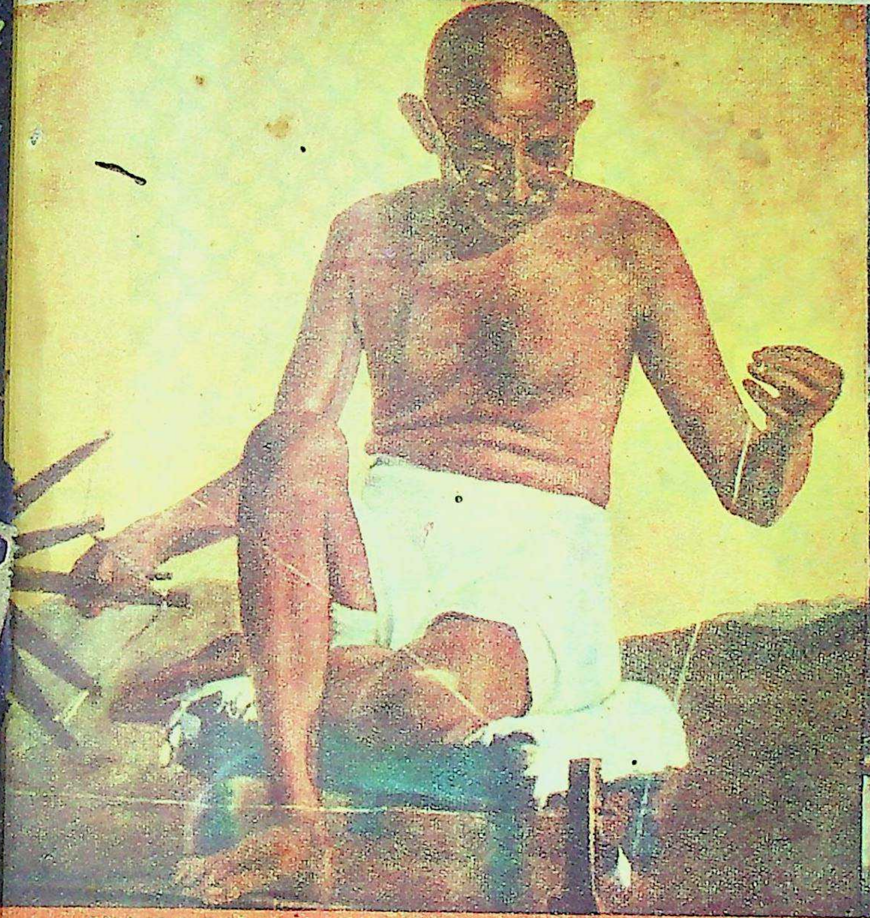

HARIJANS

Gandhi Jayanti Issue

The Great Betrayal

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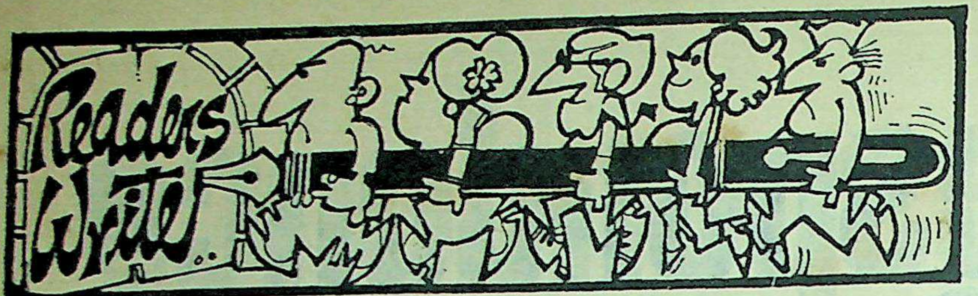

India Versus Pakistan

Sir—As it is certain that you are going to collect many a hosanna for your two articles on Pakistan in the Independence Issue No. 1, allow me to point out a minor flaw. On Page 31, in "Inside Pakistan Today", you state: "We have a verbal wrangle on an India versus Pakistan Test Match. I concede the Ashes to Pakistan; they generously give the series to India."

The trouble with your crack is that the term "Ashes" is used only for Test matches between England and Australia. Being a Sardar it would have been better had you discussed hockey with the Pakistanis.

Calcutta — ANIL GROVER

Sir—You report that in Pakistan the gurdwaras are well maintained. In conducted tours of this type, only showpieces are visited. The condition of the rest of the gurdwaras is far from satisfactory. The Nirankari Darbar at Rawalpindi is being used as a school. It is vacated for a short while at the time that pilgrims visit. Nirankari Sikhs were not allowed to visit Siri Dayal Sar, a holy place built in memory of Sat Guru Dayal Ji at Rawalpindi. On the other hand, even the smallest Muslim shrine in the Punjab is well maintained by the Waqf Board.

Amritsar — MAN SINGH NIRANKARI

Follow The Leader

Sir—In your eagerness to find out whether 1973 was the worst year since Independence (August 19), you have wasted nearly eight pages of valuable space (in these days of newsprint shortage) by printing your interviews with top leaders. Had you interviewed the one person who is supposed to be the Real Leader and Master of the years—Sri Sathya Sai Baba—you would have obtained the answers to all your questions and the solutions to all your burning problems.

Pune — PARTHA RAJ

Sir—Your article, "1973: The Worst Year Since Independence", is very fair and objective. You have given full publicity to the views of the "right reactionaries" as well as the "left adventurists" and have covered the full spectrum of our politicians ranging from the centrists to the firebrands like Madhu Limaye, allowing each to offer his own nostrum.

I am amazed, however, that no one has put his finger on the root of the problem, which is overpopulation. We are just too many and, so long as we remain so, famines, illiteracy and food shortages will be our lot. Population is outpacing all our planned (and that too largely unachieved) programmes for increasing production.

PRASHANT KHANNA

Should Thou Praise Thyself ?

Sir—Amita Malik's article "Envy in the World of Critics" (September 2) is not in good taste. She has written nothing new and has merely praised herself. Her "Ten Commandments" are interesting, but may I suggest one more: "Thou shalt not praise thyself directly or indirectly."

New Delhi — ASHIQ ALI

"Blossoms" In The Weekly

The following is an application for a post in the Weekly:

I am, as you have desired...with an average general knowledge in brain cells...my thoughts have experienced to become a science journalist. Regards my mental calibre, I am above average. I am challenging you that I will become a good science journalist not because you are giving me the place but merely because I can enter my line. Biochemistry is youngest ever green of all science whose buds are unlimited. Now it is the time to blossom with the help of young as well as old flying angels such as Khorana.

(The candidate is B.Sc., B.Ed. and M.Sc.)

—Editor

Are Indians Vulgar?

Sir—Kudos to Qurratulain Hyder ("Vulgarity In Indian Life", September 2) for her hard-hitting essay on the vulgarity of the Indian at home and abroad. Although Miss Hyder has effectively analysed both the middle-class and the *nouveau riche* society, isn't she overlooking a basic fact? The average middle-class man has not had the benefit of a sophisticated education and upbringing. Is she going to climb off the lofty pedestal she has placed herself on and teach the man on the street sophistication?

Tiruchirapalli — A. S. RAGHAVAN, K. RAJARAM

Sir—The tirade against some of the major Hindu festivals was not in good taste. *Shab-e-Barat* is no less clamorous than Divali. The illuminations at *Barawafat* are commensurate with those at Divali. Furthermore, when Muslims hold a *Majlis*, they keep on wailing and weeping on loudspeakers.

Lucknow — A. SHARGA

Sir—The writer of "Vulgarity In Indian Life" is intolerant. Foreigners have always described Indians as the people who never smile. In such a country, if someone laughs and dances, we have our critics (like the author) waiting round the corner to pounce on them. They take sadistic delight in ridiculing those who are well off.

The author gives examples of the poor taste of some uneducated new-rich clots and denounces them as a class. What is wrong in being newly rich? What was good in those "generations-old rich" (rajas, maharajas and their tribes)? She says that the motto of the new rich is "high living and low thinking". I think this is better than "low thinking and low living" which the majority of Indians practise unashamedly.

Bombay — R. K. SIKKA

Sir—In a nation where even the basic needs of food, shelter and clothing are luxuries for many, such escapist tendencies in poor classes need not be judged too harshly.

Indore — M. S. KOLATKAR

"Paper" Compensation

Sir—This has reference to the article on C. Achutha Menon, Kerala's Chief Minister, by A. S. Raman (July 29).

In reply to a question put by A. S. Raman, Achutha Menon said: "About 25 lakhs of tenants have acquired ownership in the land they cultivate, subject to their liability to pay a compensation. This is fixed at 16 instalments each, being 50% of the rent."

Many would be interested to know from any spokesman of the Kerala Government how many of the so-called "landlords" have received compensation. It would appear that these are all political stunts to placate a particular section of people and perpetuate the rule of the "socialists". From enquiries in Kerala it is gathered that the compensation formula is only on paper and unofficially the Kerala Government have been throwing their hands up and saying that unless the Central Government helps them in a big way, compensation cannot be translated into reality. Obviously, the so-called "tenants" have neither to pay any rent to the so-called "landlords" nor have they to deposit any money in the court towards payment of compensation. This is indeed socialism!

New Delhi — V. K. MADHAVAN NAIR

Regrets

Sir—This refers to V. R. Menon's letter (September 2). The incident in question was mentioned by me *only* to emphasise Achutha Menon's fierce integrity. It was based on information obtained from a source which I had no valid reason to suspect. I could have, of course, avoided a reference to the unfortunate incident, had I known it would embarrass the Chief Minister and his brothers-in-law. I thought it was in tune with the general tone of the article conceived transparently as a warm, deeply felt tribute to a man of exemplary uprightness. I do hope the Chief Minister and his brothers-in-law will appreciate the spirit in which the reference was made. If, however, they still feel that I have offended them, I express my regret.

Bombay — A. S. RAMAN

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Heart Attack

Sir—I was surprised to see the controversial report about the first heart transplant ("Heart Attack", August 26) on Page 9. In the beginning of the box, it is stated that the first human heart transplant was done by Dr Christian Barnard on December 3, 1967, and at the end it is written that the first Indian human heart transplant was done by Dr P. K. Sen in February 1963.

Dr Sen's work is not widely known and I was happy to see due credit given to him.

Karnal — Dr RAJESHWAR PRASAD

Sir—The only way in which a person may die of a broken heart is when after a heart attack the scar formed in the wall of the heart bulges outward, so that an aneurysm of the heart is formed with marked thinning of the wall. In course of time this aneurysm may rupture, causing sudden death.

Bhopal — Dr RAKESH BHARGAVA

Sir—In the article on Intensive Coronary Care, Page 15, under the column, "Hypertension—World's No. 1 Killer", the writer has classified grades of hypertension. He has stated 180 mm of systolic blood pressure as mild hypertension, which is unrealistic. 180 mm is definitely moderate hypertension. Mild hypertension is 150-160 mm. Also, 210 mm is not moderate. It is severe hypertension. Above 230 mm is malignant hypertension.

Baroda — P. J. SHAH

Mulk Raj Anand

Sir—By publishing an article on Dr Mulk Raj Anand (August 12), by a foreign journalist, you have discouraged Indian newspapermen and encouraged Indians to believe that they attain a status only when written about by foreigners!

Again, all the three photographs of the novelist which you have published should properly find a place in his private family album. The sight of him dressed in nothing but underwear is hardly edifying or dignified. Then, there is not a word about his wife or children!

Bombay — SITA KAIKINI

An Indian Poet

Sir—Poets with Narayan Surve's background and struggle deserve all the encouragement and attention of affluent members of the writer community and general society. We often honour our "past" poets. Could we not do something to honour this great living poet in the shape of better professional facilities, thus saving him and his family from the woes of a chawl life? It is, however, heartening to note the recognition accorded to him at the "awards" level.

Bombay — SATISH D. ANAND

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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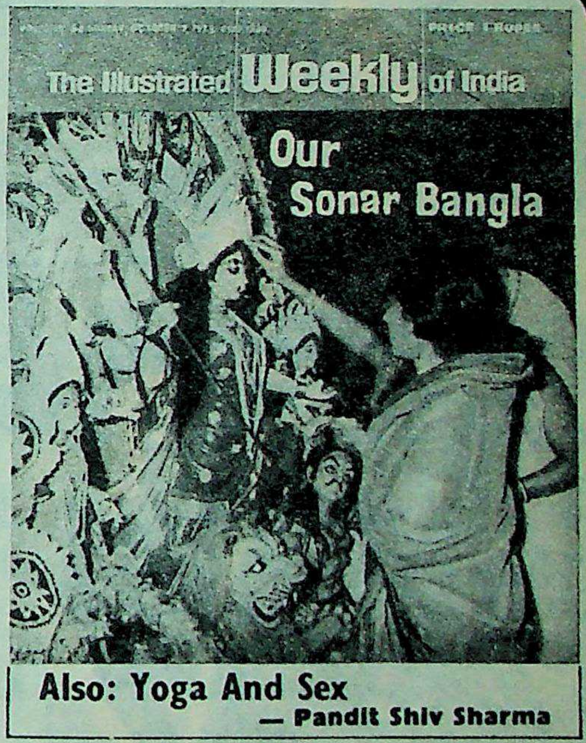

OUR SONAR BANGLA: Is Siddhartha Shankar Ray's West Bengal any more stable—socially, economically and politically—than it was under previous leftist governments? Aveek Sarkar finds out.

SIDDHARTHA SHANKAR RAY: Nayana Goradia writes on the amiable giant—the Chief Minister and the man.

YOGA AND SEX: Pandit Shiv Sharma shows how yoga can help you rule sex rather than vice versa.

DASSERA: We celebrate the festival with photographs.

"SIDDHARTHA": Colour shots from Conrad Rooks' internationally acclaimed film, starring Simi Garewal and Shashi Kapoor.

HUNGER: Story by Abdul Jabbar

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HARIJANS

The Great Betrayal

"200 Killed Every Year By Caste Hindus"

We have betrayed Gandhiji. We have betrayed the Constitution. We still treat 8 crores of our countrymen as untouchables and subject them to humiliation and violence. The police and the magistrates are lenient to Harijan-baiters. Rich landlords pay them starvation wages and treat them as serfs. President Giri has said that those who practise untouchability should be hanged. Brave words have been used before... Do the Harijans today need a Gandhi or another Ambedkar?

by K. R. SUNDAR RAJAN

—S. N. Kulkarni

SHE GETS THE GARBAGE. Harijans who have migrated to cities generally find employment as sweepers and latrine-cleaners. They do the dirty work for all other communities.

THE twenty-fourth of February 1968 began like any other day in the small town of Kanchikacherla in Andhra Pradesh. Bullock-carts laden with paddy, palmyra-nuts and other farm produce creaked their way to the bazar. Women were busy at the wells collecting water in their pitchers. A new bride was being escorted to her husband's home to the music of pipes and drums. The air reeked of pungent smells from the many tobacco barns dotting the town.

But what happened at 3.30 p.m. that afternoon was to catapult the sleepy town into the world's headlines. "INDIA UNTOUCHABLE LYNCHED FOR TWO-DOLLAR THEFT" said a headline in *The Denver Post*, more than 8,000 miles away in the United States. "LYNCH-LAW IN INDIA" screamed a Tokyo daily. "HARIJAN ROASTED TO DEATH" was the identical headline in several Bombay and Delhi newspapers. They were all referring to the burning alive of Ankatha Kotesu, a 19-year-old Harijan boy, by a mob in Kanchikacherla for allegedly stealing two brass vessels worth not more than Rs 15.

Kotesu was not the first Harijan to be lynched by Caste Hindus. For nearly 3,000 years, since the days of Manu, the history of his community has been one of blatant persecution. But Kotesu was the first Harijan whose lynching was the subject of indignant debates in India and attracted worldwide notice. Parliament discussed the outrage at least on a dozen occasions. The tragedy also marked the beginning of a mildly earnest attempt by State Governments, political parties and the press to collect more than cursory information about atrocities against Harijans in the countryside.

The manner in which Kotesu, a frail-looking boy with sad, searching eyes, was put to death conformed to a pattern which has now become painfully familiar. He was first paraded through the streets of Kanchikacherla and then tied to a pillar. As one of the prosecution witnesses described the lynching at the preliminary magisterial inquiry at Gunnavaram, the seven accused beat the boy by turns for about an hour. When he continued to protest his innocence, one of his tormentors set fire to his shirt, but the wind being strong, the flames subsided. At this stage, another accused—a 14-year-old boy belonging to the Khamma caste—emptied a tin of kerosene over Kotesu's head.

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The next second Kotesu was a human torch. Only one man among the 40-odd people watching the bizarre event—Sheikh Mastan, a fireman in a tobacco barn—made an attempt to save the victim. Mastan threw shovels of coal ash at the writhing body but it was too late.

According to another version, when the kerosene-fed flames snapped the ropes holding Kotesu to the pillar, he managed to free himself and ran through the streets, screaming in great agony. Some people removed him to a hospital but the burns were so grievous that he could not be saved. It appears that his mother reached the scene even as he was trying to escape from the mob.

Though Kotesu was killed on February 24, the outside world did not hear about it till 11 days later. Prodded by Opposition MLAs, Mr Brahmananda Reddi, the then Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh, confirmed the lynching in the State Legislature. It took another fortnight for Home Minister Y. B. Chavan to give Parliament the first few bits of information about the affair. In fact, the lethargic Andhra Pradesh administration did not move until Prime Minister Indira Gandhi sent a personal telegram to Mr Reddi urging expeditious investigation. As a token of her interest in the matter, she sent a cheque for Rs 5,000 to Kotesu's widowed mother.

The punishment finally awarded to the seven accused in the Kanchikacherla case also reflects the general attitude of leniency shown by our courts in Harijan-baiting cases. They were sentenced to imprisonment ranging from three to seven years. The expectation publicly voiced by Mrs Gandhi that the culprits would be punished without any pity remained unfulfilled.

—Continued

—S. N. Kulkarni

SWEEPING CHANGES NEEDED. *Today's Harijan leaders are quiescent, indifferent and ineffective. There are 77 Lok Sabha and 503 State Assembly seats reserved for the "backward classes". But neither these men nor others who feel the injustices suffered by Harijans have been able to do anything concrete. In April this year a Bill was introduced in Parliament to reserve 25 per cent of Government jobs for the "backward classes". During the debate, only a few of the Harijans in Parliament were present. Below: Flower-seller from Thanjavur.*

—K. R. Sundar Rajan

—Balkrishan

Mrs SATHYAVANI MUTHU, Tamil Nadu's Minister for Harijan Welfare, created an uproar by saying that Mahatma Gandhi only preached without taking any practical steps for the welfare of Harijans. She said: "Gandhiji adopted the paradoxical policy of supporting Hinduism on the one hand while advocating eradication of untouchability on the other." She explained that DMK leaders did not consider themselves Hindus because of the caste system.

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—R. B. Bedi

BEYOND HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS. Free schooling has brought education within the reach of poor Harijan children. The Union Government has reserved five per cent of vacancies in Central jobs for "backward" classes. State Governments have higher proportions: Andhra Pradesh reserves 17 per cent of its jobs for Harijans; Bihar, 10 per cent; Maharashtra, 12½ per cent for Class I and II services and 20 per cent for Class III jobs; Orissa has 20 per cent reservation for all categories. The percentage increases for local jobs in "scheduled caste" regions. Reservations have been made in colleges and schools for Harijans. But not all these posts are filled by them. They are not qualified enough to take full advantage of the concessions offered.

There were, no doubt, obvious snags in the prosecution case—again an aspect not untypical of police investigation in matters where the aggrieved party happens to be Harijans. The Andhra Pradesh Government did not bother to do anything worth while for Kotesu's distraught mother and it was left to the State Harijan Sevak Sangh to build a cottage for her in the Harijanvada of Partitila village near Vijayavada. Telugu papers reported that two of her relations had also died at the hands of Khamma landlords. One—an uncle—was thrown into a well some 25 years earlier for his failure to convey news of a death in his master's family—a time-honoured Harijan function—to his brother in another village 18 miles away. The poor old Harijan had pleaded that he could not cover that distance on foot as he was ill.

"Vote-Catching" Sympathy

On the basis of official reports alone it can be stated that nearly 200 Harijans are murdered in various parts of India by Caste Hindus every year. Perhaps not all these murders are motivated by caste prejudice. One notices an increasingly marked tendency among Opposition politicians and Harijan leaders to automatically attribute violent deaths among Harijans to Caste Hindus. This is a good vote-catching technique at election time and also diverts attention fom their own failure to fight for the Harijan cause. Yet the grim truth is that, after more than a quarter century of freedom, discrimination against Harijans continues to be a major problem.

The report of a survey of eight Maharashtra districts made by the Gokhale Institute, Poona, and quoted in *The Economic and Political Weekly* shows that nearly 90 per cent of Harijan families still live outside the village boundaries. Only 50 per cent of them are able to use public wells for getting drinking water. The situation is perhaps even worse in Bihar, Uttar Pradesh, Rajasthan and Madhya Pradesh. Those who defy the "system" invite trouble for themselves and their families.

The Elayaperumal Committee appointed by New Delhi went into the question of Harijan disabilities at great length and came to the conclusion that "to our utter dismay untouchability is still being practised in a virulent form all over India". But Mr R. Achuthan, a member of the Committee and himself a Harijan, did not agree that untouchability prevailed in an acute form in Gujarat and Uttar Pradesh. He said in a dissenting note: "Especially this is not true in view of the fact that the Harijan Chairman and members of the Committee while they were on tour in Gujarat lavishly enjoyed the hospitality of Brahmins. After accepting their hospitality it is not right on their part to come out and proclaim that there is untouchability in the birthplace of Mahatmaji."

Mr Achuthan's naivete and gullibility take one's breath away. It is this touching belief on the part of several senior Harijan leaders that untouchability is a thing of the past that is partly responsible for the lack of dynamism in the community. He probably did not take the trouble to find out whether the Gujarat Brahmins who entertained the members of the Elayaperumal Committee did not have a purificatory bath in the nearest river or well immediately after seeing their guests off!

Hypocrisy

Caste Hindu hypocrisy was brought home to me sharply during a recent trip to Sangli in Maharashtra. A Government official told me that "there is practically no untouchability in our area". He then went on to say that only a few days earlier he had attended a Caste Hindu wedding. Among the guests were several Harijan officials and politicians. "They sat in the same pandal and took tea and sweets from the hands of Kayasth women who gladly served them. There was not even a hint of embarrassment on the part of the Harijans or of condescension on the part of the hosts," he said. "What about the marriage dinner? Were they invited to it?" I asked. The official said no outsiders were invited to the dinner since it was a purely family affair.

But another official who happened to be listening to our talk butted in with the disclosure that the dinner guests did include several Caste Hindus who were in no way related either to the bridegroom or to the bride. He then added: "Don't you know that the bridegroom's parents said in so many words that they would pack up and leave Sangli immediately if the fraternisation with the Harijans was carried into the dining hall?"

Anyway, here are three revealing glimpses into the "progress" made by Harijans towards equality in the home State of Mahatmaji:

> The Times of India News Service reported that 100 Harijan women committed suicide in Junagadh district. It quoted a social worker as saying that the tragedies were partly the result of the Gujarat Government's indifference to the poverty of Harijans.
>
> The United News of India said in a despatch from Ahmedabad that

THE 'SEVEN SINS' ACCORDING TO GANDHIJI

Inaugurating a memorial to Gandhiji in Lucknow recently, President Giri reminded his audience of the "seven sins" against which the Mahatma had warned his people as early as 1921. These, he said, were "politics without principles, wealth without work, pleasure without conscience, knowledge without character, commerce without morality, science without humanity and worship without sacrifice". He added: "Today, these sins are present in our society in a more virulent form and, unless and until we take immediate steps to remove them, lock, stock and barrel, we cannot survive as a nation."

K.R.S. in New Statesman *September 14*

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a Caste Hindu woman refused to get operated upon at a Jamnagar hospital when she came to know that the surgeon was a Harijan. "Even though she had been brought into the operation theatre she preferred to invite death rather than be touched by a Harijan. Narrating the incident, Gujarat Governor Shriman Narayan said that a highly qualified Harijan youth was refused a job in a college in Ahmedabad after being selected when the authorities came to know of his community."

Also from the home of Gandhiji comes this startling account of untouchability among the proverbial leaders of tomorrow. The *Free Press Journal* of Bombay said that "the love affair between a Harijan student and a high caste girl, both of an Ahmedabad medical college, led to a clash between two sections of the students". The report said that, unable to bear the abuses hurled on them by their Caste Hindu colleagues, the Harijans raided their rooms and beat them up. The former retaliated and police help was sought.

The Gujarat Assembly was officially informed last year that as many as 62 Harijans were deliberately done to death by Caste Hindus in 30 months. Of these murders, 42 were committed in and around the State capital. Gandhiji must be turning in his grave.

Serfdom

The usual explanation whenever the question of atrocities against Harijans is brought up is that they are exaggerated out of all proportion. But even if one accepts this view for the sake of argument, how can one ignore the continuing disabilities of this hapless community of 80 million in almost every sphere? In many villages, they cannot draw water from the so-called public wells, they cannot avail of the services of barbers and dhobis, they are barred from the 'garbha griha' or inner sanctum of temples and they cannot find houses to live in except on the outer fringes of the villages. Virtual serfdom exists in parts of Madhya Pradesh, Rajasthan, Punjab, Tamil Nadu and Kerala.

Here are some samples of what one might call discrimination without actual physical torture as distinct from bloody Kanchikacherla-type atrocities, culled from recent official reports:

In some villages in Andhra Pradesh, dhobis do not accept dirty clothes from Harijans unless these are first dipped in water.

In Forbisganj, Bihar, Harijan students are made to squat on the floor to save their Caste Hindu fellows from pollution.

In some parts of north Bihar, if a Harijan happens to touch the food basket of a Caste Hindu farmer while working in the fields, it is emptied into the nearest drain and financial compensation is demanded from the "polluter".

A welfare worker in Narnaul, Haryana, was socially ostracised for calling for the abolition of untouchability.

EQUALITY IS A STONE'S THROW AWAY. Violence erupted in Delhi in September last year when a Harijan girl, Prem Lata, committed suicide because her love affair with a police officer was not allowed to mature into marriage due to social pressure. Harijans have been bullied and beaten for centuries by Caste Hindus but have rarely had the courage to retaliate.

Harijans are not allowed into the Venkatesa temple in Cherai village in Kerala's Trichur district.

In the village of Kharso Khurd in Madhya Pradesh, Thakurs do not permit a Harijan marriage procession to pass their houses unless the ceremonial umbrella held over the bridegroom is folded up. They also insist that the women members of the marriage party should not wear golden earrings and other ornaments.

In the village of Pagandai (Vikkiravandi block) in Tamil Nadu, Harijans have to remove their chappals and hold them in their hands while passing through Caste Hindu streets. In the Perambalar taluka of the same State, Harijan marriages have to be conducted without bands.

The Elayaperumal Committee found two separate platforms in a temple in Adul in the Aurangabad district of Maharashtra—one for Caste Hindus and another for Harijans. (Apparently, there is only one deity!)

Harijans cannot draw water from public wells in some border areas of Punjab where Harijans and Caste Hindus fought shoulder to shoulder during the 1965 India-Pakistan war.

In the hamlet of Kurhe in Maharashtra's Bhusaval taluka, Harijans are socially boycotted by barbers and washermen and cannot use the public cremation ground. The Elayaperumal Committee noted that this village was given a prize of Rs 500 by the State for successfully eradicating untouchability!

Harijan students, says the Elayaperumal Committee, are not allowed to dine in the common mess in hostels attached to the Government Queen's College, Varanasi, the Government College, Agra, and the Government Agricultural College, Kanpur.

To what limits some Caste Hindu groups will go in harassing Harijans can be seen

—Continued

Thus Spoke Manu

He who was begotten by an Aryan on a non-Aryan female may become an Aryan by his virtues; he whom an Aryan mother bore to a non-Aryan father is and remains unlike an Aryan.

If a female sprung from a Brahmin male and a Sudra female bears children to one of the highest caste, the inferior tribe attains the highest caste within the seventh generation.

Killing a Brahmin, drinking sura liquor, stealing the gold of a Brahmin, adultery with a Guru's wife, are mahapatakas (mortal sins).

For his purification the slayer of a Brahmin shall make a hut in the forest and dwell in it for 12 years, subsisting on alms and making the skull of a dead man his flag. Or let him of his own free will become in a battle the target of archers; or he may thrice throw himself headlong into a blazing fire.

A Brahmin who has slain a Sudra shall perform penance for six months or he may give ten white cows and one bull to a Brahmin. Or, having killed a cat, an ichneumon, a blue jay, a frog, a dog, an iguana, an owl or a crow, he shall perform penance for the murder of a Sudra.

When a Brahmin has touched a Chandala (Untouchable), a menstruating woman, a pregnant woman, a corpse or one who has touched a corpse, he becomes pure by bathing.

A Brahmin who has had carnal knowledge of a guarded Brahmin woman against her will shall be fined 1,000 panas. Shaving of the head is ordained for him instead of capital punishment. But men of other castes who commit such a crime shall suffer capital punishment.

K. R. S.

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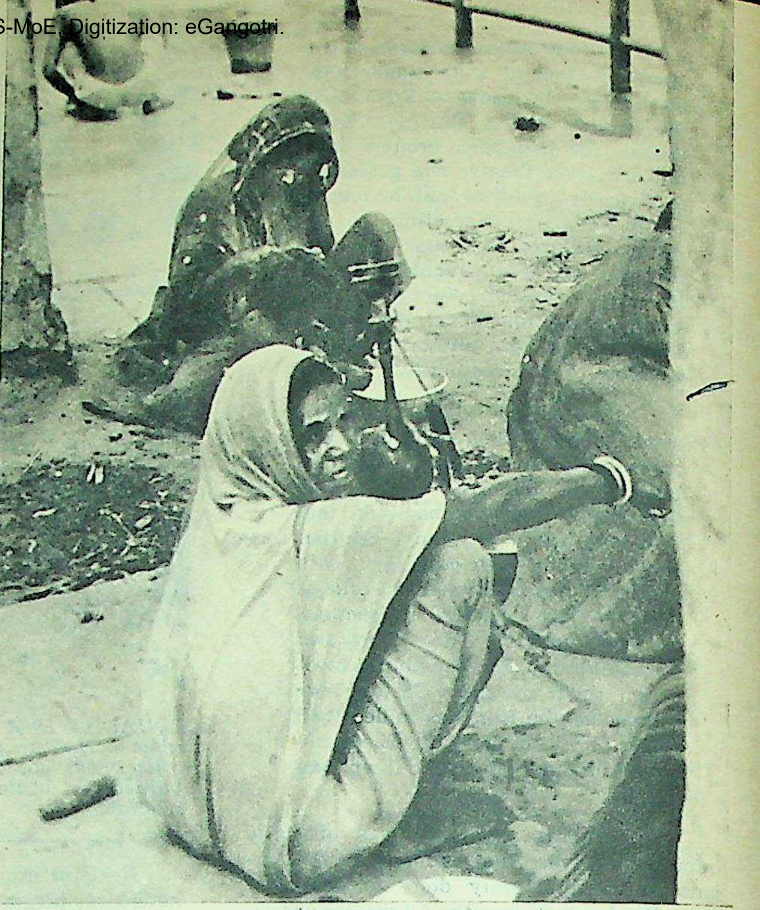
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

—R. B. Bedi

LUST KNOWS NO UNTOUCHABILITY. Molesting pretty Harijan girls is a pastime of the upper caste rustic youth, but they are rarely brought to book. On May 2 this year, the police of Jamui in Monghyr district raped and looted the Harijans of Gahlor village. Following an uproar in the Bihar Assembly, the Chief Minister suspended three police officers (including the Deputy Superintendent of Police) in July. Were it not for a vigilant Socialist MLA, Tripurari Prasad Singh, the policemen would have escaped punishment.



—Mona Chowdhury

IN SEARCH OF A DAILY MEAL. The city has no shelter for Harijans. The nation's rural income has risen by 141.6 per cent in the last decade—from Rs 5,825 crores in 1960-61 to Rs 14,070 crores in 1970-71. But this increase has been taken by the landlords who have benefited from the "Green Revolution" and rising food prices. A survey done in May this year showed that 20 per cent of the eight lakh Harijans in Punjab were bonded servants of the landlords who had employed them.

from the unwritten law prescribed for them in parts of Rajgarh district in Madhya Pradesh. There, no Harijan is allowed to grow his moustache upward. Downward growth is tolerated since this presumably signifies meek acceptance of the varna line. Mr Chandra Bhan Dikshit, a worker of the Harijan Sewak Sangh and a Brahmin himself, tried to campaign against this prejudice but was hounded out of the district.

The catalogue of Harijan woes is indeed endless. Harijans have no doubt made some marked progress in terms of their share of Government jobs and employment opportunities in the public sector, of school and college scholarships and of housing sites in villages. There is an almost whacking Harijan block in Parliament and State Legislatures. But ironically these reservations have not helped the community to win a higher social status in the eyes of Caste Hindus, not to speak of admittance into the four-tier caste hierarchy. One can therefore understand the anguish of Mr B. P. Maurya, a Harijan leader of Uttar Pradesh, when he told Mr Harold Isaacs, author of the perceptive book *India's Ex-Untouchables*:

"This system (of reservations) does the Scheduled Castes no good because the people in the reserved seats belong to the party in power and are often incapable persons. Although they are educated, they dare not speak out against the party in power. They do not represent their people to the party and government, but represent the party in power to their people. They do not fight their people's cause. As for school benefits, we do not need them in this form either. If there is free and compulsory education for all, then every person will have access to it anyway. In higher education, let scholarships be given where there is economic need. All our people are poor and the party in power is not solving the problems of poverty. As for the quotas in Government service, these are only one to three per cent filled and they take our best people. In Government service, our educated people are left out of politics and we are left with illiterate workers. We say, end these reservations. They are just a way of keeping them subject to the party in power."

Buddhism Has Not Been The Answer

Nor have the tens of thousands of Harijans who have embraced Buddhism managed to shed the social stigma attached to the community. Dr Ambedkar's hopes in this regard have been cruelly belied. Though he was not entirely wrong in concluding that Congress leaders were mainly interested in getting Harijan backing for their fight against the Raj and in preserving the caste structure minus the more blatant forms of untouchability—even the Mahatma never came out unequivocally in favour of the total abolition of caste—in retrospect it must be admitted that by leaving the Hindu fold Harijans have not benefited to any appreciable degree.

As far as one is able to see, the future of Harijans is indeed dark. Those of them who have settled in big cities find self-respect of a kind in the anonymity of overcrowded tenements and the packed streets. But their plight in rural areas is no different from what it was before Independence, except in a few scattered localities where they have been able to bargain successfully with the higher castes because of the crucial role of their votes. Harsh as it may sound, the major task of the community for many years to come will remain, not the abolition of the *varna* system or even the attainment of respectability in the eyes of Caste Hindus, but purging the administration of unsympathetic elements who are mainly responsible for the climate of insecurity and physical terror in which Harijan villagers live.

Forty-two Harijan men, women and children were burnt alive in the village of Keezh Venmani in the Thanjavur district of Tamil Nadu but all the 23 Caste Hindus implicated in the case were acquitted. Delivering the verdict, the learned judges said it was "astonishing" that all the accused should be *mirasdars* (landlords). However much they might have been anxious to wreak vengeance on the CPM-led kisans, the judges went on to say, it was difficult to believe that they themselves had walked boldly to the scene and set fire to the

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victims' houses, unaided by any of their servants. They pointed out that "rich men, who have vast interests, are more likely to play for their safety than the desperate, hungry labourers".

The merits of this controversial judgment apart, one cannot help asking what prevented the DMK Government from ferreting out those who had helped the landlords to carry out the mass slaughter on that fateful night. **This takes us to the heart of the problem of Harijan disabilities: the administrative machinery as it is composed today is just not interested in making life for Harijans a little more human. In fact, it is plainly hostile to them.** Not even two per cent of Caste Hindus arrested under the Anti-Untouchability Act are sent to jail. When I asked a police official in Thanjavur about offences under the Act, he replied: "If we take this law seriously, half the population of Tamil Nadu will have to be arrested. In any case, the police have better things to do than go about poking their nose into the *private* affairs of people."

Gandhiji Would Have Fasted To Death

How are the Harijans to goad the Government into purposeful action in defence of their human rights? There is no easy answer. Mysore's Minister for Municipalities, Mr Basavalingappa, wants them to "suspend" *ahimsa*. Mr Jagjivan Ram told Harijan white-collar workers in Poona to form "suicide squads" which would go to places where there is casteist discrimination and offer satyagraha until justice is secured. But as one young Harijan lecturer in a Bombay college asked: "What about Jagjivan Babu himself? He calls himself the spokesman of Harijans in the ruling party but why has he not resigned in the face of the continuing atrocities against his community? I'm no follower of Gandhiji but were he alive today he would have gone on a fast unto death."

—Mona Chowdhury

FACES OF DEPRIVATION. In the villages, Harijans still live in segregated colonies. A Harijan agricultural labourer in the Banda district of Uttar Pradesh is often paid as little as 12 paise and a chapati as his daily wages.

We Will Not Discriminate—Says The Constitution

Article 14: *The State shall not deny to any person equality before the law or the equal protection of the laws within the territory of India.*

Article 15(1): *The State shall not discriminate against any citizen on grounds only of religion, race, caste, sex, place of birth or any of them.*

(2): *No citizen shall, on grounds only of religion, race, caste, sex, place of birth or any of them, be subject to any disability, liability, restriction or condition with regard to*

(a) *access to shops, public restaurants, hotels and places of public entertainment; or*

(b) *the use of wells, tanks, bathing ghats, roads and places of public resort maintained wholly or partly out of State funds or dedicated to use of the general public.**

Article 17: *'Untouchability' is abolished and its practice in any form is forbidden. The enforcement of any disability arising out of 'Untouchability' shall be an offence punishable in accordance with law.*

**The Constitution (First Amendment) Act 1951 adds: Nothing in this article or in Clause (2) of Article 29 shall prevent the State from making any special provision for the advancement of any socially and educationally backward classes of citizens or for the Scheduled Castes and the Scheduled Tribes.*

THE AUTHOR, K. R. SUNDAR RAJAN, is an Assistant Editor in The Times of India. *He took an active part in the freedom struggle and worked with Netaji Subhas Bose in Bengal. He was arrested during the "Quit India" movement. Mr Rajan edited an underground prison newspaper known as* Alipuram Shimbun.

Things, therefore, are not going to improve for the Harijans unless they begin to face their oppressors boldly. They are only perpetuating their serfdom by concentrating their efforts on getting more berths on the Government's gravy train and on becoming the Uncle Toms and front office Negroes of the ruling Congress Party. For all his political lapses, Ambedkar was the one Harijan (he preferred to call himself an Untouchable) who tried to inject some dynamism into the struggle of his community for justice. In his famous confrontation with the Mahatma, Ambedkar said:

> Gandhiji, I have no homeland... How can I call this land my own homeland and this religion my own wherein we are treated worse than cats and dogs, wherein we cannot get water to drink? No self-respecting Untouchable will be proud of this land... I do not feel sorry for being branded a traitor. The responsibilities of our action lie with the land that dubs me a traitor... If in my endeavour to secure human rights for my people who have been trampled upon for ages, I do any disservice to this country, it would not be a sin.

The Harijans today are leaderless. What they need is an Ambedkar rather than a Gandhi because the long tale of their persecution at the hands of Caste Hindus even after Independence has shown that there is going to be no change of heart among the latter through mere gentle persuasion. It is unrealistic to talk of "solutions" for the woes of Harijans but, if there is one, it must surely lie in exploring the limitless possibilities of organised resistance to discrimination within the framework of non-violence. For instance, why should Harijans submit to discriminatory customs in villages where they form a sizable segment of the population? But only an Ambedkar can galvanise the community into such action. As things are, no such liberator is in sight.

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South Africa Since Gandhi

by ARUN GANDHI

Life for the Coloureds, Indians and the Blacks living in South Africa has not improved since the days of Gandhiji; in fact it has got worse under an arrogant white racist government. Torture, imprisonment without trial and insulting behaviour are the prices paid by second-class citizens.

The author is the grandson of the Mahatma and spent his childhood with his father, Manilal, in South Africa.

GANDHIJI landed in South Africa in 1893 to plead for an Indian in a court case. As a result, he got involved in the problems of tens of thousands of his countrymen who had been taken in as indentured labourers to work on the sugarfields of the white *Baas.*

It was a contract negotiated by the British Settlers in Natal and the British Government of India, which made no provision for the setting up of a machinery to deal with problems of these labourers. In effect, the deal smacked of slave trade. The History of Indians in South Africa is replete with stories of how Indians had to work on the white-owned sugar, tea and coffee plantations from sunrise to sunset seven days a week. They were paid what was even then regarded as a paltry sum of 10 shillings (about Rs 10) a month. What was worse, the Government took away the equivalent of six months' wages—£3 sterling—as annual poll tax.

Gandhiji was appalled at the miseries suffered by his brethren. Even as he wondered what could be done to alleviate their condition, he was smitten by the white man's racial arrogance. One night, as he travelled by train from Durban to Pretoria, he was unceremoniously ejected from a First Class compartment at Pietermaritzburg, because a white passenger did not want to share it with a "coolie".

This incident spurred him on to action. He began uniting the Indian community, which was split along economic and linguistic lines. He rallied them under the banner of the Natal Indian Congress (in 1894) and later formed the Transvaal Indian Congress and the South African Indian Congress in quick succession. Two decades later (in 1914), the white government was obliged to pass the Indian Relief Bill, abolishing the poll tax and, among other things, recognising the right of the Indian male to marry outside the country and bring his wife into the country. This right was abolished in 1956 when the Nationalist Afrikaner Party came to power.

The Very Reverend Goonville Ffrench-Beytagh (who was the Dean of Johannesburg till he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in 1971 for offences under the Terrorism Act) says in the book he is now writing in London: **"Anything or anybody who sets out to change the 'South African Way of Life' is anathema, and this is said, again and again, in official announcements and in Parliament. As was made clear at my own interrogation and trial, the Nationalist Afrikaners believe that anybody who tries to induce change is necessarily out to destroy them and everything they stand for."**

Father Ffrench-Beytagh's sentence was quashed after protests all over the world and he was allowed to leave for Britain, where he is now the Assistant Curate at St. Mathew's Church, Westminster.

Father Ffrench-Beytagh is not the first white priest to be expelled from South Africa.

WHITE STUDENTS PROTEST AGAINST RACISM. They held a meeting outside Cape Town Cathedral calling for racial equality. South African Police gave them a thrashing.

LIFE FOR THE BLACKS IS A PERPETUAL NIGHTMARE. Out of a total population of 17 million, 13 million are Africans and 3 million whites. The remaining belong to other racial groups or are "mixed" and known as "Cape Coloureds".

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THEY DO NOT CARE FOR THE GENTLE SEX. 3,000 *women demonstrators in Durban protested when the police razed their old family liquor stills to the ground. Later, when the African men joined their womenfolk, the police used stenguns to mow them down.*

In the early fifties, the Reverend Father Trevor Huddlestone, also Dean of Johannesburg, was summarily thrown out of the country for his activities among the African slum dwellers. Father Huddlestone went back to London and wrote *Naught for Your Comfort*.

...And Today "Not Religion But Shit"

"You don't preach Christianity, you preach shit!" Father Ffrench-Beytagh was told by his police interrogators during his detention and trial. If this is the type of abusive violence the police use against one who is white and a preacher of the Gospel of Christ, then imagine what others have to go through when they are detained.

The police have been given unlimited powers. Mere suspicion is enough to arrest and detain a person for 180 days without trial. At the end of this period, he may be released for half an hour and rearrested for a further 180 days. This process can go on indefinitely and no court of the country or Parliament can compel them to free the person. The detainee has no right to legal protection, nor are the police compelled to inform the relatives of the person arrested.

Since the introduction of this 180-day detention law, several thousands have been arrested. Of these, 14 died in detention. The police claim that they died either of natural causes or committed suicide.

Take the case of the 30-year-old school-teacher, Ahmed Timol, who was taken away on suspicion by the police on October 22, 1971. His family was not informed. Four days later, people saw him fall to his death from the multi-storeyed headquarters of the South African Police in Johannesburg. No one knows what the police did to Timol. Some South Africans suspect he may have been pushed to death, whilst those who have tasted police brutality and survived say he might have been tortured so severely that death was the only way out for him.

With Timol, a 20-year-old university student, Mohammed Essop, was also arrested. His parents too were not informed. Weeks later, through the vigilance of a news reporter, the Essop family learnt that Mohammed was lying unconscious in a Pretoria hospital. They moved the Supreme Court—the police were asked to inform his parents and allow Mohammed to be treated by a private physician. The police ignored this ruling and shifted Mohammed from the public hospital to a prison hospital.

Torture

The parents then submitted a medical report from the Chief District Surgeon of Pretoria to the Court, saying Mohammed Essop was in a "stupendous condition and that he looked ill". The surgeon summoned a neurologist from Johannesburg, Dr C. W. Law, who diagnosed the condition as "hysteria".

Sechaba, the official organ of the African National Congress, reports that "809 persons were serving sentences of imprisonment in South Africa under the four main security laws" in 1969.

A report prepared by the UN Special Committee on Apartheid for the UN Commission on Human Rights last April says the methods used by the South African Police for interrogation are very similar to those employed by the Gestapo under Hitler's regime.

Ten years ago, says the report, only Africans and other non-whites were subjected to this treatment. Now the whites, too, get the same treatment.

Detainees are handcuffed, told to sit in a squatting position and a stick is pushed between the knees and elbows. A plastic bag is pushed over the head to cover the eyes. Clips are then put over their thumbs, toes, temples and genitals and electric shocks given until the prisoner faints.

Another method used extensively since 1964 is to make the prisoner stand in a small square for 60 or more hours at a stretch. Women are made to stand on bricks for long hours. Men are hanged by their necks from the ceiling with their toes touching the bricks.

Beatings with a raw-hide whip, sticks and fists are a commonplace occurrence, says the UN report. It quotes the experience of a leader of the African National Congress who escaped from the jail and sought refuge in Tanzania. The man told the UN Committee that a hessian bag was pulled over his head right down to his thighs. Thereafter he was tied by his feet and swung like a pendulum, each time his head knocking on the hard cement floor. He was given the shock treatment but, when he still did not talk, he was taken by two policemen to the window of the third floor. **"They pushed me out of the window and held me up by my two**

—Continued

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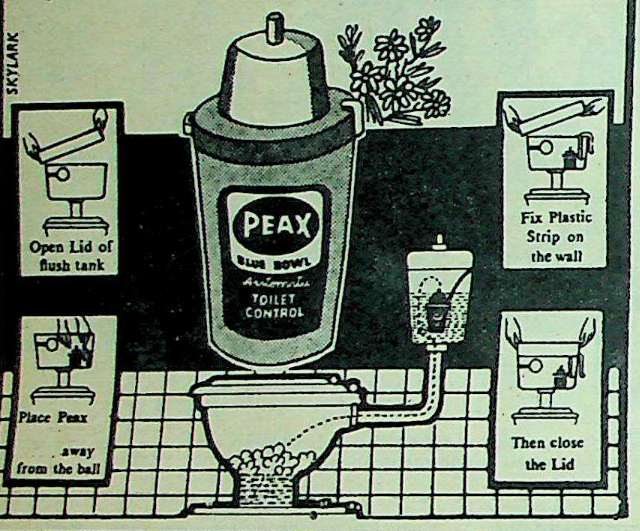

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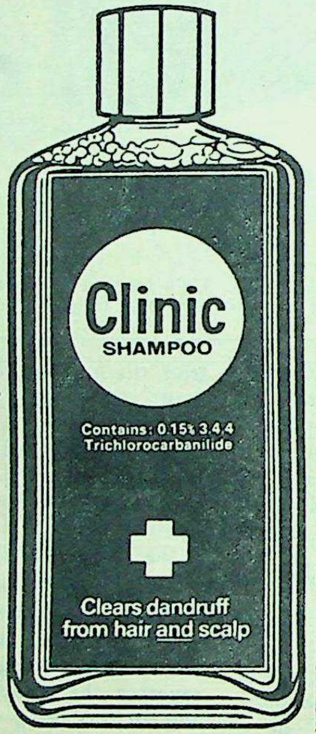

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feet. They would alternately let go one foot. After some time they pulled me up again."

Finally, the man was made to place a five-cent coin on the floor, press it down with his thumb and run round it without removing his thumb. He says he was made to do this for more than half an hour till he slumped down in exhaustion.

Black - White Sex

Next to the political activities of individuals, the white government is most concerned about sex between races. An increasing number of whites are finding the non-whites sexually more desirable. Over one million people known as "Coloureds" in South Africa are the result of this miscegenation.

The Nationalist Afrikaners rushed through Parliament the Immorality Act, making sex between races a serious offence punishable either by imprisonment for one year for whites or death by hanging for Africans. **Besides snooping around for political saboteurs, the police now also peep through windows to see who is sleeping with whom.**

In a recent roadside accident in Johannesburg, a seven-year-old white boy was allowed to bleed to death because the ambulance was meant for non-whites. The policeman on duty preferred to wait for an ambulance for whites.

Similarly, the SPCA in Cape Town recently announced they would not take in pets owned by non-whites. A non-white policeman cannot arrest a white criminal even if he is witness to the crime except in cases of murder—only if the murderer is likely to escape. A non-white doctor cannot treat a white patient, nor can a non-white enter the railway station or any other public building through the main entrance. He has to use the side gates.

The Group Areas Act provides for the forced removal of members of racial groups to their respective areas. The Minister for Community Development gave the following statistics for families thus removed—Whites: 1,578 families; Coloureds: 70,889 families; Indians 38,180 families; Chinese: 933 families.

GANDHIJI'S LETTER TO HIS SON MANILAL. The letter was written in Pretoria Prison on March 25, 1909. This is the photostat of the first page of the letter. It reads:

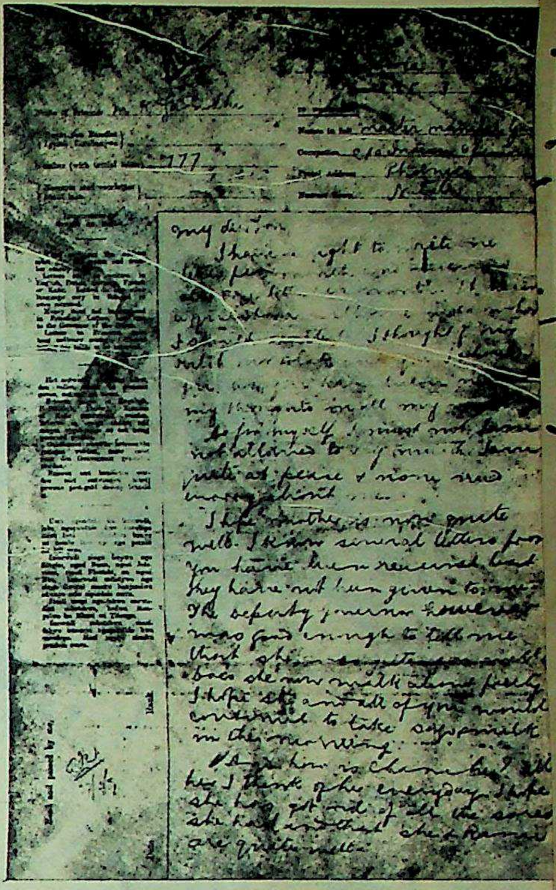
My dear son

I have a right to write one letter per month and receive also one letter per month. It became a question with me as to whom I would write to. I thought of Mr Ritch, Mr Polak and you. I chose you as you have been nearest to my thoughts in all my reading.

As for myself, I must not, I am not allowed to say much. I am quite at peace and none need worry about me.

I hope mother is now quite well. I know several letters from you have been received but they have not been given to me. The Deputy Governor however was good enough to tell me that she was getting on well. Does she now walk about freely? I hope she and all of you would continue to take sago and milk in the morning.

And how is Chanchi? Tell her I think of her every day. I hope she has got rid of all the sores she had and that she and Rami are quite well.



Africans, who constitute 70 per cent of the population, have rights only in the scattered reserves ("homelands"), which are now less than 12 per cent of the total area of the country. The Government views Africans as a conglomeration of eight or nine nations who could be suitably segregated even in their own "homelands". At any given time, more than 40 per cent of the economically active African men are away from their reserves, working in the mines, factories, farms and homes of the white people. They are not allowed to take their families into the cities or towns and can visit them only during their annual holiday.

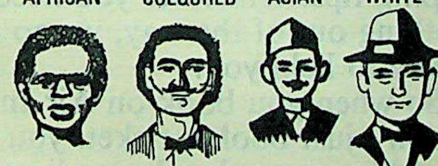
The barren area of the Transkie was turned into the first Bantustan, African Homeland, and ironically segregation is enforced in the capital town of Umtata. The centre of the town is still scheduled for white occupation and all public facilities are reserved for them.

With my father involved in South African politics at a time when the police were not as repressive as they are today, I had the opportunity to be almost near the vortex of activity. When the Group Areas Act was passed in Parliament, there was a great deal of furore among the people, after which they resigned themselves to their fate.

—Continued

Diseases per 100,000 population

SOUTH AFRICA



IN 1970

	AFRICAN	COLOURED	ASIAN	WHITE
Tuberculosis	366.5	331.9	153.6	21.9
Typhoid	27.2	11.4	5.1	1.6
Diphtheria	3.0	3.5	1.3	6.7
Acute Poliomyelitis	0.6	0.4	0.5	—
Leprosy	4.9	0.2	0.2	0.1
Puerperal Sepsis	0.8	0.6	1.3	0.1
Doctor/population ratio 1972	1:44,000	1:6,200	1:900	1:400

—From "Punch"

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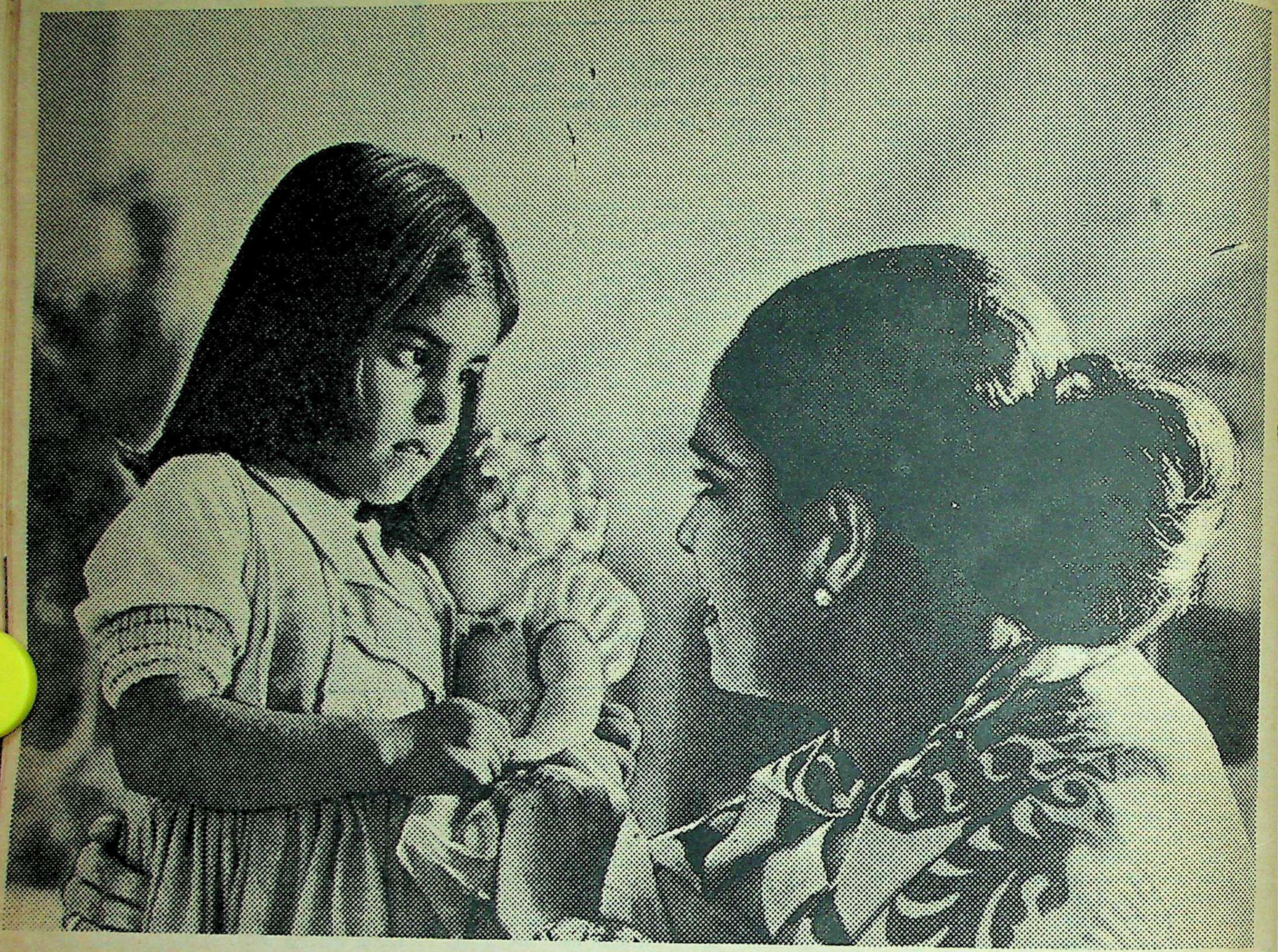

"My parents are lost," she said, coolly.

Three hours later and after many trips around JFK Airport, we discovered she was right.

A girl Chhoti's age is never wrong. Her parents could be.

JFK Airport: New York City. Our ground receptionist felt a little hand tugging at her saree. "'Cuse me, can you tell me where my parents are?"

"Are you lost, dear?" Our receptionist looked more worried than the child.

"Not me, my parents are lost," she said, coolly. And then the search began.

Of course, it's not everyday that parents are lost and that we get the joy of bringing a family together. But we take as much pleasure in helping you with onward connections, conference arrangements, hotel reservations, tour bookings even shopping tips. Whenever you need something out of the way, we go out of our way to help you.

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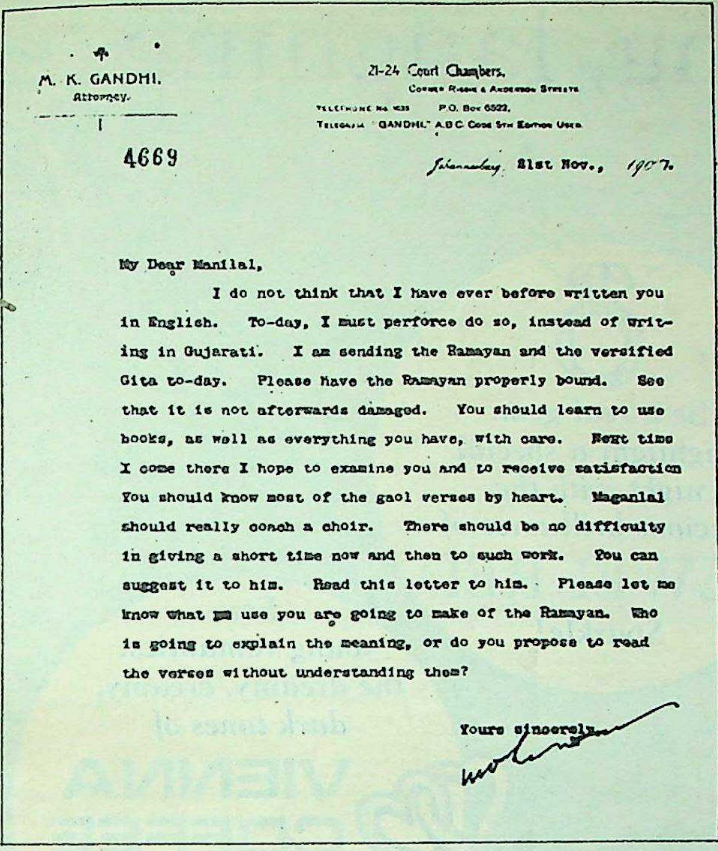
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Telephone No. 1635 P.O. Box 6522.
Telegrams "GANDHI." A.B.C. Code 5th Edition Used.

4669

Johannesburg 21st Nov., 1907.

My Dear Manilal,

I do not think that I have ever before written you in English. To-day, I must perforce do so, instead of writing in Gujarati. I am sending the Ramayan and the versified Gita to-day. Please have the Ramayan properly bound. See that it is not afterwards damaged. You should learn to use books, as well as everything you have, with care. Next time I come there I hope to examine you and to receive satisfaction You should know most of the gaol verses by heart. Maganlal should really conch a choir. There should be no difficulty in giving a short time now and then to such work. You can suggest it to him. Read this letter to him. Please let me know what use you are going to make of the Ramayan. Who is going to explain the meaning, or do you propose to read the verses without understanding them?

Yours sincerely,
Mohandas

". . . and don't ever dare to set foot here again—this happens to be a Christian country . . ."

—From "Punch"

WHEN OUT OF STATION, Gandhiji instructed his sons through letters. He had four sons—Harilal, Manilal, Ramdas and Devadas. This letter was written to Manilal (then 13 years old). Gandhiji was at the time practising as an attorney in Johannesburg, while his family lived in Phoenix Ashram, Durban.

Implementation of the Act is heartless. Thousands of Africans are ruthlessly uprooted from their kraals and virtually thrown into the wildernness.

Every African adult male is required to carry permanently a passbook which contains his history, the name of his employer, his permanent address and his tax receipts. At any time, a policeman can ask an African to produce his passbook. If there are any irregularities or if, for some reason, he does not have it on his person, he is whisked away to jail. Nearly 2,000 Africans are arrested each day under this law. The average daily prison population in South Africa has shot up to 88,000 in 1968-69.

With a population of 17 million, South Africa has twice the number of prisoners of Great Britain with a population of 56 million. It also has the highest number of executions. There were 25 hangings from 1911 to 1947; 66 between 1948 and 1966; and 118 in 1968 alone.

The *Sechaba* report on "Life Under Apartheid" gives some figures which show the disparity among the four main races. **South Africa produces half the world's gold output.** South Africa's affluence is well known, yet more than three-fourths of its population live at starvation level, simply because they were born with the wrong skin colour.

In 1967, there were 158,000 white skilled artisans in South Africa against 21,800 non-whites. There was not one registered African apprentice in the whole of the country in 1967 and 1968. Because of labour shortage, the Government has recently allowed non-whites to take up jobs which were reserved for whites—but at much lower wages.

In industry, the average monthly wage of a white increased from Rands 163 (Rs 1,630) in 1962 to Rands 238 (Rs 2,380) in 1969. During the same period, the wage of the non-white increased from Rands 37 (Rs 370) to Rands 49 (Rs 490). The average income per head for a white is about Rands 95 (Rs 950) per month, whilst the average African income is Rands 7 (Rs 70) a month.

An African is also more heavily taxed than the whites. He pays an annual fixed tax of Rands 2.50 (Rs 25), plus a local tax of Rand 1 (Rs 10) for every dwelling hut or unit, besides being liable to tribal levies. Whites do not pay any such taxes.

South Africa has food in plenty but, every 35 minutes, 2 African children and 1 coloured child die of malnutrition and nearly a million African children go to bed hungry every night. Yet, in April 1968, South African newspapers reported that the Government had poured into the gutters 20,000 gallons of pure milk to maintain the prices. The Government said destroying food and fruits was a normal practice to stabilise prices.

School attendance is compulsory for all white children and, in certain areas, for coloured children also. It is not so for African and Indian children, who have to pay for high school education. A white child is taught free all the way.

To maintain white supremacy in South Africa, the country has increased its police force from 20,588 in 1948 to 34,437 in 1969. It has an all-white army of about 150,000 men, including some 60,000 commandos. The Defence budget has shot up from Rs 350 million to Rs 4,470 million.

Despite such repression, the demands of the non-whites have so far been for a peaceful change. Recently, Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, head of the Zulu territorial authority, issued a call for a National Convention of all parties to discuss and draw up a truly democratic constitution. The Afrikaner Nationalist Government has once again totally refused to open any dialogue with the non-whites.

Is it surprising then that the struggle for human dignity, which had maintained Mahatma Gandhi's non-violent character against heavy odds, is now veering sharply towards a violent confrontation? The exiled leaders of the African National Congress have an armed wing of guerrillas with a base in Dar es Salaam. The skirmishes across the Zambian border with Rhodesia are only a prelude to what is to come. They hope to march into South Africa with the help of free African countries.

It seems certain now that, when the white man turns to loving, he will find the black man has turned to hating.

This South Africa

A former South African police station commander was gaoled for six years in Cape Town for "culpable homicide" of a coloured man under interrogation. The court found he had "no intention" of killing the man and had not appreciated the injuries he was inflicting—a fractured skull, brain haemorrhage, 12 broken ribs and lacerations of the liver.

—The Guardian

The Cape Town Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals admitted that apartheid was being applied to dogs and cats. Pets belonging to non-whites would no longer be accepted in its kennels.

—The Daily Telegraph

—*From* New Statesman

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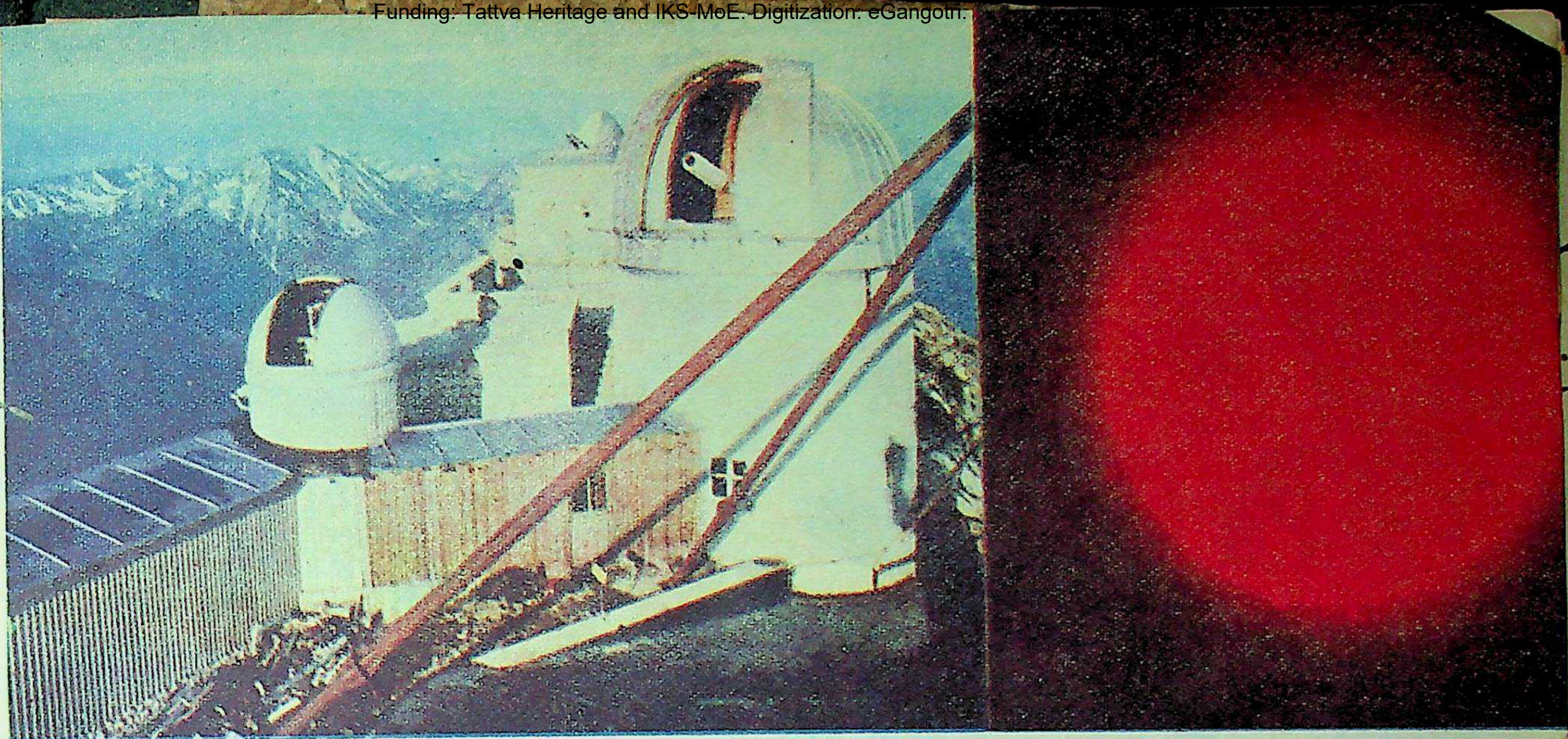


THIS OBSERVATORY was built on Wendelstein in the Bavarian Alps. It is situated at a height of 1,837 metres. Right: The hot sun. Glowing masses of gas known as "protuberances" are flung from the sun at 1,000 km per second. To make their flare around the sun visible, a red filter was used to photograph this picture.

When The Sun Boils Over

Four men spend a week at a time at the Wendelstein Observatory in Germany registering all signals the sun radiates and the effect of its changes on stars, on the earth and on people.

SHORTLY after sunrise, gleaming cupolas of Germany's Wendelstein Observatory open up and white telescopes stretch towards the sun. Work begins early at Germany's highest-situated observatory in the Bavarian Alps and ends when the last ray of the sun dies away.

The four men who spend a week at a time on the 1,837-metre-high Wendelstein have the task of observing and registering all solar phenomena. These include study of sun spots and solar flares; measurement of the intensity of the sun's corona; observation of outbreaks of radiation; and the taking of photographs with regard to the various facets of the spectral lines.

In all these observations, it is important that the vapour belt around the earth, which causes inaccuracies in measurements, be eliminated as far as possible. Recent sun research has also resorted to the use of balloons and satellites to obtain the most genuine measurements possible.

The sun is the key to the study of billions of other stars.

Seen through a telescope, it presents itself as a gigantic glowing ball of gas, in whose interior nuclear reactions are continuously going on. The surface resembles a seething ocean, where currents with dark and light centres are constantly forming. This surface is comparable to foam on a boiling sea.

Such outbreaks of the sun are called protuberances and can even be seen with the naked eye when there is a total eclipse of the sun.

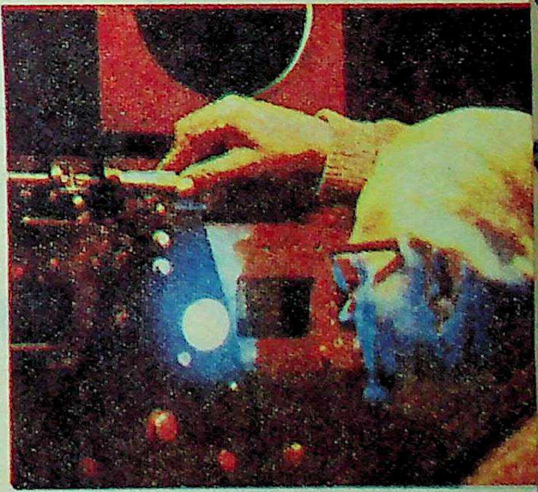
The Wendelstein astronomers, of course, don't have to wait for an eclipse. Their solar telescopes are equipped with special filters so that they can look into the sun without damage to the eyes.

The outbreaks on the sun have an effect on the earth. Short-wave radio traffic, particularly, is affected and strong sun activity sometimes makes transmission impossible. This is why Wendelstein works closely together with the "Centre for Ionospheric Research" in Darmstadt so as to enable accurate predictions on disturbances in radio transmission.

The sun spots are darker than their surroundings. They are large areas of eruptions from deeper layers which cool down as they rise and expand. They can best be compared to whirlwinds or tornadoes on earth.

All these forms of solar activity have been studied since 1750 and a certain order has been discovered in them. One period takes exactly eleven years from one zenith to the next. The most telling proof for varying solar activity is the age rings of trees, which correspond exactly to the eleven-year cycle of the sun. Similarly, weather seems largely dependent on it and, in the tropics, the same differences in temperature and rainfall were measured from cycle to cycle.

Lake Victoria in Africa, for example, regularly shows a difference of a metre in depth during one such period. Opinions still vary widely on whether variations in solar activity have a bearing on human and animal organisms. Speculation ranges from increases in suicide attempts to a total rejection of the world.



AN ASTRONOMER AT WENDELSTEIN, Germany's highest Alpine observatory, conducting an experiment on the processes and temperatures in the sun's outer layers. Research on the behaviour of the sun is carried out throughout the year.

Data measured by Wendelstein are first analysed in the Munich University Observatory and then passed on to the Frauenhofer Institute in Freiburg, which collects sun data from ten special observation stations all over the world. This information is to be used by the Freiburg astronomers to trace back solar activity over longer periods.

GEROLD JUNG

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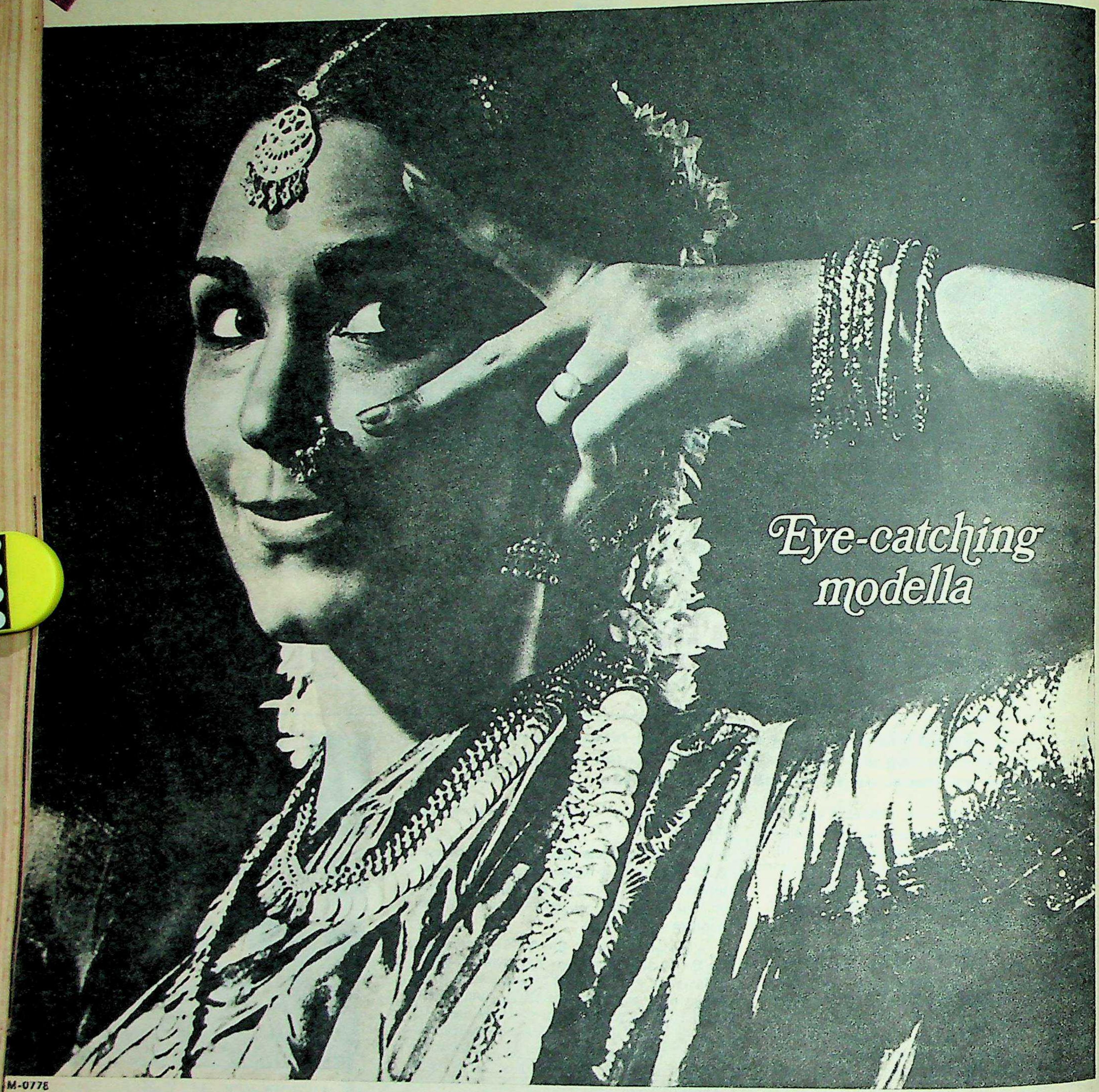

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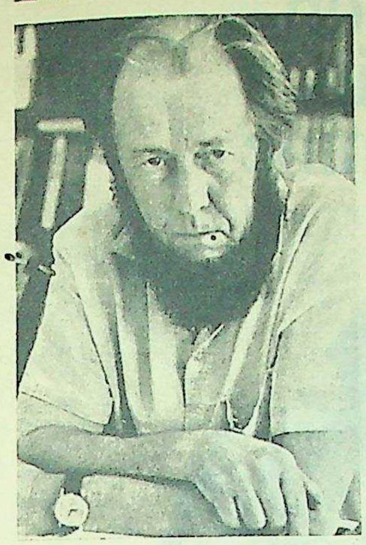
IN THE NEWS



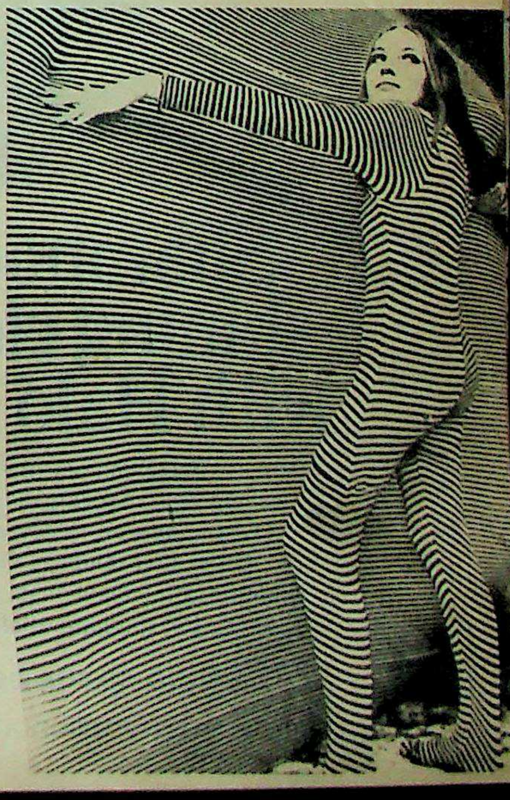
MY LIFE BUT NOT MY WORDS. Soviet Nobel Prize-winning novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn (The First Circle, Cancer Ward) *claimed in an interview that he had received letters threatening him and his family, presumably from the KGB, Russia's security police, for dissenting against the Soviet system. He accused the West of hypocrisy for shutting its eyes to the social violence in totalitarian states. "Life in the USSR," he said, "is a foreboding of the future of man." He proposed the name of the scientist Sakharov for the Nobel Peace Prize.*

NYET, NYET, SAKHAROV. Soviet nuclear physicist Andrei Sakharov, at a press conference in Moscow, charged the Soviet Government with drugging intellectual dissidents with halopiridol *(a depressant) and impairing their thinking faculties. Sakharov has been refused permission to go to the United States, where he has been offered a senior post at Princeton University. Amongst Soviet intellectuals alleged to have condemned Sakharov are composers Dmitry Shostakovich and Aram Khatchturyan. A surprise supporter of Sakharov was mathematician Igor Shafarevich, who became the first Russian scientist of academy rank to speak on behalf of the father of the Soviet atom bomb.*

THREE HURRAHS FOR SOCIALISM. The Prime Minister with Assam Chief Minister Sarat Chandra Sinha and Assam PCC Chief Lalit Doley at the AICC meeting in New Delhi on September 15-16. Mrs Gandhi promised severe action against foodgrain traders guilty of hoarding after harvest. She also rejected the charge that the Congress was becoming anti-peasant and said radical steps would soon be taken to create new jobs. Below: Mrs Gandhi with Mr Y. B. Chavan and Mr Jagjivan Ram at the AICC meeting. The Prime Minister defended the postponement of the take-over of the wholesale rice trade and maintained that no change had been made in the economic policy adopted in 1969 in which there was a specific commitment to nationalise the trade.

GAS AND GUNFIRE. On Tuesday, September 11, Chilean President Salvadore Allende Gossens reportedly committed suicide as the armed forces under the command of General Augusto Pinochet Marambio (55) *stormed his residence. President Allende* (pronounced Aiyendey), *the son of a lawyer, had nationalised Chile's copper mines in which Americans had a sizable interest. Last year he accused US agencies of "serious aggression" and in particular singled out the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation and the Gennecott Copper Corporation of having "dug their claws into my country". Many world leaders have openly accused the CIA of having a hand in the Chilean coup. Dr Allende leaves behind a widow and three daughters. General Marambio, who became President on September 12, has appointed a 10-man Cabinet composed of seven Generals, two Colonels and one Admiral. According to latest reports, the last pockets of loyalists had been wiped out by the army. Rumours are still heard of a counter-army move in South Chile, preparing to challenge the General's new regime. Meanwhile, Marambio has threatened to put 5,200 Chileans on trial and, according to a Brazilian football fan who has just returned from there, at least 10,000 people have been killed.*

DON'T CROSS THIS ZEBRA. Measuring up to the problem of the year's fashion parade at Toronto, model Jennifer Argles demonstrates one way of blending with the background and yet remain decidedly eye-catching.



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Will Rice Take-Over Help?

The All India Congress Committee has shelved its decision to take over the rice trade by making it "optional" for the States. We produce 40 million tonnes of rice every year, which is sufficient for our needs. Shortage is caused by hoarding and smuggling to China.

"NINETY PER CENT of my party men," Prime Minister Mrs Indira Gandhi said on August 31, "are in favour of the take-over of the wholesale trade in rice."

Two days later, Union Agriculture Minister Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed said that several State Governments were against it in the coming *kharif* season because of "lack of adequate administrative arrangements".

CPI leaders Bhupesh Gupta and Indrajit Gupta, and Samar Mukherji of the CPM, demanded that the Government "should not succumb to the pressure of hoarders and black marketeers". The Chief of the Bombay Pradesh Congress Committee, Mr Rajni Patel, has also expressed a similar view.

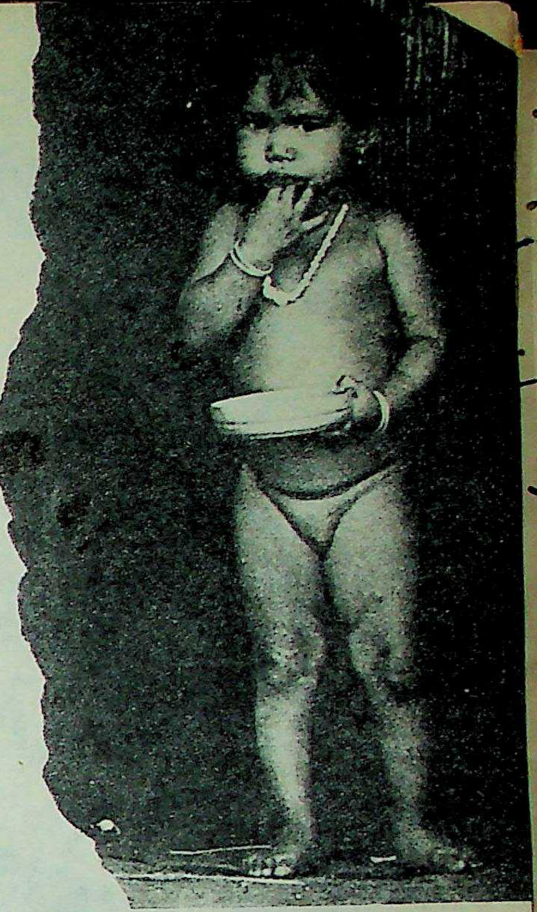
The Jana Sangh leader, Atal Behari Vajpayee, Lok Nath Mishra (Swatantra) and Mahavir Tyagi (Cong O) feel that a take-over at this juncture is not "practical". The "experience" of the wheat take-over is still "fresh" in their minds.

The main question however remains: How to reach food to the people and how to make procurement and storage of large buffer stocks more efficient?

The lines are now sharply drawn between those against the take-over and those in favour of it.

Meanwhile, the Punjab Rice Merchants' Association has expressed the opinion that attempts to nationalise rice trade will be a fiasco. It has asked its members to stop buying paddy direct from the farmers. The entire responsibility to lift the farmer's stocks and deliver them to the rice mills will then fall on Government.

If this example is followed by others, it could bring the movement of rice to a halt. And delay in its movement from the mandi to the mill can result in severe losses.



THERE'S NO RICE IN THE PLATE. In cities like Bombay, rice has become a scarce commodity—price Rs 5 to Rs 8 a kilo. The monthly ration quota is small—one kilo per head.

Excellent Crop This Year

"Rice shortage is caused by massive smuggling from India to China," says Mr Devji Rattansey, President of the Rice, Grain and Oilseeds Merchants' Association.

"This year India will produce 45 to 50 million tonnes of paddy, which is enough to feed our people. The *kharif* has been good in almost all rice-producing States. The Government can procure at least 10 million tonnes. But because of mismanagement and corruption, the procurement is always far below the target."

Commenting on the AICC resolution, Mr Rattansey expressed concern about States being given the "option" to take over the trade. He welcomed the proposed "levies" on the millers but not on the agriculturists.

Only Assam and Kerala are going ahead with the take-over. Most other States are planning levies both on producers and millers.

No, It Won't

1 *Procurement of rice is going to be more complicated than wheat. Wheat is grown mainly in the Northern States. Rice is grown all over the country. The production this year will be over 45 million tonnes. Government will not be capable of organising procurement and distribution.*

2 *The proposal for take-over has not been well received in most States. Only one or two States are confident of being able to tackle the problems that such a decision will create.*

3 *The move for nationalising was made a year ago. So far the Agriculture Ministry has not come forward with any detailed plan.*

4 *Government's administrative incompetence and its failure to evolve an effective distribution system makes take-over very risky. The Food Corporation in the past has bungled in such matters.*

5 *In cities like Bombay, rice is sold at Rs 5 to Rs 8 per kilo in the open market. The ration quota is one kilo per person per month. There is no guarantee that take-over will mean more rice at less cost to the consumer.*

Yes, It Will

1 *The bulk of the "marketable surplus" will come from Andhra Pradesh, Tamil Nadu, Orissa and Madhya Pradesh. If the drive is concentrated in these States, there will be no difficulty in procuring at least 5 million tonnes.*

2 *Assam and Kerala are willing to go ahead. Andhra and Orissa are under President's rule. Hence it will not be difficult to get them to toe the line.*

3 *Because of pressure from political leaders, rich farmers and grain merchants acting as middlemen, Government is having second thoughts. This "retreat" will have serious political consequences.*

4 *Our farmers do not get an adequate return. The price for a quintal of paddy is Rs 63. They demand Rs 100. Isn't it better to pay our own farmers more than to import food grains at exorbitant prices paid in foreign exchange?*

5 *The hoarders must be made to bring out their stocks. We should deal with antisocial elements more effectively. This should be done in the case of wheat also. The malpractices found in wheat take-over must be checked.*—X. A.

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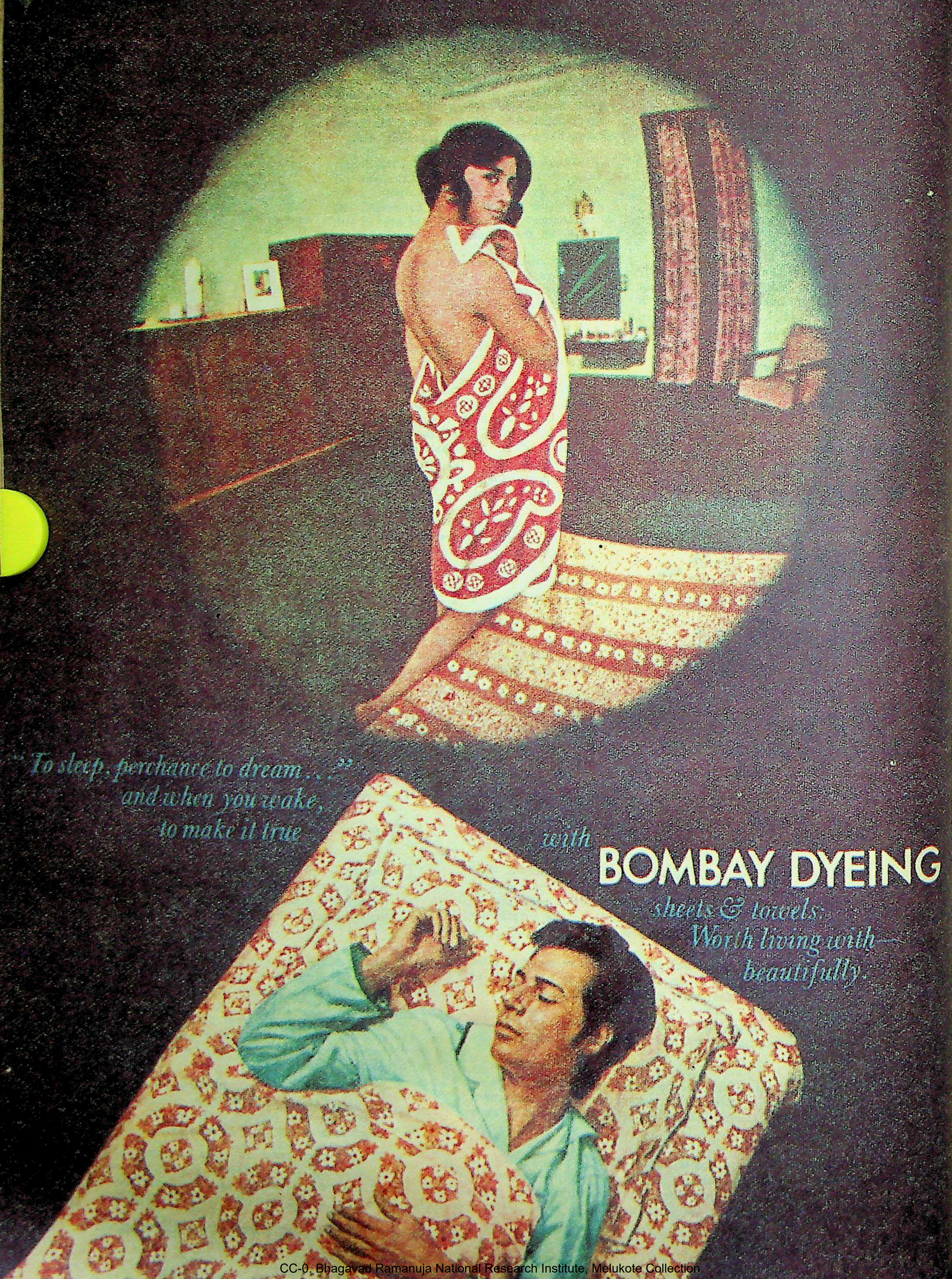

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ING

The Supari Industry

The supari is India's favourite nut. Our annual produce is 1.35 lakh tonnes valued at Rs 60 crores. Almost half our supari stock is grown in Mysore. The nut is priced according to shape, size, flavour and quality. How is this grading done?

by A. G. MATTHEW

Photographs by C. K. Balkrishnan

TO INDIANS and most other Orientals, supari is as popular as chewing-gum to Americans. In India, supari or areca-nut has a long history. It is referred to in early Sanskrit writings, in Hindu mythology and in religious observances. No orthodox social function, whether concerning birth, marriage or death, is complete without it.

Areca-nut was first described by Herodotus in 340 B.C. Susruta had, in the first century, recommended chewing of areca-nut and betel-leaf as a good habit after meals. In *Hitopadesa*, it has been ascribed various taste qualities. **Besides its antiseptic and body-purifying attributes, it has been credited with qualities such as inducing feelings of love!**

One of the earliest historic references by a European about the custom of betel-chewing in Asia is made by Marco Polo (1298). In later years, many other European travellers and writers, including Vasco da Gama (1498), gave similar descriptions.

The areca palm is considered a native of ancient Malaya. From there it spread to the East Indies and the Philippines and, later, to India. However, in recent times, India, together with Malaysia and Ceylon, acquired a monopoly of this crop. After Partition, large tracts of areca-nut-growing areas in Bengal went to Pakistan. In India it is grown mainly in Kerala, Mysore, Assam and some parts of Tamil Nadu, Maharashtra, West Bengal and Goa.

Out of the total annual production of 1.35 lakh tonnes, valued at over Rs 60 crores, Mysore produces 40 per cent, while Kerala and Assam account for 35 per cent and 20 per cent, respectively. Until recently, there was considerable import of supari from Malaysia, Singapore and Ceylon. Because of restrictions imposed by the Government and increased internal production, the import,

—Continued

SWAYING IN THE BREEZE. The supari was first described by Herodotus in 340 B.C. The palm was a native of Malaysia before it spread to South Asia. The tree reaches a height of 20 metres and thrives best in coastal areas. It becomes productive in its tenth year and produces 20 kilos of fruit each season.

GUARDING THE FRUIT OF THE TREE. The supari kernel is oval-shaped and covered by an orange-coloured fibrous husk when ripe.

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...that only Cinthol can keep

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I swear

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"Ensola"

"PAY ONLY IF CONVINCED"

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The need today is to LOOK YOUNGER and FEEL YOUNGER than your years and that is why ENSOLA CONC, is regarded as an "absolute blessing" by users in all walks of life. Is it any wonder that grateful letters of thanks pour in by every post from all parts of India? START TODAY TO TAKE YEARS OFF YOUR LOOKS. THE SOONER YOU START THE SOONER YOU'LL BENEFIT.

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which was of the order of 50,000 tonnes in the mid fifties, has been completely stopped. In view of the reluctance of younger people to take to chewing and the commendable work done by the various agencies to increase the acreage in the earlier years, there is really a danger of surplus production in future!

Areca-cut (*Areca catechu L.*) is a slender palm with a smooth greyish-white round stem of approximately 15 cm diameter reaching to a height of 12 to 20 metres. The upper end of the stem has a crown of pinnate (shaped like a feather) leaves, 1½ to 2 metres in length. The lower portions of the leaf stalk are spread into a broad sheath. **The flowers are borne on a branched structure, with both male flowers, which are small and numerous, and female flowers, which are larger.**

Tough Fibrous Husk

The fruit is oval-shaped, about 3.5 to 4.5 cm across and 5 to 6 cm long. It consists of a fibrous and tough husk (pericarp), accounting for 60 per cent of the whole fruit and having an orange colour outside when fully ripe. Inside is the seed or nut. It will be conical in shape and about 2.5 to 3.5 cm in diameter at the base, which is the stalk end. The ripe nut, which is greyish in colour and quite hard, when cut open, will reveal a white core with brownish veins.

Although the areca-nut thrives best in coastal regions, it can grow well in areas up to 250 miles interior and 3,000 ft altitude. Heavy rainfall (200 inches) is beneficial provided drainage is good. In drier areas (20 inches rainfall) the crop will come up only if well irrigated. Being a shade-loving plant, especially in its younger stages, it is sometimes raised as a mixed crop among fruit trees, bananas and coconuts.

The plant is not very specific to the soil requirements. Laterate soils of the West Coast, alluvial soils of Bengal and Assam, the dark fertile "clayey" soils of certain interior parts of Mysore are all suited for its survival. However, saline, alkaline, light and sandy and calcerous (containing chalk or lime) soils are not suitable for the areca-nut.

For the planting, seedlings are raised from healthy ripe fruits of carefully selected trees. Replanting is done after about 2 years of age. The areca-nut will start yielding in about 10 years. In Bengal it is reported that the yield may be obtained from around the sixth or seventh year. An average tree yields about 2 to 3 bunches annually. Each bunch will contain about 200 to 250 fruits, weighing 3 to 6 kg, depending on size. Normally, in a plantation, there will be about 400 trees per acre.

Although the areca-nut is one of the best-paying cash crops, raising it is beset with certain problems, one of which is infection. *Kole roga*, which is due to excessive exposure to heavy monsoon, is caused by fungus and results in rotting and subsequent shedding of immature nuts. If allowed to continue without due care, the disease can attack the crown and kill the tree. A temporary remedial measure is to give protection from excessive rain. However, a surer method of countering the infection will be by a spray of Bordeaux mixture, which consists of calcium sulphate and quick lime.

'Anabe roga', which makes its appearance in drier climates, is also caused by fungus. In this case, the fungus attacks the roots and the stem base and results in poor growth of the tree, yellowing of leaves and even death of the plant in an advanced stage. In comparison, other diseases, like bud rot, *band* or *Hindi mundage*, stem-breaking and stem-bleeding, are less troublesome. Some of the pests that attack the areca palm are mites, spindle brig, the inflorescent caterpillar and the root grub.

The areca-nut is one commodity which is harvested at different stages of maturity for processing into various trade types that are popular in different parts of the country. Fully ripe areca-nuts of 9 months' maturity are the chewer's favourite in the large-growing areas of Kerala, Assam, West Bengal and Coastal Mysore. People in these regions like the moist ripe nuts so much that, in the olden days when such nuts were not available in the off season, they had devised crude methods of preservation.

In Assam, pit storing is prevalent. Fresh areca fruits with the husk on are preserved in thick layers in mud and are known as *Bura Tamul*. Fungus infection naturally takes some toll but the essential feature of the nut—a moist chewing feel—is apparently retained.

In Kerala, fresh fruits were generally stored by dipping (steeping) in water. Bacterial contamination became the main problem, resulting in retting of the husk, discoloration of the bright outside of the husk and emanation of a foul smell. However, the hard nut inside will be rather well preserved. The characteristic off-smell is not considered a serious defect by chewers. Such water-preserved nuts are known as *Neetadaka*.

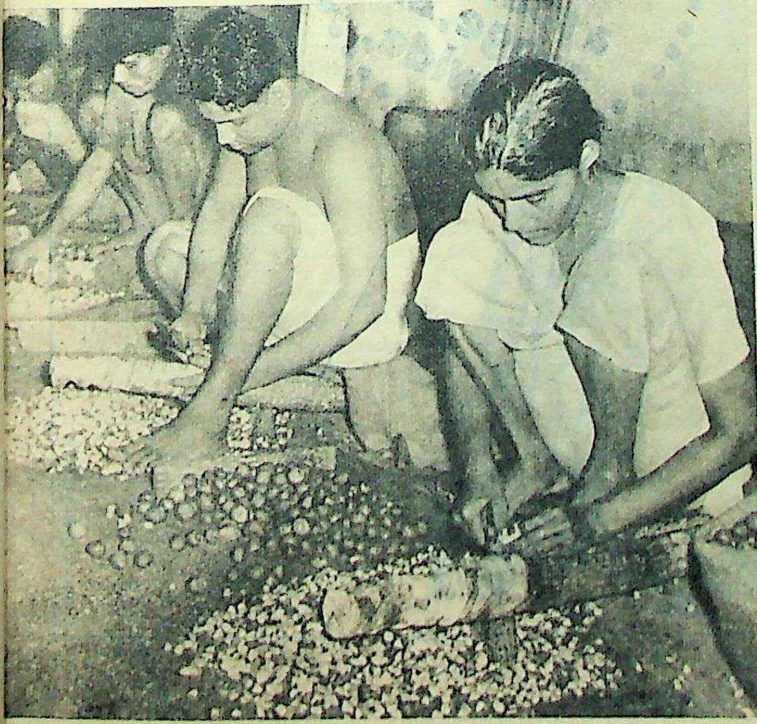
Dry Nut Most Popular

The most popular trade type of areca-nut is obtained by drying the ripe areca-nut. The drying is generally done in good sun and takes as much as 30 to 40 days. It would be possible to step up this operation by employing mechanical dryers. The additional advantage of employing dryers is that the nuts can be dried even in the monsoon season, which, in many places, coincides with harvesting. The dried nuts are then dehusked to get rounded conical hard nuts known as *chali* or *kottapak*.

Depending on the size, there are various grades and preferences in different areas. The four well-recognised grades of *chali*, in descending order of size, are *moti srivardhan*, *jamnagar* and *jini*. The trade generally looks for good drying, normal outside and inside appearance, absence of fungus, etc, as desirable characteristics. In order to hasten the drying, the fruits are split longitudinally into halves and dried. In such cases, the number of days of sun-drying can be reduced by about half. These, after dehusking, are known as *padcha*. Underripe nuts picked from *chali* form *badhala* and this type fetches a lower price.

—*Continued*

A HARD NUT TO CRACK—when ripe and dried. In some parts of the South, kachcha *areca-nut is cut into small pieces and processed with a sprinkling of aniseed. This is known as* kalipakku, *once indispensable in households. But now it is being replaced by popular brands of scented supari. Right: It's also auspicious to chew* tambulam *or* paan-supari. *Areca-nut (from the Malayalam* atakka) *is also recommended as an aphrodisiac. During Mughal days a paan was served to indicate that a guest could leave.*



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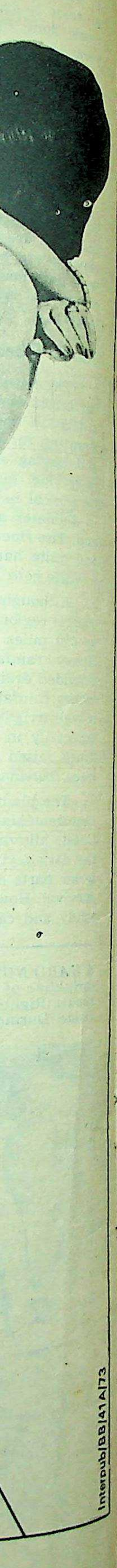


The whole of North India, most of the Western and Eastern sections and some parts of South, prefer 'chali' and 'padcha'.

An important class of processed areca-nut is made from nuts of about six to seven months' maturity. At this stage, the outside of the husk will be dark green. The inside nut in the raw state will be soft and can be cut fairly easily. This class of processed areca-nuts is the famous *kalipak*.

There are several trade types which come under this group. The main difference is in the cutting of the nuts and the consequent size and shape of the pieces. The essential steps in the processing consist of dehusking the immature fruits; cutting the nuts into various sizes and shapes (depending on the type); boiling with water; coating of the boiled nuts with a thick concentrate of the extract, known as *kali*; and, finally, drying. During the boiling step, which will take anything from 15 minutes to an hour depending on the type and local practice, some quantity of the water-soluble constituents of the areca-nut is extracted into the water.

Since the extracts are later concentrated to make *kali*, it is customary to use the same batch of water for boiling 2 or even 3 lots of areca-nut.

Enriching Extract

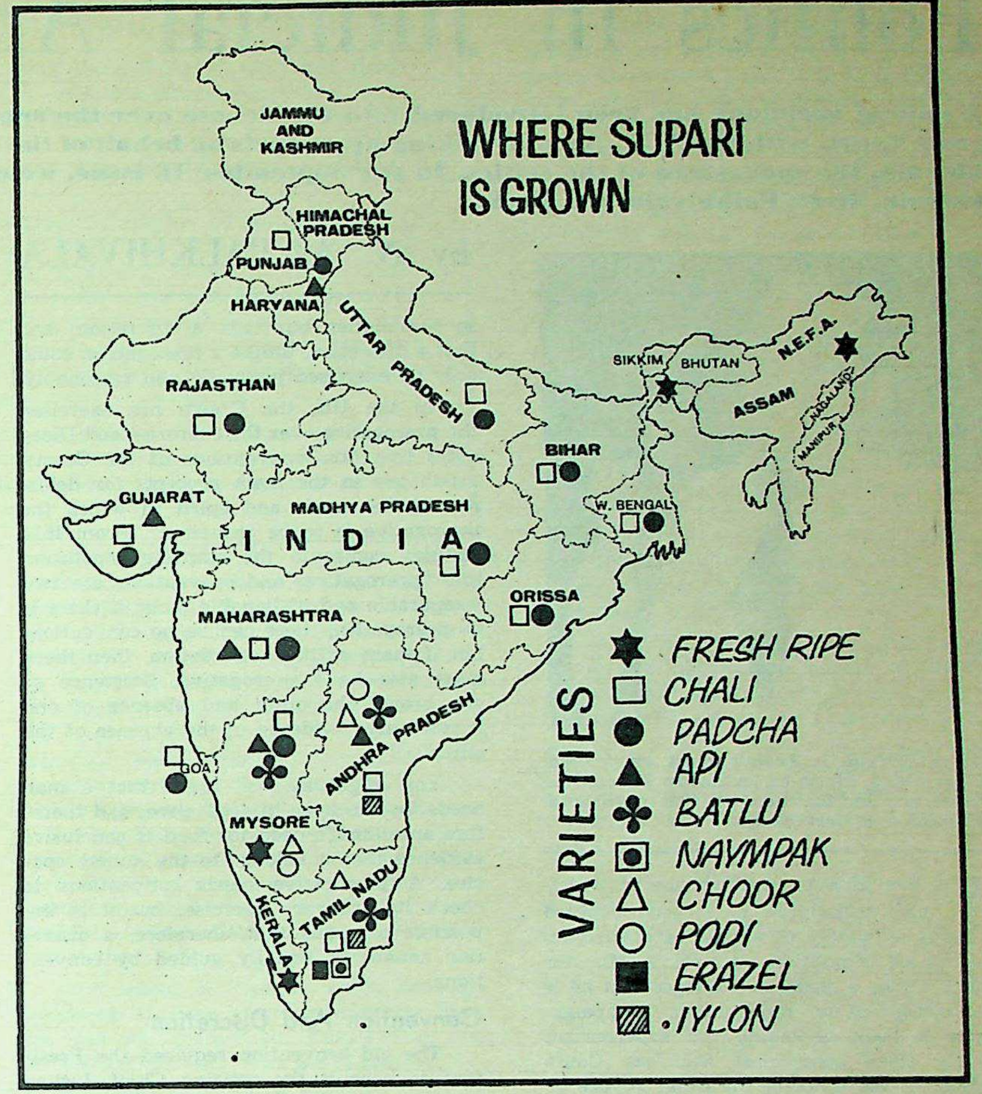
In interior Mysore, it is customary to combine the boiling and *kali*-coating steps into one operation by employing a thicker extract for boiling. It is also not uncommon to use some barks and leaves to enrich the extract, which is also known in these parts as *chogaru*.

As already mentioned, the main difference in the various types of *kalipaks* is in the cutting. *Api* or *unde* is a type which is processed without any cutting. The whole nut, after dehusking, is boiled, *kali*-coated and dried. *Batlu* or *ottavettu* is cut into two halves transversely and processed. *Choor* is cut longitudinally into a number of pieces. Going by the thickness decided by the number of cuts, there are various sub-types, such as, in descending order of size, *mukkachoor, edachoor, pettichoor,* etc. In *podi* the nut is cut both transversely and longitudinally 2 to 3 times, resulting in 9 to 16 small cubes. *Erazel* and *chalakudi* are thin slices resulting from a large number of transverse or longitudinal cuts, respectively. **An experienced worker can cut any of the conventional shapes at a rate of 6 to 8 kg per hour.**

For the drying of *kalipaks*, both sun-drying and oven-drying are employed. Because of the coincidence of monsoon, sun-drying may not be possible. Besides, oven-drying can reduce the time of drying from about a week to a matter of a few hours.

In such cases, processers use ovens heated by firewood. Since 'kalipaks' are already dark in colour—the darkening caused by smoking will not be a defect (unlike in the case of 'chali'), but a smoky off-odour will be considered a defect.

Processers try to get the product well dried with a dark-brown colour. A crisp chewing feel, absence of too much fibrousness (ripe areca-nuts will be more fibrous), a desirable well-toned astringency and glossy appearance are some of the qualities which fetch a higher price.



There are also a few unboiled types made from green fruits. *Iylon* is one such major type. Usually the nuts will be a few weeks more mature than normal *kalipak*. The nut is transversely cut into five or six discs and dried. Depending on the maturity of the raw material, there are various grades, higher maturity yielding lower grades.

Some of the well-known grades in increasing maturity (and therefore in decreasing grades) are *chittamum, virivu* and *kora*. *Nayampak* is another unboiled variety made from immature nuts, which are cut transversely once and dried.

The most important constituents of the areca-nut are the polyphenols (sometimes referred to as *tannins*). They are compounds capable of combining with proteins (tanning property) and, because of this, they have astringent taste characteristics. The typical taste of raw areca-nut, immature vegetables, *katha* and tea is caused by polyphenols. The polyphenols of areca-nut are chemically derived from catechins and leucoanthocyanidins. The polyphenol content of a ripe areca-nut is around 15 per cent but, in an immature areca-nut, the percentage will be still higher.

The fat content and protein content of a ripe areca-nut are, respectively, about 15 per cent and 8 per cent. The free sugars are rather low (2 per cent). The ripe areca-nut has a high fibre content (10 to 20 per cent) but this will be lower in tender ones. At the 'kalipak' stage, the fibre content will be around 5 to 10 per cent only.

While some *kalipaks* and scented *suparis* are used for chewing alone, *chali* and ripe areca-nuts, which leave large fibrous residues in the mouth, are rarely chewed alone. They are often used along with *paan* (betel-leaf) and *chunnamb* (slaked lime) in *beedas*. The *beedas* may be flavoured with spices like cloves, coconut gratings and even sugar crystals. In North India, it is common to use *katha* (extract of *Acacia catechu*) also in *paan-beedas*.

There are many varieties of scented supari. The ones which are popular in South India are made from *kalipak*. The *kalipak* is broken into small bits, mixed with various spices and flavouring chemicals and roasted in fat.

There are ever so many formulations but the following ingredients seem to be common: cardamom, clove, nutmeg, mace and menthol.

In the limited surveys and studies conducted, there has been no evidence of oral cancer. Because of the extremely low quantities of areca-nut injected, much cannot be said about the nutritional attributes. Probably areca-nut helps in digestion. But the important thing to a chewer is the pleasant feeling of contentment the areca-nut gives.

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Politics In Judicial Appointments

A note of acrimony has been introduced into the debate over the supersession of the Judges of the Supreme Court, with Mr A. R. Antulay taking up cudgels on behalf of the Establishment against Mr Nani Palkhivala, the spokesman of the critics. In our September 16 issue, we carried Mr Antulay's attack on Palkhivala. Here Palkhivala hits back.

by N. A. PALKHIVALA

THE AUTHOR is India's most celebrated lawyer today. He is an authority on constitutional law and taxation, a gifted orator and a champion of lost causes.

WE live in a progressive age in which new techniques have been evolved in fields so widely divergent as electronics and the art of political survival. A Minister who is under a cloud, and alleges that he is the victim of a mudslinging campaign, writes a book defending the supersession of the three seniormost Supreme Court Judges for the office of the Chief Justice of India and mounts a fierce personal attack on persons whose writings and speeches have been collected under the title, *A Judiciary Made to Measure.* The Minister's book was launched at a public function where speeches were made extolling his virtues and giving a clean chit as to his character.

Literary mayhem is a game at which two can play. But it is unnecessary to sink to the level of personal vituperation which characterises A. R. Antulay's *Appointment of a Chief Justice.* It is enough to examine the logic, if any, which is used to justify the governmental action.

The book opens with the thesis that the Constitution does not provide that the seniormost Judge should be appointed as the permanent Chief Justice or even as the Acting Chief Justice. No one has ever argued to the contrary. Equally, the Constitution does not provide that only men of ability and integrity should be appointed to the Supreme Court.

In a Constitution, what is unsaid is as important as what is said. The Constitution leaves room for the unfolding future and for the development of healthy conventions and traditions so that the rule of law may survive beyond our own times and in the days when our place will know us no more. Decencies in public life are not a matter of constitutional mandate but of constitutional propriety.

The Government had claimed the "prerogative" to appoint any judge to be the Chief Justice of India. Lawyers pointed out that the Government had no "prerogative" in the matter but only a discretion; and that a discretion, unlike a prerogative, could only be exercised judicially and reasonably.

In the UK, the Crown has exercised the prerogative over the centuries and Dicey notes that "the conventions of the Constitution are in the main precepts for determining the mode and spirit in which the prerogative is to be exercised". From this, Antulay comes to the startling conclusion that "prerogatives and conventions are two inseparable and inalienable facts; if there is no prerogative, there can be no convention; but if there exists a convention, then there must also be a prerogative. Existence of one proves the other and absence of one is conclusive evidence of the absence of the other".

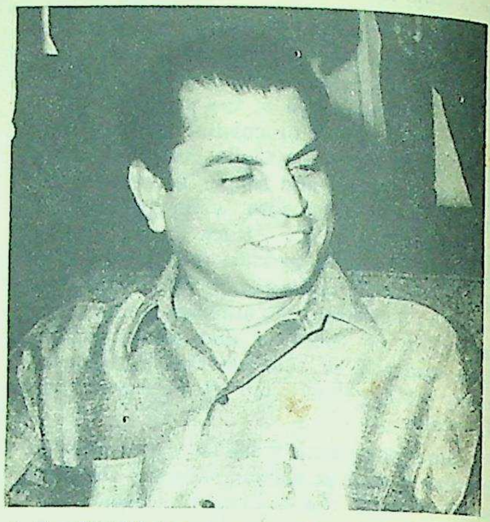
You might as well argue that a man needs food to keep himself alive; and therefore an animal's need for food is conclusive evidence that it belongs to the human species. A prerogative needs conventions to check its arbitrary exercise; but it is impossible to argue that, therefore, a discretion cannot be equally guided by conventions.

Convention And Discretion

The old convention required the President to consult the retiring Chief Justice in choosing his successor. Antulay argues that "continuance of the old convention, in effect, means the virtual exercise of the President's discretion by the *retiring* Chief Justice. Continuance of the old convention also means delegation of the exercise of the discretion to someone—the retiring Chief Justice—other than the authority—the President of India—to which the discretion is *constitutionally* vested". The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the High Courts have always guided the President as regards the appointment of their successors and of Puisne Judges. We never knew up till now that our judicial appointments of the last two decades have been characterised by grave constitutional impropriety.

Antulay has further opined that "those who aspire for the office of Chief Justice have first to associate themselves with the aspirations of our people". As an exercise in demagogy, this is an admirable statement. As a principle of constitutional law, it is fraught with grave hazard, since it means that our Courts must be converted into political forums.

Is it the "aspiration" of our people that there must be perpetual shortages of the basic necessities of life while our Ministers live in clover? And that they must do without the basic human freedoms while the politicians in power seek to dragoon them into submission in the name of economic growth which has become an ever receding mirage? Are the "aspirations" of our people to be determined according to the ideology of the political party for the time being in power?



A. R. ANTULAY, Maharashtra's Minister for Law and Judiciary, whose book, Appointment of a Chief Justice, *was written in reply to the author's* A Judiciary Made to Measure.

If our politicians can be credited with fulfilling the "aspirations" of our people, one must conclude that the main aspirations of our people are to accept the impossible, to do without the indispensable and to bear the intolerable.

Some lawyers had pointed out that examples of Britain, Australia and Canada could not be pressed into service by our Government to justify the supersession which was aimed at undermining judicial independence, because in those countries the tradition had been established that high calibre and sturdy independence are the essential prerequisites in a Chief Justice. Antulay seeks to refute this statement by referring to cases where political or family ties played their part in appointments to high judicial office in those other countries. Surely, an established tradition is different from an unbroken tradition, and deviations from a tradition do not prove its non-existence. Even assuming improper or corrupt political practices prevail elsewhere, would that justify indulgence in such practices here?

Antulay's assertion, that my championship of the cause of the three superseded Judges involves a reflection on the integrity of the present Chief Justice, is deliberately mischievous and is unworthy of a Minister holding the portfolio of Law and Justice. His fallacious syllogism is that some judges of integrity have been superseded; Chief Justice Ray was not superseded; therefore he was not a man of integrity.

Is it so difficult for the Minister to understand the simple point that the very cases which the three superseded Judges honestly decided in favour of the citizen were equally honestly decided by the present Chief Justice in favour of the state; and therefore the occasion to supersede him never arose? The question is purely one of principle and of constitutional propriety; the honesty of the present Chief Justice has never been put in issue.

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How To Discipline Power-Hungry Politicians

One of the most perceptive observations of Lord Acton was that there is a ceaseless conflict—within democracy—between abiding law and arbitrary power. The basic conviction underlying our Constitution is that citizens need protection against their own elected representatives, because men dazzled by the legitimacy of their ends seldom pause to consider the legitimacy of the means.

Part IV of the Constitution ("Directive Principles of State Policy") contains the directory ends of the State; while Part III ("Fundamental Rights") indicates the permissible means of giving effect to those ends. There can be no conflict between the directory ends and the permissible means. The only conflict is between the Constitution and those who refuse to accept the discipline of the Constitution. On the University campus, refusal to accept discipline is called "student unrest"; in the political capitals, refusal to accept discipline is called "progressive radicalism".

In India, in the absence of an alert and mobilised public opinion, a strong and independent judiciary is the only instrument available to the common man for enforcing constitutional discipline against power-hungry politicians.

Antulay's grossest distortion of his opponents' case is when he asserts that, according to their viewpoint, "the more the number of cases that a particular judge decides 'against the executive', the 'sturdier' and the more 'independent' he proves himself in the discharge of his judicial functions. In other words: in direct proportion to his hostility to the executive is discovered the amount of sturdiness and the 'quantity' of the judge's independence".

This is too infantile even for a school debate. In truth, the boot is on the other leg. It is our Ministers who proclaim, when a decision strikes down legislative or executive action, that it amounts to "confrontation" between the Executive and the Judiciary, and that a judge who upholds civil liberties is not aware of "the winds of change". You do not need to be a lawyer to know that judicial independence denotes the quality of intellectual integrity which actuates the judge to give decisions on a true construction of the Constitution and the ordinary laws, regardless of the question whether the judgments will please, or be "suitable" to, the Executive.

Antulay is critical of the Supreme Court's judgment in the *Fundamental Rights* case which held that Parliament, in exercise of its amending power, cannot alter the basic structure or framework of the Constitution. The ineluctable implication of his theory of Parliament's unfettered sovereignty is that Parliament should have the power to convert this country into a totalitarian state and abolish the right to dissent as well as any other basic freedom. Does he need to be reminded that even today the majority of the human race live under conditions where their elected representatives have either abolished, or have acquiesced in the abolition of, civil liberties.

The school of thought which Antulay represents may be wiser and cleverer than the men who framed our Constitution, but let nobody pretend that the Founding Fathers of our Constitution intended that our multitudinous minorities—linguistic, religious, regional and cultural—agreed to form a Union on the basis that they should be at the mercy of the Parliament for the time being in session. In the Constituent Assembly, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru expressly mentioned that the Fundamental Rights were intended to be made "permanent in the Constitution"; Dr S. Radhakrishnan called our declaration of basic freedoms "a pledge to our own people and a pact with the civilised world"; and Dr B. R. Ambedkar called the Fundamental Rights "part and parcel of our mental make-up" and "a silent immaculate premise of our outlook".

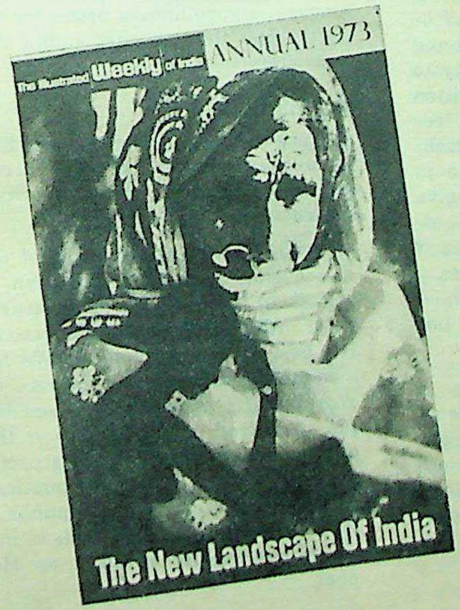
The most astounding statement in the book is: "These freedoms are a luxury which only well-fed people can afford."

If history teaches nothing else, it leaves no doubt that, in well-fed countries where democracy has matured and freedom has become a way of life, the people may dispense with the luxury of guaranteed constitutional freedom. But it is precisely in a country where the masses are ill-fed and uneducated that guaranteed human rights are not a luxury but an imperative necessity because, in such countries, the wily politicians have the best chance of deluding the people into parting with their priceless heritage of freedom. As Edmund Burke said: "People never give up their liberties but under some delusion."

In the last chapter, Antulay links the supersession of the Judges with the welfare of the "teeming millions". During the last hundred years, there has never been a dictatorship, never a tyranny, never a ruthless suppression of human freedom, which has not proclaimed that it is for the benefit of the masses and designed to achieve their economic advance.

Antulay ends with a gory picture of millions rising in rebellion and the Constitution being submerged in "inevitable lawlessness and chaos". If this ever comes to pass, it will be the inevitable consequence of the opaque ignorance of our men in power who are pursuing policies which have reduced our economic growth rate to zero, of fanatical ideology which today reigns sodden and supreme, of the corruption, hypocrisy and humbug with which our public life is saturated and dripping.

Chaos can never be the result of the Courts striving to preserve civil liberties; and chaos can never be averted by the supersession of Judges of integrity and calibre.



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With an Introduction by the Editor, Khushwant Singh.

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Black American Literature

by DUDLEY RANDALL

Black Literature reveals the extent of discrimination against the Negro in America. In this article, a well-known poet and publisher explains the significance of present trends.

A FRIEND of mine recently brought a map back from Peking. It was a map of the United States, showing a flame at each city where there was a riot after the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. There were so many flames on the map, especially in the eastern half, in the south and in the West Coast, that it seemed to be on fire. One wonders why the US, the world's richest and most powerful nation, should have so little understanding of one-tenth of her citizens that her great cities should be torn by riots.

As one looks back into history, one sees the dissolution of regimes that failed to see and understand what was going on around them. One of the keys to such understanding is through literature. **One must be careful, however, about what literature one reads. To gain an understanding of Black Americans, one must read the literature produced by them. Much of the white literature of America gives a distorted picture of the Blacks. We have those stereotypes of the grinning docile slave, the oversexed rapist, the exotic primitive, and miss the thousand varied spectra of humanity.**

Many people are repelled by the tone of Black American literature, especially the angry voices of the most recent writers. One critic has described this as a race war. There is indeed this difference but, to understand it, one has to refer to the history of the Blacks in the US.

DON L. LEE. *Revulsion for White America has led many Blacks to identify themselves with Africa. Don Lee, poet, essayist and founder of Third World Press, has been through the whole gamut, from dissent to Pan-Africanism.*

Most white people came to America with hopes of starting a better life there, free from debt, from imprisonment, from famine, from whatever had plagued them in their European homes. Africans, on the other hand, were forced out of their traditional culture and brought to America as slaves. They could look upon this country only with horror and fright. Many of the folk songs of the slaves were sad, reflecting the conditions of their life on the plantations, where the only relief from a life of toil was death:

I know de moonlight, I know de star-light,
I lay dis body down.
I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight,
To lay dis body down.
I lie in de grave and stretch out my arms,
I lay dis body down.
I go to de Judgement in de evenin' of de day,
When I lay dis body down,
And my soul and yo' soul will meet in de day
When I lay dis body down.

From hearing or reading these folk songs, with their sad melodies and their martial outbursts or words of suffering and death, one would never get the idea that the slaves were content with slavery, as some apologists for slavery have written. However, the slaves did not write the history books.

Folk Poetry

The slaves produced folk poetry of beauty and power that reminds us of Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, which laments the fate of unlettered poor folk who never had the opportunity to develop their talent. The literature written in standard English was produced by free Negroes who were Ministers, doctors, teachers or other professional men, and who in their busy lives did not have time to give their work literary perfection. The autobiography of Frederick Douglass, an escaped slave and an Abolitionist, however, gives a graphic picture of slavery and shows how it was harmful, not only to the slave, but also to the slave master.

The first Black literary poet who is still popular today (his *Collected Poems* has never gone out of print) was Paul Laurence Dunbar. He wrote a lot of dialect poetry in the tradition of the white Southern writers. His dialect poem, "An Ante-Bellum Sermon", gives expression to the slaves' true feelings:

So you see de Lawd's intention,
Evah sence de worl' began,
Was dat His almighty freedom
Should belong to evah man.

SONIA SANCHEZ, *author of* We a BaddDDD People *and lyrical analyst of the twilight non-colour world of drug addiction.*

The Harlem Renaissance, or the New Negro Renaissance, was part of a general revival of American literature in the 1920s. It encompassed poetry, fiction, music, art and the theatre. Perhaps the poetry is more noteworthy than the fiction, for the poets were less sensational and catered less to popular taste for the exotic and the bizarre.

Fortunately, there were two main outlets for their work: the *Opportunity* magazine, journal of the National Urban League, and *Crisis*, edited by W. E. B. Du Bois. Du Bois was the author of an influential book of essays called *The Souls of Black Folk*, published in 1903. In it he predicted that the problem of the 20th century was the problem of the colour line and called for massive federal aid to education. Both magazines gave annual prizes for fiction and poetry and thus afforded public recognition to writers.

Racial Pride

The writers of the Harlem Renaissance were characterised by racial pride, a consciousness of their African heritage and a return to folk roots.

One of the earliest poets of this period was Claude McKay, a Jamaican who emigrated to the US and who travelled and lived in England, France, Russia and Africa. His best-known poem is "If We Must Die", a sonnet written during the race riots after World War I in which he urged Black people to defend themselves even though the odds were against them. This poem was reprinted in all leading Black publications and recited in churches and at public meetings. It is the one poem by which many non-poetry-reading Black folk know McKay as a poet.

The poem was read to the US Congress by Winston Churchill during World War II and McKay tells of a copy of it being found in the knapsack of a dead British

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soldier during the war. During the rebellion in Attica Prison in New York in 1971, it was scrawled on the wall by an unknown prisoner. It is a poem which transcends boundaries of race and nationality because it speaks eloquently of courage against odds.

A writer whose work has influenced both his contemporaries and later writers is Jean Toomer for his one brilliant book: *Cane*. It is a medley of sketches, poems, short stories and a play linked together through the recurrence of images and motifs. It moves from rural Georgia (where Toomer taught at school briefly) to the city of Washington and back again to Georgia. Toomer spoke of having found "the soil" in Georgia and the sensuous poetry of his book portrays the soul of the men and especially the women of the rural South.

Poet—Not Black Poet

A poet who was more traditional and less experimental than Toomer was Countee Cullen. He wrote with polish in traditional forms like the sonnet and the epigram. He wanted to be known as a poet, not as a Black poet, and wrote on the age-old themes of youth and love, but his poems on racial themes have an added poignancy and bite. There is the epitaph:

She thinks that even in heaven her class
Lies late in bed and snores
While poor black cherubs rise at seven
To do celestial chores.

Langston Hughes, although often paired with Cullen because they were about the same age, was a very different writer. Instead of Cullen's standard literary language, he uses the racy colloquial speech of the urban Black. He took the blues stanza from music and put it into poetry books. He wrote about the ordinary Black working men and women. His "Semple" books, about a character named Jesse B. Semple, are full of the shrewd observations you may find from a man in a bar put into the poet's colourful language.

MARGARET WALKER, author of Jubilee

With the coming of the "Great Depression" in the 1930s, Black writers found it difficult to get published. Many of them left Harlem for places where the living was easier and this marked the end of the Harlem Renaissance. In this period, writers were concerned more with economics and social action than with purely racial themes.

Richard Wright and Ralph Ellison, the two outstanding novelists of this period, were both influenced by the Communist ideology. Ralph Ellison, in his outstanding novel, *Invisible Man* (published in 1952), gives, in a microcosm, the history of the Negro in the US—from the rural South to the industrial North, from labour unions and the Communist Party to an encounter with Black revolutionary nationalism. All the while his protagonist is invisible, being acted upon rather than acting.

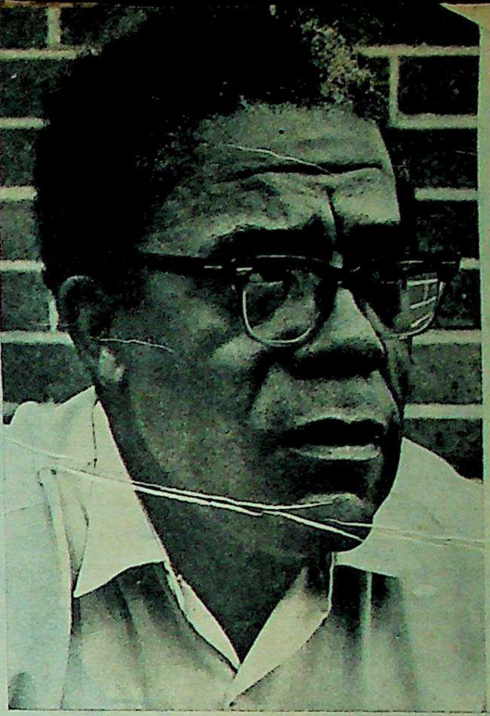
Richard Wright's powerful novel, *Native Son*, gives a forecaste of the upheavals of the 1960s in his character, Bigger Thomas, who finds realisation of his manhood in violence. His autobiography, *Black Boy*, is a harrowing account of what it is like for a sensitive Black boy to grow up in the South. His early collection of short stories, *Uncle Tom's Children*, reveals a growing self-assertion among the Blacks.

A poet who matured in the 1940s was Robert Hayden. His "Middle Passage" and "Runagate Runagate Runagate" are memorable poems that make the reader feel the horrors of the slaveships and the perils of the escape from slavery.

Increased Audience

With the Civil Rights struggles in the late 1950s and the Black Consciousness movement in the 1960s, a host of writers appeared. They were encouraged by an increased audience among Black people and by the emergence of small Black publishing companies and bookstores. James Baldwin wrote sensitive introspective essays in *Notes of a Native Son, Nobody Knows My Name, The Fire Next Time* and *No Name in the Streets*. His play, *Blues for Mister Charley*, retells the case of Emmett Till, a 14-year-old Black boy lynched for whistling at a white woman. The change in LeRoi Jones (now Amiri Baraka) from an integrationist *avant-garde* poet to a Black Cultural Nationalist can be traced in his poetry from *A Preface to a Twenty Volume Suicide Note* to *Black Magic Poems* and his volume of essays: *Home*.

Don L. Lee is another influential poet who has evolved from dissent into Pan-Africanism. This can be traced in his *Directionscore: Selected and New Poems* and in a recent book of essays: *From Plan to Planet*. Nikki Giovanni is well known for her poem, "Nigger Can You Kill", although in her latest book of poetry, *My House*, she adopts a more conciliatory tone. Etheridge Knight in *Poems from Prison* gives insight into the life behind prison walls. Sonia Sanchez writes intense lyrics in many of which she analyses the growing problem of drug addiction. Lorraine Hansberry in her play, *A Raisin in the Sun*, reflects the 1950s desire for integration into American life, while



THE AUTHOR. Dudley Randall is a poet and founder of Broadside Press. The future, he says, depends on how Black publishing houses can survive in the profusion of big white ones.

LeRoi Jones's one-act play, *The Dutchman*, reveals the Blacks' pent-up bitterness.

There are many new novelists, although none has attained the heights of Wright or Ellison. Noteworthy is John A. Williams, whose *The Man Who Cried I Am* tells of a "King Alfred Plan" to put Blacks into concentration camps in case of civil disturbances. Earnest Gaines in *The Life of Miss Jane Pittman* and Alice Walker in *The Third Life of Grange Copeland* tell tales of the rural South. Paule Marshall in *Brownstone Brown Girl* and Toni Cade Bambara in *Gorilla My Love* write short stories of Black girls and women in the urban North. Ronald Fair in *I Can't Breathe* writes of growing up in Chicago.

All told, there is great variety in scene and theme among the new novelists.

Precarious Existence

The existence of the new publishing houses, which publish some of the work of the new writers, is precarious. Many of them were founded by poets or writers who are not businessmen and who have no capital. Most of their books are not reviewed by the mass media and are not stocked in big commercial bookstores. It is a question of whether or not, in the long run, they can survive.

Among the small new companies are Jihad Productions, founded by poet Amiri Baraka; Broadside Press, founded by poet Dudley Randall; and Third World Press, founded by poet Don L. Lee. Important books by these companies are Jihad's *Black Magic*, poems by Amiri Baraka; Broadside's *Report from Part One*, the autobiography of Gwendolyn Brooks; and Third World's *Black Rituals*, Black psychology by Sterling Plumpp.

It is important that these presses survive, for they are interested in fostering and encouraging uncensored Black expression and presenting a true, and not a commercial, picture to the community.

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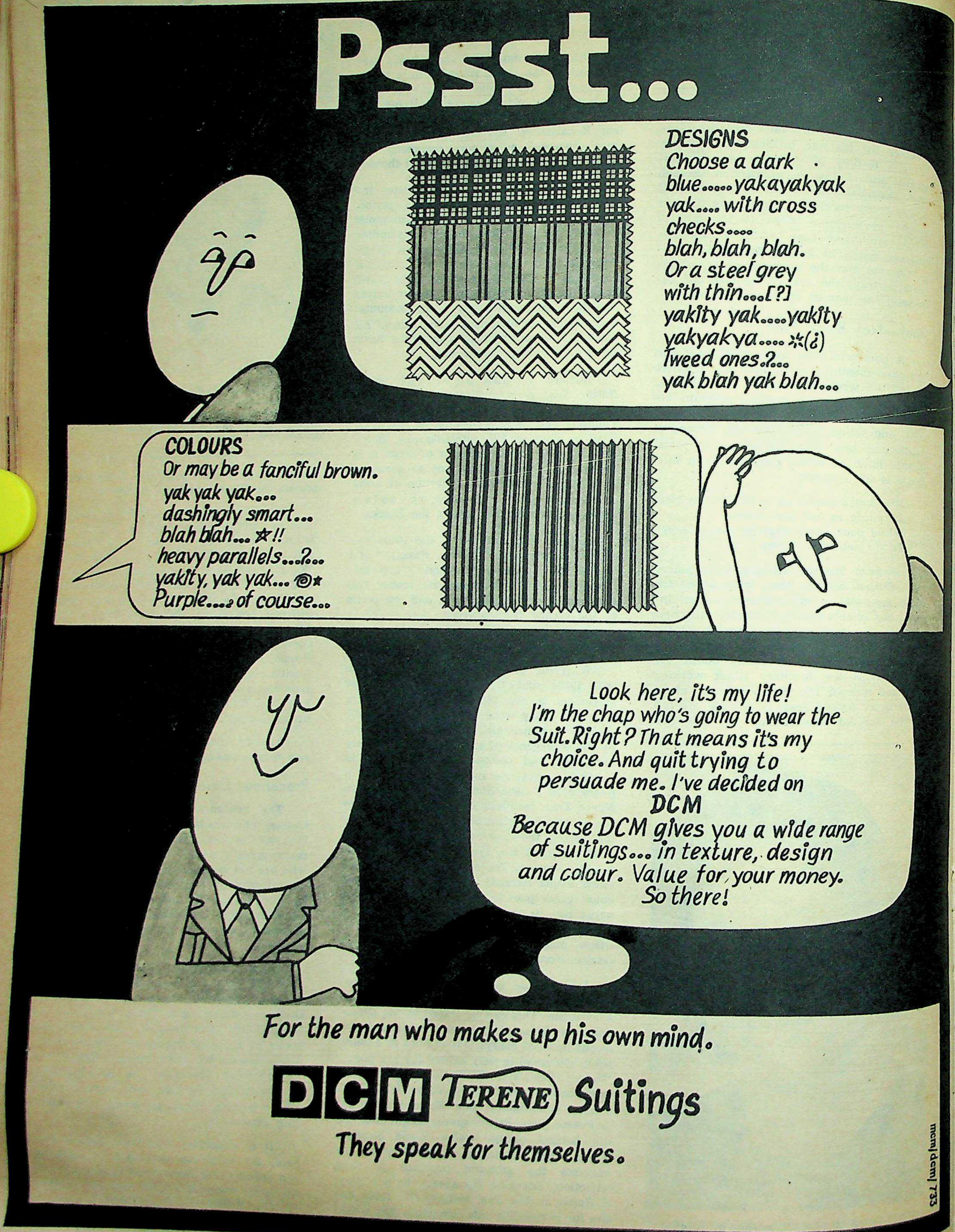

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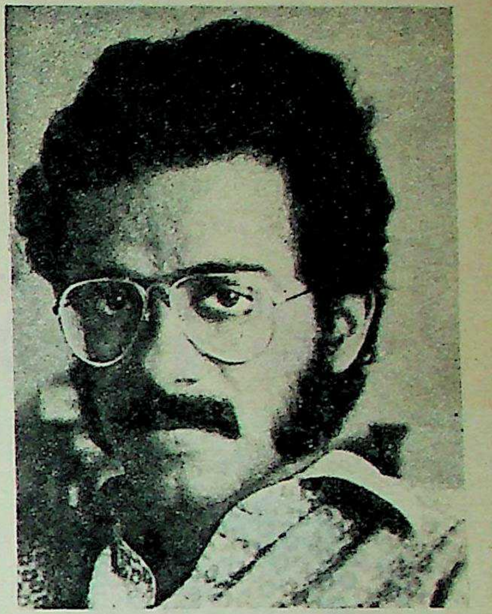
Poetry Of The Month

Selected by
NISSIM EZEKIEL

Poems by SALEEM PEERADINA



SALEEM PEERADINA (b 1944) has an M.A. degree in English from Bombay University. He taught for two years in a local college before going to the United States in 1971 to join Wake Forest University in North Carolina. Currently, he teaches in a high school and works as a counsellor. He has published in both Indian and American periodicals. He has edited Contemporary Indian Poetry in English: An Assessment and A Selection, Macmillan India, 1972; and Multifold, Drammer Press, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, 1973.

Another Life

If I were in another
mind and the mind in a time before
this house I consented to keep,
I would not endure the mocking blow
the night inflicts, the shadowy ache
a blank ceiling presses into me:
I would denounce this pale of honour.

I am not in this hour
the children's mother, I am myself
a child, a girl on the outskirts
of her father's breath; a woman of springing
blood, budding breasts, wide-eyed
sense; a wife on the verge of being
an everlasting bride.

But this other I sought and singled out
took my oath for granted, consigned me
to his bondage and broke out of
my circumference. It was a marriage—
shop flourishing away from
home. The trap set, the currency
of love was counted out.

If you had not happened by
with the sweet burden of another life,
I would have raged and outlived my lot
seeking no other reward. Your love
like a mountain looming under water
would never have moved
this womb which is still my house.

The Evening Sun

When the evening sun
stops

to illuminate
the mute brick, the wall
rubbed by leafy shadow, the crowd
of books, the desk,
the gaping chair, the portrait's lifelong pause

the nude's timeless flame an island
of flowers, a suspended bell,
a tune frozen
in the curtain's folds, the cushion's dent,
the rug's fated fade

every name in place, even
the unfocused side lit by diffusion,
a scattering of dusk, raising
specks of air moving slowly up
into the unbending beam—

Why then does the familiar face
of my room look
so composed and insufficient?

Leaving As Foreseen

Like a memorised road's
lines of green pond, sloping
bank and dark, deep hint of shade

Like a song long-settled
into ease but often found circling
the heart's unspeakable grief

Like an intimate room with a view
of trees causing out of a window
a continual need

My swaying head of love-deeds
stumbles deliriously after
your salt and thinning scent.

Separation

I have lost my way. Something
has been changed, some mark
erased, a sign rewritten, or else you

Or I have missed the appointed day.
I wait, in ignorance of your patience
in another place. Your hunch must have failed.

Or your instinct would have led you here.
Out of so many equal ways
which fate will determine my loss?

How can I tell how far I have strayed
from my mind or how near-at-hand
you lie bleeding? Often

I have been tempted to stop
passing women and search their eyes
for your whereabouts. Your nuances loiter

All about me. One lies in wait
at my feet, one touches the roots of my hair,
another exudes a homely smell. A woman,

Half-turning, expects I will trail her offer
of relief. Sometimes in a fever
of deprivation, I think I hear you.

Calling: it is only a memory subsiding
in the gloom of passing women. Yet
what dream will not scatter in the light

Of everyday faces? If I should then find part
of an ornament, a testament of past
hope, what loss or gain should I foretell?

That you have found half a wish and given it
a name or have been battered
into submission? That you have carried the past

Intact into the remnants of my promise? Finding
I have consented and taken the final woman
into exile with me?

Revival

When the candles of my mind begin
to light and my limbs recite
the memory of your caresses
leaving me wide-awake with desire,
I tremble through the dark,
footsteps burning the pathway to your door:
and, in a single sweep casting all
former deaths aside, you gather me
into the innermost sphere of our revival.

Flora And Fauna For You

(On your birthday)

And all else.
Not just the universal flower
that opens all signals
of love, or elect species
of slender beasts that roam
the hallowed ground of praise. Everything
mirrors you. A universe of love,
already yours, I reaffirm for you.

Marriage Manual

You are earth
and fire,
I am air and water.
We can't be one
without being
the other.
I fan
the spark you raise
into a tree-tongue
of light,
then bring
the conflagration
home on a falling
wave.
When my breath
is closing
over the far corners
of your flesh
where can I abide but
in your earth?

Sometimes the other
elements
are recast
and we are mingled
in a single birth.
Then I am
a wing
deep-flaring
in your womb
and you a lake
to my mountain-side.

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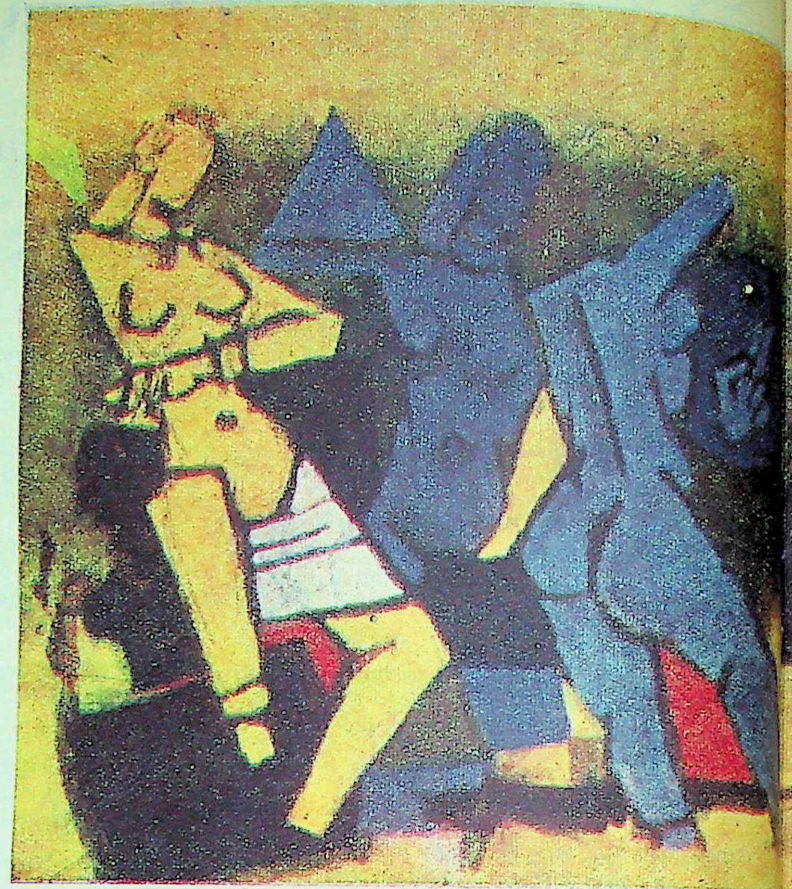
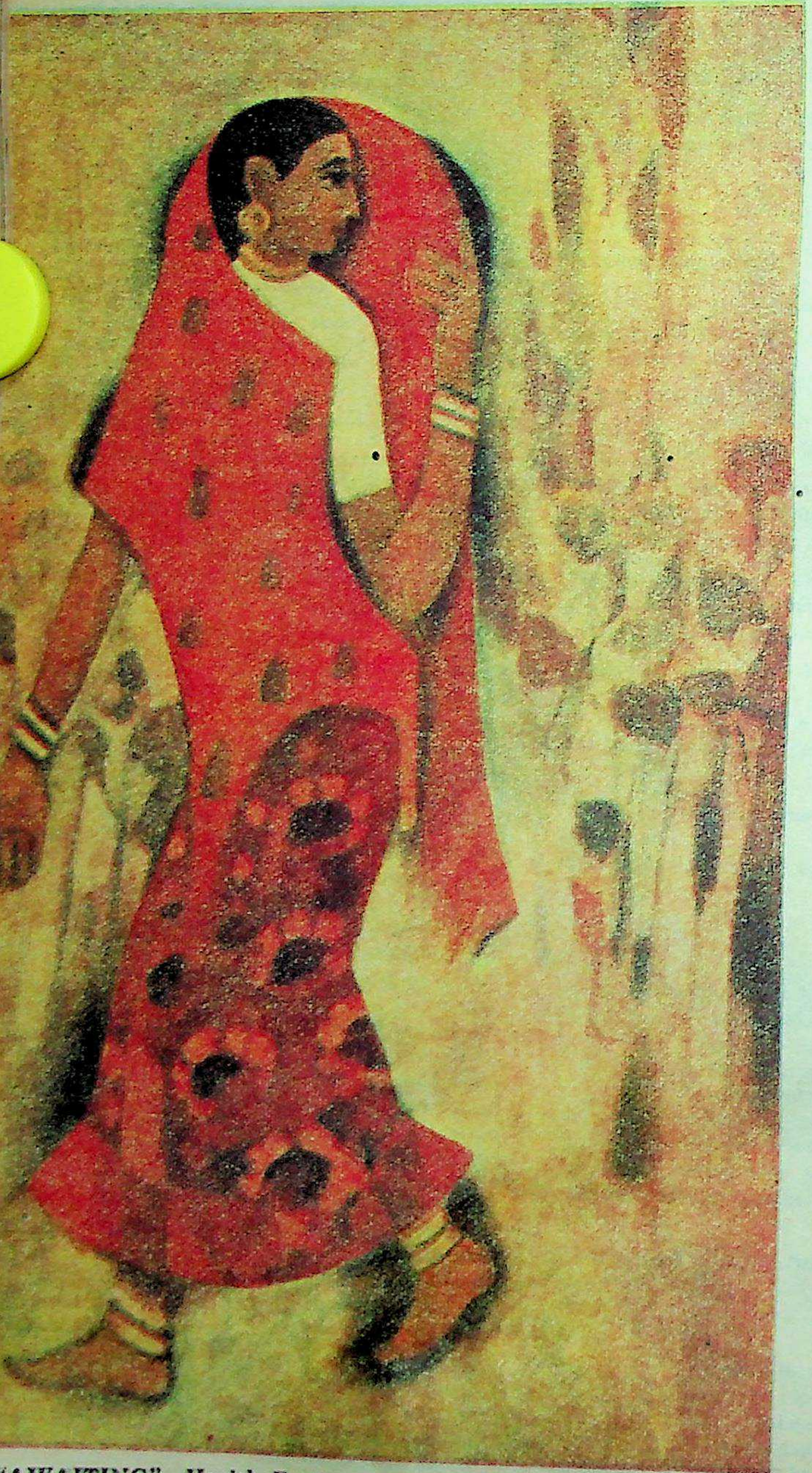
Artists To The Rescue



"KRISHNA"—M. F. Husain



"AWAITING"—Harish Raut

A unique exhibition will be held in Bombay from October 1 to 8. Our leading painters have contributed their works, some of which are reproduced on these pages. The proceeds of the sales will go to help the drought-affected. The exhibition is being held under the auspices of the Maharashtra Scarcity Relief Committee and various art societies.

PANIC gripped Maharashtra—as it did a number of other States—in October 1972 when it became clear that the monsoon had failed for the third consecutive year. The situation was grim, as over two crores of people faced starvation and the after-effects of prolonged malnutrition.

It was decided that a high-power committee be set up to tackle the emergency. Chief Minister V. P. Naik was appointed its President and Rajni Patel, BPCC President, took the chair to organise relief measures.

The Maharashtra Scarcity Relief Committee, as it came to be called, tapped all sources to provide relief to the afflicted. It approached industrialists, businessmen, workers, trade unions, office employees, sportsmen and film stars to help raise funds. There was a magnificent response; Rs 8 crores were collected—Rs 7 crores in cash and the remainder in the form of drugs, nutritional food, medicines and medical vans.

It is now the turn of the artists. The Bombay Art Society, the Art Society of India, the Artists'

"OFFERINGS [illegible] THE CHURCH

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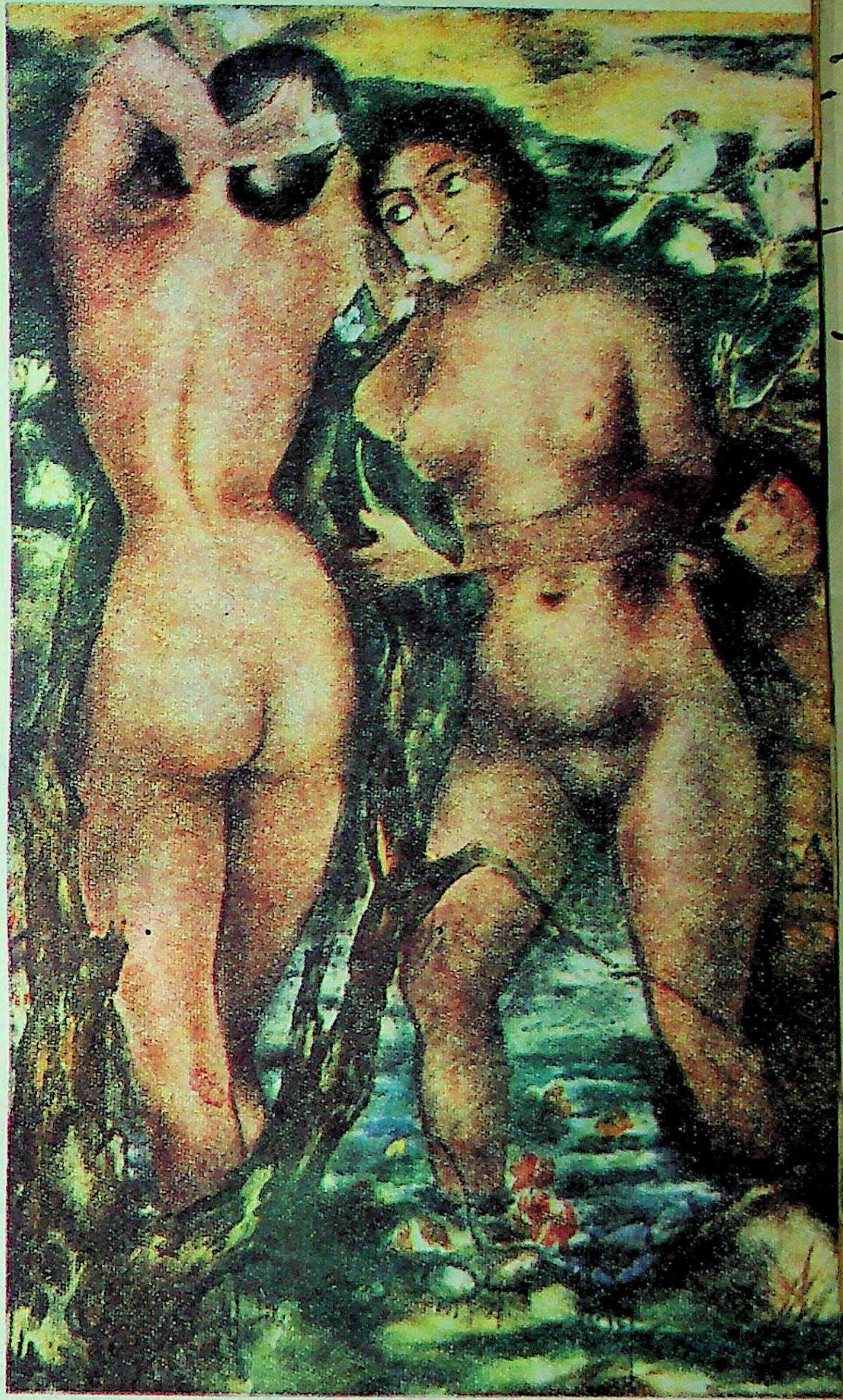
"OFFERINGS I THE CHURCH"—N. S. Bendre



"IN THE GARDEN"—K. H. Ara

Centre and the Jehangir Art Gallery have offered to join in the effort to fight scarcity. Our leading painters have come forward and donated some of their best works for a fund-raising exhibition. Among them are such internationally recognised masters as M. F. Husain, Bendre, K. H. Ara, Swaminathan, Satish Gujral, Hebbar and Sabavala. The proceeds of the exhibition will go to help the victims of drought.

The unique nature of the exhibition has appealed to the Prime Minister, who donated two paintings from her personal collection. Forty-nine pieces from Japan have also been contributed.

The exhibition is to be inaugurated at Bombay's Jehangir Art Gallery on October 1 by the Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting, I. K. Gujral. A souvenir is to be published on the occasion for which 2½ lakh rupees' worth of advertisements have been collected. An equal amount has already come in from pre-exhibition sales of the paintings.

MORE PAINTINGS OVERLEAF

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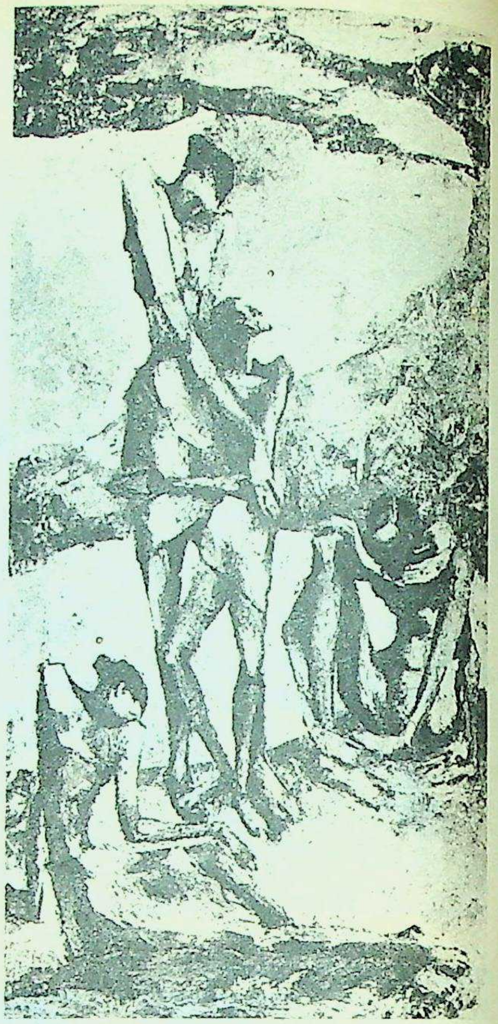
"THE MOON"—Murli Lahoti



"THE DROUGHT"—Mangala Jadhav

"MOTHER AND CHILD"
—Naren Panchal

"TWO KIDS"
—Deepak
Shinde

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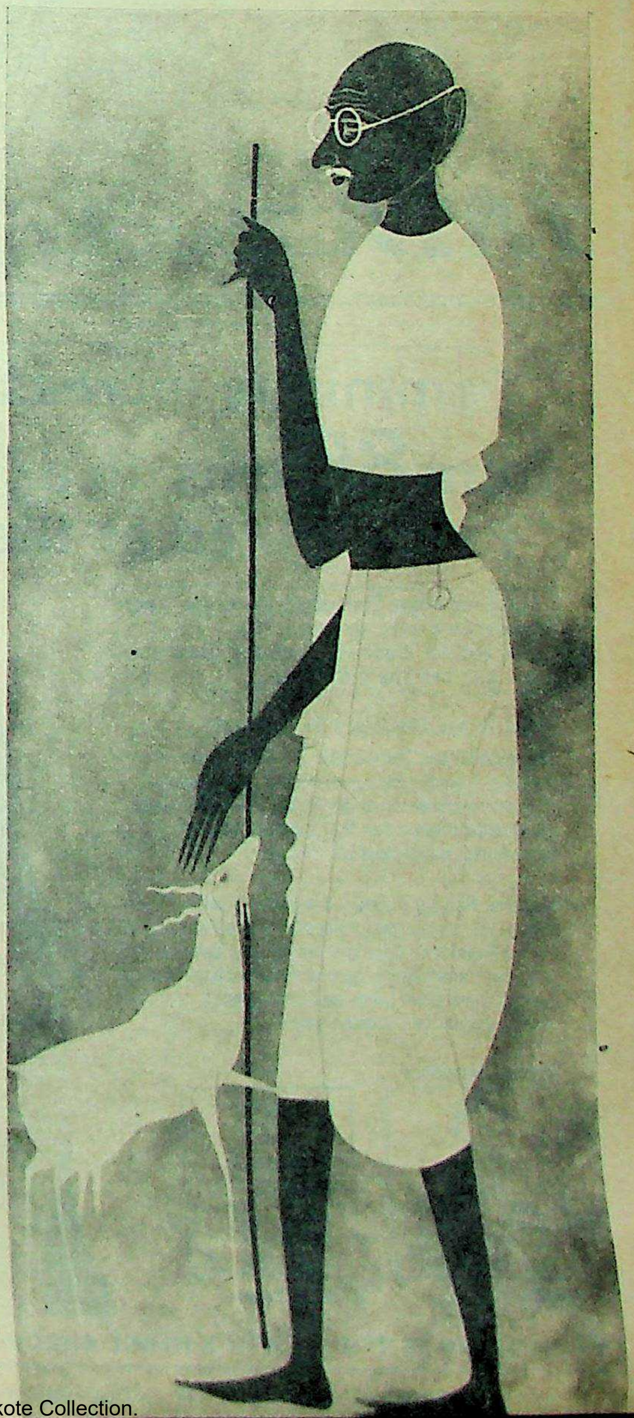
la Jadhav

"TWO KIDS"
—Deepak
Shinde

"FISHERWOMAN"—M. R. Acharekar

"DANCERS FROM DARBAR"—V. S. Sinnarkar

"AT REST"—H. M. Peddada



"MAHATMA GANDHI"—Rasik Raval

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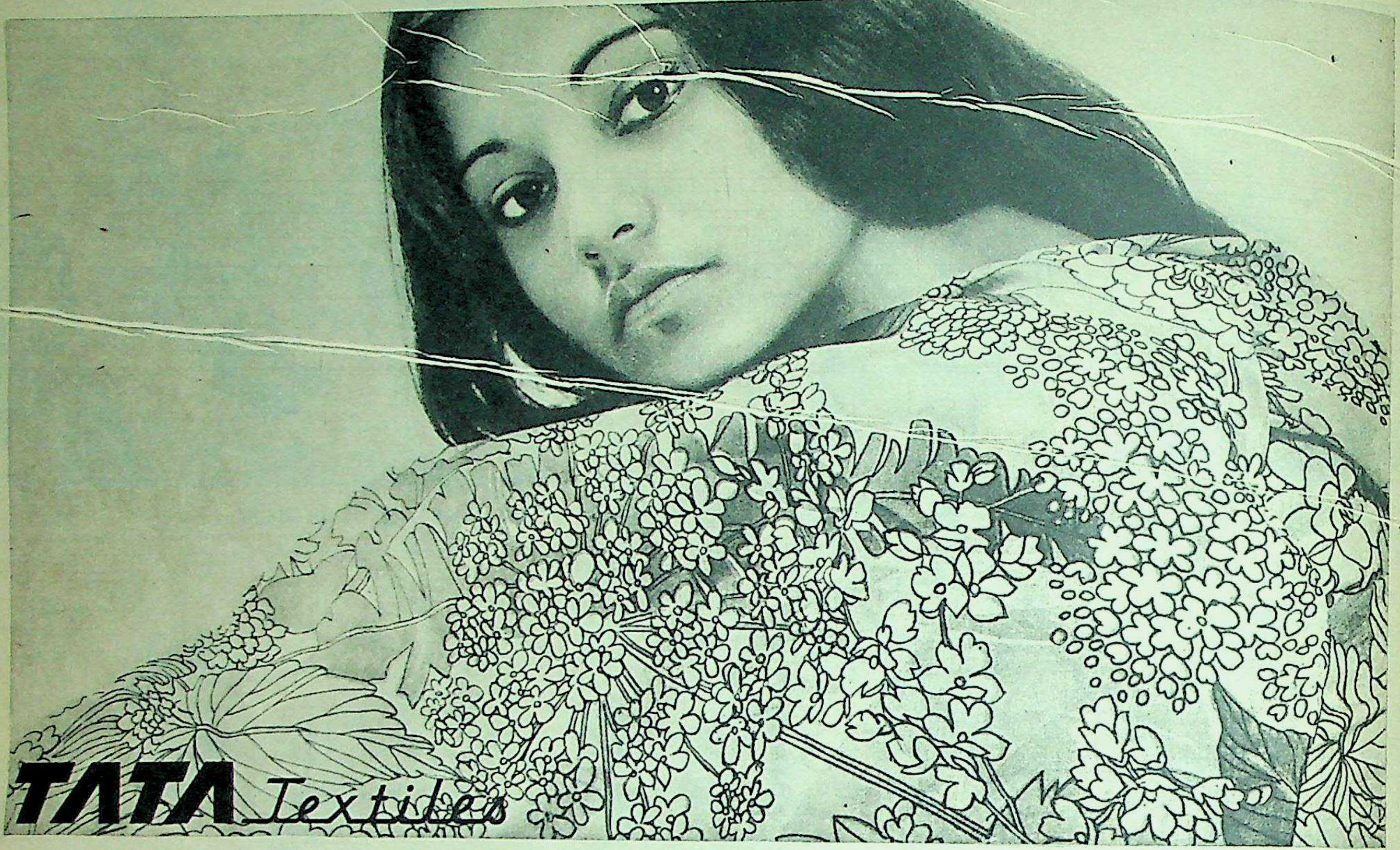
Look the woman you are

in Priyadarshini voile saris



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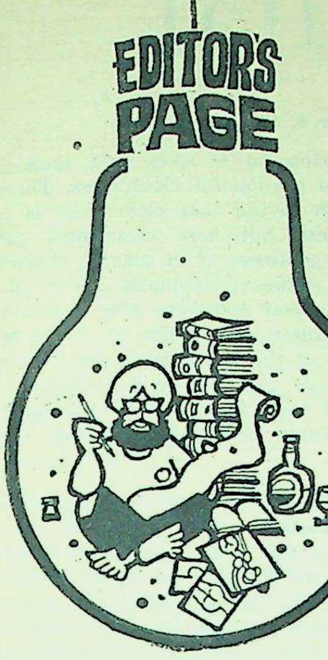


Bombay and Aligarh

I AM glad the Bombay doctors' strike is over. I am still unable to make up my mind on several issues. There is little doubt that they were miserably paid and the conditions in which they lived were not satisfactory. The Government's contention was equally valid when it maintained that the medicos were in fact post-graduate trainees who enjoyed the privilege of gaining experience and that this was no time for an agitation as the administration was in the red, having yet to recover from the effects of drought. Besides, any concession to doctors would have meant a chain reaction of demands by nurses and wardboys and other Government employees whose claims were stronger than those of doctors, most of whom came from comparatively affluent circumstances.

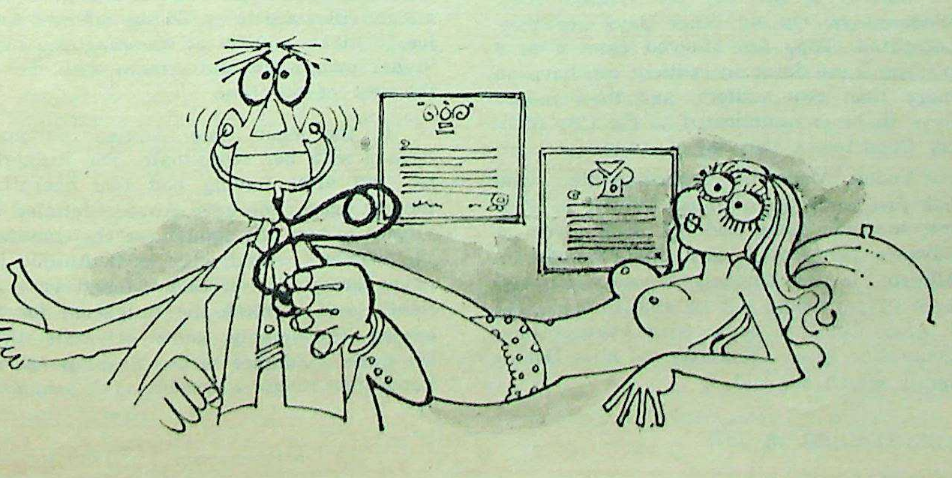
There were some amusing sidelights to the negotiations which went on round the clock for all the 27 days of the strike. Parties of doctors knocked at the doors of potential intermediaries and newspaper offices, spelling out their grievances. They got the sympathy they deserved. But it soon became apparent that when terms were proposed, there was no one to say Yes or No; the reply invariably was: "We will go back to the General Body." They did. And never came back. Even more frustrating was the number of self-appointed do-gooders whose chief occupation was to see that the credit for resolving the strike went to them and to no one else. Many a time when the terms were almost agreed upon, someone would throw a spanner in the works by undertaking to get the doctors a better deal; he would make one statement to the doctors, another to the Health Minister and the Chief Minister and a third one to newspaper correspondents. And each one tried to gain applause and the attention of the Prime Minister.

It is curious how the strike was made to appear as the Poor Doctors versus the Arrogant Government. The real victims were the sick. The more accurate portrayal would have been Doctors-versus-the Government-versus-the People.

The role of the press can only charitably be described as irresponsible. Inaccurate reporting and deliberate playing to emotions were common to all papers. If the Government's case went by default, it did so because of its poor public relations and bureaucratic handling of a very sensitive issue.

How objective our press was can be gauged from a contrast of the way it covered a parallel situation that took place in Aligarh some months ago. The strike of the doctors in Bombay was manifestly illegal, it affected no more than 700 men and women belonging largely to the upper or middle crust of society. Their eviction from their quarters at night was ham-handed and rightly received enormous publicity. In Aligarh there was no strike; the students were busy preparing for their examinations. They, as well as the staff, resented the amendments in the Aligarh Act and had been inviting Opposition leaders and eliciting their support. I was in Aligarh during those days; the students were agitated but the atmosphere was peaceful. And yet over 7,000 boys and girls, mostly belonging to poor families, were hauled out of their beds at 2 a.m. in the presence of armed police, packed in buses and sent off to their homes.

It was worse than a military operation. The evacuees wept, cried for help but no one cared. There was not a word of protest in any of the newspapers, almost as if this massive eviction of the innocent was of no concern to them. I leave the secular professions of our free press to the judgment of the readers.



Are We Cunning and Devious?

MANY years ago when I was teaching in Princeton University, Mohammed Sarfaraz, a friend of my college days, was Pakistan's Consul General in New York. We resumed our friendship and he often spent his week-ends with me. We discussed the affairs of our two countries and though our facts were often at variance, neither of us had any difficulty in appreciating the other's point of view.

One morning Sarfaraz rang me up and asked me if I had a copy of Kautilya's *Arthashastra* in English. I did not. Nor had I ever read anything more of him except excerpts quoted in different books. "Can you find it in your university library?" he asked me. I promised to look for it. When he came over the next week-end, I told him that there wasn't a copy in any of our libraries and asked him why he was so eager to read Kautilya. His reply shook me. "You cannot understand the Hindu mind without reading the *Arthashastra*," he asserted. "I am told it is compulsory reading for members of your diplomatic service and we who have to deal with them have been advised to study it."

"Nonsense!" I retorted angrily. "I know scores of fellows in our diplomatic service who don't know Kautilya from Chanakya (neither did Sarfaraz), nor the *Artha* from the *Kok* shastra."

I could not shake Sarfaraz's smug assumption that we Indians (he kept using the word Hindu) were devious, cunning and nimble-witted because centuries of study of Kautilya had twisted our minds into the shape of corkscrews. It was the only time our argument had become acrimonious.

Sarfaraz died some years ago but his remark continued to rankle in my mind. Are we Indians more cunning and devious than the Pakistanis? Recent encounters between us at Simla, Islamabad and Delhi would hardly bear out that interpretation. We started with all the trump-cards in our hands. We were eager to re-establish normal relations with Pakistan. After having unilaterally declared a ceasefire, we gave away the territories we had captured. But for the objections of our Bangladesh allies we would have returned the prisoners we had taken; instead, we spent over Rs 22 crores on them and earned opprobrium. And now we send the prisoners of war back to their homes without seeking any advantage for ourselves or persuading Pakistan to recognise Bangladesh. Are these examples of cunning or of unsuspecting, open-hearted generosity?

Our policy towards Pakistan is exactly the opposite of what Kautilya would have prescribed towards a neighbour. In his theory of *mandalas* he started with the assumption that a neighbour was necessarily an enemy and his neighbour on the other side consequently a friend. We have rejected that thesis. We will make friends with Pakistan. We should give them whatever they need from us and so wean them away from their reliance on other nations. We are the same kind of people with similar moral values. We share a common heritage, speak the same language, worship the same gods. Our interests are common. The Indian Government has done well. It should keep up the pressure of friendship. People who have India's interests at heart are with them.

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From A Russian Hospital

More antiseptic, more spacious, more restful—these are the impressions of the globe-trotting diplomat when he enlists as a patient in Moscow's Central Clinical Hospital.

by K. P. S. MENON

Moscow, August 30, 1972

I AM in a hospital again, this time in Moscow. Last week I was in the Safdarjung Hospital, Delhi, suffering—so Dr Goel's diagnosis went—from a kidney infection, a rectal boil and a sagging prostate gland. In record time Dr Goel and his guru, Col. R. D. Iyer, put me sufficiently right to undertake the journey to Moscow at the invitation of the Soviet-Indian Friendship Society in the USSR. There I participated in an International Seminar, which was attended by delegates from 79 countries, to commemorate the 50th anniversary of a historic event, the formation of the USSR. After the Seminar I was advised to enter this Hospital for a check-up.

My wife has accompanied me. She could not come with me as a wife, but only as a patient. The Polyclinic in Moscow was hard put to it to discover some ailment from which they could conscientiously certify that she was suffering. Anyhow, she was allowed to come, but she is not allowed to share my room, though there is a spare bed here. She has to share a room with a Bulgarian, a heart patient. On no account are husbands and wives permitted to occupy the same room.

As soon as we entered the Hospital, we were decorously stripped of our clothes, lest any germs should enter its hallowed precincts; and each of us was supplied with a pair of pyjamas, dressing gowns and slippers.

We were stripped of our money too. No cash is allowed to be taken into the rooms; it has to be deposited with the Cashier. A formal receipt was given to us for both the clothes and the money.

This is called "The Central Clinical Hospital, Moscow". Why it is called "Central" I do not know. Actually it is situated on the outskirts of Moscow and is surrounded by woods which, in their autumn colours, gold and red and copper, are at their loveliest now. Truly, they are, as the Chinese Emperor's gardens in his summer abode at Jehol used to be called, "a Paradise of Countless Trees".

August 31, 1972

This morning I underwent a preliminary examination at the hands of the doctor to be in charge of me. Her name is Tamara Konstantinovna Amankulieva. "Rather a long name, isn't it?" she asked. "Not at all," I said. "Listen to mine: Kumara Padmanabha Sivasankara Menon."

I cannot help comparing this Hospital with the Safdarjung Hospital. That is situated in the heart of Delhi; this in the suburbs of Moscow. That is surrounded by buildings; this by woods. In the Delhi Hospital, the patients' ears are assailed by the ceaseless, variegated hootings of cars, lorries and buses; here, there is no sound except the twittering of birds. The Safdarjung Hospital is enveloped in a haze of dust here, not a speck of it is to be seen.

To draw a comparison between Safdarjung and this Hospital is, however, not fair. The former is, as it prides itself to be, a "Janata" Hospital. The Russian one belongs to the Central Committee of the Party, which is the policy-making organ of the state. It is meant for its Members, who, together with the Candidate Members, number 250, and for guests from abroad and the elite of society.

What? An elite in a classless society? Yes, there is an elite here, too, but it is one based not on birth or wealth but on services to the Party and the people.

September 1, 1972

During the last few days, my pulse, which normally beats between 72 and 78, has been racing up to a hundred. This baffled the doctors at first, but now Tamara Konstantinovna has discovered the cause. It is the reaction to the hormone injection given to me in the Polyclinic. Together with the injection which was given to me a week earlier in the Safdarjung Hospital, this injection might have proved too strong. My entire system seems to be bristling with hormones!

September 2, 1972

In the evening I went for a walk in the woods. I spotted a little lake and was disappointed that there were no swans as there are in the lovely sanatorium in the Crimea, Niahniya Arianda, in which we are to stay next week. However, there are fish which attacked a piece of bread that we threw into the lake as furiously as our Gnats attacked the Pakistani planes during the war, giving them what was called Gnat-mare.

September 3, 1972

It is Sunday and there is hardly any activity in the Hospital. In fact, Saturday, too, is a non-working day. Here, as elsewhere in Europe, the five-day week has come to stay; and the problem is how to train people to use leisure properly and not to abuse it. In Russia vodka is a great temptation, though measures are taken from time to time to discourage it.

Sunday is the day for visitors. Also, Wednesdays. On no other days are they permitted. They are allowed from 4 to 6 p.m. on these days; one patient can have no more than two visitors; and their names have to be communicated to the City Militia Department two days in advance.

Today, Unni, my granddaughter, who has just come from India, wanted to visit me, but her name had not been given in advance. However, I learnt that Damodaran, Minister in our Embassy, whose name had been given, would not be able to come. So I asked Unni to come with Purushottam, Counsellor in our Embassy, as Miss Damodaran, which she did.

September 4, 1972

The Hospital is spick and span. The staff has a passion for cleanliness. There is an English saying that cleanliness is next to godliness, but here cleanliness comes first, and godliness, if at all, far down the ladder of virtues. Cleanliness is a social necessity, whereas godliness is at best a personal weakness. Yet, unlike the early fanatical days of the Revolution, this weakness is nowadays tolerated and certainly not persecuted, even though it is still regarded as a weakness, denoting intellectual immaturity.

In the Safdarjung Hospital a patient is almost invariably accompanied by his relations who stay with him in the Hospital as long as he is there. In the overcrowded wards, one can see people sleeping on the beds, between the beds and under the beds. This would be inconceivable here; it would strike the highly germ-conscious Russian as suicidal folly. **Yet I wonder whether in the Safdarjung Hospital the percentage of deaths is much greater than in the more exclusive hospitals of Delhi. Perhaps, the common man is more immune to germs than the more fastidious sections of society. Even germs do not have the heart to hurt him!**

September 5, 1972

Today, I was examined by Vera Petrovna, a distinguished surgeon. She has ruled out our going to the Crimea on the 7th. She insists that I should not leave the Hospital until my rectal abscess is cured.

This Hospital is truly a kingdom of women. It is run entirely by them. Or so it seems. I have not yet come across a male doctor. In the Soviet Union, 80% of the doctors are female.

The nurses are all women. They are very efficient. Some would qualify for a prize in a beauty competition. In the USSR, however, beauty competitions are taboo; they are regarded as part of the debasing commercialisation of sex, which goes on gaily elsewhere.

September 6, 1972

Tamara Konstantinovna has taken pity on Anujee for being separated from her husband. She has told her that she may spend the whole day with me; she could have spent the night too, but she said, with a sigh, rules are rules. So she advised Anujee to make a show of spending the night in her own room and remain with me for the rest of the time.

In the mean time, Anujee has made friends with her room-mate. The Bulgarian has left after having had two operations for the heart. She gave Anujee detailed advice as to how she should use the commode, the women's urinal, etc. As if Anujee had never known these! She listened very patiently and thanked the Bulgarian for her advice. Presumably, some orientals—there are quite a number in the Hospital—do not know how to use a western-style commode.

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The Bulgarian's bed in Anujee's room has now been taken by a woman from Guinea. She and Anujee have no language in common; yet, with a few broken words in English, French and Russian, they have been able to become friends.

September 7, 1972

It is more than a week since we came to this Hospital. How time flies without one doing anything at all! In fact, one is not allowed to do any kind of work, not even writing this diary, which I do on the sly.

I have had no special treatment except some X-ray exposures for the boil, ten minutes every day. But the real tonic is the peace and beauty of this place.

No Morning "Cha"

The food is excellent. It includes even that delicacy of delicacies, caviare. Only one thing we miss, and that is the early morning tea, a custom which is unknown here. So we decided to make the tea ourselves and asked Paul, an Embassy official, to buy two thermos flasks for us so that we could fill them with hot water the previous night and make tea ourselves the next morning.

When I stayed in the Safdarjung Hospital, I found that the meals there, too, were, by Indian standards, good. A commendable custom is the supply of excellent milk to all the patients. One day, Anujee saw a boy taking the milk round in a huge barrel. She took a glass and asked him how much it cost. Cost! the boy exclaimed contemptuously. Cost for this milk? *"Yeh Central Government ka doodh hai."*

SEPTEMBER 8, 1972

Apart from the efficiency of the doctors and nurses, the two things which strike me most in the Hospital are its cleanliness and orderliness. Here, the doctors and nurses do not have to rush about from one case to another. In India, it is always a race against time, with time always the winner. There is no paucity of doctors in the USSR; after all, one out of every four doctors in the world is a Soviet national. The result is that there is an easy-going rhythm about life in this Hospital which has an almost curative effect on the minds of the patients.

The number of doctors, nurses and other Hospital personnel must be many times the number of patients. I wanted to compare the situation here with the situation in India and tried to get the figures of the number of patients, doctors, surgeons, nurses and other attendants, but in vain.

The fact is that the Soviet authorities still suffer from an exaggerated sense of the need for secrecy. In Stalin's days, this was almost pathological. In my first year in Moscow, one could not get a road map of the city and no one would tell me the distance from Moscow to Leningrad. All was top secret. Those days are gone.

Gone, too, is the "Iron Curtain". Now tourists come by the thousand; they can even hire a car and go about all over the country except in some highly sensitive border regions. Why, I myself have travelled across the length and breadth of the country, visiting every Republic of the Union, including the once-dreaded but now fast-developing Siberia.

The Soviet Union has taken big strides towards the goal of an open society, but I hope it will never become so open a society as ours, where it is all but impossible to keep a secret.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1972

Though we are tucked away in this Hospital, far from Moscow, we are in constant touch with our Embassy. Damodaran, the Minister—an invaluable link between different, and different types of, Ambassadors drawn from different professions—career diplomacy, Kashmir politics and high-class journalism—and Purushottam, the very able Counsellor, who started his service under me in Moscow, have been most helpful. So has Ambassador Shelvankar, despite his preoccupation with an unending stream of delegations from India, of which the latest is one led by Tikki Kaul, Foreign Secretary.

I understand that his talks in Moscow went off very well. Prime Minister Kosygin himself received the delegation and had a long talk with them. India is reaping the fruits of the seed sown by Jawaharlal Nehru in the fifties. I was in Moscow during the sowing season and am happy to see the golden harvest coming in.

Too Many Delegations

I am not, however, sure whether the habit of sending delegations in season and out of season, is not overdone. After all, we have an "Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary" in all major capitals; and to send a delegation to do a job which he, with his local contacts and local knowledge, can do equally well, if not better, is to impair the Ambassador's usefulness and prestige. It also immobilises him. With one delegation after another descending on him, Ambassador Shelvankar is hardly able to stir out of Moscow.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1972

This Hospital, or at any rate this wing, is a house of all nations. I have never seen so many nationalities under one roof, except in the Lumumba University, where students from 84 countries are studying side by side with the Russians. Here there are human beings of every colour, black and jet black, brown and light brown, white and cadaverously pale.

Only, the yellow race is conspicuous by its absence. Its sole representative is a Mongol who sits at the same table as Anujee. My own meals are served in my room; Anujee goes to the dining room and has greater opportunities for meeting the inmates of the Hospital.

To the Mongol, African faces are highly intriguing, evidently he had never seen them before. "Why have they such funny hair?" he asked Anujee. Anujee replied that she might as well ask why the Chinese and others have such slanting eyes. The Mongol laughed heartily and said that big eyes and big noses are regarded as ugly by the Chinese. And Anujee has both.

Among the foreigners is an Iraqi who prays six times a day. This first amused and afterwards irritated his room-mate who complained to the authorities, and he was moved to another room. When the table was being laid for lunch, an Italian tried half-jokingly to appropriate his neighbour's portion of caviare. *"Nilzhiya takoi hooliganism"* ("No such hooliganism is permitted"), said the waitress seriously and she put back the misappropriated caviare on the right plate.

The operation room is the last word in cleanliness.

There is a South African who spent three years in New Delhi as wife of the first representative of the African National Congress in India. She spoke nostalgically of her days in India. There are also two Indians, both Bengalis. One went up to my wife and said: "You look Indian." "I *am* Indian," said my wife. "Can't you make that out from my nose-ring?" The other said: "There is a man in the Hospital who looks like K. P. S. Menon." "He is K. P. S. Menon," she replied. "And he is my husband."

One of the Indians had lost his memory for a time and is slowly regaining it. The other had an occasional bleeding from the lungs which, too, has shown signs of improvement. For dedicated and often obscure men and women, coming from different parts of the world, this Hospital, situated in ideal surroundings and staffed with expert doctors and surgeons, is indeed a boon.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1972

Our stay in the Hospital is coming to an end. My abscess is better, though it has not disappeared; the kidneys are functioning normally; and the prostate gland is less sluggish than before. After a hectic year in India, full of incessant travel, a few days of perfect rest in this idyllic spot has done me a world of good. So has it to Anujee. She, too, feels refreshed, thanks to the lovely forest air, the walks in the woods, the nourishing food, the daily massage and injections of Vitamin B1.

In a few hours we shall be leaving this "Paradise of Countless Trees". There awaits us another, and an almost treeless paradise,

—Continued

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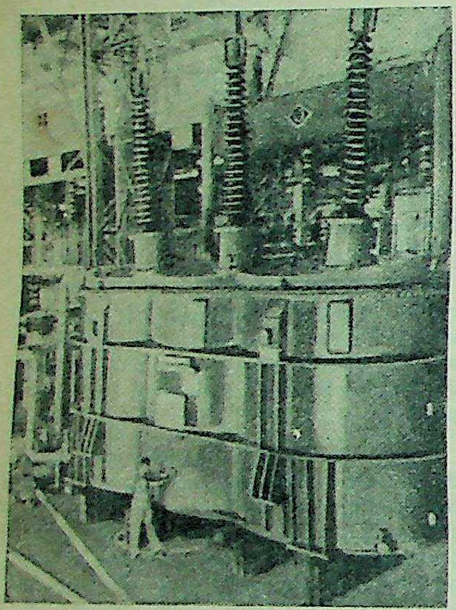

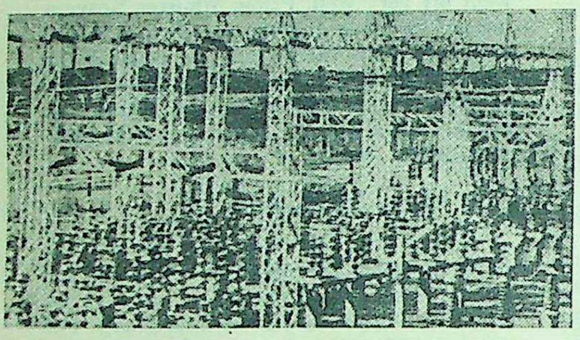

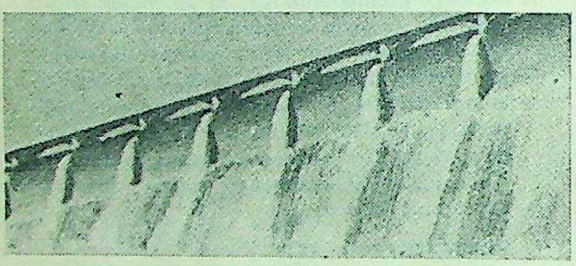

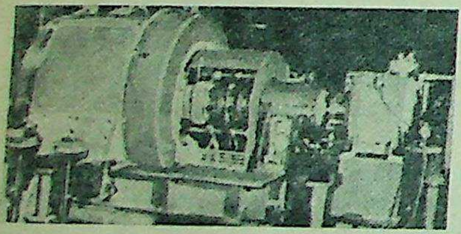

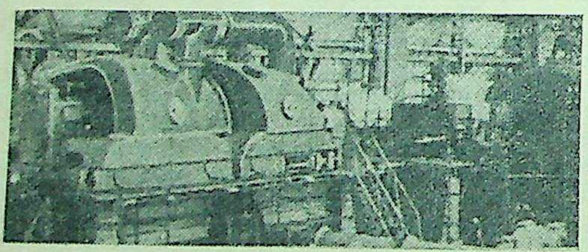

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the Crimea, with the sea on three sides and the bare hills on the other, which have some substance that absorbs the moisture and makes the climate of the Crimea dry and bracing.

NOVEMBER 24, 1972

On our return from the Crimea, I entered this Hospital again on October 17 and have been here ever since. As usual, my wife has accompanied me though she has no special ailments to complain of. This time they have allowed us to stay in the same room as a special privilege. Kumaran, an MP from Kerala, and his wife are in this Hospital too, but they have to sleep in separate rooms. But they are young; and we, being septuagenarians, have reached a stage when we can safely be put in the same room. Or so they think.

This time I am not in a mood to keep a daily diary. Nature, which was enthralling in September, now leaves me cold. In September, it was clad in the golden glory of autumn. By October, the glory had faded. **The trees had begun to shed their leaves frantically, as if at the behest of the Spirit of Death which was commanding them to shed their earthly finery and join the Kingdom of the Dead. The "Paradise of Countless Trees" has now become a "Purgatory of Leafless Trees", waiting for their rebirth in the Spring.**

I am no longer interested in the oddities of my fellow patients either. All my attention is concentrated on myself and the coming operation. A few days after I entered the Hospital, Vera Petrovna, the principal surgeon, told me that my abscess had penetrated inwards and needed an operation. Was I agreeable? she asked. "Yes," I said, "but is it major surgery?" "An operation is an operation," said Vera Petrovna cryptically.

During the next fortnight I was thoroughly examined to make sure that I could stand the operation. No bride was more elaborately prepared for the altar than I for the operating table. Every vital organ was tested and re-tested, X-rayed and re-X-rayed. The blood, the urine and the faeces were examined dozens of times. Even radiological tests were applied to ascertain the state of the kidney and the liver.

The Operation

On October 26, I was given a pain-killing injection and taken to the operation room which was the last word in cleanliness. The operation began at 10.00 a.m. It was expected to last forty minutes; actually it took an hour and fifteen minutes and was performed under local anaesthesia. I was perfectly conscious all the time and knew that something was being cut and scraped away in my body. Occasionally I could hear Vera Petrovna saying: *"Ochin trudna, ochin trudna"* ("Very difficult, very difficult").

I spent my time watching the clock and seeing the minute hand and the second hand moving; and occasionally I recited a magic mantra which I had learnt from Anujee to be recited in moments of danger. The last time I recited it so fervently was when I was crossing on horseback the hazardous passes, and on yakback the even more hazardous glaciers, of the Karakorams in the course of an overland journey from India to China.

At 11.20 I was wheeled back into my room. For the next three days I was allowed to take nothing but soup, tea and water. The great endeavour of the doctors was to prevent me from having a motion for the first seven days, lest it should infect the operated portion.

In spite of all precautions, I had a loose motion on the third day. Vera Petrovna was in despair. This was the worst thing that could have happened, she said. "You are not responsible," she went on, "and we are not responsible. This is God's work." I thought that my state must be pretty serious for a Soviet citizen to have invoked God. By God, however, she could have meant nothing more than providence (p not in capitals). Anyhow her despair affected me too, but I remembered that cowards died many times before their death and braced myself to die but once. An array of specialists examined me and I was given injection after injection, including an intravenous one every day.

Progress Report

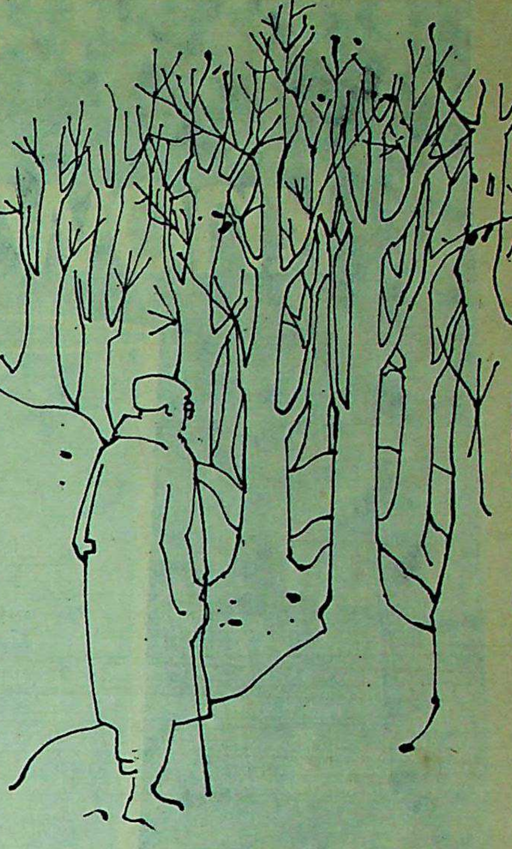
By the 6th day, the worst was over. On the 8th day I was allowed to get up from bed; on the 9th, to take a few steps in my room; on the 10th, to go to the adjoining bathroom, and on the 11th day, to walk in the corridor. On the 12th day I was allowed to go outdoors, though, in this sub-zero temperature and with ice forming on the paths, the woods were far from inviting.

On the 8th day after the operation, the wound was opened and dressed by Vera Petrovna herself and on succeeding days by her brilliant colleague, Natalia Vassilovna. They decided to keep me hospitalised not only until the wound was healed but until I had regained my strength and weight. We have just been told that we may leave the Hospital next week.

During our long days in the Hospital, the television in our room was a great stand-by. That was so particularly during the festive days of the 55th anniversary of the Revolution. While watching the military parade on November 7 on television, my thoughts went back to similar parades and processions on the nine anniversaries which I had watched from Red Square as India's representative in Moscow.

The first of those was in 1952 at the 35th anniversary of the Revolution, when Josef Stalin made his last appearance. The speech made by Marshal Grechko, the Head of the Soviet Armed Forces this year, was a pronounced contrast to the speeches in the early fifties, reflecting the intensity of the cold war. This year, too, there were a few stray references to imperialism, but they sounded an almost routine exercise. This was not surprising because we are witnessing a great rapprochement between the Great Powers and the virtual dissolution of the cold war.

While watching the military parade, I also recalled a curious incident which occurred in 1948 when I was Foreign Secretary. K. V. Novikov, the Soviet Ambassador, came to see me and complained that a Soviet film showing the military parade in Red Square had been unjustifiably declared unfit for public exhibition by the Indian Board of



"On the 12th day, I was allowed to go outdoors."

Censors. On inquiry, I found that the reason was that the Board felt that the film might unduly impress the Indian people with Russia's strength. As if the victor of Stalingrad needed any such extraneous device for underlining its military might! I got in touch with H. V. R. Iengar, the Home Secretary, and P. C. Chaudhury, the Information Secretary, and we decided to have a private view of the film, together with our wives. We were unanimous in holding that the reason for disallowing the film was flimsy and reported the matter to Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru; and he unhesitatingly ordered that the film be shown.

Changed Attitudes

Those were the days when, in the hang-over from the British period, we were inclined to view the Soviet Union through Western eyes. There were some notable exceptions like Jawaharlal Nehru, but even he would not have foreseen that a day would come when the two Great Powers, and many not so great, would range themselves against India in the grimmest ordeal which she had had to face since Independence, and that India would have to rely on the support of the USSR and conclude with her a Treaty of Peace, Friendship and Cooperation.

On November 7, all the foreign patients in this Hospital decided to meet in the afternoon to felicitate our hosts on their National Day. We found that we hailed from 18 different countries, namely, Bangladesh, Ceylon, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, France, Guinea, Guatemala, Honduras, India, Iraq, Mongolia, Norway, Peru, Portugal, Sweden, Syria, Uruguay and Vietnam.

For us all, the stay in this superb Hospital was not merely curative but recuperative for the mind as well as for the body.

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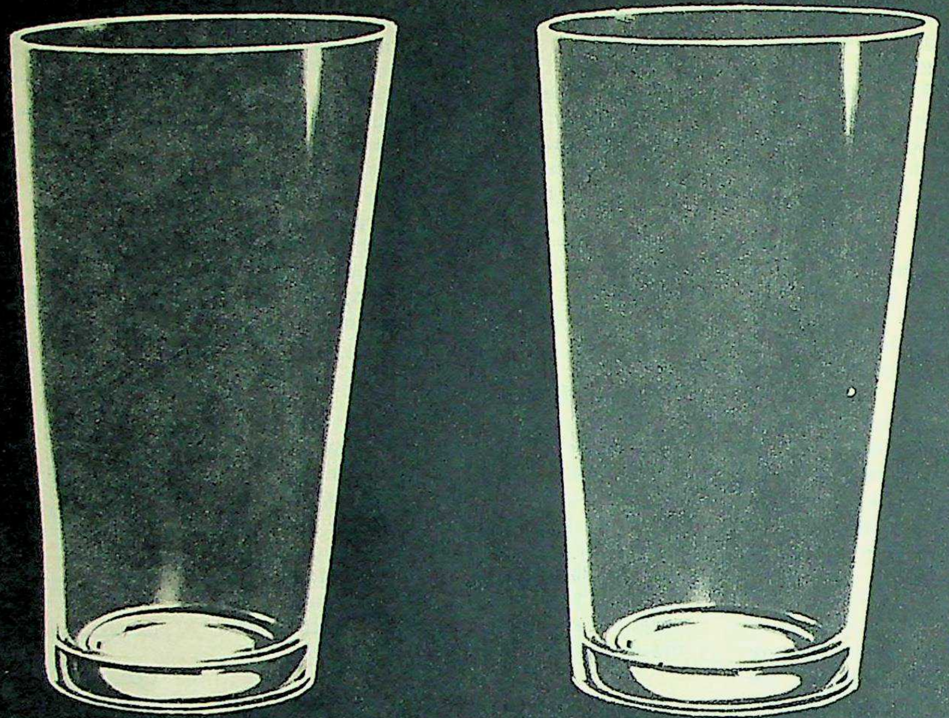
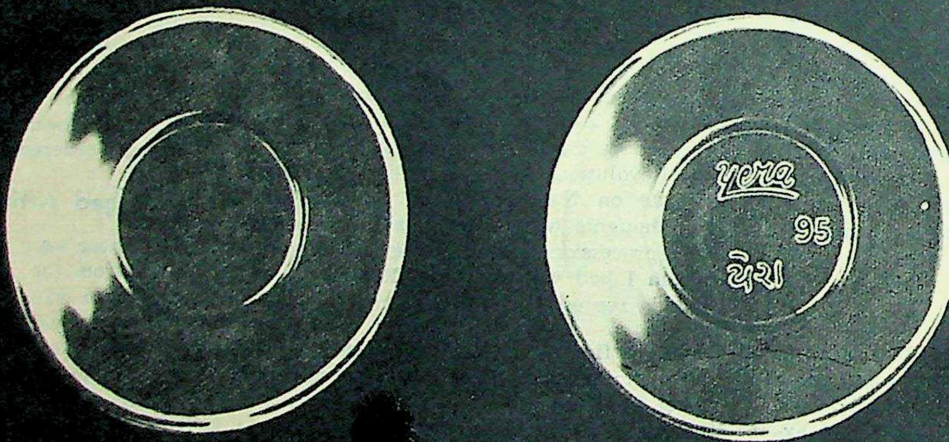


till you've looked inside



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TEACH YOURSELF PHOTOGRAPHY

Use The Correct Film

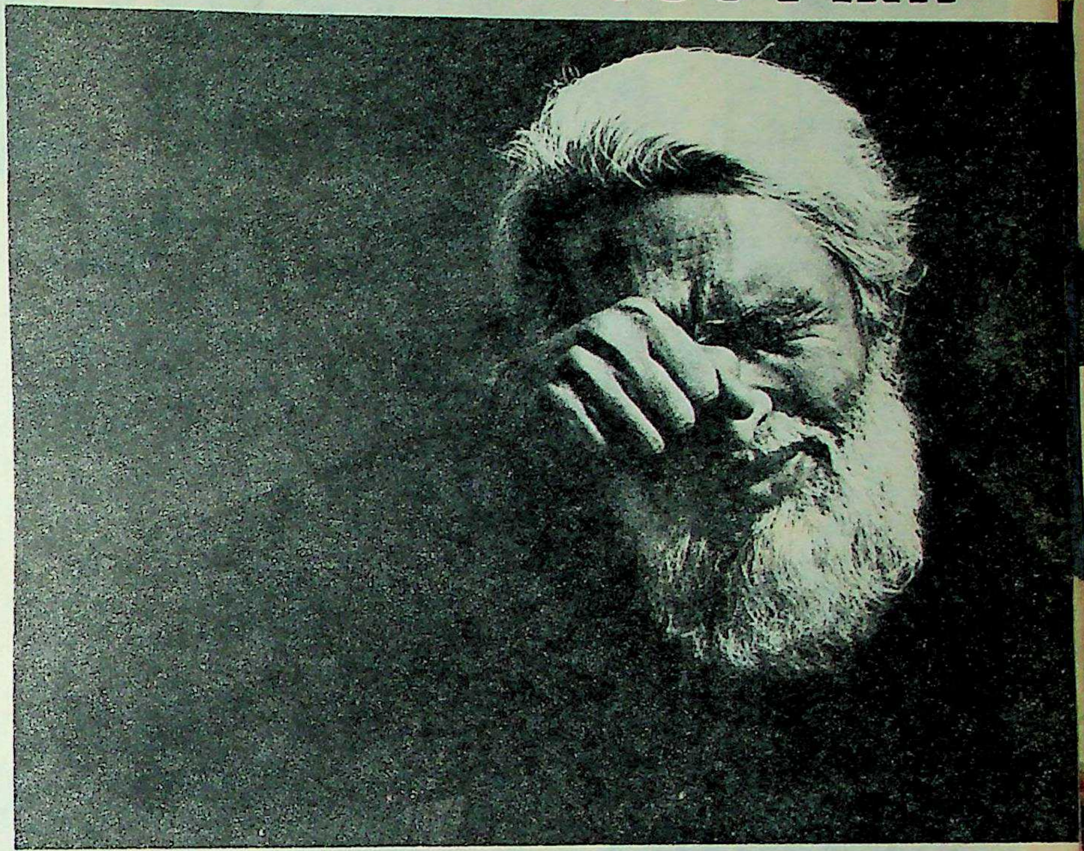
Treat the subject differently and it becomes a new one. That is creative photography. The film you use is very important.

by GURMEET SINGH

IF you want your photographs to be memorable, keep in mind it is not through the cameras and other accessories you collect in your lifetime but what you do with them. To take a picture, your framework is made of a camera, film, exposure, pose, lighting, processing and, most important, composition. The first six are techniques anyone can master: the rest is *you*. Your aesthetic taste, your sense of proportion—I can show you good and bad examples—but after that, you're on your own.

The secret is to make the best of what you have. Get used to it, learn its limitations and then exploit all the attributes. There are *no* bad cameras or films. It is up to you to get the most out of them. Lenses, if you can change them, can be a great help. The wide lens in close cramped situations; for portraiture try something just a bit longer than normal. For the 35-mm users, an 85 mm or even a 105 mm are just right, and, for the 6 × 6 mm size, I find the 105-mm Sekor on my Mamiya makes an ideal combination.

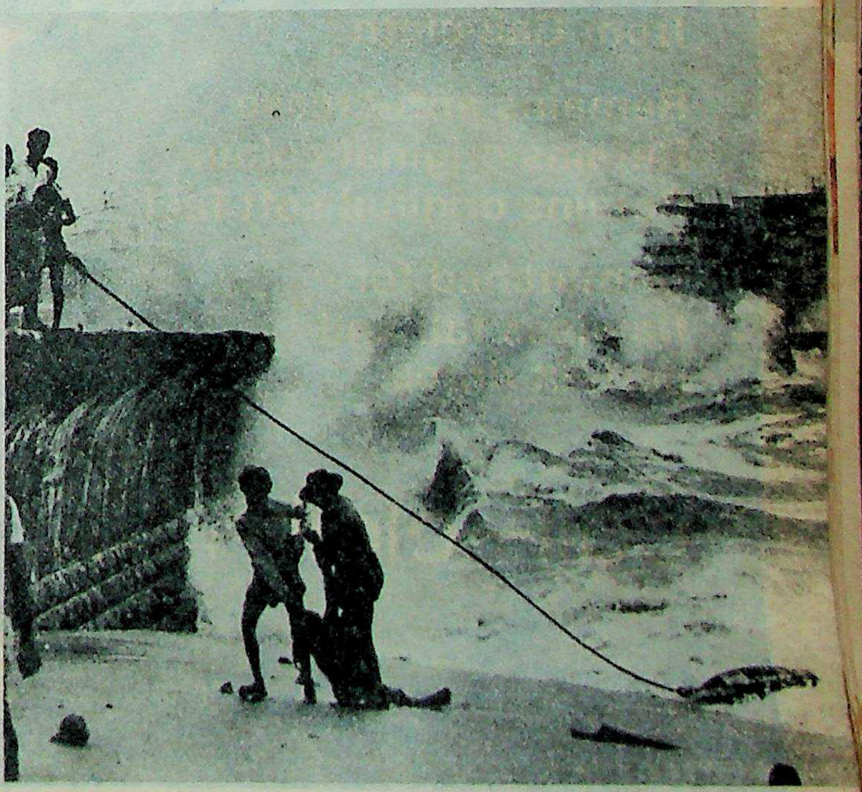
Faster films are very good in our harsh sunlight (give more shadow detail) and, for cameras with small apertures, just right in poor light; but not so good for large prints. The slower films are better for enlargements, but harsher with the shadows, so you must learn to make your own compromises. I use the Fuji 200 ASA—gives me all I want. The important thing is to stick to one film, one camera.



IMPRESSIONS OF AN ARTIST. Young Chandrima Shaha has captured painter M. F. Husain in a masterpiece as poetic as one of his canvases. An excellent study.

THEIR MAN HAS LEFT THEM. Tragedy is the theme of this picture by M. K. Varghese. A fisherman's family moans his loss at sea. No words could be so eloquent.

RESCUE. Saby Fernandez waited three hours before he could document this dramatic moment. The girl lived. The important thing in photography is "composition".



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AN INNER VIEW FROM THE OUTSIDE

by SUBODH MATHUR

Delhi—the City of Smiles they call it. One day the Frog in The Pond decided to visit Delhi. Little did he know that it was like a heartless octopus trying to crush everything within reach . . .

I HAD lived a long time in Delhi and so I thought I knew it well. Delhi with its Connaught Place, South Extension, Jama Masjid, India Gate; and its "CD" cars and "DLZ" taxis. With friends in R.K. Puram, Karol Bagh, Model Town, Daryaganj; Delhi, where life is fun: go zipping down Ring Road on a relentless Jawa; see a movie in a posh hall (tickets in black); coffee at Palam at midnight. Delhi, the City of Smiles! But now I am back in my village, like a Frog in the pond.

One day the Frog in the Pond decided to visit Delhi, that ocean of happy people. Little did he know that it was like a heartless octopus stretching its tentacles, trying to crush everything within reach. So, soon after his arrival, he reached for the telephone. "May I speak to the Elephant, please?"

—*Continued*

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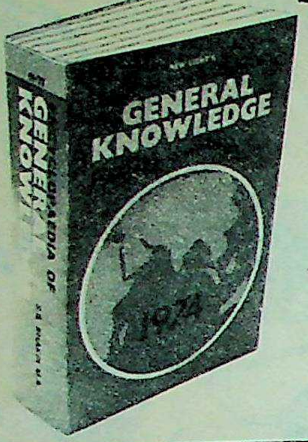

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TRENDS

"Yes, could you hold on? I'll call him from the den."

"What have you been doing in a den?" I asked.

"Studying hard. Elephants are not supposed to forget, you know. I've got a competitive exam coming up soon. Rather busy these days. Why don't you meet me at the swimming-pool?"

"No, thanks, I have other things to do. See you some other time."

Other things to do indeed! Who ever heard of a Frog from the Pond donning swimming trunks?

Delhi, the City of Smiles they call it. Where hard-working professors are denounced as CIA agents and people running study circles are worshipped as demigods. Where girls whizzing by on motorcycle pillions lead Mittyesque lives; where autorickshaws are for ever trying to fleece you; where people running to catch the "17C" to Mehrauli don't care which old lady is being left behind.

The Butterfly asked: "When did you come?"

"Two or three days ago," replied the Frog from the Pond.

"Sorry but I have to meet *L*... in front of Plaza in ten minutes' time. I hope you know I am going around with her these days. Want a lift till Connaught Place?"

"Not really. You see, I came only to meet you." A puzzled "Oh" from the Butterfly.

DELHI, the City of Smiles! Where the youths fall in love readily but rarely get married; and where those who do accept huge dowries from their in-laws; where the number of girls you know is a status symbol; where slinky discotheques provide an outlet for social frustration.

The IBEX (*I*ndian *B*usiness *Ex*ecutive) is rarely found in Delhi, where clerks see movies on overtime money and higher-ups manage on complimentary passes. However, it abounds in potential ibexes.

"Fraternal greetings, Brother Frog," said one of them and turned on a 40-watt smile. "Have a smoke." And he pulled out a twenties-pack of filter kings.

He had just finished applying to DCM, FCI, SBI, TCS, CAFI, FACT... and, as a last resort, to that doubly blessed refugee camp, JNU. What was he doing now? Nothing, really, except that he had just been "high" on LSD and STP. Wouldn't that affect his chances of getting a job? No, it wouldn't; an uncle... By then the FFTP (Frog From The Pond) had left in disgust.

In the City of Smiles, the posters tell you: KEEP DELHI CLEAN—IT BELONGS TO YOU. Belong? To Whom? Delhi, where even poverty has been abbreviated to the J. J. Colonies. *Jhuggi Jhonpri*, if you please. Where young modernised Sardarjis hog the roads in "Left Hand Drive, No Signal" cars while older God-fearing ones haul passengers in "*Papu Di Gaddi*, O.K., Ta Ta".

The Owl looked annoyed at being woken up at five in the evening. "But since one has not seen you for a long time, it doesn't matter."

He looked dazed and his room was filled with a mild odour.

"Have you been smoking *charas*?" the Frog from the Pond asked suspiciously.

"Huh-huh, good Kashmiri stuff! Got it cheap from a German whom I offered a sleeping place."

"But why don't you look at reality? Aren't you concerned about the way things are?"

"You are an ass!" said the Owl. "Reality is that my dad is getting me a job one of these days."

"I am not an ass," I protested. "I am a Frog from the Pond."

"That is why you are an ass," retorted the Owl sagely and went back to sleep.

He lives in the City of Smiles. Where there are two rat races in the morning and two rat races in the evening—and in which everybody loses. The morning rat races start at nine; they are from Old to New, and from Newer to New. The evening rat races start at five, and they run from New to Old, and from New to Newer, so that, at the end of the day, everybody is back at Square One. Yet they call it the City of Smiles—where are the smiles? On the faces of the people rushing about here and there like ants, always travelling, never arriving?

THE Redbird was coming out of a discotheque. He raised his left hand in greeting because with his right he clutched a crash helmet.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Have been swinging on the floor."

"Swinging? You? On the floor? But what about the Revolution?"

"I am glad you brought that up. A lot of people have misunderstood me. I am making a first-hand study of the inner contradictions of the decadent capitalist class so that, when the Revolution comes, we will be able to annihilate these exploiters of mankind."

That sounded impressive. "When can I talk to you about this? It's an entirely new angle and I am interested."

"I am sorry but there's no chance of that," he said as he put the key into the ignition switch. "I am going abroad in a few days to study the inner antagonistic

—*Continued*

"Hi!" I met her at the bus stop while waiting for a "19X".

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contradictions of the Western capitalist class." And he roared away.

I MET her at the bus stop while waiting for a "19X". She was a mere acquaintance, even though I had known her for years. I had my own circle, my own niche, my own friends, and they were all from Delhi. So I hadn't bothered to know her better. There she was now, bag slung over shoulder, a determined look in her eyes; she was thumbing for a lift.

Yes, I thought, Delhi, the City of Smiles, where even pretty girls have to look for rides from strangers, because the people in the buses won't even let them stand in peace, far from giving them a seat. It's been some time since I last saw her. I wonder what she's... "Hi!" A monosyllabic greeting invented by the usually voluble Americans. What a world of ideas they have managed to compress into this two-letter word! One human being *recognises* another (exit Frog from the Pond) and what can be better than that?

By the time she got off at ITO, we had exchanged a lot of news and gossip. She had taught at a boys' school in her home town for some time. Then she had done a project for a local firm. She had come to Delhi for just a day or two and so she wouldn't be able to meet me again. That didn't matter: the Frog from the Pond was now back in the City of Smiles! No wonder that he laughed heartily when the conductor called out "Hara Bagh!" at Green Park.

I *went* to meet *her*. Knock-knock. "Who's there?" she asked, as in the joke.

"Opportunity," I replied, for now there was hope in my heart.

"Hello." A "Hello", you notice, and not a "*No*".

"Hello," said the Frog from the Pond, not one to be outdone in matters of courtesy. Who was it who sang: *I saw her face and now I am a believer*? Never mind, for I am not one. But I had fallen, hook, line and sinker, for that face, though there was not even a bait at the end of the hook. And that smile! Had flipped for it like a coin which came down to rest on its edge, not knowing whether to fall heads or tails. But what good had that face and that smile done when all that they had ever said was "No"? This time it was a "Hello" and not a "No".

There was silence followed by pedantic talk: biochemistry, geophysics, psychometrics. Then, courageously, the frog said: "Would you like to...?"

"No."

"Would you like...?"

"No."

"Would you...?"

"No."

"Would...?"

"No."

"*No?*"

"Yes, no."

Silence. Very awkward silence; broken by a delirious yell of joy from a group of people crowding around a transistor set. Nervously, I said: "Durani's probably hit a six."

"Couldn't be—he's not playing that well today. Probably a dropped catch."

"If you think so."

"Yes, I do." *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*? Not she; she has feelings. But for a Frog from the Pond?

My shoes weighed twenty pounds each as I walked away. The rational part of me tried to tell me that she is not *all* that great; that there was no point in wasting so much time and energy over her. But does a Frog from the Pond have a rational mind? Can he think logically and calculate things? Does he have that artifice without which it is difficult to survive in Delhi?

The Frog from the Pond brought down the castles in the air which he had built and put them in his pocket. Like a whipped cur, with his tail in his legs, he went to his master. "Good morning, Sir."

"Morning."

"May I cry on your shoulder, Sir?"

"What?"

"The Frog from the Pond requests permission to cry on your shoulders, Sir."

"No, no, you can't do that; my cardigan is imported from England."

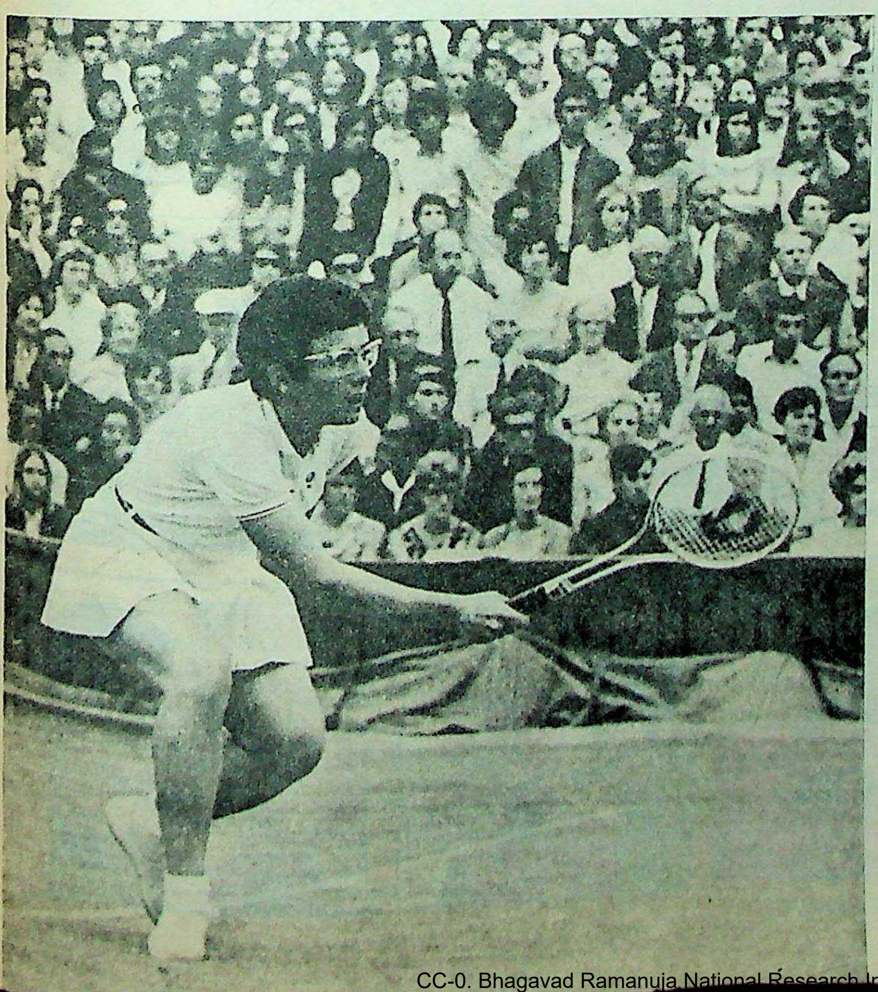
"Imported! From England! Then may I... May I touch it, Sir?"

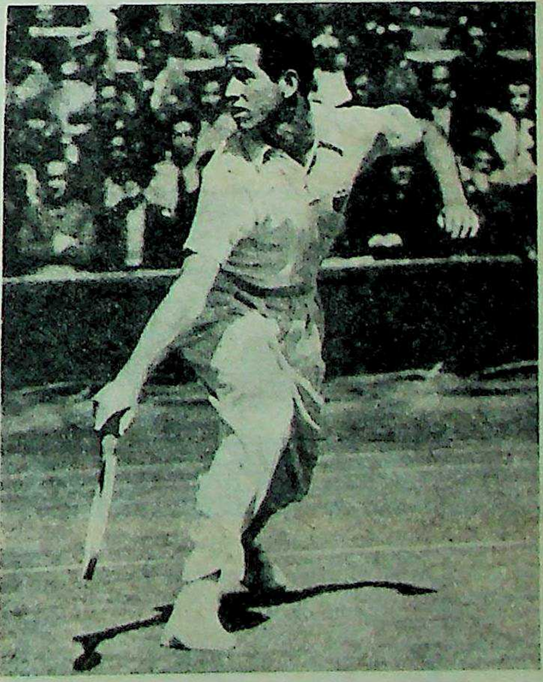
"OK, OK, but hurry up. I've no time to waste."

It's not his fault, for everyone's got a long way to travel in Delhi. Delhi, where new colonies spring up like cancerous cells, so that people have to go miles and miles to meet their friends; where the man-land ratio in New Delhi must not go up, and so people must commute from one end of the city to another for work; where the takeover of the city transport from the local authorities means a mere change in the colour of the buses because all those who matter have a car in any case. As if the colour makes any difference to those three people who are killed by the buses every day.

Sometimes I wonder if it is better to be a frog in the pond than to be a drop in the ocean, which is really a zoo. Isn't it?

BILLY-JEAN KING WHIPS BOBBY RIGGS





"BATTLE OF THE SEXES". Bobby Riggs (55), feeling as young as when he won the Wimbledon in 1939, was a 5-2 favourite to beat five times Wimbledon Champion Billie-Jean King (left) in their 100,000-dollar winner-take-all battle at the Houston Astrodome, Texas. But, for all his big talk, Riggs was no match for Mrs King, who whipped him 6-4, 6-3, 6-3. Mrs King thus made good her prediction that the best-of-five match would go to only three sets. She had described Riggs as a "creep".

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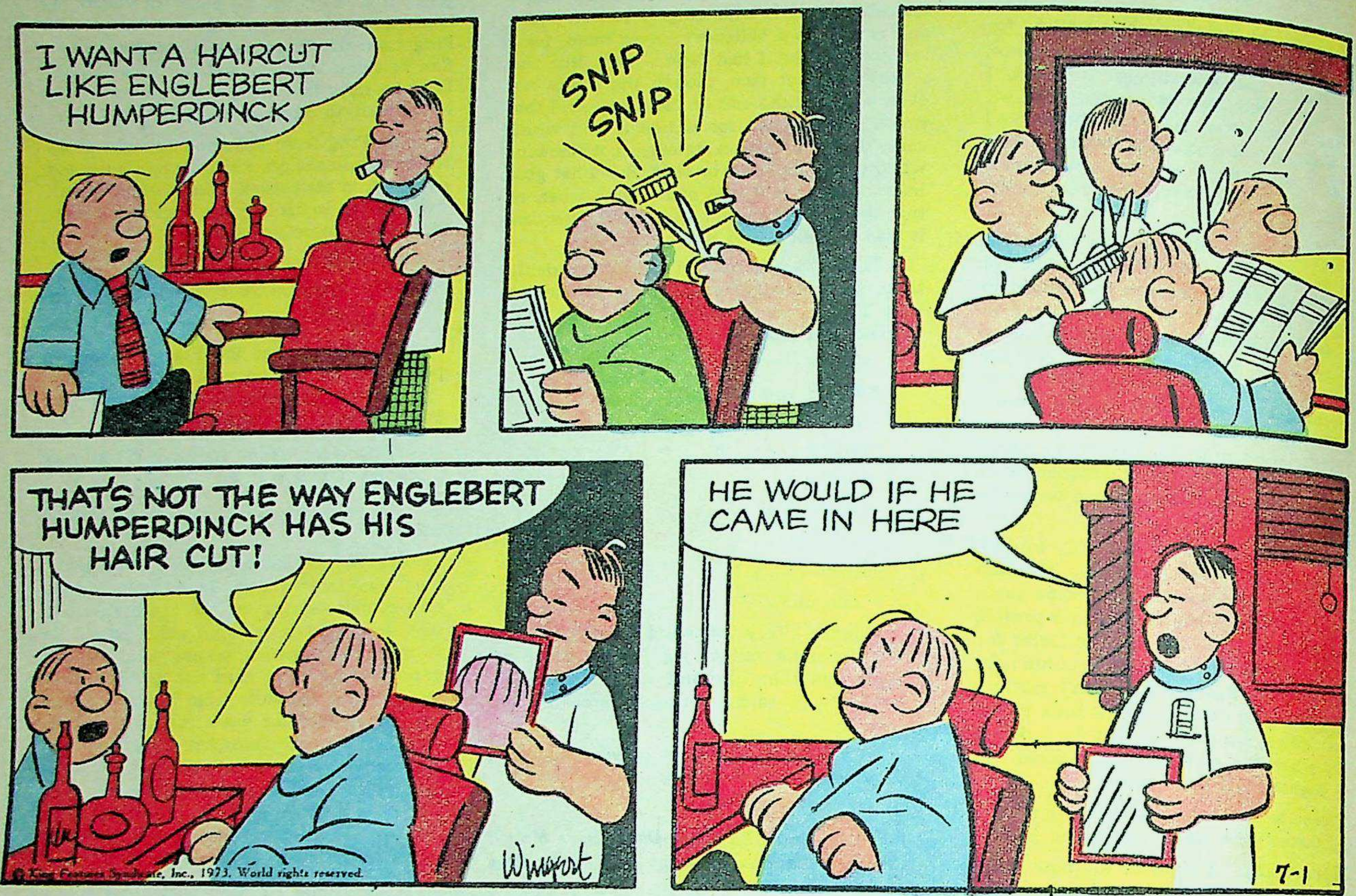
HUBERT

by Dick Wingert



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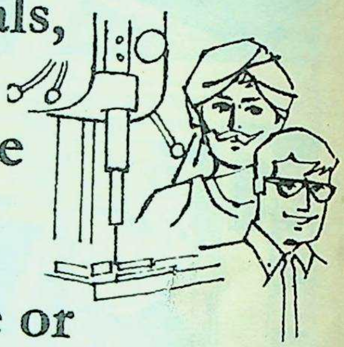
Before they deposit or draw funds...

People deposit faith in IOB.

That's why IOB's deposit growth-rate has been much above the average for all nationalised banks.

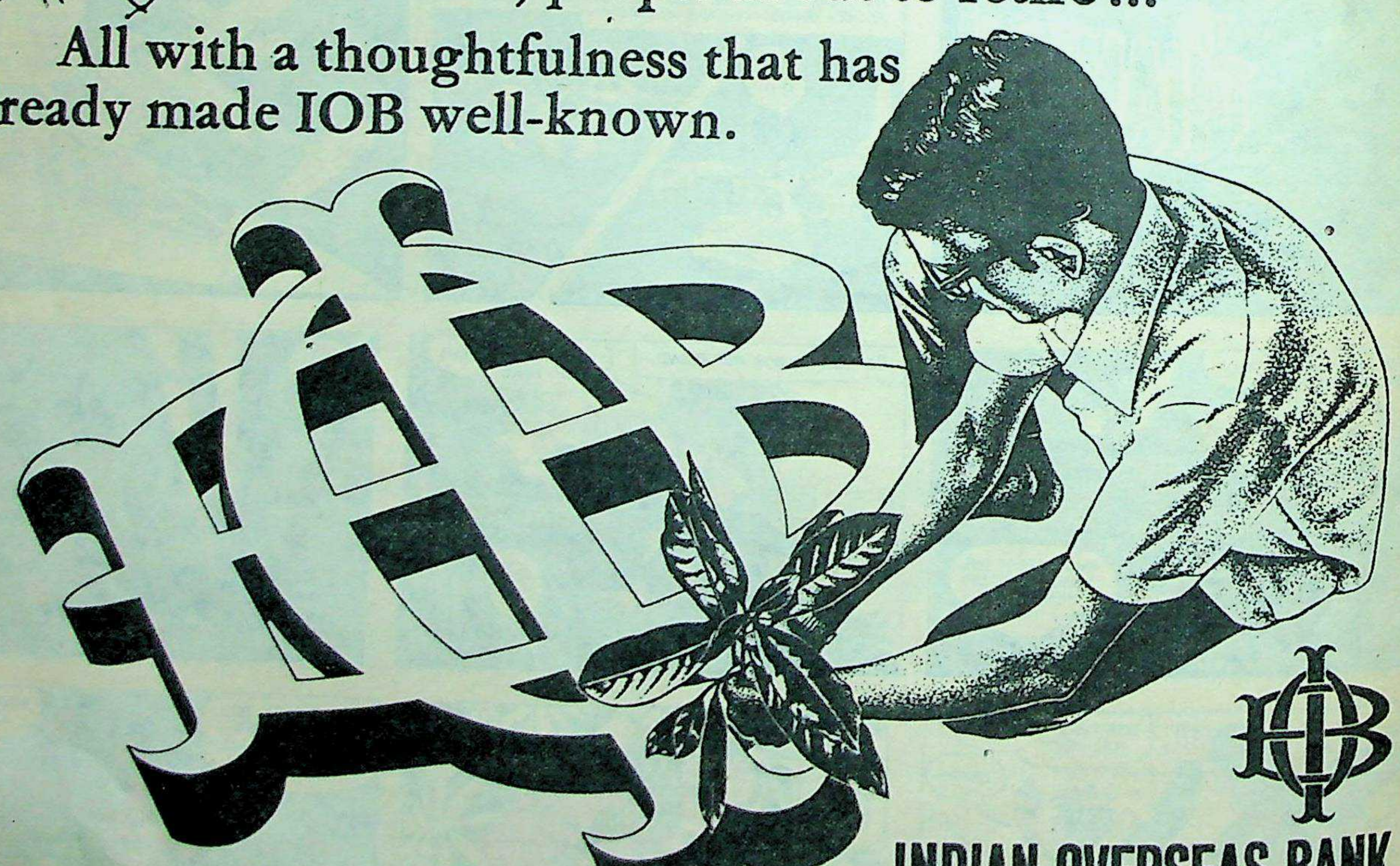
And advances to priority sectors have grown. Because IOB thinks of everybody. All the time. And people know it.

IOB gives financial assistance — readily and on liberal terms — to farmers, small industrialists, exporters, artisans, technocrats, small traders, professionals, and the self-employed with viable schemes.



And through numerous attractive schemes, IOB encourages those who can — or should — save: People with children to educate or daughters to marry, farmers, housewives, labourers, people about to retire ...

All with a thoughtfulness that has already made IOB well-known.



INDIAN OVERSEAS BANK

Central Office: 151 Mount Road, Madras 600002

IOB — nearer to people; nearer to national goals.

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MERDEKA AND AFTER

by K. BHASKARAN

Can India field a strong football team without the Calcutta players? Well as we did in the recent Merdeka Tournament at Kuala Lumpur, this should not blind our soccer mentors to the toughness of the task in the years ahead.

THE unexpectedly good results achieved by the Indian team at the last Merdeka Festival Football Tournament have turned the heads of many who have no love lost for the Calcutta-based footballers. Now there is a cockiness in their tone that wasn't there when the team left in the last week of July for Kuala Lumpur. Then they had their fingers crossed and prayed that the confidence of the All-India Council of Sports President, General P. P. Kumaramangalam, is not betrayed. In their heart of hearts they feared that an Indian team without the Calcutta stars to provide a leavening of skill and international experience will be hard pressed to put up some kind of a show.

In the end, this largely inexperienced team—only Skipper Inder Singh, Vice-Captain Doraiswamy Nataraj, Magan Singh and Gunapandian had played in the Merdeka before—fared creditably. It defeated South Viet Nam 2-1 (Magan Singh and new cap and right-back Nicholas Pereira finding the net after Ho Thanh Cang had put Viet Nam up early) in the preliminary match to decide the groupings; Thailand 2-0 (Inder Singh converting two penalties, one in each half); Khmer 3-0 (Bernard, Magan Singh and Ulaganathan putting the finishing touches to a fine aggressive display); and drew with South Korea 0-0 (in what was described as the best match of the series till then); before being crippled 0-4 and denied a place in the semifinals by ruthless, rough-tackling eventual winners Malaysia, who scotched threats by the fast-improving Indian attack by rendering Magan Singh and Ulaganathan *hors de combat.*

The three victories, one draw and one defeat in five matches—the loss on the tie-breaker to South Viet Nam to decide the fifth and sixth places may be discounted—is a record that the wise guys have been harping on to support their view that India can field strong teams without the Calcutta players who, after all, prize the Calcutta League pennant more than the Merdeka trophy.

Just As Guilty

These critics can ill afford to make sly attacks on the Calcutta players for not reporting to the camp for picking the team for the Merdeka. For the men whose claims they espouse were just as guilty and with less cause. Skipper Inder Singh, the outstanding Indian player of the tournament, joined the camp barely a few days before the probables were whittled down to 25. He came to the camp after assisting Leader Club in a tournament at Kanpur!

Likewise many others, notably Magan Singh who is said to have donned the colours of Rajasthan Armed Constabulary of Bikaner in about five events in South India and nearly a hundred matches before coming for training, a tired and stale player. The Bangalore lads were in and out of the camp, so to speak, as they assisted Chief Inspectorate of Electronics and Hindustan Aeronautics in the Stafford Cup even though they were among the Probables, who also fielded as an India squad in the tournament. The approach of some of the Goa and Tamil Nadu players was just as condemnable. Exceptions to this casual approach to the camp were the Maharashtra contingent, who were present from almost the start at Bangalore.

I know it for a fact that the coaches, Messrs G. M. Basha, T. Shanmugham and J. Kittu, were not happy about the state of affairs. But they had little choice. They had to make the best of a bad bargain. It is this awareness of poor preparation that influenced their reservations about the prospects of the team, an awareness that the tests on the physical capacities of the 25 Probables carried out by Dr D. N. Mathur (Sports Doctor of the Netaji Subhas National Institute of Sports) at Bombay confirmed.

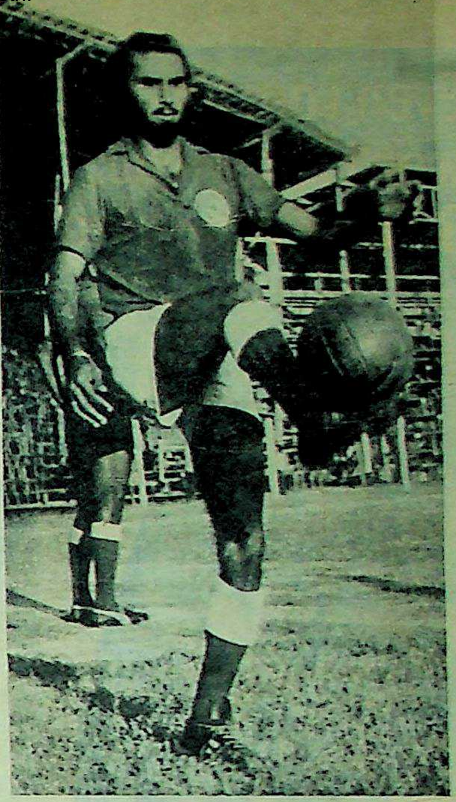
But all these irrefutable data are being overlooked by men who, in seizing every point they could to run down the Calcutta players, exhibit an opportunism which, if it had been so much as faintly emulated by our forwards, our showcase would have been filled by trophies of international events.

No Great Expectations

However, the team had one thing going for them as had their predecessor of 1970. No great expectations were held out for them. Also, they could scarcely have done worse than the team that had competed the previous year. In 1969 the team led by Inder Singh not only did not win any of its three matches but also failed to notch even a single goal. And that team also had Magan Singh, besides Mohammed Habib and Bhupinder Singh Rawat, in the attack. In 1971—India did not take part in 1972—the team slumped from the third position of 1970 to tenth!

That the 1970 team, which had a fair quota of Calcutta players, was superior is clear not from results alone. Coach Basha confessed that the other two officials and he decided to instruct the boys to win the preliminary game against South Viet Nam, though that would put India in the stronger group of Malaysia, South Korea, Thailand and Khmer. Defeat in that preliminary would have drawn India into the comparatively weaker group of Burma, Kuwait, Bangladesh and Singapore, in which India could have beaten all, including ball-playing Kuwait, except Burma, the best team in the tournament though they finished only third. More vital, however, would have been the damage of a defeat in the opening match to the team's morale.

As against this, the 1970 team, which also had eleven men new to the Merdeka Tournament, began with a narrow defeat at the hands of Taiwan, trailed by an eighth-minute goal before beating Malaysia 3-1 in a rousing match, then lost a thriller to Burma 0-2, beat Western Australia 2-0 and South Viet Nam 2-1 to qualify for the semifinals.



SKIPPER INDER SINGH

In the semifinal, the team lost to South Korea 1-2, after a hard-fought match in which injuries to star forward Habib and stalwart stopper Chandeswar Prasad turned the tide against us. Korea scored within a minute of Prasad's substitute, Asoke Banerjee, coming on the field for his first game—that is, before he could settle down to the fast pace of the match. India won the losing semifinalists' match against Hong Kong 3-2.

Even more significant is that the 1970 team gained maturity and became the nucleus of the side that won the bronze medal at the Asian Games four months later. From the admission of one of the officials who accompanied the 1973 team to the Merdeka, such a development is unlikely. Barely eight of the seventeen would find themselves in a team that may be entered for the King's Cup in Bangkok this December or for the Asian Games at Teheran next September and the pre-Olympic Games series after that. And these eight will include Inder Singh, Nataraj and Magan Singh, who were also members of the 1970 team.

This realism of the official is commendable and is shared by his two collegues. The official admitted that the inclusion of Tarun Bose, Sudhir Karmakar, Sankar Banerjee, Pintu Choudhury, Subhas Bhowmick and Mohammed Habib would certainly have given the team greater balance and power, though he would not commit himself to saying that results would have been better. After all, a team can perform well and yet finish as losers because of a superlative display by the rival goalkeeper or shots being marginally off the goal and either going wide or denting the woodwork. What is heartening is that our officials are not blinded by the team's performances in the recently concluded Merdeka to the toughness of the tasks in the three years ahead.

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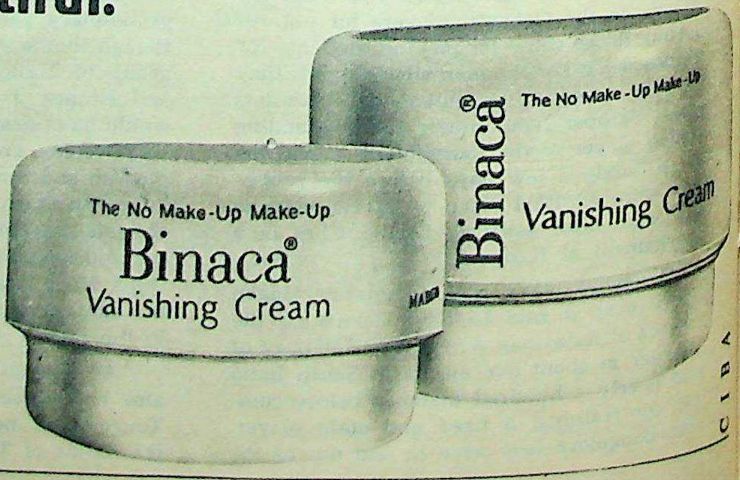

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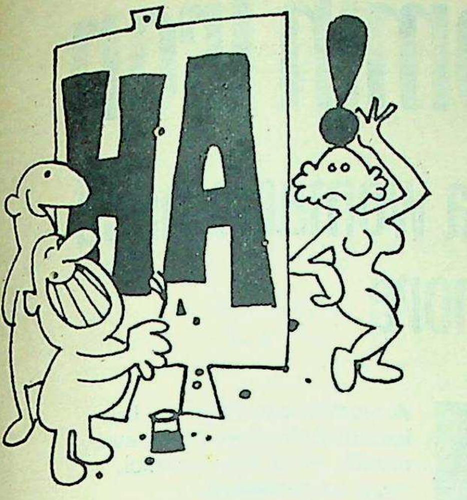


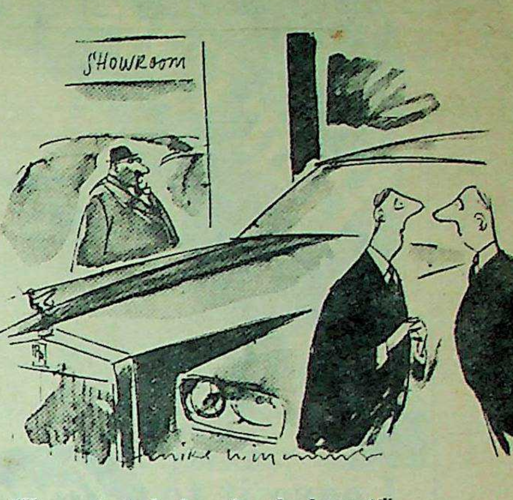
RUSSIAN POLICE notice concerning a man who was missing from a town near Leningrad:

A reward is offered to anyone finding the corpse of Judge Dmitry Petrovich, believed to have been drowned in the Neva. Description of the dead man: Medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, dark suit. Special characteristic: he stutters.

THE open-air evangelist, warning his hearers to escape the wrath of God, said that they had been fully warned of the perils of sin. Without doubt, he said, on the Judgment Day, there would be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

"But I ain't got no teeth," said one little woman.

"Never mind," the evangelist shouted back, "teeth will be provided."



"He wants to look under the bonnet!"
—From "Punch"

DURING noontime recreational activities, the President of the Corporation mounted the platform, accompanied by an overalls-clad man off the assembly line, and made this speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to see how American industry rewards those who are conscientious and hard-working. This man standing beside me has been with the company less than a year, during which time his unusual qualities have earned him salary increases of more than 100 dollars a week. I have watched him closely and observed how he has got things done. Therefore, I am pleased to announce that, starting this very afternoon, he gets out of his work clothes and takes over as an executive vice-president in charge of policy at an annual wage of 80,000 dollars. Congratulations to you, Sir."

The workman shook the extended hand and said: "Gee, thanks, Dad."

SERGEANT, to very raw recruit: "Mark time, there, can't you?"

Recruit, who has been provided with impossibly large boots: "I am, Sergeant, doing so inside my boots."

"I AM working for the support of literature."

"Oh, what are you doing?"

"Making bookcases."

"I WANT a good book—something uplifting, you know."

"Yes, Madam. What about *The Last Days of Pompeii*?"

"Sounds all right. What did he die of?"

"An eruption, Madam."

"FOR years I've been weighing myself on one of those scales that hands out little cards. When I started, I weighed 140 pounds. Now I weigh 180."

"How come you gained so much?"

"My pockets are full of little cards."

THE history class was studying the revolutionary battle of Saratoga, which was probably lost because General William Howe chose to remain in Philadelphia. The teacher then asked the class to explain this major British defeat.

"Lack of no Howe," answered a voice from the back of the class.

THE veteran guard saw that all was ready and proceeded to blow his whistle for the long express to depart.

Alas, no sound came. He plucked the whistle in panic from his lips. The pea had dropped out. The atmosphere of charged expectancy became overbearing. He almost lost his head. He called a lad, he called a porter, he enlisted the aid of a stranger who had come to see a friend off. No one could find a pea.

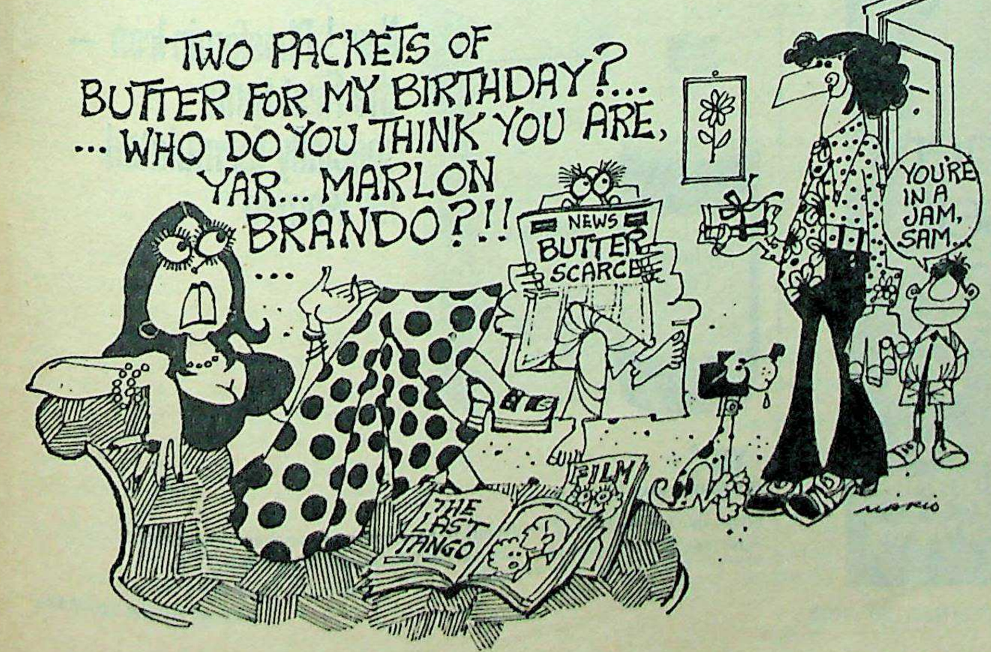
Then suddenly he had a brainwave. He dashed into the little buffet. They hadn't a pea but they did have a split-pea. Almost reverently, the frantic guard placed the split-pea in his whistle and took up his stance. The atmosphere was tense. He drew in his breath; blew hard. There was a shrill whistle—and half the train moved off.

WHEN the bishop visited the remote village, the odd lad about the house was told that, in the morning, he must take up hot water for shaving, knock on the door and say: "It's the boy with your water, My Lord."

The next morning nerves were unsettled. In answer to his timid knock, the visitor said: "Who's there?"

"It's the Lord with your water, my boy."

THIS WEEK **by MARIO**



THE will of the wealthy, but eccentric, man was being read and the relatives all listened expectantly, especially his playboy nephew. Finally, the lawyer said: "And to my nephew, Charlie Jones, whom I promised to remember—'Hi, there, Charlie!'"

PICASSO once surprised a burglar at work in his new chateau. The intruder got away but Picasso told the police he could do a rough sketch of what he looked like. On the basis of his drawing, the police arrested a Mother Superior, the Finance Minister, a washing-machine and the Eiffel Tower.

DID you hear about the lawyer's daughter who told her boy-friend: "Stop and|or I'll slap your face"?

THIS ENGLAND

"SOLZHENITSYN then married Natalya Svetlova, who has a *fiat* in Central Moscow and is the mother of his two *sins*."

—*The Guardian*

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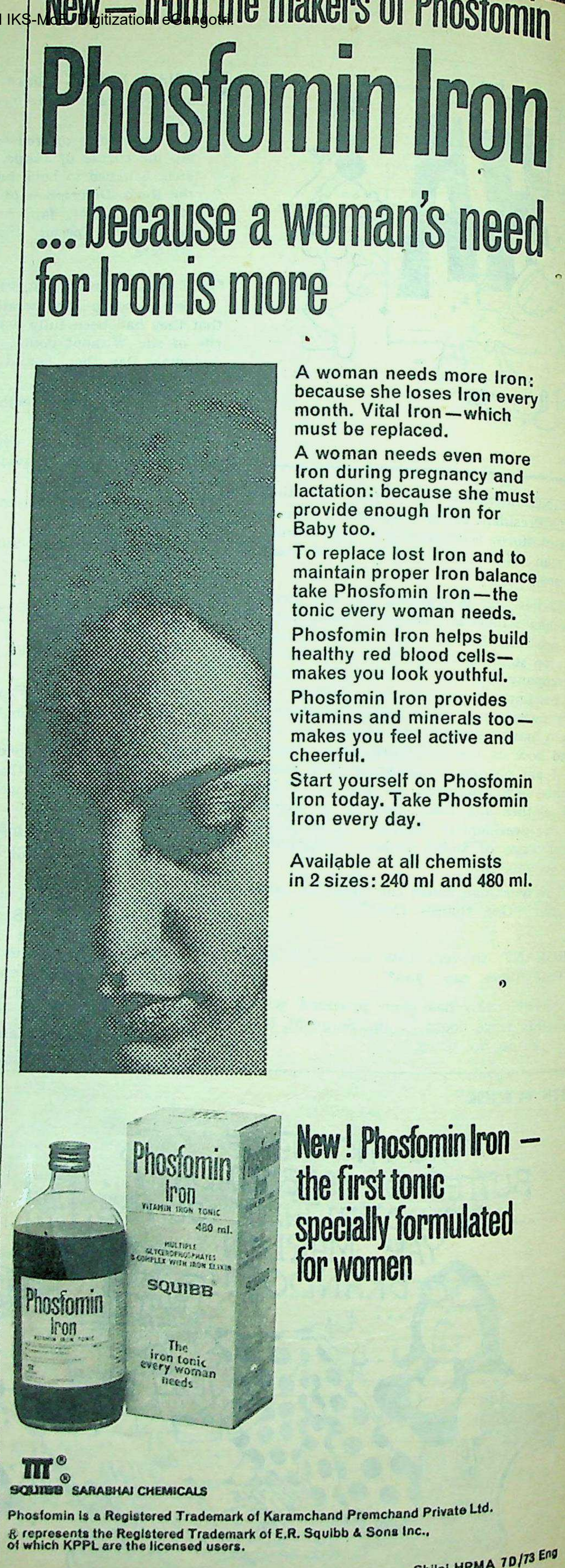

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What The Stars Foretell

by S. K. KELKAR

Sunday, September 30

For luck today, wear or use: Orange, 1, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A lively and interesting year. Business in general will expand following bold actions and decisions. In January and July next year, mistaken judgement may lead to financial losses. There is a possibility of illness. Domestic life will be romantic and encouraging. Youngsters should be cautious in choosing a partner.

Monday, October 1

For luck today, wear or use: Light brown, 5, topaz.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A happy and enjoyable year. Besides efficiency and skill, good luck will also contribute to business prosperity. Financial position indicates an upward trend. Health remains good. Artists and writers will shine. Youngsters will have good chances to settle down in their career and in life.

Tuesday, October 2

For luck today, wear or use: Wine red, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The stars indicate good luck. Business expansion will result in a satisfactory financial position. Intuition coupled with courage will make it possible to take full advantage of every opportunity. Family members will cooperate in starting new ventures. Youngsters will find the year full of joy and happiness.

Wednesday, October 3

For luck today, wear or use: Dark red, 3, garnet.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: More than average success is indicated this year but move with caution before taking important decisions. Financially a good year but try and conserve monetary resources. Do not underestimate rivals. Youngsters should not be complacent about studies or love-affairs.

Thursday, October 4

For luck today, wear or use: Royal blue, 4, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Look forward to a fair measure of success this year. A long-standing relationship or partnership may end by January or July. Curb heavy investments and new plans. Postpone the purchase of a house, landed property or a vehicle. Avoid getting deeply involved in outside interests as this might lower prestige and popularity. Youngsters will make headway in their academic careers.

Friday, October 5

For luck today, wear or use: Silver grey, 2, aquamarine.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A sense of contentment will prevail. Assets will increase. Timely support from friends and partners will help business interests. A good year for those in service. Politicians will occupy enviable positions. The domestic atmosphere is happy and comforting. Youngsters should try and concentrate on career prospects.

Saturday, October 6

For luck today, wear or use: Rose red, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Look forward to a year of peace, quiet and good fortune. Brisk business ensures financial stability. The employed will fulfil ambitions of promotion. Sportsmen and academicians will be honoured. Writers and film artists will win fame. In January and July, there is a possibility of embarrassment owing to the prejudicial view of superiors. Be cautious.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

(December 21 to January 19)

Capricorn (Makara)

A lot depends on success in handling senior members in and outside the home. Resort to cautious investment in business. From Wednesday onwards, business increases. Saturday is auspicious for taking important decisions.

(January 20 to February 18)

Aquarius (Kumbha)

There is a change for the better in business. Chances of promotions, followed by transfers, are possible within a month or two. Monday is propitious for business deals and financial gains. A dark and beautiful person enters your life.

(February 19 to March 20)

Pisces (Mina)

Although there is a slight improvement in business, health may cause concern. Youngsters in the family may demand more time and money. Tuesday is good for negotiations and business and the week-end is propitious for money gains.

(March 21 to April 20)

Aries (Mesha)

An emotional turmoil is likely. Wednesday will bring some startling news. Friday is auspicious for settling and Saturday for meeting VIPs. Avoid heavy investment on Thursday.

(April 21 to May 20)

Taurus (Vrishabha)

Vocational difficulties will be overcome slowly and steadily. Business will improve a great deal. Industrialists are likely to face labour problems. Be discreet in taking important decisions till Saturday. A new friend brings business gains.

(May 21 to June 20)

Gemini (Mithuna)

A favourable change in the family set-up is likely this week. Fluctuating market situations demand careful attention. Invest some money on Tuesday. Important meetings and decisions should be postponed.

(June 21 to July 20)

Cancer (Kataka)

It is possible to successfully pave the way for a beneficial change. Financial assistance offered by relations should be utilised. Sunday is auspicious for small speculation and entertainment. New job prospects are in the air.

(July 21 to August 21)

Leo (Simha)

Avoid diffidence and move ahead courageously. A near relation may unexpectedly brighten business prospects. Politicians may defeat rivals with tact and wisdom. The mid-week is auspicious for financial gains.

(August 22 to September 23)

Virgo (Kanya)

In business and employment, there are chances of turning things to advantage. Friends and relatives should be tackled with caution in order to avoid conflicts. Promotions are assured for the employed. Look forward to an addition in the family.

(September 24 to October 23)

Libra (Tula)

A pleasant atmosphere will prevail in and outside the home. Within a week or two, promotion and elevation of status are indicated. The mid-week is excellent for personal work and Saturday for a journey.

(October 24 to November 22)

Scorpio (Vrischika)

Speculation and gambling should be avoided. An emotional approach towards spouses or partners may bring unpleasantness. A good deal of business can be anticipated on Monday-Tuesday. Make domestic rearrangements on Saturday.

(November 23 to December 20)

Sagittarius (Dhanu)

Group activities will flourish in the next couple of weeks. Place emphasis on realising old dues rather than on giving credit to new customers. Job activities will be strenuous but rewarding.

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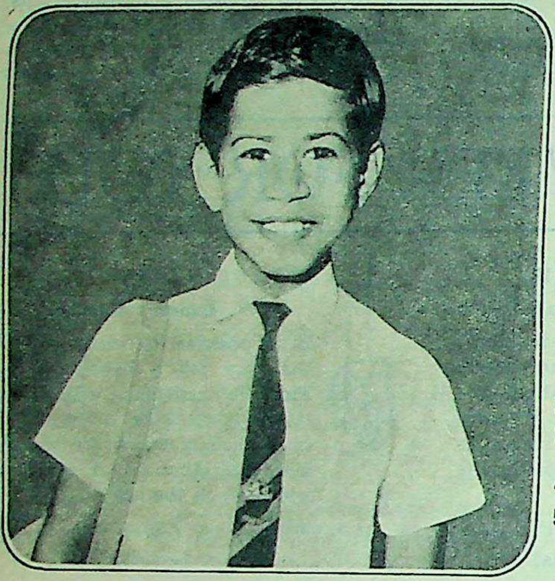

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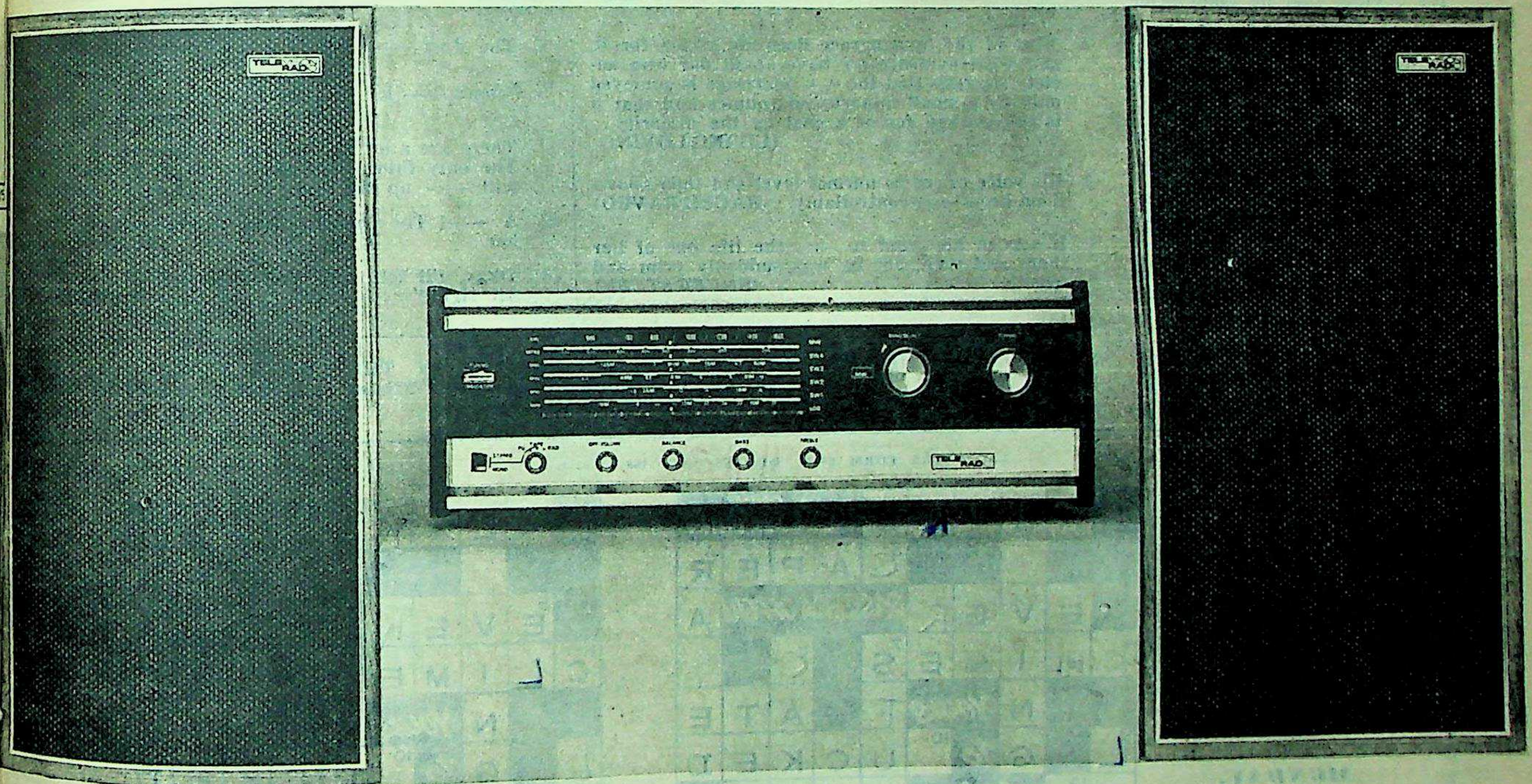

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POINTERS TO CLUES!

We give you pointers for the clues of 'QUOTES' No. 198 as the Closing Date is nigh:

ALIKE|ALIVE: This person obviously has a high standard in drink and company. Would such airing of his preferences testify to his deep love of life or would it prove his bias towards conformity to those standards and preferences?

It's obvious that he takes pride in the fact that he loves one or the other. And that can be a hint to which it must be.

CAPER|TAPER: A 'Pumpkin' is a large, fleshy, egg-shaped or globular fruit vegetable. Being vegetable it would be an impossible feat for it to CAPER. Being round it would be against its very nature

(Continued on P. 68)

CORRECT SOLUTION TO "QUOTES" No. 197 ON P. 68.

Here's "QUOTES" No. 198, Our October Offer, with a handsome First Prize of Rs. 12,000! Find the suggestion in the clue or use your memory, knowledge and skill to spot the CORRECT WORD from among the words given at the end of each clue.

CLOSES: MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1973

CLUES ACROSS

1 'I love being ——,' he said. 'Good Scotch and good friends.' (ALIKE|ALIVE)

3 To demand of us truth to nature, excluding Philosophy, is really to bid a pumpkin ——. (CAPER|TAPER)

5 I think he's ashamed. He won't —— come right down to it with me. (EVEN|EVER)

6 It was more like a night of rolling thunder than one of cloudless ——. Not her grace, either; anything but glad. (CHIMES|CLIMES)

10 She clutched the wide, black arm of the chair and dropped her head onto it, to avoid being —— off. (BUCKED|SUCKED)

14 A drink, the excitement of risking money, a few —— moments of physical pleasure. (HUSKY|MUSKY)

CLUES DOWN

2 Most of the human race does not strive for it, and what evidence we have about our own society suggests that the —— marriage is achieved only by a small minority of couples and that it is not worked for as a goal by the majority. (LIVING|LOVING)

4 His voice raised to normal level and then above. Soon he —— uncontrollably. (RAGED|RAVED)

7 It was in his mind to —— the life out of her there and then, but he was suddenly grim and tense. (SNUFF|STUFF)

8 The dust —— my face and cracked my lips. (CAKED|RAKED)

9 "Don't —— it," she said in a hushed little voice. (FIGHT|LIGHT)

11 There are a lot of wonderful gentlemen in here. The only thing that worries me is that mother will —— up the ca... (CRACK|CRANK)

12 A ——! The thought came insistently back to her. (ROLE|ROPE)

13 'Okay, I'll tell you. You —— me. That's why. All right?' (BUG|DUG)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF OCT. 28; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF NOV. 4. Address Envelope: "QUOTES" No. 198, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702, BOMBAY-1.

ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" NO. 198

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

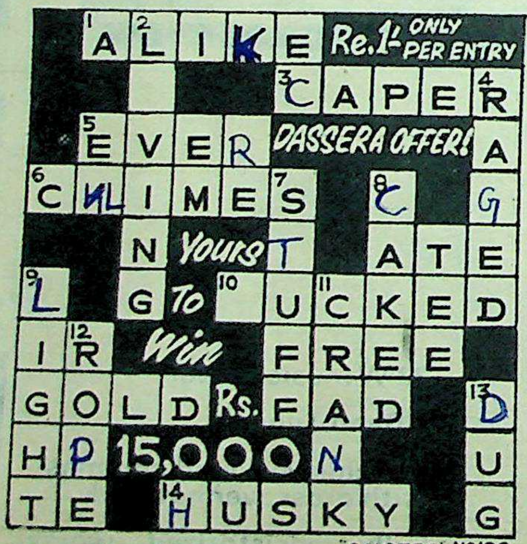
"QUOTES" No. 198

CLOSING DATE:

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1973.

Enclosed Money Order Receipt/ Postal Orders/ "Q" Cash Receipts

Nos.....................



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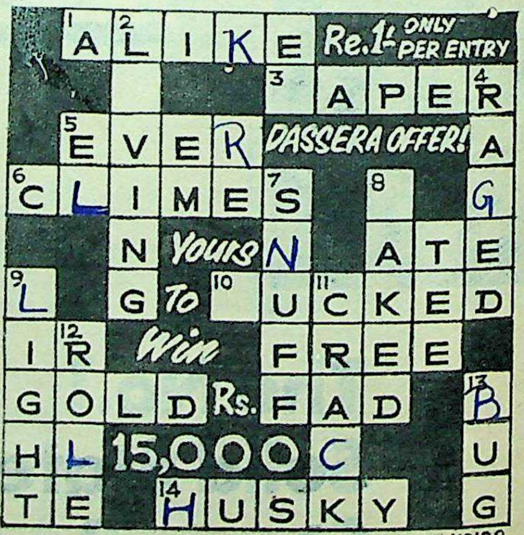

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In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

FULL NAME IN INK & BLOCK LETTERS } Mr. Mrs. Miss TARUNA PURI.

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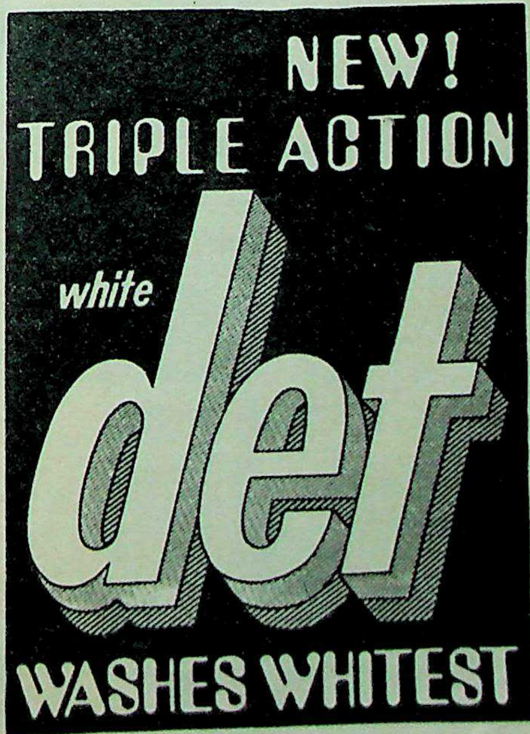

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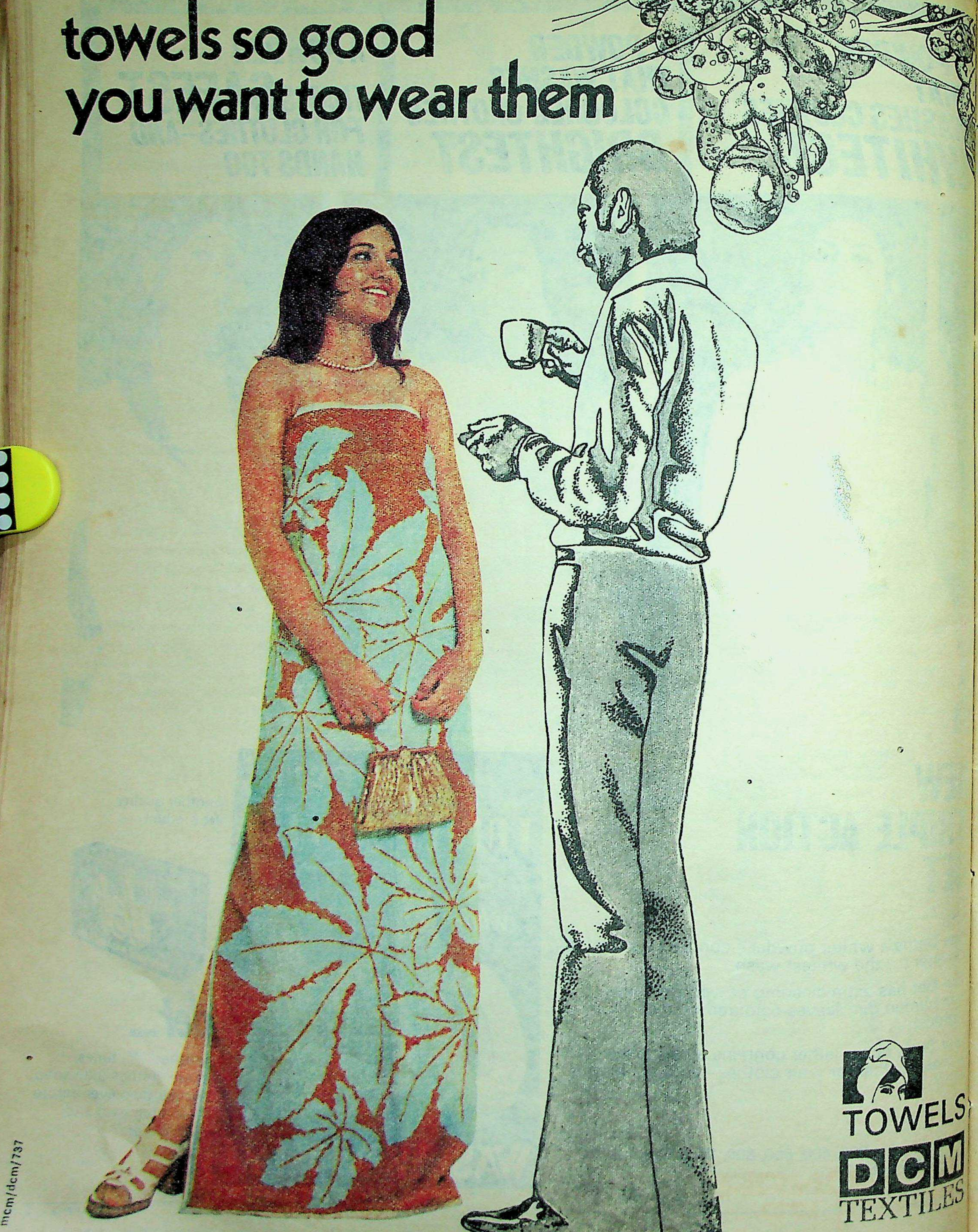

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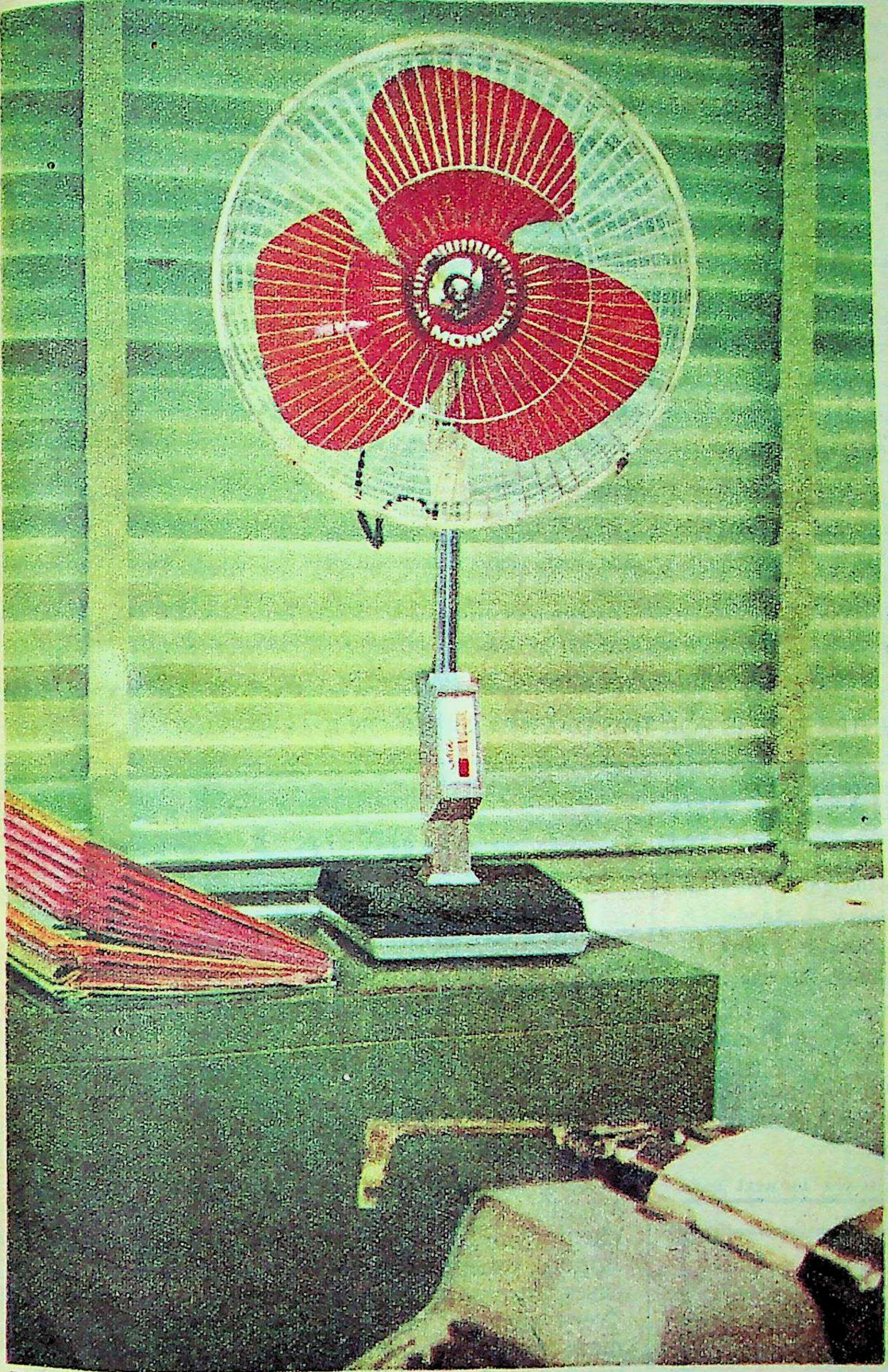

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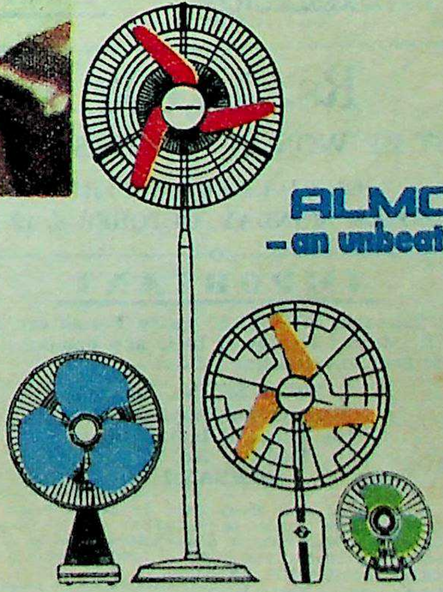

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WINNING POINTERS!

(CONTINUED FROM P. 64)

to TAPER. With the greatest encouragement (in fertilizer, water or will-power!) it can only grow more inert (mass) or more rotund (shape). A very titillating choice!

But the key word is 'bid'=order. Not just 'require of' or 'expect.' Though the alternatives tantalize, spotting the correct word isn't as impossible a feat!

EVEN|EVER: Even at the easiest this pair is ever an obstacle. But this time the choice seems clear. One has to decide whether 'I' consider that 'he' is so ashamed that he won't EVEN be frank with 'ME.' Or whether 'I' consider that 'he' is SO ashamed that he will never EVER confess to or be frank about 'it'. The point being whether 'I' consider myself special ('even' to me) or whether 'I' or 'he' considers 'it' so shameful. To decide that one has only to examine the clue a little more closely.

CHIMES|CLIMES: Celestial music of the spheres is contrasted with nature in fury? Or is it only between fair weather and foul? The allusion is cock-eyed and must be perverse. That's the idea one gets, harmony and discord.

BUCKED|SUCKED: She's hanging on for dear life, that's quite clear. But is she on a rocking, bucking chair (one in wild motion) or is the chair the only firm thing to hold on to? Answer that, and the correct word is a cinch.

HUSKY|MUSKY: 'Rough and sturdy', 'emotion-laden', 'hoarse' are the meanings, that emerge relevant to HUSKY. 'Pervasively fragrant', 'strong-scented', 'heady', are the meanings that MUSKY elicits. Now you can make your choice better.

LIVING|LOVING: A long self-explanatory clue. Whether it is a cynical or pragmatical statement is for you to decide. Decide whether it is preceptive-instructive or perceptive-cynical and the correct word is before you. The alternative is between marriage as a vibrant, evolving relationship or as a passionate, constant one (though both may be enduring).

RAGED|RAVED: He was speaking 'below' normal earlier. That fact should decide your solution. That is to say was he whispering or whimpering earlier? If 'speaking softly' then RAGED, and if 'moaning faintly' RAVED stand respectively at the other end of the scale. It's all a question of volition or reaction. Syntax and sense can tell you which it must be.

SNUFF|STUFF: To put out or extinguish another's life, or to squeeze or suffocate him|her to death. Extremely straightforward decision to make. And he was not grim and tense earlier till he changed his mind. That's the clue!

CAKED|RAKED: How does the dust get to his face in the first place? By wind, of course. But is the wind a gale or storm or not so? And what about the rest of his body? These probabilities can be reasoned out and with them the correct word too!

FIGHT|LIGHT: Why the term 'hushed'? The thing to FIGHT LIGHT, whether it is a rising tide of passion or a more mundane lamp, that's the point. Whether the exhortation is to 'give in to impulse' or to 'not light the lamp' is all that you have to sort out.

CRACK|CRANK: 'Smash-up' or 'start-up' can be decided by a study of the syntax and sense of the words of the person 'worrying'.

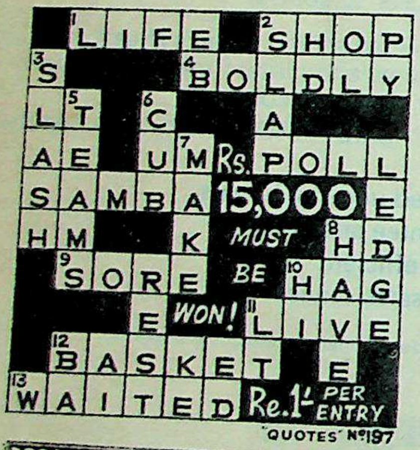
ROLE|ROPE: Chance of a ROLE in a film|play nags her thoughts? Or is it a ROPE as a means of escape?

BUG|DUG: The choice is whether the party of the second part has been complimented or insulted. Whether 'I' think 'she' understands me or 'she' bothers me. The compiler adds that it is certainly a man saying it to a woman. So there you are!

Now let's hear from you!

CLUES & ENTRY FORMS FOR THIS DASSERA OFFER ON P. 64

CORRECT SOLUTION TO "QUOTES" No. 197



"SOURCES"

ACROSS: 1. Wilson; 2. Skinner; 4. Lander; 9. Shulman; 10. Forster; 11. Brooks; 12. Gaer; 13. Keyes.

DOWN: 2. Ernst; 3. Thurber; 5. Snow; 6. Blish; 7. Gardner; 8. Fox.

Prize-list in next issue.

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OUR DASSERA OFFER!

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(2) *Address your envelopes as follows:—*

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"The Times of India" Offices,
Post Bag No. 702,
BOMBAY-1.

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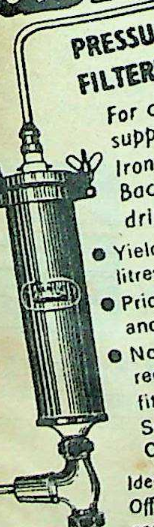

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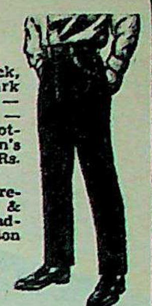

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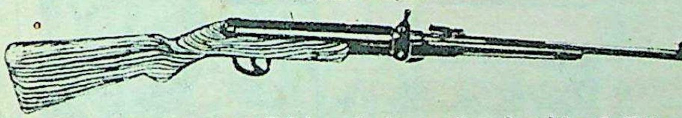

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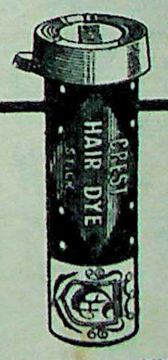

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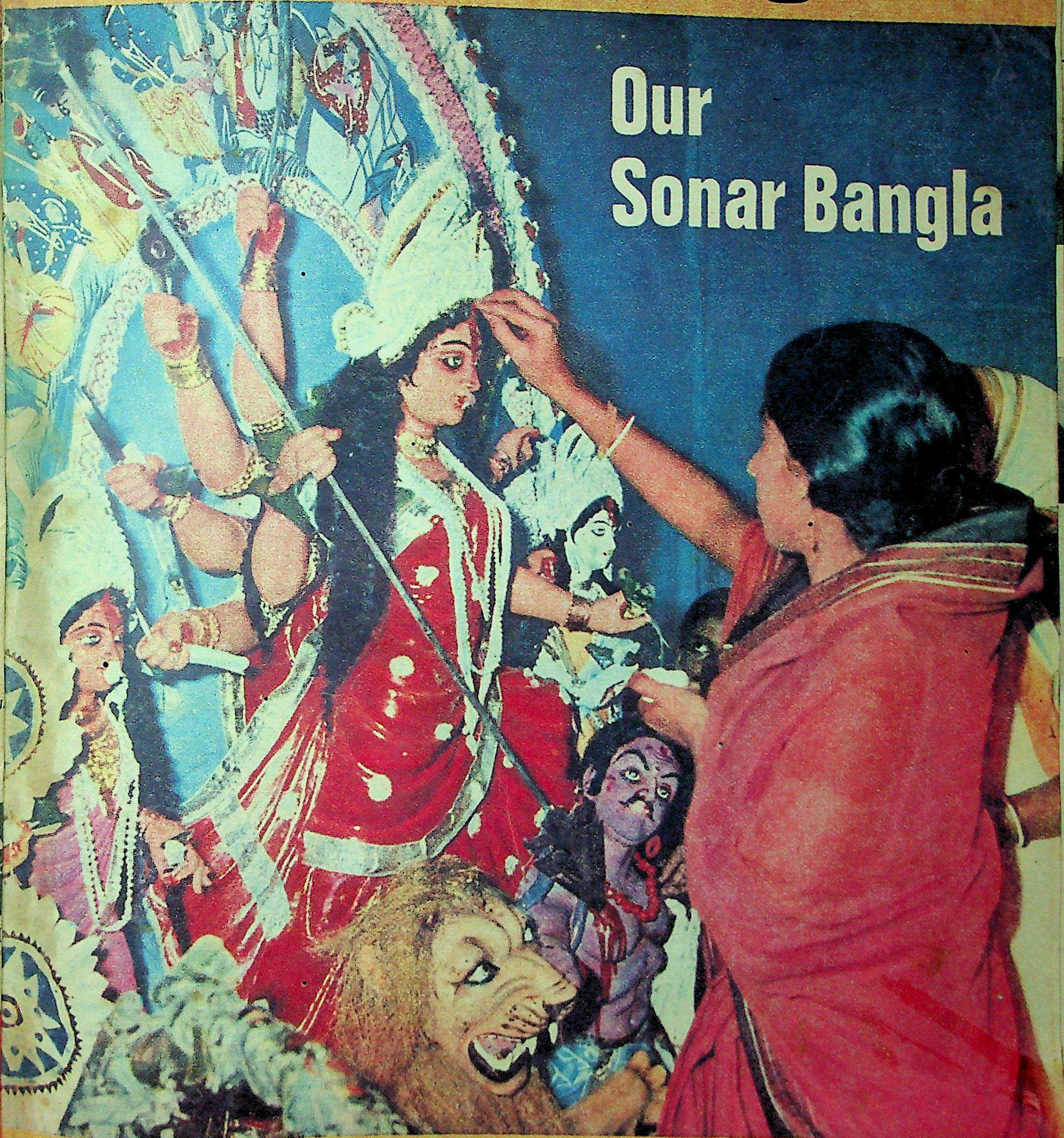

Our Sonar Bangla

Also: Yoga and Sex — Pandit Shiv Sharma

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Heart Phobia

Sir—While the article, "Heart Attack" (August 26), is very informative and educative and lays stress on the seriousness of the disease and recommends regular check-ups, it seems to carry an inherent danger of creating an undesirable panic and phobia amongst ignorant people, who are likely to fall victim to cardiac neurosis, which can be a greater crippler than the disease itself. This has already been established by statistics compiled in cardiac clinics in the West.

New Delhi — Dr A. C. MEHRA

Old-Fashioned Or Vulgar?

Sir—In an otherwise readable article ("Vulgarity in Indian Life", September 2), the author has gone a bit too far in dubbing "an average home" as vulgar. To explain this, she writes: "In the drawing room a row of seagulls on the wall... Myriad photographs of the host—receiving his B.A. degree, captaining the college football team, getting married, with children, grandchildren..." All this may be out of fashion today, but certainly not vulgar.

Madras — SUNIL ANAND

Sir—Qurratulain Hyder has unnecessarily dragged in the former Marxist UF Ministry of West Bengal. It is quite unbelievable that one of the Ministers was in the habit of displaying his crystal bed to his female guests.

Incidentally, I often find that your contributors never miss a chance to throw mud at certain people whom you do not seem to like. This, I think, is in poor taste.

Calcutta — K. B. MENON

Sir—The bad taste so uniformly displayed in our country is essentially by the middle classes, but it sticks to them even when they have risen to a higher status and is then imitated by the poorer people eager to gain a step on the social ladder. What India needs is a cultural revolution, not by the Maoist method of indoctrination, but by the will to evolve a new culture to end the prevalent social confusion.

New Delhi — B. DUTT

Roses Are Also Black

Sir—In the article, "The Rose" (September 9), Raman Swamy has said that roses are found in all colours except blue and black. Let me point out that, in Bangalore, black roses are also grown.

Bangalore — J. SHEKAR

Too Much Data

Sir—Of late there has been too much contrived writing, too much data, statistics and information in the WEEKLY. Also, we have too many articles by the same authors. There is no dearth of talent in this country. You have just to tap it.

Bombay — NITIN PARIKH

The Illustrated Weekly of India

Vol. XCIV. 41. Regd. No. MH9
Sunday, October 7, 1973

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AND OUR REGULAR FEATURES

Cover Photograph by Mona Chowdhury

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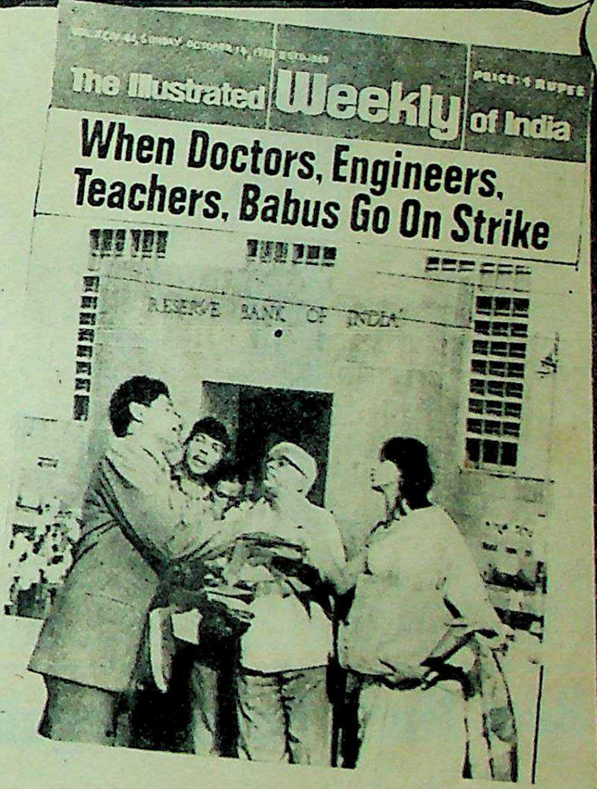
NEXT WEEK



WHEN DOCTORS, ENGINEERS, TEACHERS, BABUS GO ON STRIKE: Strikes are no longer the prerogative of labour. The white-collared are all taking advantage of the idea of "collective bargaining". Trade union leader V. B. Karnik analyses the consequences of this trend. Rita Karanjia interviews a cross-section.

WITH R. K. NARAYAN IN HAWAII: By Khushwant Singh. The two novelists go to this "island of paradise" for a conference on socio-literature—and spend most of their time on rather unliterary pursuits.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPER: Do even the elite in India possess it? Jagjit Singh answers.

SCINDIA SCHOOL: Bikram Vohra reports on one of our well-known public schools.

THE BERLIN YOUTH FESTIVAL: Rajiv Kumar describes a rare and beautiful experience. Photographs in colour.

ECLIPSE: Story by Nikki Ty-Tomkins Seth

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Our Sonar Bangla

BENGAL'S RAY OF HOPE. Mrs Indira Gandhi with Mr Siddhartha Shankar Ray and Mrs Maya Ray. Siddhartha Ray resigned from the Congress Party in 1957 (after a year in Dr B. C. Roy's Cabinet as Minister for Law) on the issues of corruption and land reform. He rejoined the party after Mrs Gandhi became Prime Minister in 1967; his admiration for her has only increased with time. He has faith in her ability to lead the country to socialism. Mrs Gandhi chose him to be Chief Minister of West Bengal after the Congress won a sweeping victory in the State in 1972. Below: At a market in rural West Bengal.

How Much Have Bengali Politicians Done For West Bengal?

by Aveek Sarkar

Photographs by Mona Chowdhury

Calcutta's major grouse is that it is ignored by Delhi. Some people even draw a parallel between the situation in Pakistan before the liberation of Bangladesh and say that West Bengal is being similarly "colonised" by the northerners. The list of complaints is endless: the low price of jute, the allocation of a bare Rs 322 crores for the State in the Fourth Five-Year Plan, the unwillingness of the Irrigation Ministry to release 40,000 cusecs of water through the Farakka Barrage to rehabilitate Calcutta Port, etc. The annual per capita income of West Bengal is Rs 524—which makes it the twelfth richest State in the country. All this is ascribed to the fact that no Bengali after Syama Prasad Mookerjee has wielded power at the Centre. Has Siddhartha Shankar Ray enough leverage with Mrs Gandhi to set Bengal on the road to economic prosperity?

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GOKHALE was once misquoted as having said that what Bengalis thought today the rest of India would think tomorrow. What Gokhale did say was that what educated Indians thought today the rest of India would think tomorrow.

For years the Bengali was made to feel superior. He was even permitted to acquire an abusive vocabulary to address his fellow countrymen. And he did. The Bengali has realised only now that, all along, the rest of the country had been enjoying an enormous joke at his expense.

1939: the story begins at Tripura on a winter morning. The occasion is the election of the Congress President. The incumbent—a stormy petrel named Subhas Chandra Bose, and a Bengali to boot, who sought re-election. His opponent was an ascetic Brahmin by the name of Pattabhi Sitaramaiyya who did not have much support of his own. But, then, he was known to be the nominee of Mahatma Gandhi. Gandhiji had announced that he would consider Sitaramaiyya's defeat his personal defeat and given veiled threats of retirement in case his candidate lost. The candidate lost.

But Gandhiji did not retire. He merely absented himself from the Congress Session and began a game of politicking that would have done credit to his now famous namesake. The Mahatma ultimately forced the Bengali to accept a hostile Working Committee resolution binding Bose to seek his approval for Congress programmes. Within a month Bose resigned. In the 35 years since then, no Bengali has held a position of eminence within the ruling party.

A Devalued Finance Minister

The redoubtable Atulya Ghosh survived a long while in the corridors of power and became a king-maker. But even he could not become the President of the Congress, despite being a leading light of the caucus that then made and later unmade the party. Nor could Mr Ghosh use his considerable weight to obtain for his proteges any significant Ministerial posts. I have deliberately omitted Sachin Chaudhuri, the Union Minister for Finance from 1965-1967. Such was the authority Chaudhuri was allowed that he was not even consulted when the Government took the momentous decision to devalue the currency!

In the 26 years that a national government has been ruling the country, only one Bengali has held a position of influence in the Union Cabinet. Syama Prasad Mookerjee (1901-1953), the Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University, and, later, Union Minister for Industries, was a remarkable Bengali. Throughout his brief tenure, Mookerjee advocated the cause of his State and helped place its problems on a national platform. Since then all that Bengal has held at the Centre are unimportant portfolios like Law, Health and Education. Mookerjee later left the Cabinet to found the Jana Sangh and died as its President.

Even in the rarefied atmosphere of revolutionary politics, the Bengalis hardly gained room at the top. The decisive voices in the two recognised Communist Parties did not belong to Bengal, although one assumed, as rather a matter of fact, that the East was red. The more extreme of the two, the CPI(M), even decided recently to bring a revolutionary from the South for the ideological benefit of its eastern comrades. A fortuitous development spared Bengal this final indignity. The messiah from the South had to stay put as he had to shoulder the responsibilities of a colleague in his State who fell ill.

STOKING THE FIRES OF INDUSTRY. Engineering, jute, coal, tea and steel are the major industries in West Bengal. The number of registered factories in the State has risen from 1,968 in 1947 to 6,027 in 1971. The increase in employment, however, has not been proportionate. The number of factory workers has risen from 6.68 lakhs in 1947 to 8.09 lakhs in 1970. The figure for workers in the jute industry has gone down from 2.99 lakhs in 1947 to 2.25 lakhs in 1970. The latest estimate of the number of unemployed in the State is 28 lakhs, of which 10 lakhs are educated.

Bengal's name was kept alive in the revolutionary map by the courageous action of the CPI(ML) or the Naxalites as they had come to be known. There were five Bengalis in the Central Committee of this party and twice as many from other parts of India. The "Charu Syndicate"—the label used by the rival ideological schism in the committee to identify the Bengalis—despite its numerical weakness, held sway. This was only to be expected because, excepting minor parts of Andhra and Orissa, this movement was in essence as Bengali as the Mohun Bagan Club. But Bengal's dominance over the movement was resented. Criticism came from Satya Narain Singh, Secretary of the Bihar State Committee, member of the Central Committee and later one of the creators of a rival party that mainly depended for its sustenance on the Bengal-Bihar-Orissa border committee, the principal breakaway group of the CPI(ML). Singh and his colleagues in Bihar alleged that when Charu Majumdar said that the East wind would prevail over the West wind, he meant that Bengal would prevail over Bihar.

That this line of reasoning proved fallacious is not the moot point. (Ashim Chatterjee, a fellow Bengali in Majumdar's

—Continued

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A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE. A healer first and a politician after, Dr B. C. Roy ran a free clinic two hours a day. As Chief Minister of West Bengal from 1948 till his death in 1962, he kept the administration running smoothly despite the influx of millions of refugees from East Pakistan. His close association with Mahatma Gandhi made him a much-sought-after mediator between warring factions of the Congress in the early 1950s. With him in the picture is former Union Law Minister A. K. Sen.

DETHRONED KING-MAKER. Atulya Ghosh was political "Big Boss" of the West Bengal Congress since he was elected PCC President in 1950. Atulya emerged as Cabinet-maker and puppeteer par excellence when P. C. Sen was Chief Minister. A prominent member of the "Syndicate", Atulya left the Indira Congress after the 1969 split. At right is Dr P. C. Chunder, then PCC President of Congress (O).

Committee and sniggeringly dismissed by Singh as one who had no experience whatsoever of mass movements, was later to lead the revolt against Majumdar.) The inner party schism cut across communal lines and took on at least the semblance of an ideological struggle. The significant fact was that the non-Bengalis did look upon their Bengali comrades with suspicion and did not hesitate to make use of communal feelings in their onslaughts on the party leadership.

Apart from restoring the pride of the Bengalis, the Maoists also served an important need. They forced the Centre to do some sincere soul-searching. Some incidental politics in the State also helped. In the Fourth General Election in 1967 the Congress Party failed to get an absolute majority. A motley group of political opponents took the saddle under the tag of a "United" Front. Unity, of course, is a virtue of which the Bengali has never thought much. A front could not last long. It did not. Turncoats

A JOYLESS AJOY. He led a peace march against the policies of his own government and went on a three-day fast in December 1969 to protest against violence in the very State of which he was Chief Minister! Elected without a break to the Legislative Assembly since 1952, Ajoy was Minister for Irrigation in B. C. Roy's Cabinet till 1962. He subsequently left the Congress and led a group of dissidents under the banner of Bangla Congress. Known as the "Tamluk Gandhi" for his organisational work in that district, Ajoy headed two Ministries, overwhelmingly dominated by the CPM, in 1967 and 1969-70. He bounced back to life after his eight-month-old Ministry was dismissed in 1967, but, in 1970, vital differences with the CPM led to his resigning and forming a non-Marxist Ministry which fell through lack of support. The pro-Congress wave in 1971 pushed him into obscurity.

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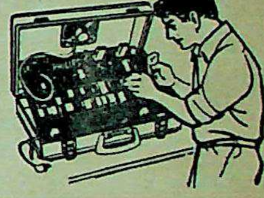

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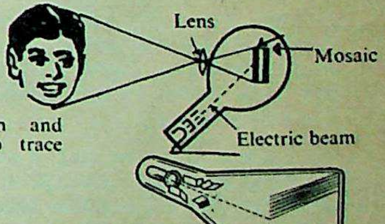

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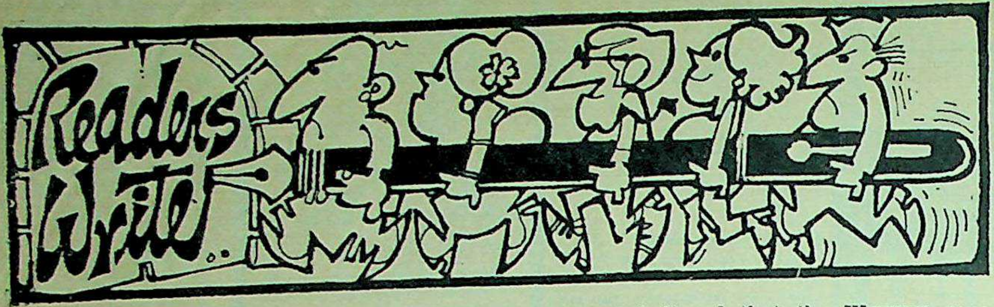

Who Built Delhi's Red Fort?

Sir—The article entitled, "Who Built Delhi's Red Fort?" (September 9), is a specimen of sheer gauchery and bias. P. N. Oak has merely championed himself in refuting the well-established authenticity of the builders of important Muslim monuments and memorials. Next he will write that there was no Mughal Empire and all kings from Babar to Bahadur Shah II were in fact Hindus.

Patna — A. S. ABDULLAH

Sir—The article on the Red Fort, stripping history of the frills of falsehood and baring the naked truth, was more thrilling than all the nudes published by you so far.

Similar skeletons need to be pulled out of university, archaeological and Tourist Ministry cupboards for public display on this new crossroads of history indicated by P. N. Oak.

You should go the whole hog and carry a complete series on the true history of India's architectural heritage.

New Delhi — TEJ PAL GUPTA

Sir—I hope Shri Oak is now applying his hysterical genius to the problem of proving that Jama Masjid, Delhi, was in fact a fishing tank excavated by Samudragupta of the Gupta dynasty.

Instead of proceeding against each building one after another, it would be easier for Oak to prove that Shahjahan himself was a high-caste Hindu.

Monghyr — NAYYAR

Sir—About P. N. Oak's anti-Muslim bias the less said the better. Who is going to stop him if he says that the Lal Qila was built by Lal Bahadur Shastri?

Bombay — V. S. AHMED BASHA

Sir—I was delighted to read the article on the origin of the Red Fort in Delhi. Whenever I visited the Fort, I had a hunch that it was all Hindu. Now P. N. Oak has done well in proving it with telling evidence. No other historian, living or dead, has brought about such a landslide in historical concepts.

I hope you will feature an article by him on the Taj Mahal and the other important historical buildings in India.

New Delhi — R. L. MEHRA

Sir—I believed that the WEEKLY gave authentic data. But my belief evaporated when I saw Shri Oak's article on the Red Fort. Do you want to bring the WEEKLY on a par with those cheap rags which go for sensational items minus authenticity?

Hyderabad — SYED MAZHARUDDIN

Sir—The article by P. N. Oak is an eye-opener for the students of Indian history. Our glorious past was hidden behind a curtain by lazy archaeologists. Shahjahan, as we know, was a drunkard and was engaged in bloody warfare throughout his reign. He could not have had any time to spare for a massive edifice like the Red Fort.

Bombay — K. K. POOJARI

Sir—I don't know whom P. N. Oak hopes to convince with his ridiculous and irresponsible writing. It is an ugly production of his fascist mind. He has exaggerated the minor points out of all proportion and overlooked all the major evidence. Look at any monument with a jaundiced eye and a fertile imagination and you can create new history.

Ahmedabad — SANJAR ALAM

Sir—Yesterday, when I visited the Red Fort in Delhi with the WEEKLY (September 9) to guide me, I found to my surprise many others similarly clutching copies of the WEEKLY!

At least P. N. Oak's article has added a new zest to visits to the Red Fort!

New Delhi — R. N. BANSAL

Sir—The article sounds like the tales of *Sheikh Chilli*. The treatise, based on fables, is subject to refutation. Contemporary chronicles, archaeological data, the process of development of Indo-Islamic architecture and its attaining perfection during the reign of marble under Shahjahan, all prove that the Red Fort was not built by any Hindu king.

Lucknow — P. R. SEN GUPTA

Sir—The article proving that Delhi's Red Fort existed six hundred years before Shahjahan is a great discovery. Your readers should be grateful to you for giving them such a treat. I shall be looking forward to similar enlightening articles on other famous historical buildings. I must confess to a feeling of being cheated all these years during my numerous visits to the Red Fort.

New Delhi — SANTOKH SINGH

Sir—P. N. Oak has stated that, according to the *Badshahnama*, Shahjahan, on ascending the throne, ordered the demolition of all Hindu temples throughout his realm. In order to explain how he apparently overlooked the so-called "Moti Mandir", right inside the Red Fort, the author has probably forgotten to produce evidence of the Emperor being hypermetropic.

Poona — M. B. BATTLIWALA

The General's Personal Score?

Sir—One is struck by the candid and innocent admission by General Tikka Khan (September 9) that, during the first few months of the Bangladesh crisis (March-September 1971), only four cases of rape were known to him. Is he disclosing his personal "score"?

New Delhi — P. R. KAPOOR

Sir—Does the General forget his words in Dacca that if Pakistan left Bangladesh, they would be leaving behind a nation of bastards. Let the war crimes trials be held for the world to learn of Pak atrocities from the mouths of those victims who have survived.

An Englishman has said:

Muslims love women and Sikhs love wine.
Hindus love money, to collect every dime.

My association with the Muslims of Pakistan and my long service with the police have convinced me that the above verse is correct.

New Delhi — TEK SINGH BAHL

Sir—General Tikka Khan's views on the Indian propagandists are absolutely correct. Our press and radio cannot boast of unbiased reporting. To cite one example, a leading Southern paper published a front-page report of Tikka Khan's "death" at the time of the 1971 war followed by the news of his "burial" with "full military honours".

Secunderabad — S. IQBAL ALI

Sir—Your sense of satire is really commendable. The cover story is on the tiger and, in the same issue, an interview with the man-eater (and woman-eater) of Bangladesh!

Bombay — K. RAJAMANI

Sir—While reading your interview with General Tikka Khan I felt that I was sitting next to the Pak General.

Bombay — K. K. SHARMA

Sir—Your interview with Tikka Khan was disappointing. You did not ask him any daring questions and you failed to defend the attack on the Indian Press and AIR. The photographs were not recent ones and had no connection with the article.

You spent two hours with Tikka Khan and gave us only four pages, whereas you met Mr Bhutto for only one hour and gave a 14-page spread. Sometimes you cheat us miserably. Sardar Saheb, give us our Re 1's worth and don't fill 50 per cent of the magazine with advertisements!

Gurgaon — K. S. RAJANNA

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were sorted out and a fresh government of sorts popped up. When this did not last, President's Rule was imposed.

Two years later, in 1969, the old Frontmen were able to piece together a cohesive group and fight the election collectively. The policy paid dividends. The Front won a massive mandate, set up a government and spent the rest of the time fighting one another. Thirteen months later, the Chief Minister, ostensibly the leader of the Front, called his own government uncivilised and barbarous and decided to pack his khaddars. President's Rule was imposed once again. The tide in the affairs of the Congress was, however, turning. After a brief unhappy participation in a Coalition Ministry, consequent to an election in the interim period, the Congress came back into the picture, sailing into power. In the aftermath of the Bangladesh euphoria, it was able to ride the tide in full. If nothing else, the Bengali knew his poetry.

New Tool

Much water, meanwhile, had flowed down the Hooghly—despite the fact that the Union Irrigation Ministry had not been willing to release through the Farakka Barrage the 40,000 cusecs of water thought necessary for the rehabilitation of Calcutta Port. First, the inventive genius in the Bengali discovered a new tool which proved more potent than even a labour strike to settle an industrial dispute. The name of the game was *gherao*, defined by the Chief Justice of Calcutta High Court as a "physical blockade of a target by encirclement... The target may be a place, or a person or persons, usually the managerial or supervisory staff of an industrial establishment". The consequences were disastrous. The flight of capital presumably did not take place, but new investments were certainly shy. They still are.

Further, the people's faith in the law-and-order machinery was badly shaken following political disturbances that often took violent turn. Even murder ceased to be front-page news when the Naxalites took to the assassination of "class enemies".

Third—and this time the silver lining. After the electoral defeats, the Congress Czars went into seclusion, not having the courage to face public ire. Their inactivity brought the reins into the hands of newcomers unaware of the supposed sacrifices of yesteryear. These newcomers were tough, unknown and uninhibited. They were willing to face the masses and willing to play it the way the leftists knew best—i.e. by the rules of violence. The campus was the first testing ground. A successful beginning in Calcutta's academic world showed that a new force in the State politics had emerged. The greening of the Congress had begun.

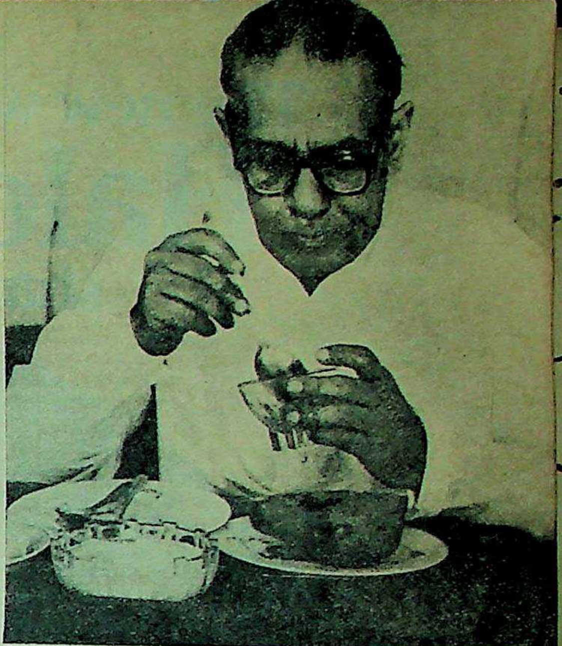
This then was the West Bengal that Siddhartha Shankar Ray inherited. The economy was still limping, but recovery was possible with a sufficient infusion of new capital. The body politic, hammered and sickled out of shape by successive governments each contributing to the general disorder, had the pleasure of seeing youth challenging the ways of the old. But conflict with the Centre was improbable since Congress Chief Ministers were nominees of the Centre and held office only at the Centre's pleasure.

Siddhartha Shankar Ray's character included qualities that were decisive in making him the successful politician that he is. To succeed in Bengal politics, one must, first, have pedigree. Ray is the grandson of Chittaranjan Das, barrister, politician, leader of the Swarajya Party of the twenties, compatriot of Indira Gandhi's grandfather and a *deshbandhu*. Next, the politician must have

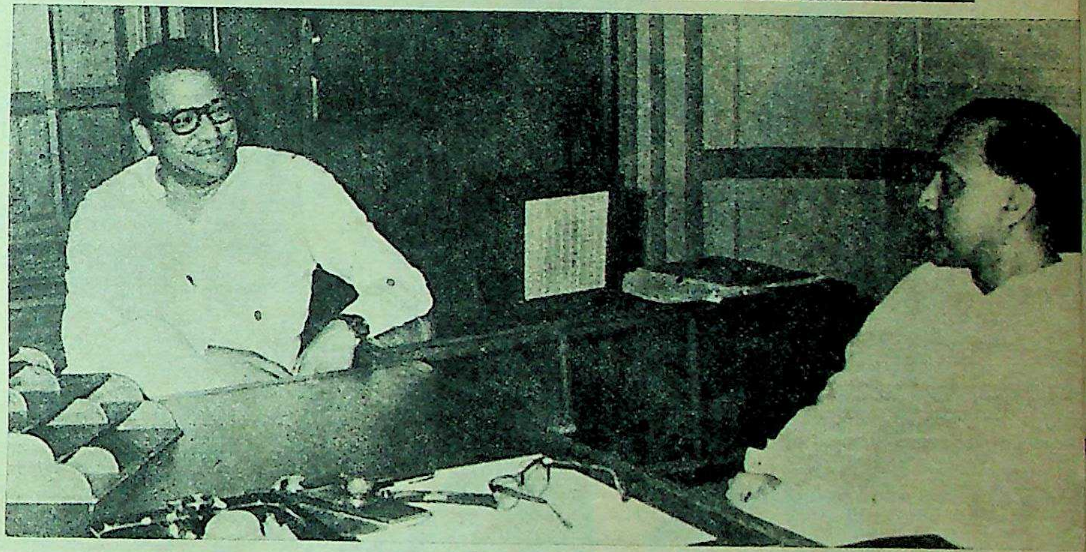
—Continued

THE CHAIRLESS CHAIRMAN—CHARU MAJUMDAR. From 1967 a spectre that haunted parts of India, especially Bengal, was the CPI (M-L) led by Charu Majumdar. While the conservatives criticised the UF Government for allowing the Naxalites to grow unchecked, the leftist parties blamed the CPI (M-L) for unleashing forces of violence which led to the UF's downfall.

A NOT SO AMAR JYOTI. The de facto leader of two UF Ministries (in 1967 and 1969-70), Jyoti Basu has been often labelled as a Marxist without mass contact. He is a barrister and was at one time close to Palme Dutt, the prophet of Indian Communism.



FOOD FOR THOUGHT. P. C. Sen succeeded B. C. Roy as Chief Minister in 1963. His advocating the abolition of Food Zones led to constant friction with the Centre. The scarcity of food during his regime caused widespread riots in the State.



THE LAST LAUGH. On opposite ends of the table—Jyoti Basu (right) *looking speculatively at Siddhartha Shankar Ray, the present Chief Minister of Bengal. This was when Jyoti Basu was Deputy Chief Minister in the 1969-70 UF Government.*

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reasonably pleasant looks. Six-feet-plus, Ray makes a striking figure although it is said that he does not look half his height when he sits in the Chief Minister's chair.

Third, some formal acquaintance with the practice of law—preferably in England. Fourth, and perhaps the most important—an established reputation in a profession before joining politics. The pragmatic would think that the importance lay in a financial base for his political career. Most politicians have also to face allegations of misuse of funds. It is bad politics to call a solvent man a thief.

Full marx, but not quite the story. This apparent renunciation of material success wins applause for another reason. The hoi-polloi should be able to say: "What an ascetic man! He has given up everything for his country!" Of such stuff are political giants made. Thus a Bidhan Chandra Roy, thus a Siddhartha Shankar Ray. Shades of sannyasin—that most romantic concept of a tramp—and hence mostly bachelor Chief Ministers, a hangover from the days when politicians were expected to practise brahmacharya (celibacy). Ray is married, the first Chief Minister to be so, but has no children.

Even greater success is assured if the politician is able to cloak himself in the saint's loin-cloth. Only Bidhan Chandra Roy, before Siddhartha Shankar, had these qualities and hence his success. Roy, who was a doctor, had as many academic degrees from England as would fill a page of the WEEKLY and, standing on the dais, he could reportedly spot tuberculosis bacteria in the lungs of a woman sitting in an obscure corner in the back row. That's medicine for you!

Atulya Ghosh and Prafulla Chandra Sen, the two persons whose association gave the Congress a lasting stigma, were both poor men. They had no foreign education simply because their parents could not afford any. They could not exactly be called handsome.

Siddhartha Shankar Ray, Bar-at-Law, faced no such problem. He had, besides, an instinct for survival and the uncanny knack of spotting the winning side. Ray, who held the portfolio of Law in Dr B. C. Roy's Government, resigned from the Ministry in 1958 to protest against the Government's food policy. He resigned from the Congress Party that year and later rejoined it. In intra-party squabbles Ray's loyalty has always been to Mrs Gandhi. After her victory, the Prime Minister rewarded him, first, by including him in her Cabinet and then by handing over the State of West Bengal to his care.

Ray is said to be held in high esteem at the Centre. The measure of this esteem can be seen from the fact that he is a member of both the Congress Working Committee and the Central Parliamentary Board of the Congress, a privilege which no other Chief Minister enjoys. The fact that his name has been linked with some of the important decisions of the Government of India (the appointment of the Chief Justice, the takeover of the coal mines) is also an indication of his power. But even such power has not been useful in getting a policy favourable to his State. Indeed it may even be called a drawback. For Ray's frequent trips to New Delhi have earned him the uncharitable title of "Delhi-based Chief Minister". Ray, like Atulya Ghosh before him, has also not been able to influence Delhi. A few examples will suffice. An important reason for the State's former economic primacy is its proximity to key mineral resources—coal and iron. Since 1956 iron and steel prices have been made uniform throughout India and there has been a partial equalisation of coal prices. At one stroke this has offset the locational advantage for industries in West Bengal.

After Independence a large number of the State's paddyfields had to be converted to jute-growing fields, since most of the traditional jute acreage was in East Bengal and hence lost to Pakistan. Over the years the price of rice has risen sharply while the rise in the price of the jute crop has been marginal. This has meant a flow of capital away from the State since the revenue earned from jute is far less than that earned from rice.

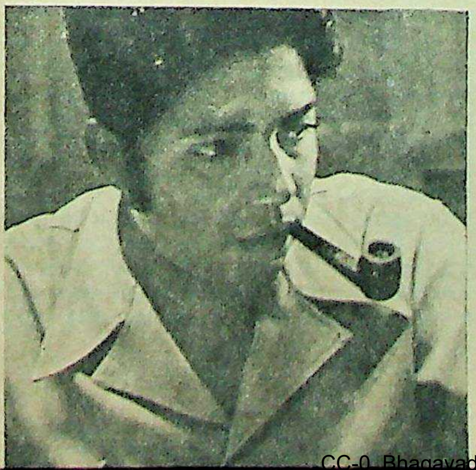
The West Bengal Government, which has been trying to overcome these disadvantages suggested that (a) uniform cotton prices for the entire country be declared and (b) procurement prices of jute be increased. The first would make West Bengal's textile mills more competitive and the second would mean an infusion of capital into rural Bengal. But the efforts of Siddhartha Ray's Government have so far been unrewarding.

The economic injustices that have been done to the State make sad reading—and the temptation to draw a parallel with the relationship which once existed between East and West Pakistan may even begin to make sense. In its election manifesto, the CPI(M) has already contended that West Bengal was being treated as a colony of the Centre.

The hero of Hermann Hesse's novel, a namesake of the present Chief Minister of West Bengal, staked all his hopes on the Buddha. He was disillusioned. Success came to Ray because of his connections in New Delhi. He thought that the same connections would be enough to usher in a new age. They have not been enough. Bengal continues to be neglected. Like in Hesse's novel, Siddhartha is beginning to find out that there is no certain way to nirvana.

NINE HUNDRED MILES TO DELHI: Almost 14 years to the day he left the Congress in protest against the corrupt practices of the Government, Siddhartha Shankar Ray became Chief Minister of a Congress Government in Bengal. He had left after reading out a strongly worded statement to the Assembly which caused the late B. C. Roy to label him a "leftist". This, perhaps more than anything else, was responsible for his return to power under the now radicalised Congress image. While Siddhartha has brought with him the glamour of a highly successful, debonair and "sporty" barrister, he also holds—next to P. C. Sethi of Madhya Pradesh—some sort of an unofficial record for trips to Delhi. Ray has the distinction of being the only Chief Minister to be in both the Congress Working Committee and the Central Parliamentary Board of the Party.

THE AUTHOR. Aveek Sarkar is Editor of The Hindusthan Standard, *Calcutta, and is one of the new generation of Bengalis without memories of the Calcutta Killing or idolatry towards Tagore. He joined the profession at 18 and acquired his skill as an apprentice to Harold Evans of the* Sunday Times, *London. Sarkar, in his own words, is fond of the Raj and Kipling, Nirad Chaudhuri and vintage port, and, in general, things British. His hobbies include horse-riding (when he can find time) and one-upmanship (when he can bring it off)*



Kashi Kant Maitra

Das Munshi

"BRAN..DED"! Kashi Kant Maitra was forced to resign as Food Minister of Bengal in August this year after his confidential assistant was arrested in connection with the wheat bran scandal. In a statement to the Assembly, Mr Maitra demanded a judicial probe into his own conduct. His allegations about the Ray Government being influenced by a coterie of hoarders and profiteers were almost identical to what the present CM had accused the B. C. Roy Government of being 14 years ago. Far right: The respectable revolutionary, Priya Ranjan Das Munshi, now President of the All-India Youth Congress, has played a major role in projecting a radical image of the Congress. Factional squabbles in the Bengal Youth Congress have, however, begun again.

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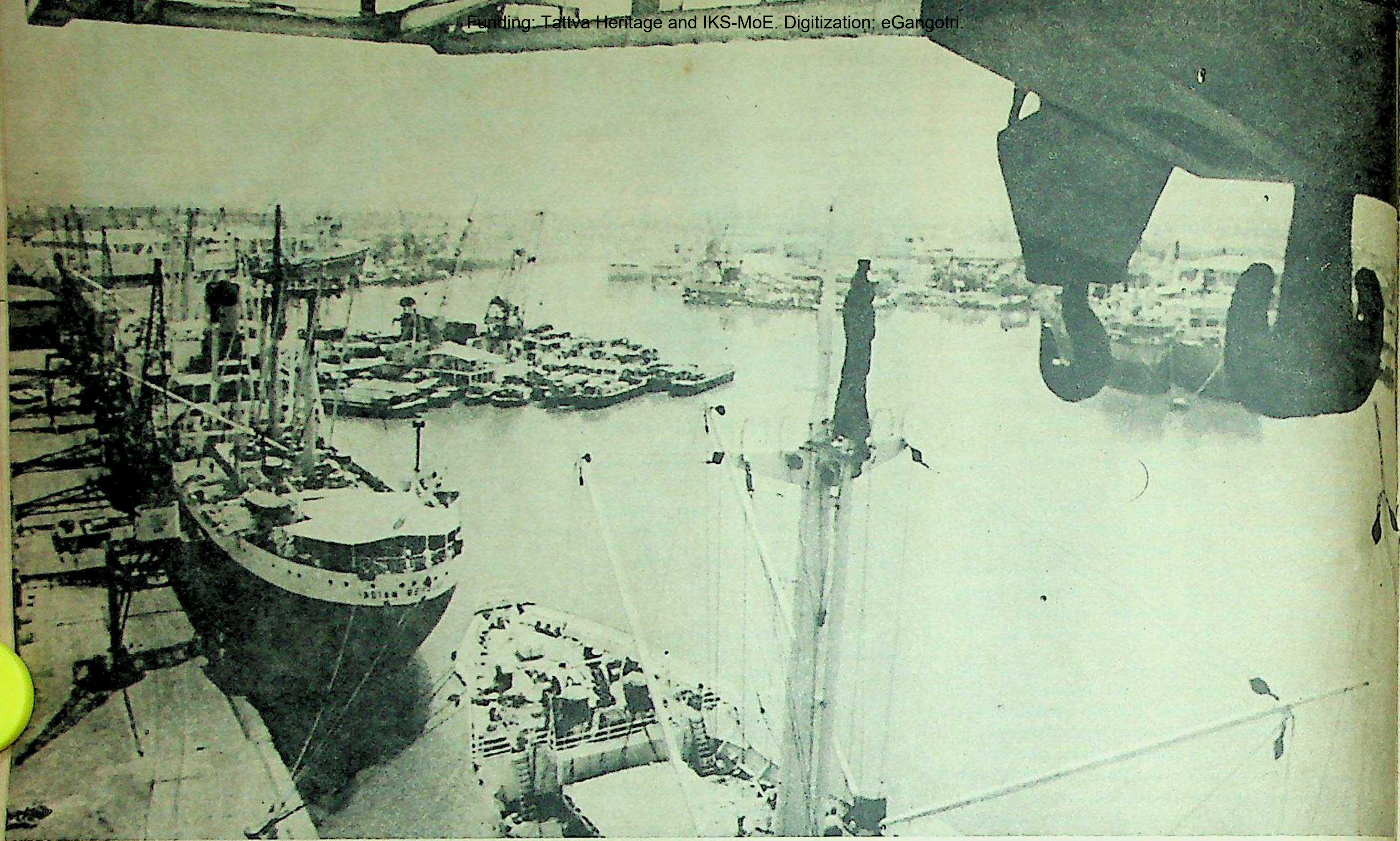

KING GEORGE'S DOCKS AT CALCUTTA PORT, the fourth-biggest port in the country after Bombay, Mormugao and Visakhapatnam. The Calcutta Port, with its satellite, Haldia, handles about 6 million tonnes of traffic, comprising petroleum products, iron ore, fertilisers, food grains and general cargo. It is threatened with silt which, unless dredged, may block traffic on the river.

INDUSTRY IN WEST BENGAL

In the fifties, West Bengal had pride of place on the industrial map of India. It lost its pre-eminent position owing to political instability and labour unrest. With order restored under the Ray Government, the State is making a brave attempt to recover lost ground.

by M. L. KAMATH

"DON'T sell your elephant to buy medicine for the cat," runs an African saw. In no State in India has this truism been violated more diligently and with such disastrous results as in West Bengal.

In striving to establish their ideological hegemony, the political parties here threw the economic well-being of the State overboard. The outcome is there for all to see and it was pointedly brought home during the recent tour of West Bengal Industries Minister Tarun Kanti Ghosh to Maharashtra, Tamil Nadu and Mysore.

It is not unusual for a State to woo businessmen and industrialists from other States to come and participate in its economic development by enumerating the advantages of going there. **The tour of Mr Ghosh and the tenor of his appeal to industrialists were different in the sense that the major—or is it the only?—advantage which he offered to the industrialists to set up industries in West Bengal was that the law-and-order situation had improved considerably and the sad legacy of the previous two United Front Governments had been obliterated. But has this appeal borne fruit?**

If the recent debate in the State Assembly on the industrialisation of the State is any guide, the appeal seems to have gone unheard. What comes out clearly is that, more than the industrialists and the businessmen not coming to West Bengal to set up units, the State itself has no directional purpose in going about its job. For more than a year now—the Ray Government has been in the saddle for over 18 months—a list of industries proposed to be set up has been bandied about. This comprises a tyre-and-tube unit, a nylon plant, a TV set unit, a cement plant and an alloy steel plant.

However, for an investment of over Rs 100 crores needed to get these units off the ground, the State seems to have access to barely Rs 1 crore, while the rest of the funds are yet to be located and mobilised. Even detailed studies have not been prepared for want of funds. This means the letters of intent may have to wait to be converted into licences. In the case of the cement plant it has been even said that the original capacity was found to be too small for the economy of scale, whereas, to set up a plant of the requisite size, it was found that the essential raw material was not available!

Meanwhile, the State's Fifth Five-Year Plan estimates an outlay of Rs 5,600 crores, including Rs 1,400 crores from the private sector. The big question mark facing the State is whether the official campaign blaming the previous UF Governments for the depressing state of the economy has been heeded by the entrepreneurs. Even after 18 months of the present government, there does not seem to be any worth-while flow of capital into the State.

Interestingly, on the first anniversary of its coming to power, the Ray Government inserted advertisements in the national dailies about the performance of the State, breaking it into four categories. One—during 1947-62, under Dr B. C. Roy's administration; two—during 1962-67, under P. C. Sen's regime; three—during 1967 and 1969-70 when the two UF Governments were ruling; and four—during one year's rule of the Ray Ministry. If the Roy and Sen administrations are left out—as the advertise-

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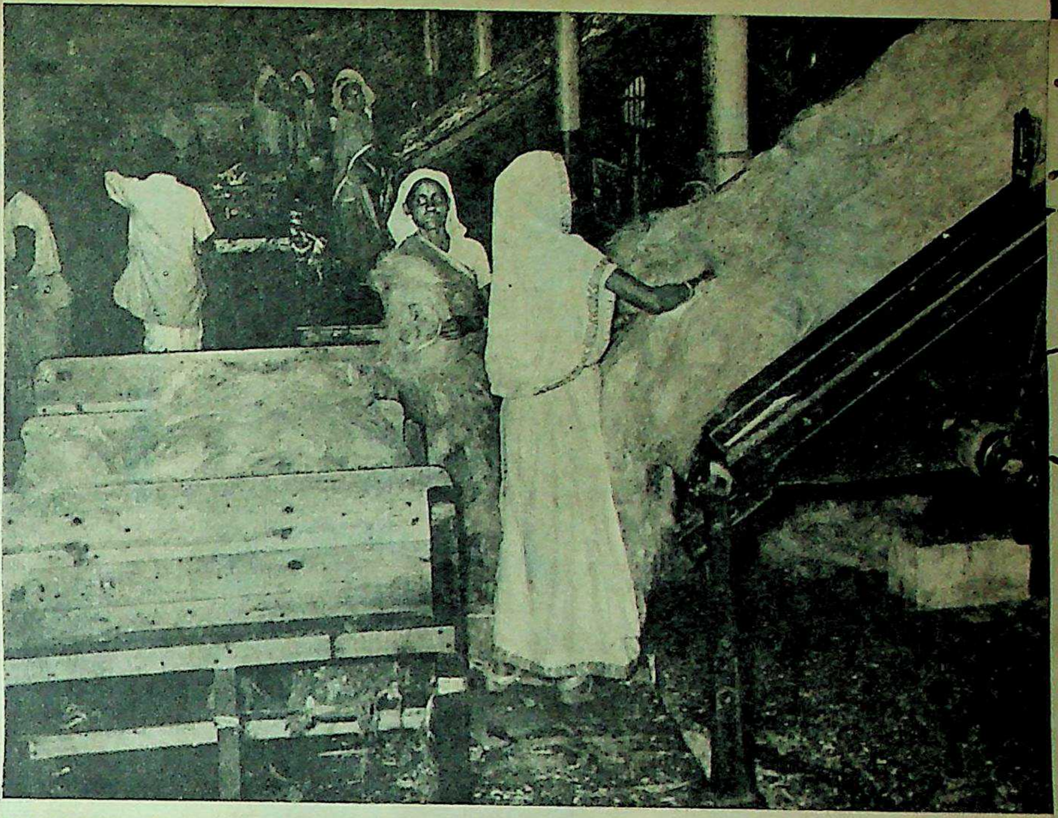
ment itself concedes it was the time of laying down the basic infrastructure—the comparison between the administrations during the other governments merely pinpoints the number of closure of units and the number of unemployed on the one hand, and the number of units reopened and the rehabilitation of the unemployed on the other. Significantly, there is no mention of any new industrial units being set up in the past 18 months, though it has been said that offers worth Rs 400 crores have been made by industrialists.

The statement blaming the UF Governments' rule for the law-and-order situation that led to economic chaos is double-edged. If the above-mentioned advertisement had said, "We inherited a completely chaotic law-and-order situation", there is the opposite claim of the trade union leaders quoting the present government's survey of the labour situation in 1972.

Principal Causes

The survey said that the principal causes of the closure of units were financial stringency, lack of orders, market depressions and shortage of raw materials. Thus, "closures cannot be described as a reaction of employers to gheraos resorted to by industrial workers in the past year". It further said: "It is clear from what has been stated that the bad industrial climate cannot be said to be the immediate cause of so many closure cases in West Bengal. By shifting the blame either to the non-cooperative attitude of industrial workers or to the militancy of trade union organisations, no improvement can, therefore, be successfully effected in the existing closure areas. In the circumstances, other measures should be explored for a cure towards alleviating the malady of closure."

It is a mystery why the present government adumbrated this thesis in its survey while admitting elsewhere that yearly



THE JUTE INDUSTRY OF INDIA is almost entirely located in Bengal. Half of the fibre grown in India is also raised in Bengal.

gheraos during 1967 and 1969-70 averaged about 600 and the work stoppages were at the annual rate of 650. Certainly, no business or industry can work efficiently if it has to look constantly over its shoulders to see what labour is planning to do to upset its smooth running. It is ironical that West Bengal, the pioneer State in the industrialisation of the country and contributing a predominant share to India's biggest export earners, jute and tea, should have been caught in the grip of stagnation.

As has already been said, if political unrest contributed its share to the setback in industrial activity, the industrialists themselves cannot say they have a clear conscience in the matter. Both jute and tea being highly susceptible to the vagaries of the world markets, these industries should have tried to adjust their sails to the winds of change.

The jute industry could legitimately have started its modernisation programme when the time was ripe for it, especially when the warning signal had been given by the rising trend in prices. The increase in productivity could have acted as a buffer against higher raw-material costs and wages.

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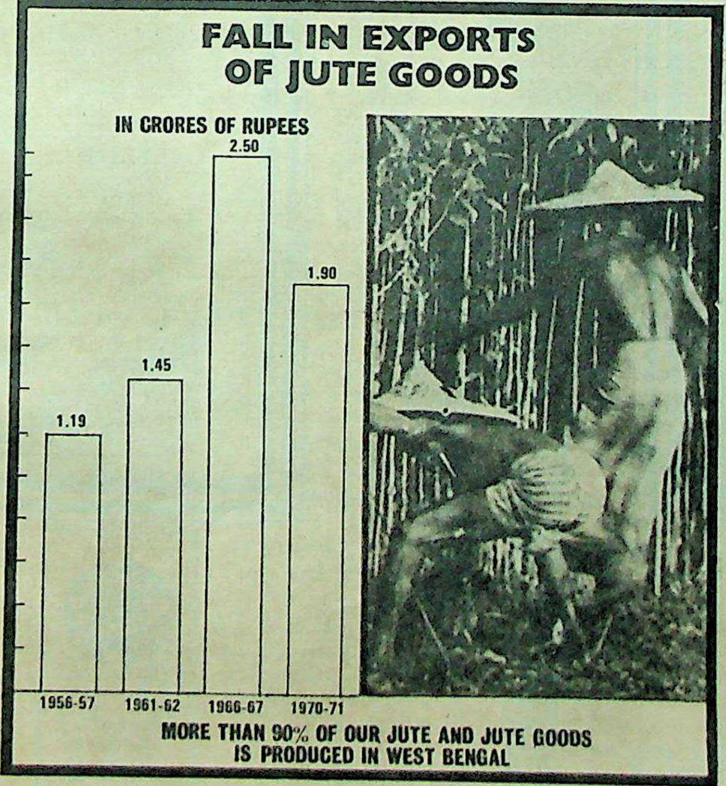

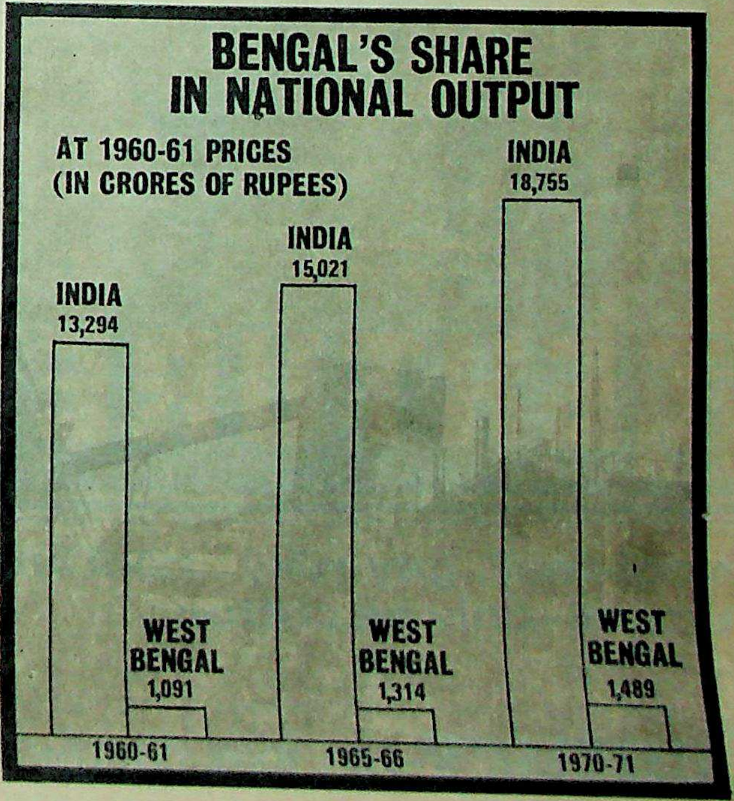

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Lots of tears have been shed over India losing her hessian market to other countries or to synthetic packaging materials. The question promptly asked is whether a systematic marketing set-up has been organised by the industry to counter-attack the strategy of these countries and the competing materials. Wild price fluctuations and irregular supplies have played havoc with India's hessian exports.

The bogey of high fibre prices may not be eradicated that easily because, unless the farmers are paid attractive prices, they may switch over to other commodities—such as rice—which yield better results. The industry is already aware that there is a shortfall of fibre to keep it humming and it also knows that imports are not that freely allowed. Thus, the shortages of fibre may hit production with its concomitant of closure of units, labour unrest, fall in profits and lack of funds for modernisation. On the other hand, higher fibre prices have led to more acreage devoted to jute cultivation which augurs well for feeding the mills.

The Tea Industry

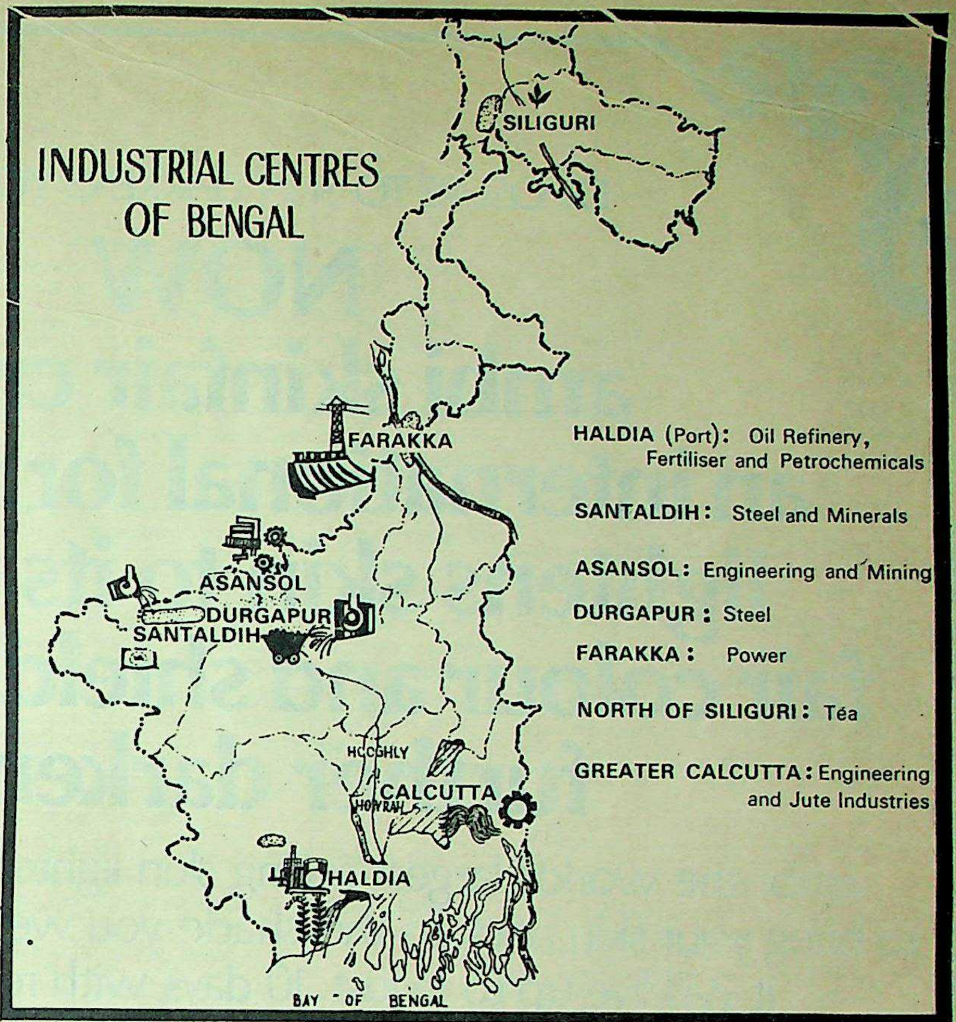
The other important foreign exchange earner, tea, has had its vicissitudes—woes like competition from other countries, higher levies and paucity of inputs like coal and fertilisers.

A study of the finances of the public limited companies by the Reserve Bank in 1971 has said the profitability of the tea industry has been declining and it is much lower than that of other major industries. A working group on finance for tea industry set up in 1972, again by the Reserve Bank, has commented that the industry cannot strive for development unless it is allowed to retain funds to reinvest, which means that prices must be allowed to keep in step with costs.

Significantly, the group has added that, while finance may be one of the prime factors to be kept in view, the industry cannot neglect other factors like financial discipline, sound management, planning and good relations with labour. This has added importance because an earlier committee—the Lamond Committee—set up in 1970 to locate ways of boosting tea output had drawn the attention of the industry to the scientific ways of maintaining the bushes and the plantations.

The worst affliction of the industry is, perhaps, the overaged bushes which are bound to give poor yields. As the Barooah Committee in its report in 1968 had pointed out, a major segment of the plantations needs replanting for fetching higher yields to make their impact felt on profitability. It is said that more than half the bushes in the Darjeeling area—yielding the best tea in the world—are over 50 years old, while another 33 per cent is in the age group of 20-50. The time has come for the industry to heed the points raised in the Lamond Committee as well as the RBI working group to enable it to compete on equal terms with countries like Ceylon and Kenya.

The last of the "Big Three" industries of West Bengal after tea and jute is engineering, which has had the rawest deal of all. It is so maybe because the engineering units were mostly capital intensive or because, being unable to keep in step with the changing times and consumer demand patterns,



they got stuck in a rut with irreparable damage to themselves and to the State's economy. **A glaring example is the wagon-building industry where the sole customer is the Railways. The Railways in all their wisdom failed to feed these units with a stream of orders and they were driven to the wall.**

With all this, a unique feature of West Bengal's industrial development should not be allowed to go unnoticed. All the three industries mentioned above, jute, tea and engineering, developed in the State for obvious reasons. Jute and tea because of the natural endowments, while a large number of engineering units were spawned in Bengal because the British rule planted its seed in that region. What is worth probing is how far the post-Independence era has kept up that momentum and, if it has not done so, what has prevented the premier industrial State from maintaining its position.

If it could be said that the earlier years of the post-Independence era were years of assessment and consolidation, since then the State has had no real push towards new horizons to match its earlier achievements. One showpiece was bestowed on the State—the Durgapur Steel Plant—but its performance, by all accounts, has proved dismal, whereas there are scores of other projects from the Durgapur chemical complex to the Haldia set-up which have yet to prove their worth.

There has been a recent accusation against the top industrialists of West Bengal that the money collected in that State by them has not been reinvested there but taken out and utilised elsewhere. Much can be said on both sides—while the State may legitimately say that the resources collected have to be used for the betterment of the State, the other side may say that, unless the conditions are congenial for doing so, it is suicidal to sink the funds and that flight of capital is bound to take place. An unasked question could be: How far a succession of administrations have contributed to the present state of affairs?

Whatever the truth in this accusation and counter-accusation, another layer of impediment has been superimposed on the industrialists recently: the restrictions on the expansion of the monopoly houses. Two recent instances will show how far the wooing of these "Big Houses" by the State may go counter to the policies of the Centre. The State is keen to allow a big radio manufacturer—already with a base in West Bengal—to produce TV sets but, this manufacturer being a "Big House", the issue is still hanging fire.

In another instance, a monopoly house is eager to set up a chemical plant in the State and, in the evidence proffered before the Monopolies Commission, the State Industries Commissioner argued why this unit is necessary for the State. But it is yet to be seen how far the Centre will unbend to favour West Bengal, knowing that, if it is done in one case, other States will not fail to seek similar exemptions.

This then is the dilemma facing the State. Mr Ghosh has said that, in the past 18 months, the present government has shown tangible industrial activity—it takes a long time to conceive projects, give them shape and allow them to develop. If the benefit of the doubt is to be given on these premises, then the next few years will be worth watching to see whether West Bengal is able to regain the "bounce" that has been missing in its industrial activity.

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The Six-Point Formula

The feud between Andhras and Telenganites has defied solution for four years. The six-point formula has the support of a few "integrationists". But the majority appear to be against it.

THE Centre's six-point formula provides for the abolition of the archaic Mulki Rules by a scheme of preferential employment, throughout the State, of "locals" for the non-gazetted posts of tehsildars, junior engineers and civil assistant surgeons. It also favours the replacement of the Telengana Regional Board with a State Planning Board.

The six-point formula was chalked out after discussions with the Andhra leaders as a way out of the impasse. The main drawback of the formula is that, while abolishing Mulki Rules, it extends the principle of "regionalisation of subordinate service to the district level".

The advantages are:

1. **District-level recruitment will quicken development of the backward areas;**
2. **Replacement of the Telengana Development Board with a State body with two regional committees;**
3. **A new Central University for Hyderabad and**
4. **Promise of liberal Central assistance.**

These favourable points far outweigh the shortcomings. Dr M. Chenna Reddy, President of the Congress Forum for a Separate Telengana, said the formula was vague and bifurcation of the State was inevitable. However, he assured the Prime Minister that he would not whip up agitation against it.

Mr I. B. Ramkrishna Rao, Chairman of Andhra's Non-Gazetted Officers' Association, is critical of the formula. "The Andhras," he says, "have fallen from the frying-pan into the fire. The Mulki Rules divided the State into two regions of Andhra and Telengana, the six-point formula divides the State into several compartments."

Mr A. Sreeramulu, leader of the People's Democratic Front, claims that the search for "local candidates" will encourage parochialism.

"Thousands of Andhras have been fighting over what are known as the Mulki Rules without knowing what they are, just as thousands of Christians fought over Popery without knowing what it was," the "National Herald" commented in an editorial.

The Mulki Rules were promulgated in 1918 as a *firman* of the Nizam of Hyderabad. Under them, "no person will be appointed to any superior or subordinate service of the State (the Telengana region) if he is not a permanent resident of Hyderabad State for at least 15 years".

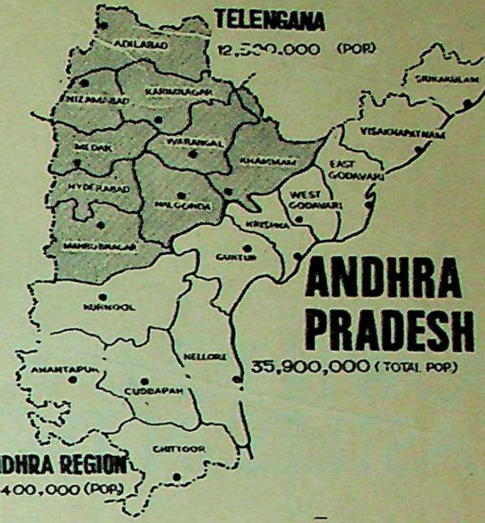
In 1950, after the Indian Constitution came into force, these Rules became effective only as far as "residential restriction" was concerned. This was followed up by further Parliamentary legislation—the Public Employment (Requirement as to Residence) Act 1957—which abolished privileges like those provided by the Mulki Rules except in Manipur, Tripura, Himachal Pradesh and the Telengana region.

According to the Andhra Pradesh Government, the provisions in regard to Telengana were a result of the "gentleman's agreement" concluded in 1956 at the time of the formation of the State.

The Public Employment Act 1957 abolished all special concessions in employment such as the Mulki Rules. The Mulki Rules could have been abolished in the case of Telengana also but for the "gentleman's agreement" between the leaders of Andhra and Telengana. Last October a Constitution Bench of the Supreme Court declared that the Mulki Rules enforced by the Nizam of Hyderabad still "continue in force".

This sparked off agitation all over Andhra and led to a breakdown of the administration. Chief Minister Narasimha Rao was compelled to resign and President's Rule was imposed in January this year.

Though the first reactions to the new formula have not been encouraging, senior Congress leaders feel that the Telengana region will see the advantages. The main criticism, according to them, stems from the feeling that the abrogation of the Mulki Rules and the scrapping of the Telengana Regional Committee are a victory for the Andhra people.



The first task now is to restore political equilibrium in the State. The Centre's proposals must, above all, receive acceptance from the majority. Only then will Andhra Pradesh be able to do away with President's Rule and have a popular government.

X. A.

PRO and ANTI

"I am still for separation though the six-point formula is a desirable alternative," said Mr Subba Reddy, leader of the Congress separatists in Andhra. He sought a specific assurance about the completion of the Pochampad and Nagarjuna Sagar projects and development of backward areas.

Three Telengana legislators, Mr G. Rajaram, Mr L. Narayan and Mr Govind Singh, demanded that the "twin cities of Hyderabad and Secundrabad be considered a separate district for recruitment to non-gazetted posts".

The Jai Andhra Front and the Telengana Praja Samiti reiterated that nothing short of bifurcation was acceptable.

Mr Syamsunder Rao, President, Teachers' Union, felt: "It is another attempt to appease the vested interest of Andhra at the expense of the people of Telengana."

Mr Majeed Siddiqui, President of the Telengana NGO's Union, warned that any attempt to impose the formula would be resisted by force.

P. Goverdhan Reddy, MLA and member of Congress Forum for Separate Telengana, observed: "The formula has been evolved by frustrated politicians and will expedite the bifurcation of the State."

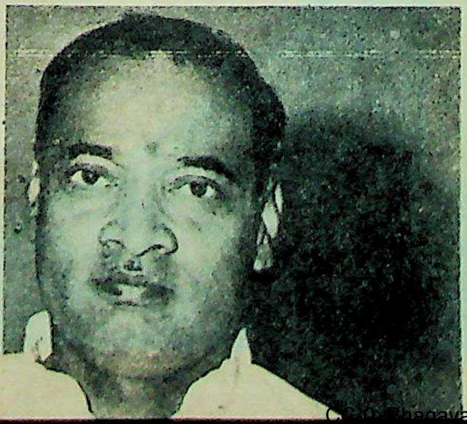
Two former Ministers, Mrs B. Jayaprada and Dr Venkata Reddy, stated: "The formula removes the feelings that Andhras are alien in their own State Capital and also ensures employment to the local people."

Former Chief Minister Brahmananda Reddi said: "It is in the best interest of the State... It rightly emphasises the importance of accelerated development."

Mr Ganga Reddy, an MP from Telengana: "It is the best in the present circumstances and is worthy of consideration."

Congress leader Professor N. G. Ranga: "It is, after all, the people who have to decide on what former Ministers and MLAs agree among themselves."

Mr P. V. NARASIMHA RAO, former Chief Minister, said: "The formula is final. It is the best under the circumstances." Mr Rao, who is a Telenganite, was recently manhandled by separatists.



Dr M. CHENNA REDDY, President of the Congress Forum for Separate Telengana, observed: "The formula is vague. Replacing one Mulki Rule with 21 rules cannot solve the problem."

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SIDDHARTHA SHANKAR RAY

Siddhartha Shankar Ray, the 53-year-old barrister turned politician, has deservedly won credit as the man who brought calm to turbulent Bengal. Popular with the masses, assisted by a young band of party workers and devoted to Mrs Gandhi, he is as towering a personality as the six foot two inches of his person.

by NAYANA GORADIA

TWO years ago the traffic policeman in Calcutta carried a loaded revolver chained to his belt and reported for duty escorted by two fellow policemen. Today he directs traffic without fear.

Law and order have been restored to Bengal. The people have had their bellyful of violence. When the leftist parties tried to organise a Bengal bandh in July this year, it was a total flop. In spite of the general scarcity and eruptions of violence elsewhere, there have been no food riots in Bengal.

The credit for all this goes to Siddhartha Shankar Ray, 53-year-old barrister turned politician. He is over six feet tall, his figure a little bulky from increasing desk work ("I was a Cricket Blue in my college days," he nostalgically recalls, "but now I have no time to play").

He wears a white dhoti and a loose kurta to work but is equally at ease in a sports jacket. Young as politicians go in this country, he is easy to talk to and utterly informal. In his 18 months in office, he has won a deserved reputation of absolute integrity.

He is too modest to take credit for his victory in 1972. "It was due to Mrs Gandhi's efforts that the Congress Ministry came to power here," he says.

Bengal's Problems

"Would you say that Bengal has been treated unjustly by the Centre?" I ask.

"Bengal's problems have been many, beginning with the staggering influx of refugees in 1947," replies Mr Ray.

The refugees are a drifting mass of sensitive, rootless, homeless people. The situation can easily be exploited. And all the political parties have been doing just that.

"Bengal, with its tremendous natural resources, has always attracted outsiders. But unlike the rest of the country, there is no provincialism in Bengal," Mr Ray is quick to point out.

"Nevertheless this unnatural swelling of population has now overtaken the rate of production and the opportunities for employment: hence the trouble. Colleges have sprung up in many places. We have 28 lakh unemployed, of which almost 10 lakh are educated.

"After Dr B. C. Roy, no one has presented Bengal's problems properly to the Centre. For instance, it is unfortunate that, in the Fourth Five-Year Plan, Bengal's allocation is only Rs 322 crores whereas it should have been double the allocation in the Third Five-Year Plan, which was Rs 305 crores. Mrs Gandhi has assured us that this imbalance will be remedied."

Mr Ray speaks with confidence because he enjoys a special rapport with the Prime Minister. He was Minister for Education, Social Welfare and Culture in Mrs Gandhi's Cabinet, and was later Special Minister in charge of West Bengal Affairs in Delhi. In 1971, he returned to his home state to revitalise the Congress Party for the 1972 State Elections. It was a bold challenge. Party morale was at its lowest ebb.

He travelled all over the State, speaking wherever he could get an audience. He would drive hundreds of miles on kuchcha roads by jeep and bullock-cart, make his speeches, and return home in the early hours of the morning.

—Continued

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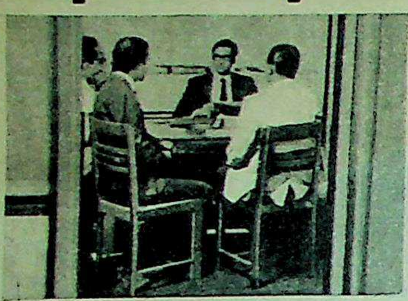

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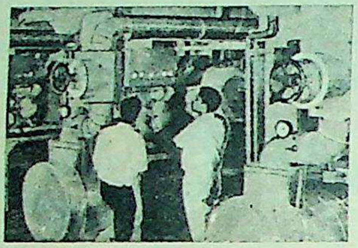

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In his election campaign Mr Ray was assisted by a squad of enthusiastic and dedicated young workers. Together they ventured into the hearts of the Opposition's strongholds. Says Mrs Ray: "I admit I was terrified. I never knew in what condition I would see my husband by evening. But I tried to keep a brave front."

It was a bold gamble involving some personal risk. But it paid dividends. The Congress swept into power with a landslide victory, capturing 217 out of the 281 Assembly seats. The CPI, which formed an alliance with the Congress, won 35; whereas the Marxists, who under Mr Jyoti Basu in the earlier UF Government were the dominant power, got a bare 14 seats.

For a State emerging from political upheavals and the burden of accommodating ten million East Pakistan refugees. West Bengal's achievements are impressive. Construction has restarted in Calcutta and new buildings are coming up rapidly. The price of land in the city has almost doubled in the last 18 months.

The CMDA is making an all-out attempt to improve civic conditions in the city. Its Rs 150-crore programme moves apace at over 4,000 worksites. A slum development programme, which will benefit nine lakhs, is under progress. Work has begun on the Underground Railway and the Second Hooghly Bridge. Special attention is being given to rural development. The Ray Ministry opened 275 "sick" industrial units within the first year of office and restored jobs to 1,73,614 workers.

Mr Ray says: "In an agricultural country, we must concentrate on irrigation, flood control, drainage, small-scale industries and power. I think everything else will then look after itself." Several major industrial projects are also in the offing —nylon yarn, cement, alloy steel, scooters, TV sets, automobile tyres and tubes.

Good Climate For Industries

I ask if larger industrial houses are showing interest in investing in Bengal.

"We have had a good response. In fact people who have licences for projects in other States are now wanting to come to Bengal. After all, Bengal with its tremendous natural resources is the place for industry. It must be remembered however that 16 of the 22 larger houses are already based in Bengal and, because of existing regulations, it takes a little time for projects to get off the ground."

"Do you not feel that the eventual answer to the State's problems lies in motivating the Bengali to set up small and medium industries?" I ask.

"I could not agree with you more," he replies immediately. "I am glad to notice that the Bengali is slowly weaning himself away from his habitual preoccupation with a white-collar job and showing willingness to start a business. Government can provide the infrastructure. It is for the people to take off from there."

The last 18 months have not been all that easy for the Ray Ministry. Dissidents have wrecked party unity.

In industry, clashes between unions led by different factions of the Congress Party are impeding healthy growth. Managements complain of having to contend not so much with inter-union rivalries as with the various factions within the same union!

The exuberance of the youthful section of the ruling party has brought its own headaches. In the dehoarding drive sanctioned by the Chief Minister, there was the instance of a young participant who, impatient with the Constitutional machinery, arbitrarily seized stocks and distributed them to the public on the spot!

Family Tradition

Perhaps political leadership comes naturally to Siddhartha Shankar Ray. Politics is a family tradition. There is the story of how, when news of his election as Chief Minister of West Bengal was conveyed to his grandmother, the old Basantidevi merely nodded her head in a matter-of-fact manner. To her it was scarcely surprising. For Siddhartha is the grandson of Deshbandhu Chittaranjan Das.

Mr Ray had, from an early age, an extraordinary education in public affairs. His grandfather's house was the nucleus of political activity. Dr B. C. Roy and Netaji were family friends. "Pandit Nehru and Netaji were my childhood heroes," he recalls.

Siddhartha Shankar was born in Calcutta on October 20, 1920. He went to St Xavier's School and then to Presidency College. He is the eldest in a family of six.

"He was too good," teases an affectionate cousin. "He was never naughty... he never carried tales." He was reading Law in London when he first met the lovely 17-year-old Maya Bhattacharjee. By the third meeting he had decided he wanted to marry her and, in the correct conventional manner, he approached Maya's father. "I was piqued to have been proposed in an old-fashioned Victorian manner!" Mrs Ray recalls with nostalgia. The Rays were married in 1947.

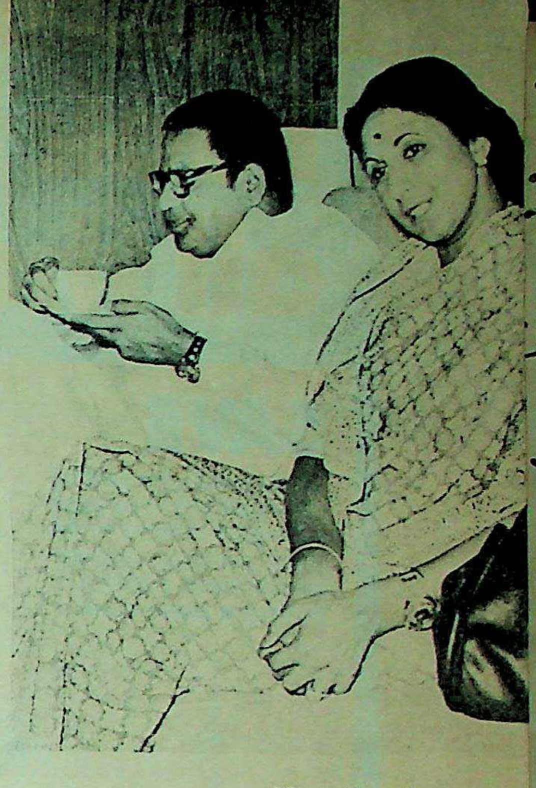
"Was politics a long-nurtured ambition?" I asked the Chief Minister.

"Good heavens, no!" he exclaimed with a disarming smile. "I was happy enough with my legal practice and cricket. It was Dr B. C. Roy who got me involved. He sent for me one day in September 1956 and said: 'This is yours!'—putting the Bhowanipur Constituency into my lap. As you know, Bhowanipur is an extremely politically conscious constituency which has in the past elected national leaders like Dr Syama Prasad Mookerjee. I was an amateur. I did not know a thing about political campaigning. Maya and I went from door to door... To my utter surprise, I won. People had voted for my grandfather really," he says with characteristic modesty.

In 1957 Mr Ray was appointed Minister for Law in Dr Roy's Cabinet but he soon resigned after having clashed with certain die-hard sections of the Congress over their high-handed attitude towards problems like corruption, food and land reform.

A newspaper editor labelled him "The Angry Young Man of Bengal". Although he fought as an Independent in 1962, the electorate of Bhowanipur returned him to the Assembly.

Mr Ray rejoined the Congress after Mrs Indira Gandhi became Prime Minister in 1967. He was elected to the Lok Sabha in 1971. A great admirer of Mrs Gandhi, Mr Ray firmly believes that "she is our only anchor today".



—Mona Chowdhury

WITH HIS WIFE MAYA. Ray met her in London when he was reading Law. Three meetings later, he asked her father for permission to marry Maya. "I was piqued," says Mrs Ray, "to have been proposed in an old-fashioned Victorian manner!"

She's One Up

When Mr Ray relinquished his Lok Sabha seat to come to West Bengal, his wife contested the vacant seat. She won the election with a resounding majority. "At last I am one up on my husband!" she claims with an engaging smile. "I have doubled his majority in his own constituency."

Maya Ray is a fitting first *Boudee* of Bengal. None of the earlier Chief Ministers of West Bengal was married.

Their rambling old family house in Calcutta is in many ways a typical Bengali home. Books are piled high against the walls, rising to the ceiling: the legacy from a lawyer father.

From the kitchen downstairs comes a faint aroma of mustard oil. Perhaps Mr Ray's favourite prawn-and-coconut curry is being cooked.

The Rays have no children. Their political schedules often keep them apart. "They never seem to have time to eat properly," grumbles the old family retainer.

Nevertheless the Rays are essentially family people, deeply attached to relatives. Recently, on the passing away of his mother, Mr Ray, like any traditional Bengali son, shaved his head and meticulously observed all the religious rites.

Mr Ray's performance in West Bengal has led many to believe that his talents will be required at the Centre. There is considerable speculation over his being recalled to Delhi. Asked to comment, Mr Ray says: "I am right now in Bengal. Let us leave the discussion there."

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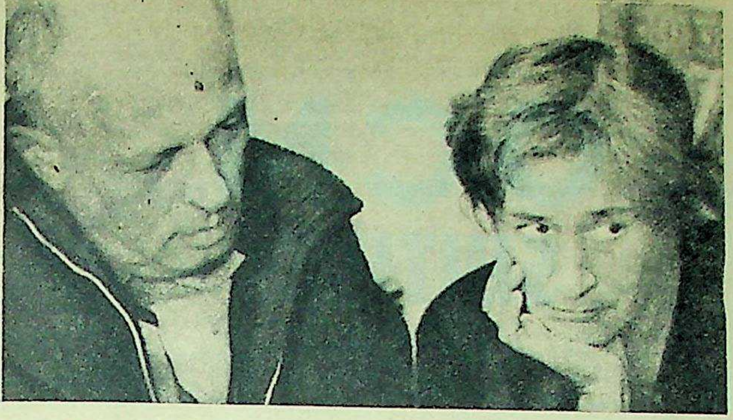

"IF I DIE SUDDENLY, THE WORLD WILL BLAME IT ON THE KGB," said Alexander Solzhenitsyn in a recent interview. Here, famed Russian physicist, Dr Andrei Sakharov, creator of the Soviet hydrogen bomb and member of the Academy of Sciences, is seen with his wife Yelena. He told western correspondents in Moscow that his statements were "grossly distorted" by the Soviet press. Dr Sakharov became the target of intensive attacks from the Soviet Press after he warned the western powers not to accept a detente with Russia on the Kremlin's terms and said that "rapprochement without democratisation in the Soviet Union could be dangerous". Nobel Laureates from all over the world have sent telegrams of support to the Soviet dissidents.

THE DISSIDENTS PLEAD GUILTY. Viktor Krasin (44) and Pyotr Yakir (50) seen at a press conference in Moscow. The two dissidents were charged with "trying to subvert the Soviet System" and were accused of cooperating with the anti-Communist emigre organisation, the NTS (Popular Labour Front), and working as paid informers of foreign correspondents in Moscow. They were also accused of being the "authors, publishers and distributors" of an underground publication, The Chronicle of Current Events, which drew attention to the practice of committing political nonconformists to mental asylums. Both Krasin and Yakir pleaded guilty during their trial and were sentenced to three years in prison plus three years in internal exile.

Soviet Friendship And Persecution Of Intellectuals

The persecution of intellectuals and the suppression of free thought are not new features of Soviet life. What has India, which has always preserved the cherished ideal of human freedom, in common with the Soviet Union? Would a wide-ranging cultural encounter with the Russians result in an erosion of free thought and expression for us?

by S. C. GANGAL

SINCE we signed the Indo-Soviet Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation with the USSR in August 1971, Indo-Soviet cooperation has been growing in many fields. And it has stood us in good stead both in war and peace. However, by and large, cooperation has been limited to such material fields as applied science, technology, trade, and economic and arms assistance.

We have, however, just decided upon a wide-ranging cultural exchange programme with the Soviets: inevitable perhaps in view of the increasing rapport between our two countries. Nevertheless, it must be stressed that here we are treading more delicate ground, for, unlike the practical fields of economics, applied science or technology, culture belongs to the deeper realms of mind and spirit. Moreover the success or otherwise of a substantial cultural exchange —such as we have envisaged—between any two societies depends on whether or not there is a reasonable degree of cultural similarity or cohesion between them. We have to assure ourselves that there is no basic conflict or contradiction between our values.

The persecution of intellectuals and the suppression of free thought are not a new feature of Russia's life. Over the centuries, Russian writers, poets and free thinkers have had to face the unrelenting opposition of the powers that be. Pushkin and Dostoevsky, to mention only two illustrious names, both suffered from Tsarist persecution. Disgusted and broken by the stifling atmosphere of oppression and arbitrary censorship, Russian writers and intellectuals and humanists fixed their hopes on the dawn of a new order or revolution—a future in which thought and expression would be free. In his classic, *Mother*, Gorky expressed the hope that after the revolution "Russia will be the most brilliant democracy in the world".

A majority of the writers who had left Tsarist Russia came back after the revolution under the illusion that their dreams of a free nation had at last been fulfilled. And European writers and philosophers, Andre Gide and Malraux among them, watched with mixed feelings of hope and anxiety the young country which, they thought, would lead humanity to genuine freedom.

However, these hopes were soon dispersed. When Bunin, Berdyaev, Remizov, Ehrenburg and others returned home from exile, the Stalin era of persecution and terror had not yet begun. Even so, these writers could sense the increasingly monolithic and intolerant character of the Party. The Soviet Socialist Republic was barely ten years old when the world heard with horror of the fate of five leading Russian poets of the day. Gumilyov was executed, Blok and Khlebnikov died under prolonged physical and mental torture, and Esenin and Mayakovsky committed suicide. Many others died or mysteriously disappeared thereafter.

And except for a short period of abatement following the death of Stalin, the tide of persecution has not ebbed. In present-day Russia, the writers and intellectuals who have not already been executed or clamped into concentration camps live under constant terror of death, exile or imprisonment. Solzhenitsyn has summed up this painful situation in the "Open Letter" that he addressed to the Fourth Soviet Writers' Congress: "Many writers have been subjected during their lifetime to abuse and slander in the press and from rostrums without being allowed the physical possibility of replying. More than that, they have been exposed to violence and personal persecution (Bulgakov, Akhmatova, Tsvetaeva, Pasternak, Zoshchenko, Platonov, Alexander Grin, Vassily Grossman)... The leadership of the (Writers') Union cravenly abandoned to their distress those for whom persecution ended in exile, labour camps and death (Pavel Vasiliev, Mandelshtam, Artem Vesely, Pilnyak, Babel, Tabidze, Zabolotsky, and others)... However, the roll is even longer ..." And Solzhenitsyn himself, up till now a trifle more fortunate, has recently said in an interview that, if he dies suddenly under mysterious circumstances, the world may conclude that the KGB has been responsible for his death. Less well-known writers like Amanik and Krasin are serving prolonged terms in Siberian prisons for the crime of being liberal intellectuals.

But that is only one side of the picture: the negative one. On the other side is the mass political, moral and intellectual indoctrination of the people by organised propaganda, strikingly manifest in the average Russian's blind hatred of China. A noted British journalist who recently toured Russia from end to end observed that the brainwashing was so complete that the people living near the Chinese border are in perpetual fear that the Chinese will march across the border any day, burn their houses, kill all the men and carry away the women and children. This myth, needless to say, is fabricated and encouraged by the Soviet authorities.

Amid all the misery and poverty and disillusionment of the post-Independence years, India has succeeded in preserving substantially the cherished ideal of human freedom.

What has India in common with a system whose existence depends on the suppression of these very deeply loved ideals? Nothing. Or is the Indian leadership consciously trying to model the country on the Soviet Union?

A wide-ranging cultural encounter with the Russians cannot but result in a similar erosion of free thought and expression. Let us ponder before we are driven to a point of no return.

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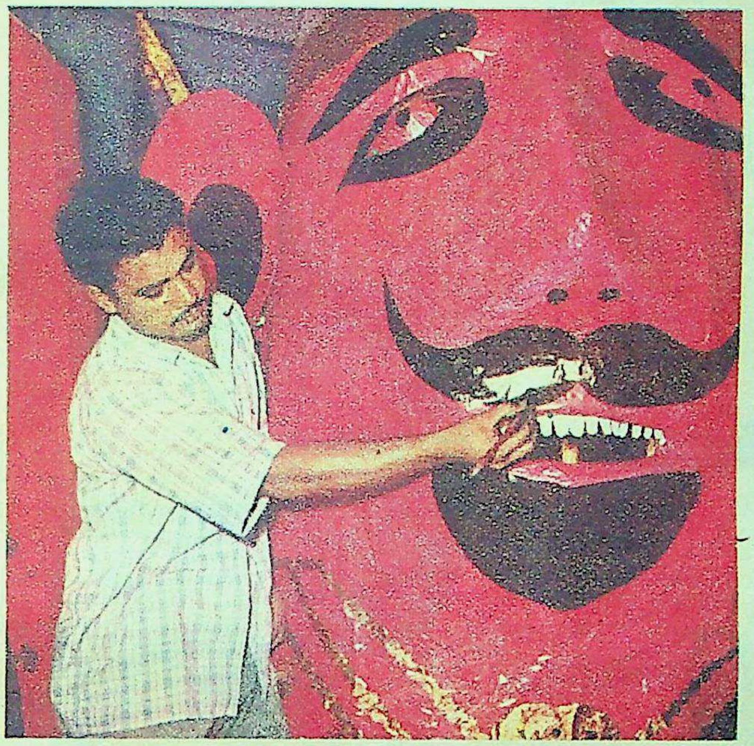
RAM LILA

Photographs by Brahm Dev

Although the festival is called Navaratri, it is observed for ten days in Aswin (September-October). The tenth day, Vijayadasami, is celebrated as Ram Lila in the North and as Dassera in Karnataka. Navaratri is dedicated to Sakti in her various aspects: Amba, Chandi or Durga. This is particularly true of Bengal, where the worship of Durga is a reminder of its Sakta heritage. During Puja, Bengalis invoke Mahishasuramardini, the goddess who slew the buffalo-demon.

In Gujarat it is the benign mother goddess Amba that is worshipped. Women observe a fast and perform the garba dance. In Maharashtra, with its martial tradition, "ayudha-puja", or the worship of weapons, is part of the Navaratri pageant. In the South, while the Durga legend is recognised, the accent is on Saraswati. Vijayadasami there is observed as "Vidyarambha", when children are taught the alphabet.

ONE FACE OF RAVANA. Scenes from the Ramayana are re-enacted during Ram Lila celebrations. Massive effigies of Ravana (right), of his brother Kumbhakarna and son Indrajit are burnt, watched by enthusiastic crowds.



A DEMON GOES UP IN FLAMES. In Delhi, thousands flock to the Ram Lila grounds to witness the destruction of Ravana. Another popular figure is Vidushaka, the clown whose antics delight children.

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Better Sex Through Yoga

by Pandit Shiv Sharma

If you desire sex, do not suppress it; if you do not desire sex, don't try to rouse it artificially. Through yoga, excessive lust as well as its deficit can be successfully levelled.

THE COW-HEAD POSE (Gomukhasana, *front and back view*) *is for toning the urogenital organs. Kneeling on one leg, place the anus on the heel. Place the other leg on the kneeling leg so that the knees are one above the other. Lock your hands behind the back.*

CERTAIN schools of religion and totalitarianism have sought to restrict sex.

Here is an uncompromising verdict against experiencing the pleasures of sex: *"He who loves his wife too ardently is an adulterer."*—St Jerome

And here is a full, though reluctant, recantation: "But if they have not continency, let them marry, for it is better to marry than to burn."—St Paul

This contradiction is not confined to Christian writings.

Even where *Kama* (Desire, including sex) is elevated, as in the Hindu code of life, to the exalted category of *Trivarga*, or the three essential Pursuits or Attainments —namely, *Dharma* (Righteousness), *Artha* (Wealth, righteously earned) and *Kama* (Desire fulfilment), we find indirect denigration of sex through deification of *Brahmacharya* (Continence in thought, word and deed) as shown by the following texts: *"One Brahmachari* equals (in merit) the *four* Vedas (the most revered of Hindu scriptures)."—*Jina-Dharma-Viveka*. Again, "Through the austerity of celibacy, the Gods killed (i.e., conquered) Death."—*Atharva Veda*.

And, then, the opposite view: "No sensible man should suppress his natural urges ... the suppression of orgastic discharge leads to several diseases."—Atreya (*Charaka Samhita*). Again, "Observe the entire sex routine as described by *Kama Sutra*."—Vagbhata (*Ashtanga-Hridaya*).

In Yoga this duality becomes even more pronounced: the same yogic postures that help the ascetic and the recluse to sublimate the sex urge are recommended to rejuvenate the householder and increase his capacity to make love.

Eminent teachers of yoga today extol the virtues of total celibacy for the benefit of the people who wish to turn their backs on a worldly life for the uninterrupted pursuit of spiritual ideals. They also prescribe various postures and practices, shorn of asceticism, for the benefit of the family man who prefers pleasure and progeny to paradise. (Actually, the goal of yoga is not paradise but union with the Absolute.)

Here, we may also have a look at the attitude of the totalitarian regimes which closely follow religion in trying to regiment the sexual behaviour of the community. How far sustained brainwashing and indoctrination can influence the feelings of an individual will be evident from the following words of a Russian poet, quoted by *Pravda*: "We in Russia do not fall in love with a girl for the decadent, mystical reasons described by bourgeois imperialist poets. We fall in love with a girl for her social, economic output." Evidently, a physically unattractive woman, 48-72-48, is sexually more attractive to this school of poets than a pretty 36-24-36 girl filling fewer cartons a day at the factory.

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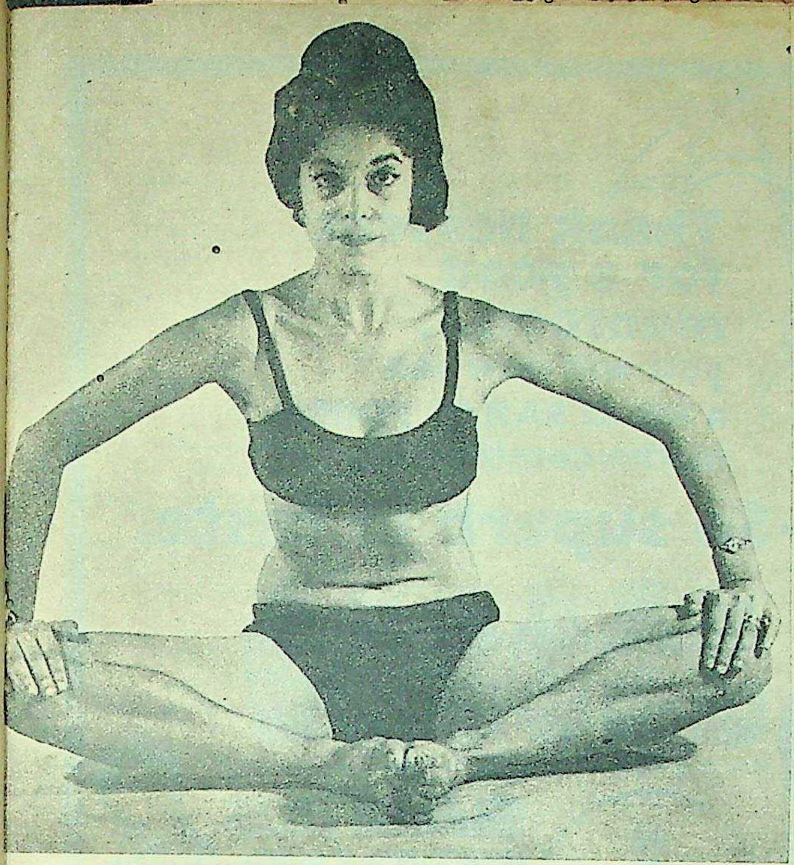

FOOT NAMASTE, with the heels touching the body. This pose, Bhadrasana, *is good for the leg muscles, which in turn need to be in good shape for sexual intercourse.*

GUHYA-PADASANA. *Place one foot on the ground with the sole pointing upwards and the other foot on it. Sit on the sole of the upper foot. It strengthens the genital muscles.*

Groups having deep reverence for leaders, prophets and social or religious heads, who prescribe the norms of sexual behaviour, produce countless victims of psycho-sexual damage. Their followers have to face nerve-racking conflicts between their deeply ingrained fear of sexual activity resulting from suppression-oriented regimentation enjoined by their highly revered and equally feared authorities, on the one hand, and a powerful and irrepressible sex urge violently demanding expression on the other

Communities belonging to this category yield the largest number of neurotics, depressive maniacs, schizophrenics and victims of common sex disorders like impotence and premature ejaculation. The false basis of post-coital exhaustion of which these people invariably complain is aptly expressed by Dr Briffault thus: "Post-coital sadness is not a phenomenon of natural history but of Christian pathology."

The word "Christian", in the present context, should cover most of the major religions today. The consultation rooms of doctors and psychiatrists are filled to overflowing with battle-scarred veterans: the scars they wear were earned in the battle between the urge to have sex and the fear of indulgence.

In addition to these, there are the victims of exaggerated notions of the importance of sexual performance. They include cases of satyriasis and nymphomania based mostly on inferiority complex. They suffer from a compulsive neurosis which drives them from one person to another to convince themselves of their sexual adequacy and superiority. These people are no more oversexed than a patient of hyperacidity is overhungry.

A person suffering from hyperacidity and gastritis (inflamed stomach) experiences stabs of discomfort in the stomach, simulating normal hunger. But a man with a normal appetite feels fully appeased after a satisfying meal which is followed by a reasonably long period of gratification during which his mind does not hanker after food at all. The appetite returns after a proper interval, again to experience full satisfaction after the meal. This is a healthy cycle.

The urge for an abnormal frequency of sexual intercourse is analogous to the morbid hunger of a patient of gastritis. He can never experience the true depth and intensity of gratification and pleasure resulting from a normal exercise of a healthy urge.

Then there are people who fall into the category of the "undersexed". They run from physician to physician searching for stimulants and aphrodisiacs. But since the defect in their case, too, is no less psychological than in the case of the sex maniacs, oral medication fails to help them.

Yoga, by influencing the body and the mind for the better, goes a great way in solving the problems of both groups described above. Through yoga the sex faculty is considerably renovated and toned up and made to last much longer.

Let Nature Take Its Course

There is no better approach to sexual efficiency than to leave sex alone and let nature take its course. The formula is simple —if there is a genuine desire disturbing your mind and body, do not suppress it. If there is no desire, do not try to rouse it artificially. The practice of yoga has a remarkable effect in solving the problems of both surplus and deficit desire by levelling the excessive and the recessive urges to what may be considered normal desire.

Yoga helps you rule over sex instead of letting sex rule over you. You master the emotion and play with it as you like, instead of the emotion mastering you and playing with you. This cannot be said of the hormonal injections, alcohol and tranquillisers.

The practice of yoga, together with judicious sex, leads to longevity, alertness, radiant health, happiness, contentment, serenity and tranquillity. Both lead to abatement of anger, irritability, unsociability, cruelty and criminality.

Most crimes are committed by people who do not find a normal outlet for their sexual urge. Yoga and sexual satisfaction promote tolerance and forgiveness, enrich emotional life and are conducive to appreciation of truth and beauty. Both kill hate and promote love and compassion. They benefit the body through the agency of the mind. And, finally, no other factor is as effectively conducive to resolving tensions, both physical and mental, as an intelligent exercise of yoga and sex.

To conclude, there is no sexual organ more important than the human mind; no physical and mental experience or sensation-complex more ecstatic and blissful than an ideal and complete sexual union between two truly loving partners; no aphrodisiacs, dampeners and desexualisers worse than ignorance, fear, anxiety, undue concern, fear or doubts regarding the quality and effectiveness of one's performance of the prospective sex act; no sexual tonic or stimulant greater than a partner in sex whose total physical and psychic personality reflects, embodies, meets and satisfies all your demands, tastes, desires, complexes and notions of perfection, attractiveness, love, warmth and richness, depth, spontaneity and mutuality of response. And there is no aphrodisiac and sex reconditioner more rewarding and more abiding than the practice of yoga.

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Birth Of Urvashi

by **RAMDHARI SINGH 'DINKAR'**—1972 Jnanpith Award Winner

Translated by **Khushwant Singh**

. . .but what can I say? How explain?
How clear doubts from whence my body came?
I am from the land of the mind where agitated, restless
Pregnant winds do blow;
From the lit-up regions of the sub-conscious
Where waters of awareness flow.
I took my shape, colour, awareness and fragrance
To become as the peerless as the lotus flower

* * *

I am not the daughter of the sea
Emerged from its surface, sub-surface, lower or the lowest depths
I did not burst out of the blue waters' froth or foam
To dance on the glittering waves.
No, the ocean's depths were not my home.

* * *

I am not the flowering creeper of the sky
Joyfully playing amongst the stars;
No, I am not the daughter of heaven.
I was not sired by the moon,
Not wafted down with its beams
To alight on the ocean's bosom
Silver bright under the light of a full moon.
It was not the invisible starlight that gave me birth
Not its beams that brought me on the lap of the earth.

* * *

I am a flower without fragrance or a name
Flying to the pinnacle of the skies;
I am the topmost point on the tip of a flame.
I am beyond description.

* * *

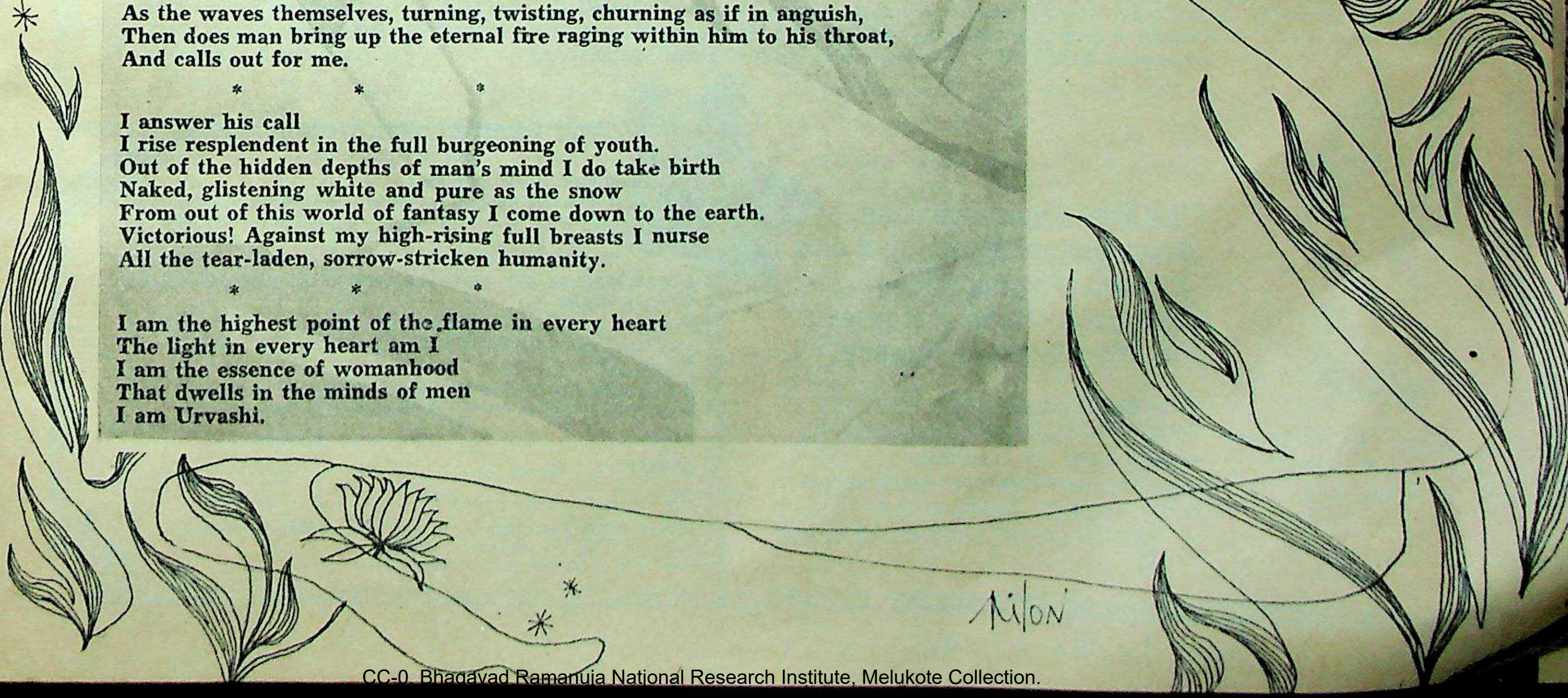
(What then am I?)
Of the sense of beauty, I am the swell.
Not an earth-bound mortal
Neither of the gods or demigods,
Neither of angels or demons of hell
Beloved! I am fairylike apsara
Born of the turbulent sea of frustrated desires
Enclosed in the breast of man.
When the tides of passion swell within
And overpower him;
When the waves lash and make him restless
As the waves themselves, turning, twisting, churning as if in anguish,
Then does man bring up the eternal fire raging within him to his throat,
And calls out for me.

* * *

I answer his call
I rise resplendent in the full burgeoning of youth.
Out of the hidden depths of man's mind I do take birth
Naked, glistening white and pure as the snow
From out of this world of fantasy I come down to the earth.
Victorious! Against my high-rising full breasts I nurse
All the tear-laden, sorrow-stricken humanity.

* * *

I am the highest point of the flame in every heart
The light in every heart am I
I am the essence of womanhood
That dwells in the minds of men
I am Urvashi.



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the world's most proven, trusted and successful figure developer – and the amazing results Feminique has brought them.

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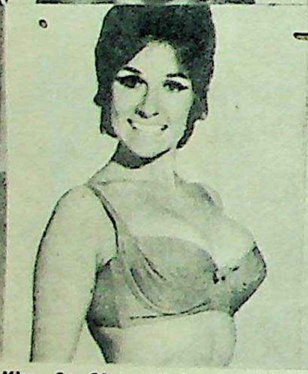
Shirley Mason: "Feminique increased my figure from 81 cms. to 90 cms. I am thrilled at the difference."

Marguerita Moreno: "In just four short weeks, Feminique shaped and filled out my figure beautifully."

Nargis Karim: "Within just 4 weeks of regular use, my figure filled out from 82.5 cms. to 90 cms. The difference is amazing."

Belinda Martins: "Thank you for the Feminique Technique. I can hardly believe my own results. After just 6 weeks, I gained 8 full cms."



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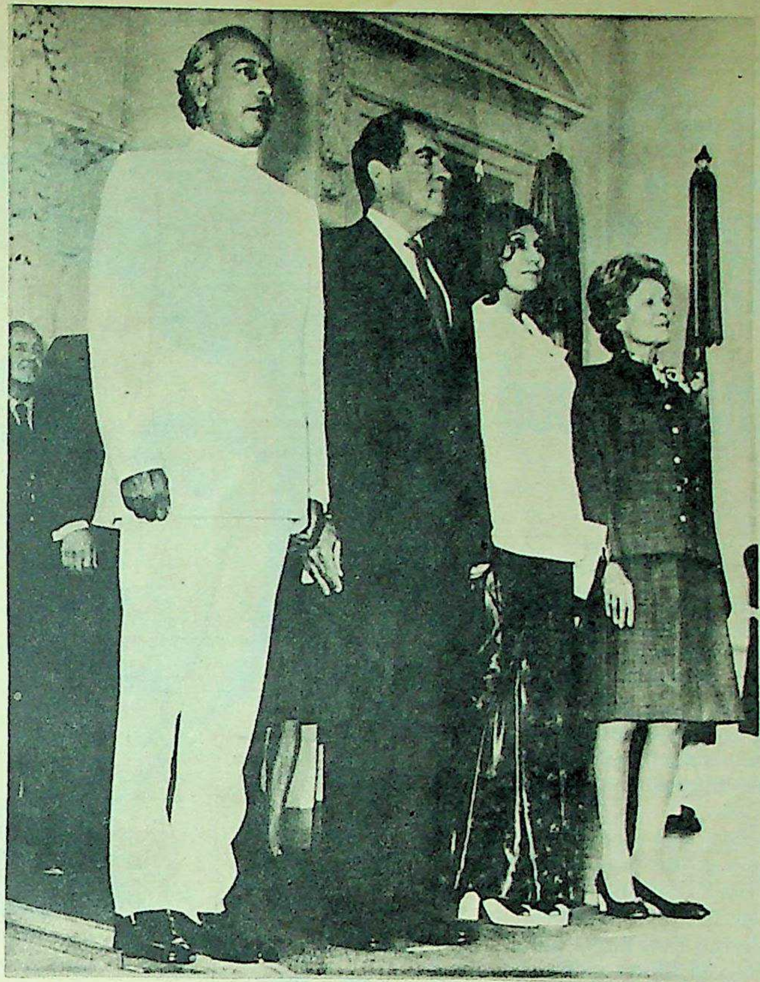
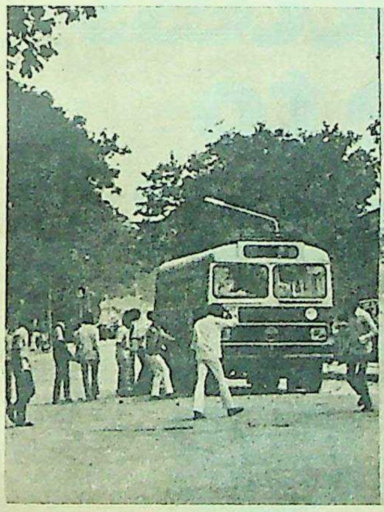
In The News



READY FOR INSPECTION. *President Bhutto recently completed a one-week official visit to the United States. His request for "red-hot" weapons, instead of spare parts, from the US to recover Pakistan's 1971 military losses was gently turned down by President Nixon, who reaffirmed US support for Pakistan's integrity and independence. Mr Nixon however promised to continue economic assistance to rehabilitate Pakistan's flood victims. US aid to Pakistan has crossed $300 million since 1971. Mr Nixon also agreed to defer Pakistan's debt repayment. Both leaders hailed the return of the POWs as a positive indication of diminishing tension in the subcontinent. President Bhutto's flight back was delayed by seventy minutes at New York as security men X-rayed his luggage. No explanation was given.*

HONOURED BY THE WORLD, UNSUNG IN CHILE. *On September 23, shortly after his close friend President Salvadore Allende committed suicide as a military junta took over the country, famed poet Pablo Neruda, 1971 Nobel Prize winner and one-time Chilean Ambassador to France, died of cancer in a Santiago hosptial. He was 69. There were rumours that he had been arrested by the new military regime. But Chilean President General Pinochet denied the charge and said that, when Neruda died, it would be from natural causes. The poet was refused a state funeral.*



BURNING BUSES DOESN'T COOK RICE. *Mysore was torn by food riots as students went on a rampage demanding a price control. They also complained of some police atrocities. Even after the strike was called off, groups in Bangalore attacked public transport and ransacked railway stations. Chief Minister Devaraj Urs came under severe public criticism for being away in Delhi during the riots. He was attending the AICC Session and the Chief Ministers' Conference on the food problem.*

HE DIDN'T SAY "PARKALAM". *The Working Committee of the Congress (O) in session at Bangalore: (from left) Mr Kamaraj, Mr S. K. Patil and Mr Nijalingappa. One of the resolutions of the Committee stated that the present administration was becoming progressively inefficient, corrupt and irresponsive to widely felt grievances. Regarding speculation about the possibility of a merger of the two Congresses following Mr Kamaraj's meeting with Mrs Gandhi, Mr Patil ruled out a reunion.*

OUT OF COURT. *Lawyers in Ahmedabad took out a procession to the office of the Inspector-General of Police, Mr P. M. Pant, to protest against the action of a police sub-inspector who had reportedly handcuffed an advocate and paraded him around Sarkheej Village.*

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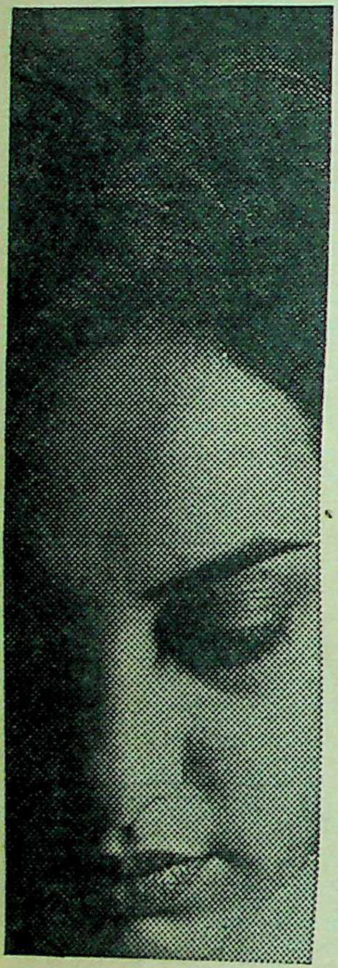

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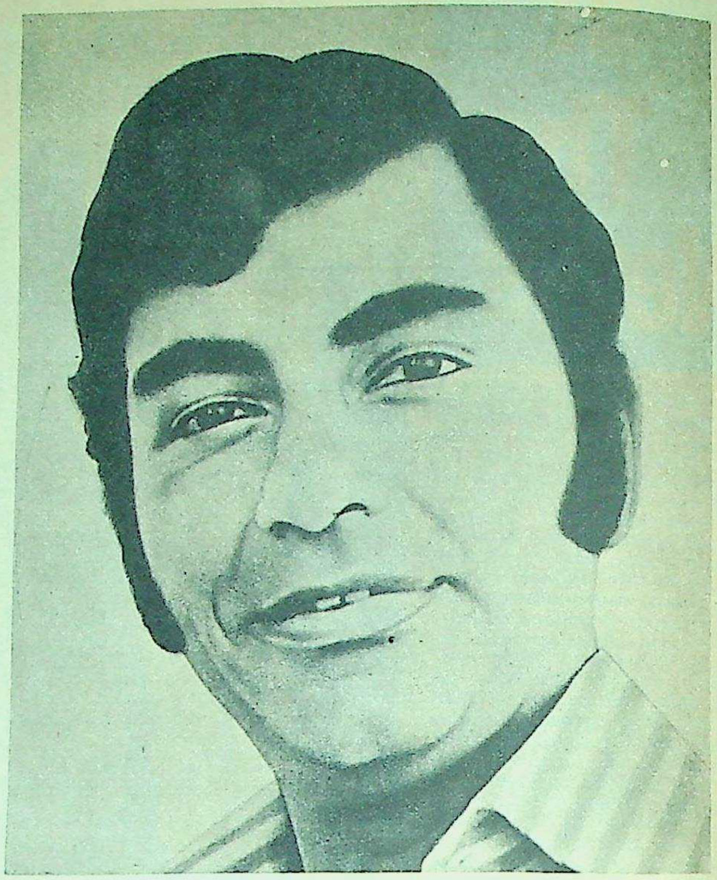

Has success gone to his head?

Farokh Engineer smiles.
"I don't let anything go to my head really. Except protein-enriched Brylcreem. It keeps my hair healthy and well groomed. The way I like it."

The protein in Brylcreem strengthens hair roots and nourishes the hair. Brylcreem keeps your hair smartly in place all day. What's more, it's non-greasy and non-sticky. The modern hair dressing.

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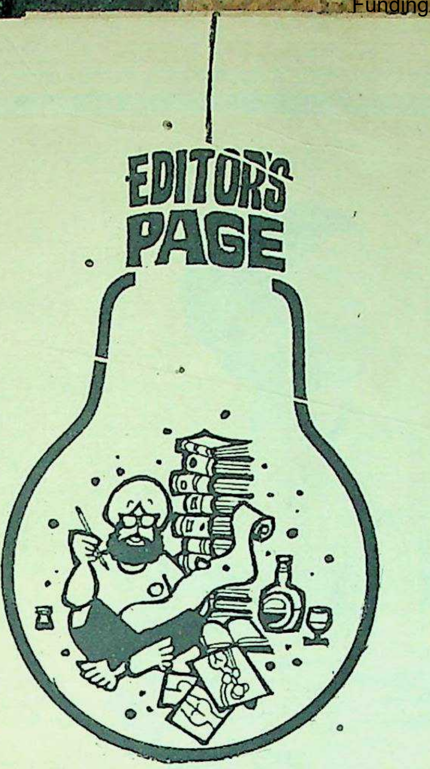

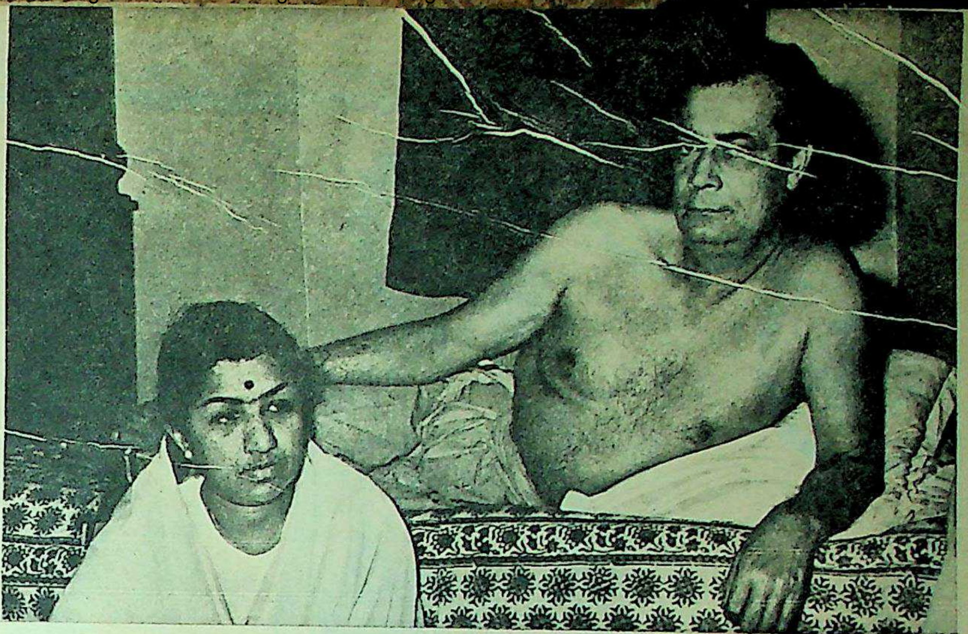

DADAJI WITH LATA MANGESHKAR

Encounters With The Occult

ONE morning my friend Virendra Luther of Polydor rang me up and in a very excited voice asked me, "Do you remember my telling you about the Swamiji who has a copy of the *Bhrigu Samhita*? Well, he is with me and, believe it or not, he's found a page with your name on it. It's here right before my eyes."

I recalled my earlier reaction to similar claims made on behalf of the *Bhrigu Samhita*. I had dismissed it with one word: "Rubbish". And when told of the number of Cabinet Ministers, Chief Ministers, Chief Justices, Members of Legislatures and other VIPs who regularly consulted it, I had said, "I am neither surprised nor impressed. They are mentally sick morons."

A few minutes later, Luther, looking as pleased as a cat that had swallowed a mouse, ushered in a very wizened and seemingly unperturbed Pandit Kundan Lal of Hoshiarpur. Panditji unpacked a bundle of parchments with which was the *Bhrigu Samhita*: pages yellowed with age, perforated and written in faded black ink with a reed pen. He tucked his feet under him on the chair and found a page which applied to me. It read: "On the so-and-so of so-and-so (dates of the Vikrami calendar) in a city beginning with the letter *B* beside the ocean at the hour of 11 a.m., a man named so-and-so will come to ask questions about himself." Luther picked up the loose page and triumphantly held it for me to see. Yes, my name was there. I begged Panditji to translate what it said about me.

PANDIT KUNDANLAL OF HOSHIARPUR

Apparently in my previous birth I had also been a non-believer in the occult and had suffered because of my lack of faith. Some of that unbelief had persisted into my present life and would continue to do so in the next. Beyond that he specified the exact time of my demise. Apparently I am to live up to 1999 and die a few months before the turn of the century.

Can those who believe in previous births explain how our numbers keep multiplying? Where were these additional people before their present births? I wish these *Samhitas* would be subjected to scientific tests which determine the age of the paper and ink used. I also suggest that those who make their living by it be kept under scrutiny over a period to find out how and when people's names are inserted in their books of the future.

Was I impressed? Again, a one-word comment: fiddlesticks.

The second encounter was with a young Swamiji. "I don't know about other things," said a friend who knew him. "He had adverse reports in *Blitz* and some leftist papers. But he has powers of *siddhi*. You write three questions; without looking at the paper he will tell you what they are. He can cure diseases." Apparently one of the owners of Bennett Coleman & Co. who had been afflicted with diabetes for many years was miraculously rid of the ailment.

Nemi Chand Gandhi is a young man of 24. Slight, sallow-complexioned and sporting a wispy beard. He is well dressed in expensive silks and wears two necklaces, of which one is strung with marble-sized beads of beaten gold. He is a Rajasthani domiciled in Hyderabad, a Jain turned worshipper of Goddess Durga, a student politician turned sadhu. I asked him how he had come to acquire *siddhi*. "I don't know," he replied modestly. "It is the gift of Shakti Ma. I practise what she has given me." He too has power to look into the future and apparently foretold rail accidents and the fall of the Bihar Government. I asked him why he turned his back on politics. "The whole thing began to disgust me and I renounced the world." He did not take a guru, believing in the adage: *Tu chal akela, ap hi guru ap hi chela.*

Nemi Chand Gandhi is now Chandra Swamy. He travels all over India and Nepal. He has no ashram but spends a lot of time with Andhra peasants. During the nine days of Navaratri, he goes into *samadhi*, neither eating nor drinking. "Whatever I gain during those nine days sustains me for the remaining 356 days of the year." He went on to explain his philosophy: "The world can take *dukha* (pain and adversity), it is *sukha* (success) that people cannot digest."

SRI CHANDRA SWAMY

Dadaji comes like a breath of fresh air. He displays occult powers which he disowns. He is a "Godman" but vehemently denounces the cult of Gurus and Godmen by condemning them as charaltans who are misleading humanity. "Expose them!" he exhorted me. "And if you can't do that, get them together through an invitation and let me disprove their pretensions."

When I called on him at the house of actor Abhi Bhattacharya, he placed his hand on my shoulders and made a tingling sensation run through my spine; my body exuded the aroma of a thousand joss-sticks. Then, in front of everyone, he plucked a wristwatch out of my chest. It was Seiko made in Japan. Everyone examined it. Once on my wrist he ran the palm of his hand over it and asked me to look at it again. The word *Seiko* vanished. Instead it bore my name (again misspelt) and the name of the donor, Dadaji. He knew my weakness for whisky. Out of nowhere appeared a bottle of Scotch, the like of which I have never seen. A white porcelain flask entitled "Dreamland Whisky, Made in the Universe", with my name printed at its base. Then a blank paper held in my hand was as suddenly covered with a message in red ink from Sri Sri Satyanarayana.

I am baffled.

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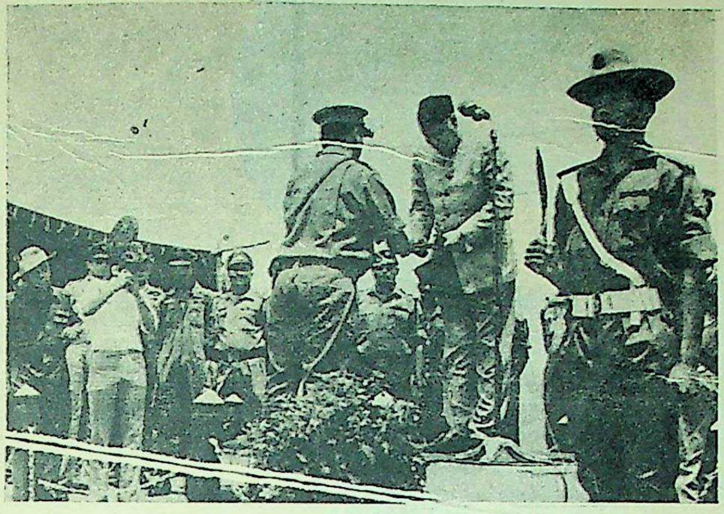
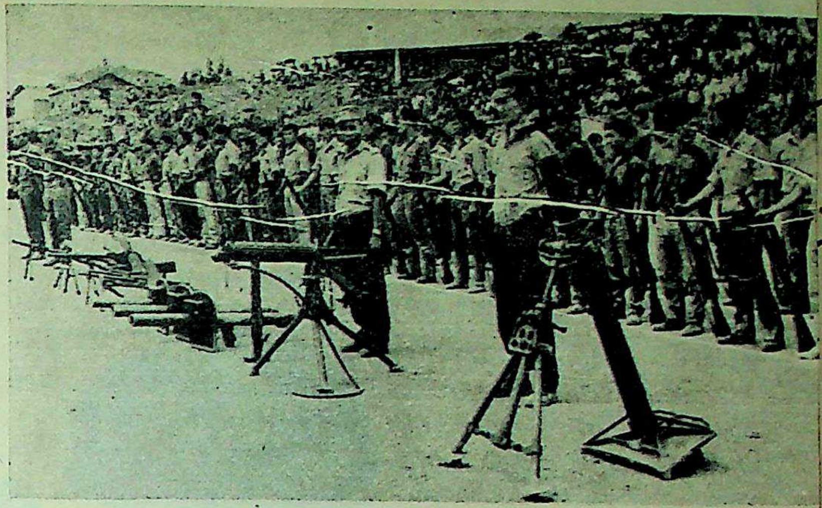


THE HONOURABLE HANDOVER. "General" Zuheto passes on his revolver to the Governor after several years of underground fighting. Simultaneously, Mr Scato Swu dissolved the "Revolutionary Government of Nagaland" of which he had been "President" for the past ten years.



THEY DON'T NEED THE GUNS ANY MORE. An amicable settlement between Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and Mr Swu led to the Naga underground movement swearing allegiance to the Indian Union and giving up its weapons, which included mortars, LMGs, Chinese rifles and large stacks of ammunition.

Underground Nagas Return

The disbanding of the underground Naga movement has put an end to several years of political insecurity on our sensitive north-eastern frontier.

ON August 16, 1973, Zunheboto, a sub-divisional headquarters of Nagaland, wore a festive appearance. Independence Day had just been celebrated but the national flags were still flying over the roads and paths that led to the football ground and on all the buildings in town. Thousands of people had come from distant villages and gathered on the slopes overlooking the football ground.

That day was a special kind of parade. Since morning, young men in various uniforms—some with caps and some without, some in olive green, some with belts, some without—arrived at the ground and fell in. They carried various kinds of weapons, including mortars, light machine-guns, Chinese weapons, self-loading rifles, .303 rifles and large amounts of ammunition.

It was, perhaps, the first time that these guerilla fighters—mainly from the famous Sema tribes but also from Yimchunger, Sangtam, Thankul, Pochury and Quicili of Nagaland, had come together in an open ground in the presence of such a large gathering.

They had spent years in the jungles fighting a war for a cause they did not know. Their leader, self-styled General Zuheto, hero of many a battle, walked up and down, organising the parade and arranging the weapons while hundreds fell into formation.

Behind them was the civilian set-up of the Revolutionary Government of Nagaland. Mr Scato Swu—their Prime Minister—who was, for ten years, "President" of the Naga Underground Government and had broken off due to disagreement with Phizo's group and formed his own government—sat in a corner, waiting for the Governor, Mr B. K. Nehru, to arrive.

The voluntary decision to dissolve their government was a landmark in the history of Nagaland. It was preceded by six months of discussion at the top level. Mr Scato Swu and Zuheto had broken off with the "Naga Federal Government" in 1968, disagreeing with them on the continued policy of violence and subsequent misery to the people of Nagaland. **They disagreed with the hard core who had decided to send recruits to China for training and obtaining weapons.**

Swu had formed his own underground government and had taken away more than half the fighting men from the underground and ended all violent activity. But he had not come overground. His men had arrested three of the leaders of the extremists and kept them in custody. They then sent them back with a message asking the extremists to join them for a peaceful settlement within the Indian Union. But the extremists had refused.

As a result of long planning, discussion and realisation of the realities of the situation, these patriotic men decided to come out. They had long discussions with the State Government and with Governor B. K. Nehru and, finally, nine of their leaders met Prime Minister Indira Gandhi.

Of Their Own Accord

Mr Scato Swu, who led the delegation, told the Prime Minister that they had, of their own accord, decided to come within the Indian Union and take the oath of allegiance to the Constitution.

They agreed that they had lost a lot of time but wanted to make it up by sacrificing everything for the welfare of the country. They discussed many points regarding better governance of Nagaland. They wanted to speed up development work in the State and rehabilitate several hundred guerillas who were coming overground. According to Mr Scato Swu, they were satisfied with their discussions with the Prime Minister.

As the Governor took his place on the saluting base that morning, the National Flag was hoisted, the National Anthem played and arms were presented by the parade led by "General" Zuheto. Zuheto then presented his revolver to the Governor as a token of coming overground. The Governor, in accepting the services of his people and their leaders for the security and the welfare of the country, presented Zuheto with a rifle.

Many a valiant guerilla fighter gave up his weapon. There was Zukhia, who brought his automatic rifle, and, before handing it over to the Governor, personally asked permission to fire a few rounds left in the magazine. He did so and then smilingly handed over the weapon to a happy Governor whose last public function in that capacity was to receive these men from the jungles.

Mr Scato Swu, as a young graduate in 1956, was about to go to Allahabad to take up Law when he was persuaded by his villagers to remain as Headmaster of their school in Kilomi. From there he had joined the underground in a few months and been elected President of the "Naga Federal Government"—a position he held for ten years, till the final break with the extremists.

Speaking on the occasion, he said: "We unequivocally declare that we would give our unflinching loyalty, cooperation and support to the State Government of Nagaland and the Government of India to put an end to lawlessness in the State."

As promised by the Governor, these men would be given every opportunity to serve the country—a large number of them are already being recruited into the BSF as an anti-insurgency force.

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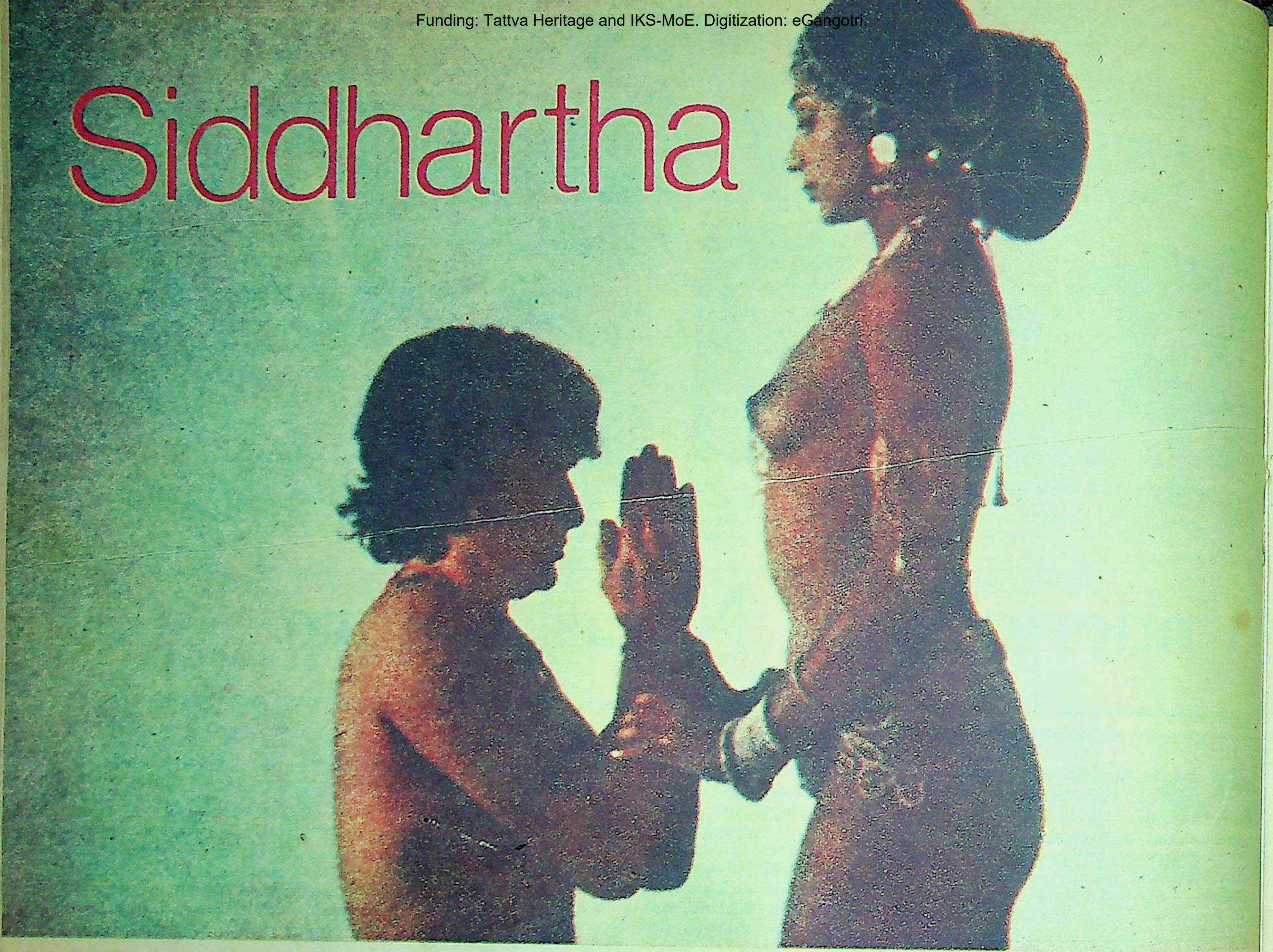
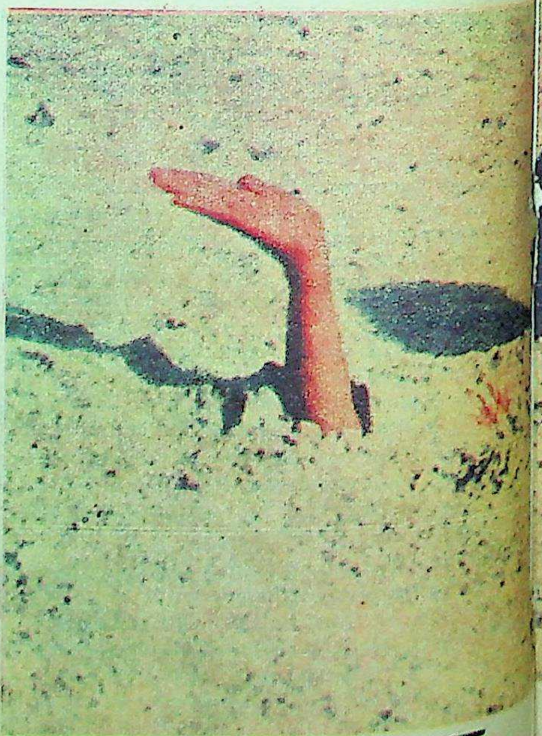
Siddhartha



MY EYES ARE BLINDED BY YOUR BEAUTY. Shashi Kapoor as Siddhartha *pays a tribute to the perfect figure of Kamala the Courtesan, played by Simi Garewal.* Siddhartha *is yet to be released in India.*



BENEATH THE BOUGH...AND THOU. Shashi and Simi in a typical Hindi film depiction of romance. Siddhartha *has been written, produced and directed by American director and one-time drug addict Conrad*

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Herman Hesse wrote *Siddhartha* in 1922. In the sixties it became a best seller. The film, made by Conrad Rooks, was praised by New York critics. But why did it fail with the public?

by LINDA SHAH

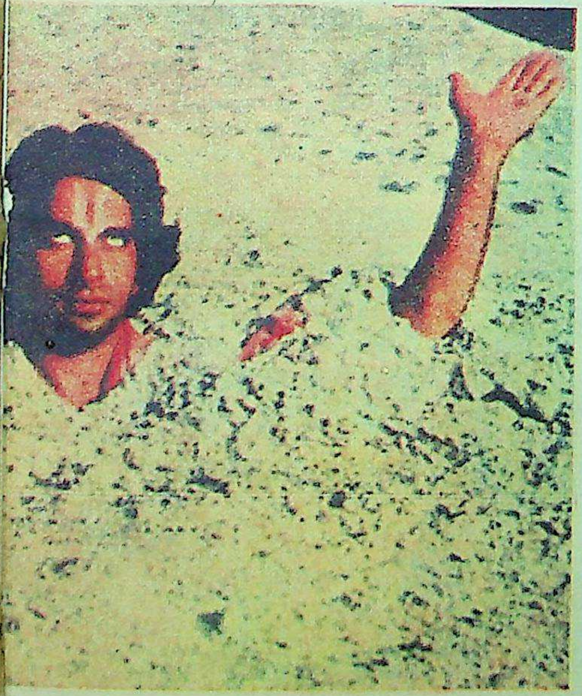
IT may not have been pornography but it certainly was sex. At the New York screening this summer of the Indo-American film, *Siddhartha*, the audience was filled with guests from the Indian community. Vice Consuls, prominent businessmen and their wives, all watched approvingly as Shashi Kapoor knelt in awe before Simi Garewal, her head held back and her breasts bare.

It was the climax of many scenes of love-making in which the two stars struck numerous poses reminiscent of the statues at Khajuraho. Although the effects were tricky, with throbbing sitars and tablas, rose-tinged lighting and some watered-down adaptations from classical dancing, the moment was quite lovely in its way.

Simi Stunning, Shashi Fine

After years of negotiations with Government officials to obtain permission to film *Siddhartha* in India, the former drug addict, director Conrad Rooks, is still searching for the film's proper level. **Critics in New York have praised everything Indian about the film. Simi Garewal is stunning, Shashi Kapoor is a fine actor.** The music infuses the entire production with an incessantly haunting pulse. Above all, India is the protagonist. Sven Nykvist, the Swedish artist supreme of cinematography, has captured so much of India in his camera that one can fairly smell the animal and incense odours of the cobbled streets.

Yards of footage have been deleted in order to spike the film for American tastes.



TAPASYA *IN THE SAND.* Siddhartha *has been commended for the excellence of its photography by Swedish cameraman Sven Nykvist. But much of the philosophy of the Herman Hesse work has been struck out for commercial reasons.*

KAMALA *THE DANCING GIRL. New York critics praised everything Indian about the film—the artists, the atmosphere and the music. They are mystified that a film with such an array of talent should have failed. The makers of* Siddhartha *are presently on a tour of American universities to promote the film.*

Two weeks of wandering over jungle footpaths with a band of sadhus has been reduced to fleeting shots of Shashi Kapoor passing the *chillum*. Gone are the hallucinations, the frenetic flights of imagination, depicted in Hermann Hesse's novel, on which the film is based. The accurately filmed interpretations of Siddhartha's experimentation with yoga and mind expansion have been ruthlessly edited out.

Those insights into the self which are the crux of Hesse's philosophy might have been appealing to young Americans and to students who have adopted Siddhartha as a

—Continued

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credo, but philosophy has been sacrificed, presumably to attract a larger audience.

What remains is the emphasis on Siddhartha's love life, the desperately stylised and idealised postures of sex which, in all probability, will never be shown in India, and are simply not lascivious enough for *The Last Tango in Paris*-jaded Americans. It seems that, in whatever direction the film turns, it loses one thing in search of another, almost as if the utter simplicity of the story was overwhelming in itself and remained repressed.

The Hesse novel, written in 1922 and forgotten, suddenly surfaced in the early 1960s as a best-selling book. It touched a chord in bored, affluent youth who, only recently, have begun to experience an age of anxiety and disaffection which was prevalent in Hesse's environment in pre-war Germany. **The story of the young Brahmin looking for 'atman' in the teachings of the Semanas, in the words of the Buddha, in the life of courtesans, decadance and money, and finally in the river as a ferryman, gave the initial impetus to the badly misguided Indo-mania of young Americans.** It was the very beginning of the happy pilgrimages, the bouts of *charas*-smoking, the Maharajas, assorted yogis and Hare Krishna cults that have now become prevalent.

Like any desperate search for truth, the beauty of *Siddhartha* has been sacrificed for exaggeration and exploitation. Producer-director Conrad Rooks may be 15 years too late in bringing his adolescent dream to fruition. Rooks is currently touring universities in America along with a singer and harmonium to try and breathe empathy for his work into the minds of a slightly more disillusioned generation, while the critics of the press try to understand what went wrong, what is just slightly missing.

With such an array of talent, the faces of the actors fairly glowing with sensitivity and feeling, the gossamer costumes designed by Bhanu, the music of flutes and sitars, it seems impossible to those who want "Siddhartha" to be a great movie, those who remember the beauty and celebration of the book, that the film should fail.

Perhaps Mr Rooks would have done well to relinquish his director's role to someone like Satyajit Ray, who can convey more in an actor's glance than in a whole page of dialogue. Perhaps he might have found a company less commercial-minded than Columbia Pictures to distribute and promote a work of art.

Perhaps he should have let the film be more wholly Indian.

—Chandrima Shaha

THE BEAUTIFUL KAMALA. Another view of Simi Garewal.

HERMANN HESSE

by S. M. PURI

Almost forty years after *Siddhartha* was written, it became a best seller. What exactly is the theme of the book?

THE works of Hermann Hesse (Nobel Prize winner in 1946 for his novel *Magister Ludi*) are not as widely known as they deserve to be. Being a romantic novelist and poet, he could expect only an icy reverence for his idealism and concern for the spiritual progress of man in an age so utterly devoid of imagination. His joining hands with the pacifist Romain Rolland in anti-war activities alienated him from his colleagues and countrymen. He was thus forced to leave Germany (the country of his birth) and settled permanently in Switzerland in 1919. There he lived in seclusion until his death in 1962 at the age of 85.

Hesse is one of those rare artists who purposely shun showmanship and are concerned with finding first-hand solutions to the ultimate problems of existence. The idea that runs like a thread throughout his works is that of self-realisation or, simply put, the idea of how to live intensely. He remains undeterred by the possibility that a problem like this may not have a definite solution. On the other hand, he firmly holds on to the view that, by forcing the mind to believe in a kingdom of the spirit, such a kingdom will come about.

Hesse's literary career can be divided into two periods—the earlier period between 1902 and 1916 is that of poetry and autobiographical novels like *Peter Camenzind* (1904) and *Unterm Rad* (1906), followed by *Gertrud, Rosshalde*, etc. The second period is between 1919 and 1945 when he wrote his five major novels: *Demian* (1919), *Siddhartha* (1922), *Steppenwolf* (1927), *Narziss and Goldmund* (1930) and *Magister Ludi* (1943).

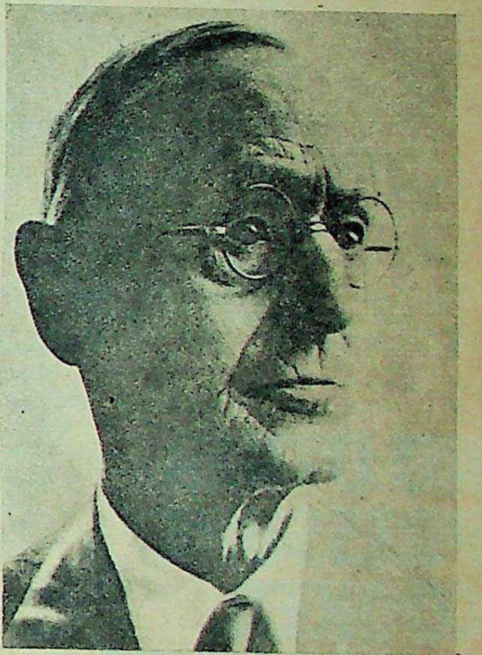
Although the works of these two periods have a tenuous kinship with each other, it is, in fact, the period that begins with *Demian* which is truly representative of Hesse.

The First World War and its atrocities, on the one hand, and the breaking up of his marriage and the resultant mental crisis, on the other, made Hesse believe that his earlier life had been a lie. When Hesse appeared again on the literary scene after a lengthy psycho-analytical treatment in 1916 and 1917, he showed great mental buoyancy. By then he seemed to have acquired a third dimension of depth.

The moral and psychological atmosphere of this period is vividly portrayed in the essay, *A Bit of Theology*, and his biography, *The Journey to The East*, both of which appeared in 1932. Hesse holds that between the innocence of the child and the self-realisation of the few awakened souls is the rest of the humanity, enmeshed, as it were, in a web of despair.

This is how he describes it in his spiritual autobiography, *The Journey to the East*:

"...and despair is the result of each earnest attempt to understand and vindicate human life...Children live on one side of despair, the awakened on the other side."



HERMANN HESSE (1877-1962). *In 1946 he won the Nobel Prize for* Magister Ludi. *Between 1919 and 1945, he wrote five books, including* Siddhartha (1922).

The five major novels of Hesse's mature period can be rightly described as "earnest attempts to understand and vindicate human life".

In *Siddhartha* the argument is taken a step further. It is not only a question of sampling good and evil but of living one's life and finding one's salvation. This novel was written after Hesse's visit to India and the historical backdrop for the story is the time when the Buddha lived and preached.

The conclusion of Hesse's philosophy is that self-realisation is not possible without a happy balance between nature and spirit. It is a reiteration of the earlier credo that, instead of narrowing your world, you must take the whole world into your soul. The argument that each individual must reach his goal alone and that all paths are equally good has come full circle. The prophet has no sermons to give.

Today, the journey to the East, "the eternal strivings of the human spirit towards the East, towards Home", continues.

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Seven Days In Pnom Penh

Reports said the fall of Pnom Penh was imminent. But it didn't look a besieged city. One saw as many saffron-robed monks as soldiers.

by GAUTAM S. G. VOHRA

THE immigration officer in military uniform at Pochantong Airport, Pnom Penh, scrutinised my passport. "You journalist?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Which paper?"

I told him.

Immediately he whipped out a typed sheet containing names of journalists not allowed to enter Cambodia. Under INDIA there were two names, neither of which was of my paper.

Handing me back my passport, he said: "O.K. You may enter my Republic."

The first thing that struck me about Pnom Penh was the number of Buddhist monks walking the streets in their saffron robes. Some carried white ladies' umbrellas to protect their shaven heads from the sun.

The Cambodians are almost all Buddhists. Beautiful stupas in the Capital remind one of their "gentle heritage". Then suddenly one hears the sound of guns and one becomes aware that the country has been torn by war for over three years.

The Khmer Rouge, who control over 75 per cent of the Cambodian territory, surround the capital from nearly all sides. Yet Pnom Penh does not give the impression of being a "city under siege". People stand crowding cinema halls, waiting to see Hong Kong-made films. One finds men hanging around in sarongs (like *lungis*), bare-chested, just "watching the scene", and children absorbed in their games on the sidewalk.

The traffic here follows no rules: cyclos (cycle-rickshaws), scooters, cars, turn where and when they like.

There is no sign of panic, tension or fear. It is only gradually, as one moves around the city, that one begins to notice the "scars of war". Barbed-wire barricades surround public buildings and banks and block the entry to several roads. Sandbag fortifications are all over the place. And sometimes one sees tanks rushing down the busy metalled roads of Pnom Penh, heading for the Front.

One day, while I was strolling down Moniwong Road, the Cambodian next to me suddenly bent down in front of a stray dog, caught it by its hind legs and, ignoring its squeals of surprise and terror, began to clobber it to death. Moniwong is a crowded road. But no one paid any attention to the furious activities of the dog slayer.

I walked over to him and asked what he intended to do with the dead animal.

CAPTURED ARMS. *Government troops with a cache of arms captured from the Khmer Rouge.*

"Eat it, of course!" he replied, looking at me as if I had asked a stupid question.

Apparently, dogs are a delicacy in Cambodia.

When I mentioned this to another Cambodian, he protested strongly: "No, we Khmers don't eat dog. My family never eat dog. He must be Chinese. They eat dog."

The Chinese are not much liked in Cambodia. In fact, they are not particularly liked in almost all countries of South-East Asia. Though they are very successful as businessmen, they remain isolated from the local population. The only South-East Asian country where they have been accepted is Thailand. Here they have intermarried into the local population.

Propaganda Leaflets

Despite the Cambodian Government's desperate need for new army recruits, the Chinese are not allowed to join.

Every other day, leaflets are dropped by aeroplanes into Pnom Penh, urging the able-bodied to come to the defence of their land against the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese Army. The Government never mentions the Khmer Rouge. It highlights the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese atrocities so as to emphasise the point that the war is being fought essentially against foreign aggressors.

Pnom Penh is the one city where hotels accept payment from foreigners only in dollars. This is primarily because there is a flourishing black market in "greenbacks". But it is the way the dollars are changed into black that really impressed me. My friend, Lars, walked into a shop. The pretty Cambodian girl of 15 smiled in recognition.

He asked: "What's the rate?"

"320," she replied.

"I can get 330 on the streets," Lars pressed.

"O. K. I give you 325," said the smart 15-year-old and started counting the money. The deal was made. Here was no shady transaction with a street-corner hustler. "All done in a quiet, respectable manner," to quote Lars.

The black-market rate of the dollar in Pnom Penh increases almost every two days. When I first went there, the dollar was fetching 320 Riels. By the time I left, it was worth 345 Riels.

Chile is the only country I know where the black rate of the dollar increases faster.

In order to get to the Front, one has to go down any one of the seven highways leading from Pnom Penh to the countryside. We drove down Highway 1 to Neak Luong, a small town 50 kilometres from Pnom Penh. Neak Luong had been in the news recently, because it was accidentally bombed by American B52s, killing about 140 people, mainly the Government troops.

All along Highway 1, we came across huge craters created by American bombers: B52s, F1-11s and F4 Phantoms. The road to Neak Luong was a real mess—full of holes.

The highways are alternately being taken and retaken by the Government troops and the Khmer Rouge. Just the day before we went on it, the Khmer Rouge had

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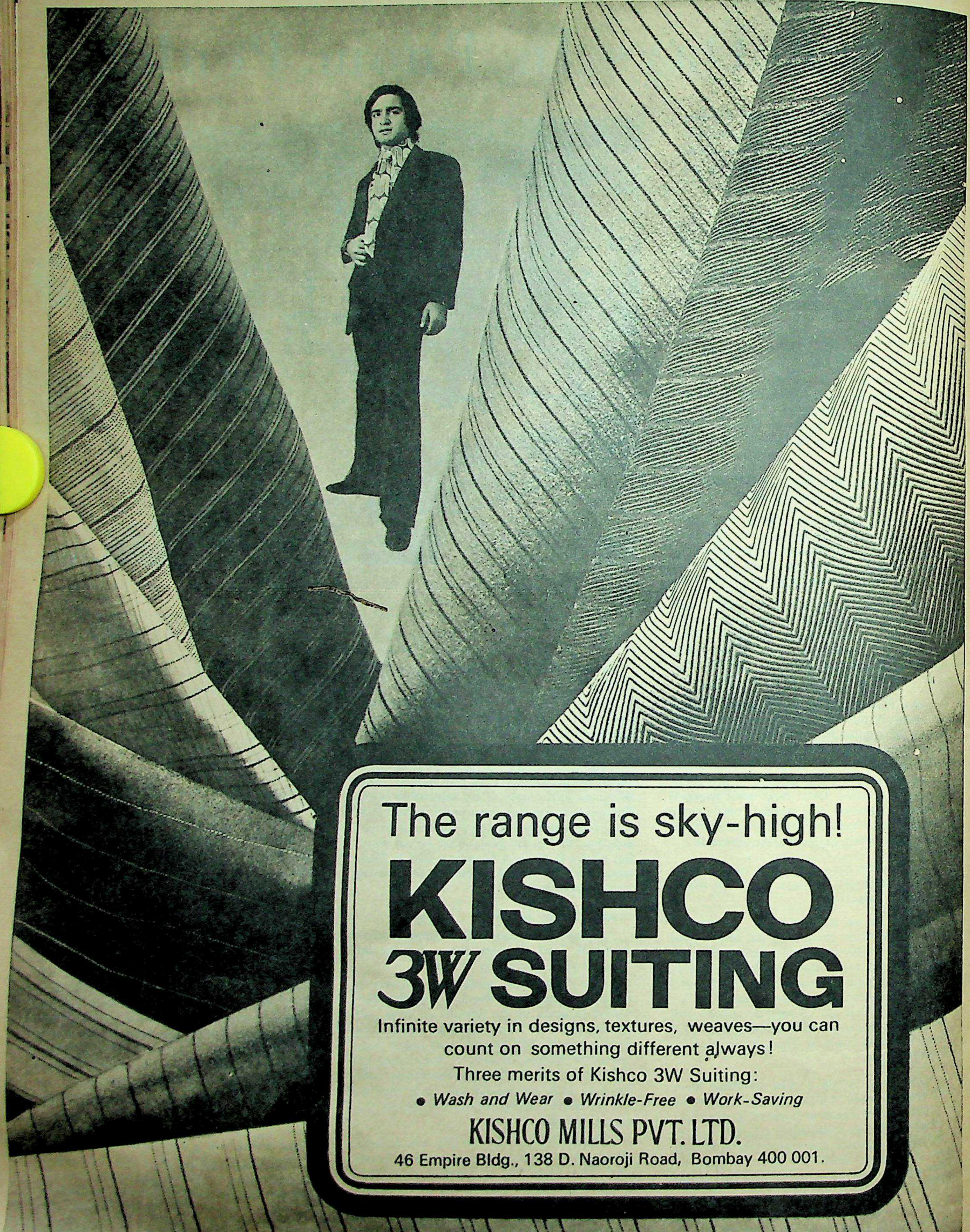

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attacked Government troops on Highway 1 near Koki, 19 km from Pnom Penh. During the fighting, three journalists going along that Highway had been killed. The entire population of Koki had fled to Pnom Penh.

A day after the fighting, the Government troops were back on the Highway, Koki's population had returned, the market was milling with shoppers—life was back to usual as if nothing had happened.

"The strange aspect of the Indochina War," commented a BBC correspondent who has covered the war in Viet Nam and Laos, "is that you see peasants all around, children playing, a calm serene atmosphere and, just around the corner, fighting going on, people getting slaughtered."

There was an army checkpost every quarter kilometre, right till Neak Luong. The Government soldiers stood idly, smiling at us. Some were eating sugarcane, others were having a drink, reclining in bunkers with mosquito-nets.

There were several women soldiers too. One came across women and soldiers strolling and chatting on the Highway. I was told that the soldiers smoked dope that was locally grown and therefore cheap and easily available.

"That's the real way to fight a war—with booze, grass and chicks!" remarked a CBS (American television) reporter.

Just like the inhabitants of Pnom Penh, the soldiers on the Front around the Capital were relaxed and casual. There is no fear of the Khmer Rouge. They know that even if they are taken prisoner, they will not be tortured, as in Viet Nam.

To get to Neak Luong, one has to cross the Mekong River. We sat in a rather shaky-looking, long, motor-powered boat. Four Government soldiers, young boys wearing oversize helmets, took us across. The Mekong, which starts in Tibet, may be clear blue and beautiful at its source, but, in that part of Cambodia, it was brown and rather unromantic.

The 60-kilometre drive to Neak Luong confirmed my impression that the Khmer Rouge was not pressing in on Pnom Penh as menacingly as one had been led to believe. It also gave one a better appreciation of the strength of the Government troops.

A Boy Army

What surprised me about the Government soldiers was how young so many of them were. Some were mere boys. But, no matter how young or old, all of them are very friendly and helpful.

At a burnt-down village, 11 kilometres down Highway 4, Sokha Vanna, a 16-year-old soldier, smilingly pointed to the area from where the sound of gunfire had come and said: "The enemy is 1½ km away." He was wearing an American T-shirt, which had a pop star playing a guitar printed on it and, right across the chest, were the words: ON THE MOVE.

It struck me as a bit incongruous to find this on a soldier in the middle of Indochina.

As we drove down Highway 4 into Pnom Penh, we saw the refugees, with small bundles on their heads and their cattle, trudging into the capital. Since the war began (1969), over a million refugees have moved into Pnom Penh, thus doubling its population in three years to 2,000,000. As the population of Cambodia is over 6,000,000, nearly a third of the Cambodian population now lives in Pnom Penh.

One finds refugees living in makeshift shelters all over Pnom Penh. Along Highway 4, on the way to Pachantong Airport, one finds railway carriages lying idly on the tracks, full of refugees (the railway stopped functioning in 1969).

Among other buildings, the incomplete but grand Cambodian Hotel started by the exiled Prince Norodom Sihanouk, said to be the best hotel in Asia, is now a shelter for hundreds of refugees.

The daily refugee influx has made the army tighten their security checks, because many Viet Cong and Khmer Rouge have infiltrated into Pnom Penh under this guise. Other than regular body checks of individuals entering public buildings—I was searched even when I went to buy stamps from the Post Office—everyone entering the capital from the Highways is carefully examined.

The French Connection

In Pnom Penh, one soon becomes aware of the predominant French influence. There is a newspaper in French (*Le Republicain*). Streets are named after prominent Frenchmen. One of the main roads in the capital is called Charles de Gaulle—who also has a store named after him. Usually the bigger stores have their signboards both in Khmer and French.

Interestingly enough, even the whores accost one in French. All of them line up on M. V. Pracheathpatei, better known as Moniwong Road, by six in the evening—three hours before curfew.

There are two types of prostitutes in Pnom Penh: those who operate on the streets, travelling in cyclos (cycle rickshaws) and those who work in bars. The "bargirls" enjoy a higher status than the "Cyclo Girls".

Most of the girls are very young. The usual stories of how they took up this profession begins with how their father died in the war and how, in order to support their family, 3 brothers and 2 sisters, they took to the streets. "It's a hard life," they complain.

For the foreigners, the only means of entertainment left in Pnom Penh are the bars. In the evenings, they drop into one of them for a drink—and other pleasures if they so desire. (The foreigners consist mainly of those working in embassies and the journalists.)

There are essentially two categories of bars. "The Amigo" belongs to the first. Here the girls are very friendly. As soon as you enter, two or three take charge of you. One talks to you, the other keeps massaging your arms or back, while the third weaves a hand-fan to keep you cool.

"The Golden Horse" belongs to the second category. The girls in this bar are "less physical", more sophisticated, speak better English and are hence better conversationalists. "The Golden Horse" is frequented mostly by foreign journalists and, as the girls confided, by the American Embassy people.

IS THIS THY WILL, LORD? An old woman retrieves the family's Buddha after the Khmer Rouge and the Viet Cong destroyed her village on Highway 2.

Going from the bar to the streets, I had the rare privilage of meeting the oldest "white hooker" in Pnom Penh. "She is the last remaining vestige of the French Empire in Indochina," said my Swedish journalist friend while introducing me.

She gave me a smile, revealing a missing tooth. "I'm Marie Antoinette," she said, with a slight courtesy.

"Any relation of the great queen?" I enquired conversationally.

"No, no, no!" she said vehemently. "We are separate institutions altogether."

While on the subject of names, I asked if she had read Xaviera Hollander's confessions entitled, *The Happy Hooker*, now a best-selling book.

"She tells a lot of fibs," remarked Marie Antoinette. "Especially what she says about Japanese men not being good lovers. I know better. But what are you doing here?" she asked, raising an eyebrow at me. "Visiting the country?"

I nodded.

"Terrible time to come—can't show you one's best! How can we when we are surrounded on all sides?" she complained.

"Yes. And you have been bombed very heavily too," I observed. "I'm told that your brave republic was bombed at twice the rate that North Viet Nam was for years."

"Do you know," countered Marie Antoinette, "that the bombing in the single month of April 1973 was higher than for all of 1972?" (*The Americans dropped over 54,000 tons of bombs in that single month.*)

Saying this, she lifted her red wig, scratched her bald scalp underneath and remarked: "Rather a hot August we're having."

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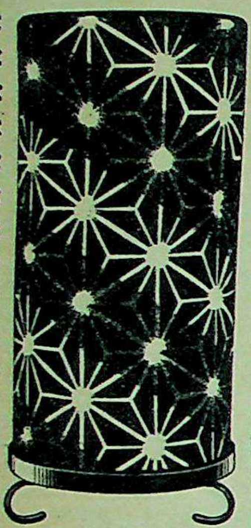

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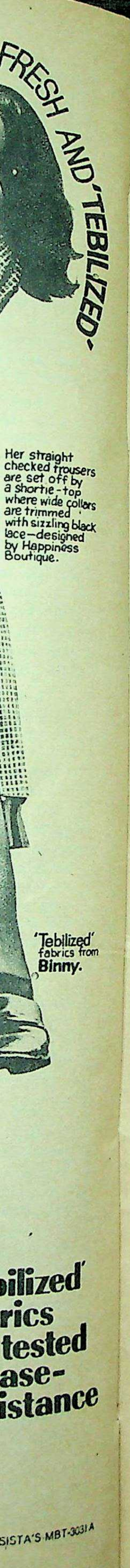

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A RUGGER player was taken to hospital after an accident in the scrum. The doctor probed and prodded: "I think you've busted a couple of ribs," he said. "How do you feel?"

"Like I got the stitch in my side, Doctor."

"Ah, splendid! That shows the bones are knitting."

THERE was a knock on the door and the housewife answered it. A man stood there, politely raising his hat. "Madam," he said, "do you believe in free speech?"

"Of course," she replied.

"Good," he said, "then can I use your phone?"

THE woman complained to the judge that her husband had left her bed and board. When she had finished, the husband rose to his feet and coolly replied: "A slight correction, Your Honour. I left her bed—bored."

In the parlour there were three,
She, the table lamp and he;
Two is company, there is no doubt, so
the little lamp went out.

A WOMAN went up to a Librarian. "I'm trying to find a book on childbirth," she said.

"Childbirth!" echoed the Librarian. "Try the Hobbies and Pastimes section, Madam."

A SAILOR ran up to the officer of the deck and mumbled something in his ear. The officer yelled at him: "Sing it out, man! Sing it out!"

The sailor took a deep breath and sang:

Should old acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
The Captain's fallen overboard;
He's half a mile behind!

CIRCUS AD: "Man wanted to be fixed out of cannon. Must be of high calibre and willing to travel. Great opportunity to get loaded twice a day. Be a big shot. Apply Box No. 50."

"I JUST got back from the Blood Donor Clinic."

"What did they say?"

"They said when they want warm water they'll ask for it."

"THESE headlines you're writing are too verbose, George," complained the Editor. "Try to keep them short and to the point."

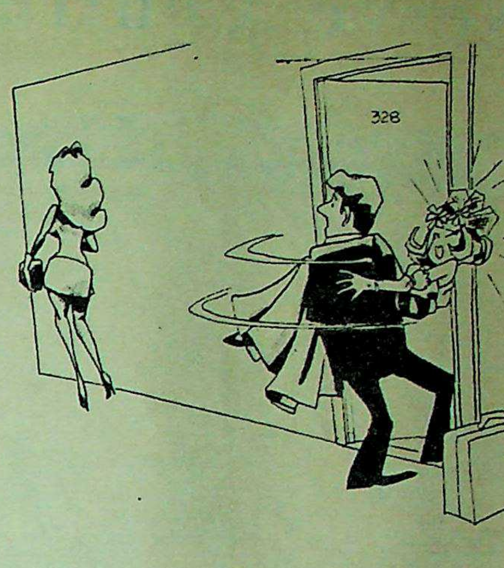
Next day, a story appeared on the front page of the paper about a mental patient who had attacked a nurse and made good his escape from the institution. The headline read: NUT SCREWS AND BOLTS.

FRIENDS and brakes are a lot alike. You never know how good they are until you try them!

THE Scotsman entered the butcher's shop and asked for a quarter pound of steak.

"Good grief!" said the butcher. "You've got eight children—you can't feed them with a quarter pound of steak!"

"It's not for eating, man," replied the Scot. "We're having company and I like to have the smell of steak in the house."



—From "Punch"

"WHAT did you operate on him for?"

"Eight hundred rupees."

"No, what did he have?"

"Eight hundred rupees."

A YOUNG lieutenant returning from leave was about to take his place in an airliner when a girl ran up and asked the passenger if any one of them would be kind enough to sell her his seat as her mother was dangerously ill and the plane was full up.

The officer gave up his seat and wired his Chief: GAVE BERTH TO GIRL. RETURNING BY NEXT PLANE.

The reply he received was: CONGRATULATIONS YOUR NEXT CONFINEMENT WILL BE IN BARRACKS

IT is said that the British Fish Fryers used to send a telegram every year to the newspaper industry on the occasion of their annual dinner. This read: BEST WISHES OUR FUTURE IS WRAPPED UP IN YOURS

JIM: "Why do you say that racing is romantic?"

Tim: "The horse hugs the rail, the jockey puts his arms around the horse and you kiss your money goodbye!"

THE young applicant was trying to impress the boss with his ability and his industry. "Why," he said, "there isn't a day when I don't get up as the first rays of the sun shine through my bedroom window."

"That would be fine," said the boss, "if I didn't happen to know that the way your house is situated, you only get the sun in the windows at sunset."

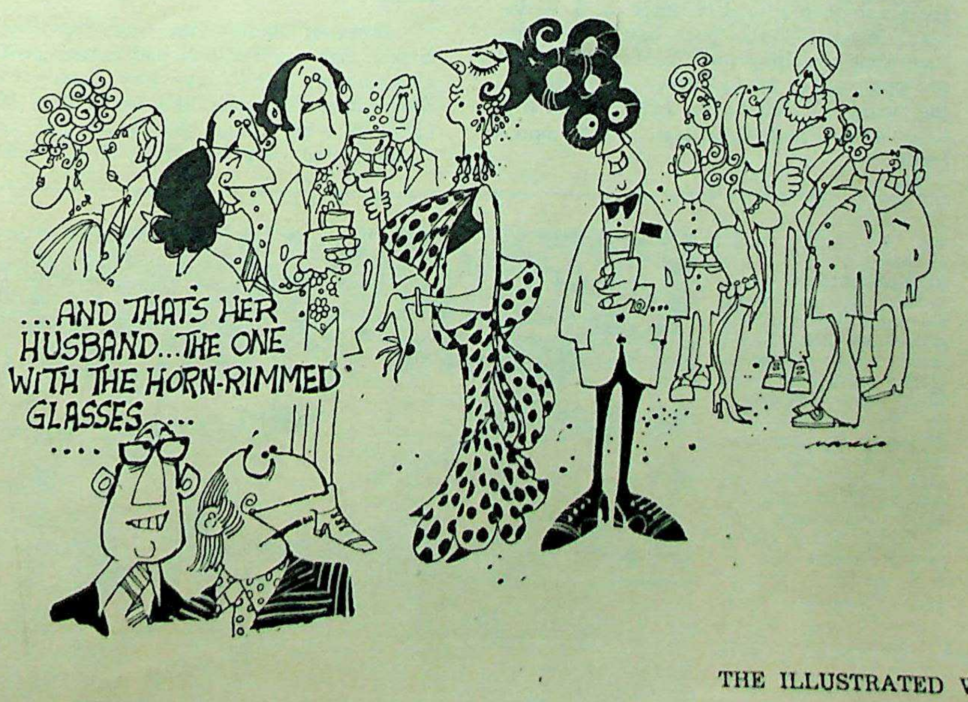
THE judge asked the topless waitress: "Were you covered by anything before you served?"

"Yes", she said. "Workmen's compensation."

MANAGER: "What do you mean by telling me you had seven years' experience in a bank when you never had a job before?"

Applicant: "Well, you advertised for a man with imagination!"

THIS WEEK **by MARIO**



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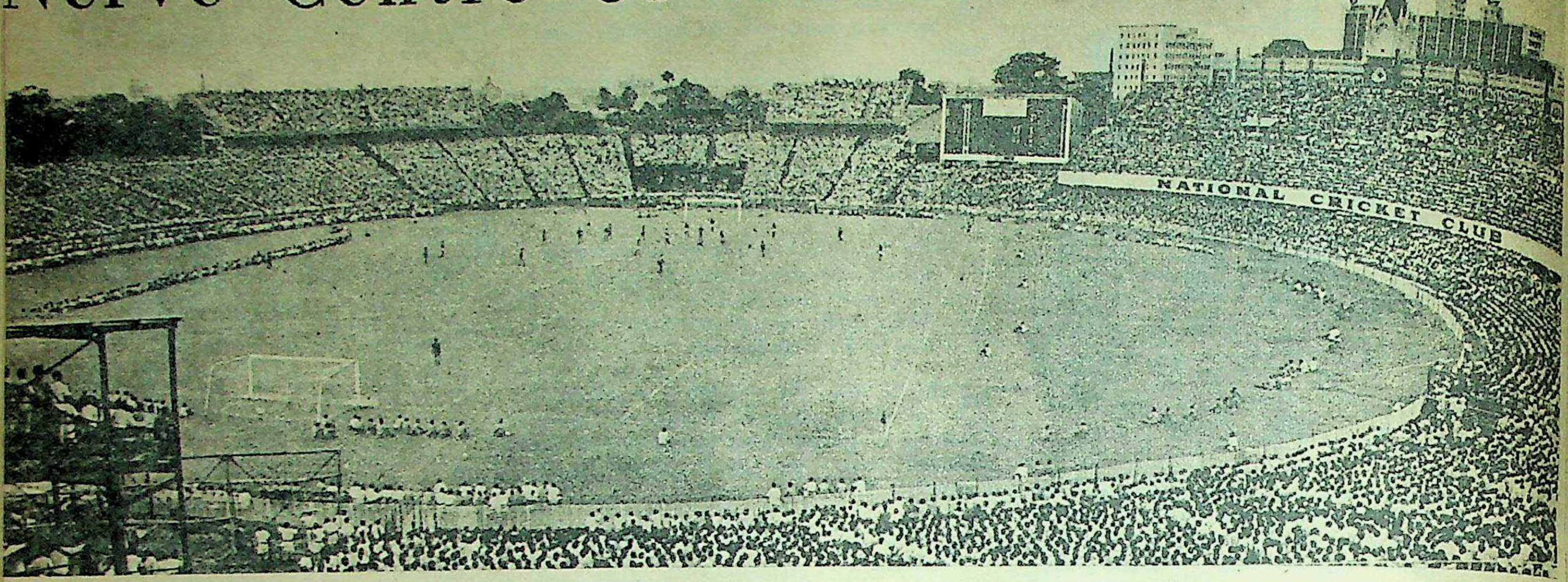
Nerve Centre Of Indian Football



EDEN GARDENS, CALCUTTA: EAST BENGAL vs MOHUN BAGAN

Soccer is an integral part of life in Calcutta. It is not merely a sport; its impact is felt all over the city.

by K. A. NARAYAN

Photographs by Nikhil Bhattacharyya

TO those unfamiliar with it, reports of the exuberance of enthusiasm of the Calcuttans for football would seem an exaggeration. But to anyone who was witness to the multitude coming down from the stands and swarming on to the Eden Gardens pitch at the end of the 1970 IFA Shield Final—the first to be staged at a venue sacrosanct to followers of cricket and not really conducive to football after rain—the same would seem an understatement. The unbounded joy of the East Bengal supporters at their club's success over Iran's Pas Club was seized on by vandals to damage the magnificent Shield and eventually cause the prize distribution to be abandoned. In the commotion that prevailed, some of the Iranians were said to have lost their cameras and watches. Even J. C. Guha, architect of East Bengal's rise to eminence, was not spared. His watch was snatched away.

This extreme of hooliganism by a few was something in tune with the mood of the period when it was thought to be unsafe to venture into certain parts of Calcutta after dark. Looking back, the behaviour of the 60,000-strong crowd at that final was laudable. The match was allowed to be played without any interruption or hindrance to the participants. This—more than the scenes after the final whistle—was a truer portrayal of the Calcutta football fan. To get a ticket for the "big game", he would go through any hardship, be it laying siege to the IFA office at Sootherkin Street, to the club tent or to anyone even remotely connected with folks who dispense tickets, or, as a last resort, wait a little away from the cordon through which ticket holders pass before approaching the entrance in the hope that he could get a spare ticket. But the fan who has a ticket to spare—which is very unlikely—would fain display it. If he were foolish enough to do so, he would be left waiting outside! He would be pounced upon and the tickets—the spare one and his own—would be snatched away!

It must be said to the credit of the Calcuttan that he does not seek a complimentary or free ticket. He is willing to fork out the cash for a place in the stand that is not the cheapest nor the costliest. But, in the event of neither the cheapest nor the costliest ones being available, he would take whichever is offered to him. He would not miss the game.

This enthusiasm is unmatched. The nearest to the Calcuttan is the Keralite, whose taste is more catholic and not as fiercely competitive. Fans in other parts of India make the contrast between themselves and the Calcuttan even more pronounced.

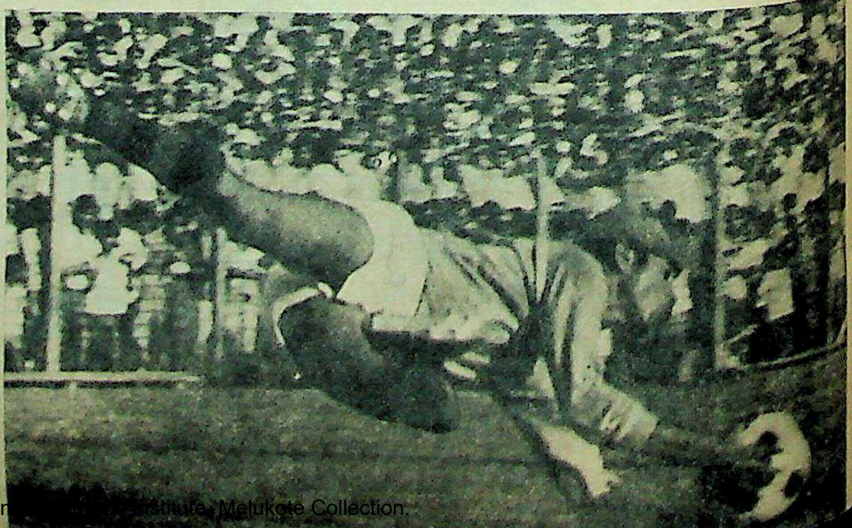
To understand and appreciate the difference, one will have to travel a little back into the past. The British Tommies brought to this country the game as we know it today. It grew around the military cantonment areas and then spread to other parts, as Indians, especially the poor lads who spent their time watching the "Sahibs", welcomed the opportunity to test their skills against the "masters". Usually the hefty booted British overwhelmed their frail unshod opponents.

Then came the signal triumph of Mohun Bagan Athletic Club in the final of the IFA Shield in 1911—the first major success of an Indian team against the British regiments. The victory was a spur and Indians gained in confidence. They knew that dextrous footwork and supple body movements could be effective counters to the imposing physical resources of the British players. Thus did the spectators revel in the ball artistry of Laxminaryan, Somanna, Ramanna, Jumma Khan, Saboo, Fazhur Rahman, Masoom, Rahamat, Trichy Joseph, Appa Rao and many others.

Many of these "ball jugglers" came from South India—Bangalore turning them out as though off an assembly line—but it was in Calcutta that they really found their niche. Their skills had brought them to this city, the El Dorado of Football then and today. The Calcutta clubs scooped most of the talents and the trophies. The present transfer rule—which requires a player to be in residence in his new State for six months before his application is granted on April 1, the first day of a new season—has led to fewer players going to Calcutta in the last six or seven years.

However, before the rush became a trickle, Calcutta Football had reaped profits abundant enough to stay way ahead of its competitors. For men like Sattar, Taj Mohammed, Abid, Salam, Kittu, Kannan, Narayan (rated very highly by J. C. Guha),

AS A RULE, goalkeepers catch the eye because of their acrobatics in thwarting the final thrust of the opposition. But Tarun Bose—whom Mohun Bagan signed on from Kidderpore Sporting in 1971—catches the eye with his flamboyant turnout, peak cap and bright jersey—and by his spectacular leaps and dives. For all this, Tarun is a "safe" 'keeper.



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THIS PICTURE sums up the uncertainty that hangs over an East Bengal-Mohun Bagan match. No matter how weak on paper either of the rivals may be, the battle is always keen and the result unpredictable. Here both Naeem of Mohun Bagan and Bhowmick of East Bengal go for the ball.

EAST BENGAL in recent seasons have stolen a march over their arch rivals, getting the better of Mohun Bagan in most of the major tournaments in the country. Habib (left) has been one of the architects of East Bengal's successes. Here, Mohun Bagan's Shamsunder Manna gets a "close-up" of the little master's art.

Balaram, Kempiah, Ahmed Khan, Saleh, Venkatesh, Appa Rao and a host of others had served as excellent models for the youngsters. And these men were generous with practical demonstrations of their skills.

Apart from being able to leave out a player who loses form and taking on another who is performing better without any great difficulty, Calcutta has another big advantage: the sprawling Maidan on which almost every club has a plot to train on. Not all plots are even, true surfaces—the resources of some clubs are not adequate enough for ideal maintenance—but they still provide some place to learn and master the rudiments of the game.

This is something beyond the reach of teams in most parts of the country.

The ground which Mohun Bagan share with Calcutta Football Club (CFC) must be the envy of other teams. CFC have fallen on evil days and it is said that Mohun Bagan pay for the tending and upkeep of that club's half of the field too!

East Bengal's ground has not the billiards-table look of Mohun Bagan's. But East Bengal attract a greater following. They have more members, about 6,000. And those that cannot gain East Bengal membership join Aryan Club, who share the ground with the League Champions of the last four years —last season they lifted the IFA Shield, the Rovers Cup, the Durand Cup and the Bardoloi Trophy too. The rivalry between East Bengal and Mohun Bagan is what makes Calcutta the hotbed of Indian Football.

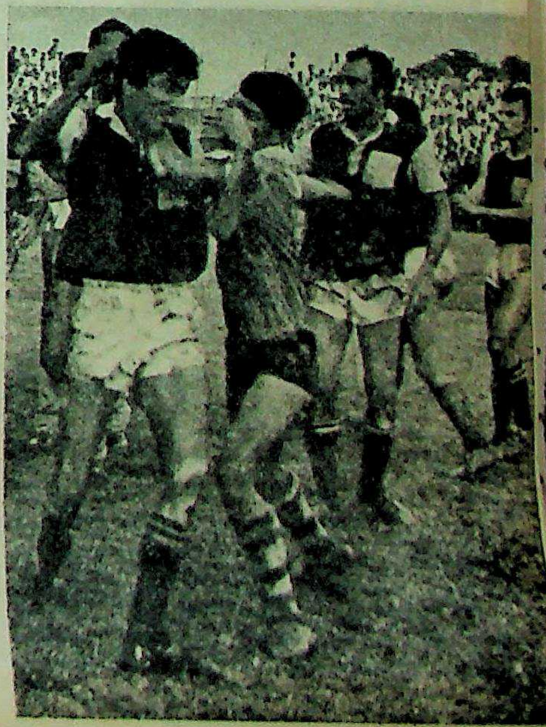
This sway East Bengal and Mohun Bagan are able to exercise primarily because they are the two consistently successful, star-studded sides in the Calcutta League. Other clubs play subordinate roles. To them a draw with the Big Two is cause for satisfaction. If Tollygunge Agragami's victory over East Bengal in the 1971 IFA Shield semifinal is excepted, there has not been a real upset of late.

But the other clubs, despite their lack of success, do not merely make up the cast. They are an integral part of the set-up inasmuch as they are the principal feeders of talent to the Big Two. Teams like Kidderpore Sporting, Tollygunge Agragami, Aryans, Wari Athletic, Bhratri Sangha, Howrah Union and others fulfil a task that Bally Protiva, Bhowanipore, Kalighat and other clubs did a few decades ago when Mohammedan Sporting, too, were a match for Mohun Bagan and East Bengal.

The secretaries, the talent scouts and the coaches of these clubs are the men who help the big clubs dominate Indian Football.

A look at the composition of the East Bengal and Mohun Bagan teams of today would bear this out. But does this ransacking of their painfully groomed wealth scare them as it does the States of the South? No, not while the vast expanse that is the Calcutta Maidan is available to them for replenishment of their resources.

THE REFEREE in an East Bengal-Mohun Bagan match needs to watch out. The rivalry between these clubs led to referees from outside Calcutta being drafted—something unique for matches between local clubs. Biswanath Dutta (below, left), a National class referee, was the victim of an assault by Mohun Bagan's non-playing captain, Sukalyan Ghosh Dastidar, after the first-leg tie in the Super League against East Bengal on August 14. Dastidar, a former International, has since been suspended. In the wake of this attack on Dutta, the Calcutta Referees Association demanded adequate protection to "do" games. The Indian Football Association abandoned the second leg of the Super League and called in outstation referees to help conduct matches in the IFA Shield. Below: Resort to violence is not restricted to meetings between East Bengal and Mohun Bagan. Mohammedan Sporting's League match with Rajasthan had to be abandoned as the rivals came to blows. Here is Latifuddin, all set to "strike".



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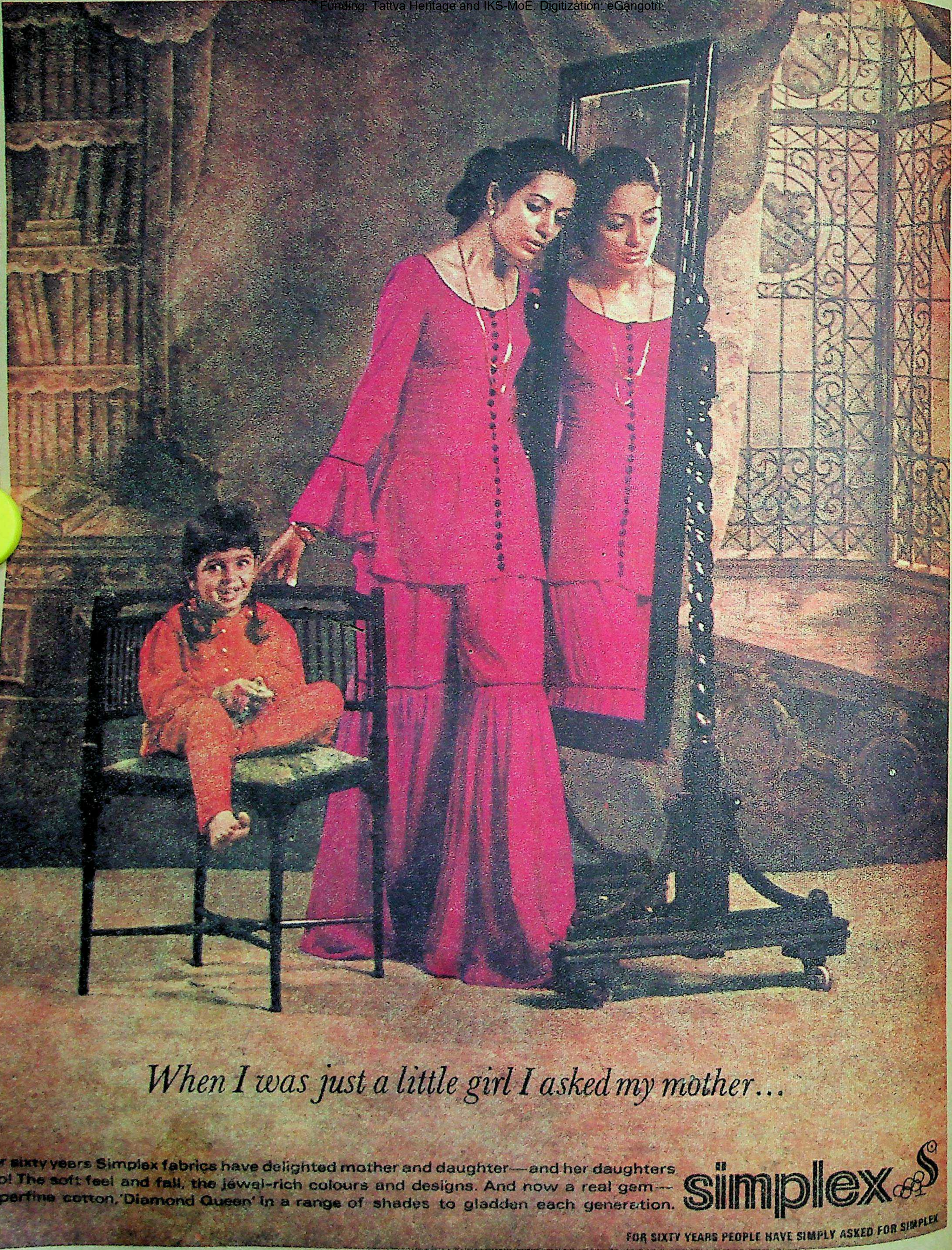

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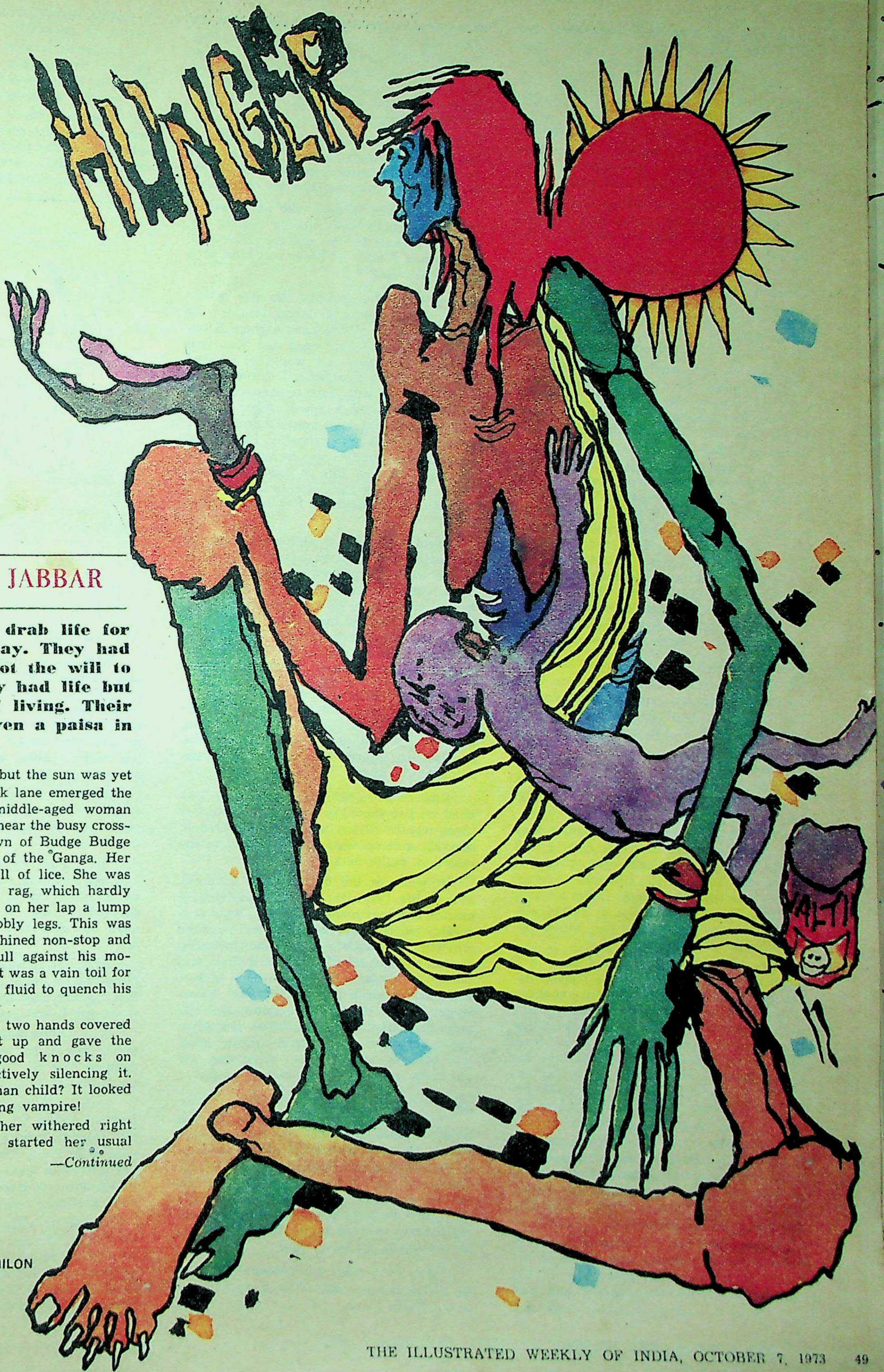

by ABDUL JABBAR

It was the same drab life for them day after day. They had aspirations but not the will to fulfil them. They had life but not the means of living. Their worth was not even a paisa in this country . . .

THE day had dawned but the sun was yet to rise. From a dark lane emerged the slender skeleton of a middle-aged woman who took her usual seat near the busy crossing of the industrial town of Budge Budge on the eastern bank of the Ganga. Her hair was matted and full of lice. She was partially covered with a rag, which hardly hid her top. She carried on her lap a lump of black flesh with wobbly legs. This was her child Musa. Musa whined non-stop and knocked his hairless skull against his mother's dried-up breasts. It was a vain toil for a few drops of the white fluid to quench his thirst and hunger.

Suddenly, one of the two hands covered with glass bangles went up and gave the crying child a few good knocks on the head, thereby effectively silencing it. Who would call it a human child? It looked more like a blood-sucking vampire!

The woman raised her withered right hand mechanically and started her usual

—*Continued*

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nasal whine for alms: "Give me something, Baba, and Allah will give it back to you tenfold!" It had a peculiar rhythm of its own.

The municipal sweeper on duty was annoyed. He shouted: *"Hato yahansey*, you bitch! *Hato, hato!"*

But Khairon continued to sit as before.

The sweeper then hurled a nasty abuse at her and threatened: "Do you get up or do I give you a taste of my broomstick?"

Khairon uttered a dirtier abuse with fire emitting from her sunken eyes. But she moved a little to allow the sweeper to do his job.

A number of perspiring and panting villagers were slowly making their way over the uneven *kuchcha* roads. They carried heavy baskets full of vegetables on their heads. They were to reach the Mill Gate Market before the 8.00 a.m. hooter sounded.

Children were winding their way to the local high school. Soon the half-naked night-shift workers of the jute mills, factories, kerosene-oil refineries and petrol depots would come out with the sounding of the hooter and run to their distant hovels.

There was a big crowd in front of the Rationing Office. A young girl, scantily dressed, could be seen standing on the balcony of the first floor of the Telephone Exchange, having a chat with her young friend clad in drainpipe pants. A radio from a paanshop was blaring out a love song from the latest Hindi film even at that early hour. Opposite the paanshop was the famous Muslim hotel, "Zebunissa". They had started cooking spicy dishes—one could sense their aroma even from a distance.

KHAIRON had almost forgotten herself in this medley of sights and sounds. Now she restarted her nasal appeal to the passers-by: "Give me something in the name of Allah and Allah will give you ten times in return!"

Suddenly, a ten-paise piece fell before Khairon and her eyes at once lit up. It was the same young girl of the Ghosh family. She was on her way to college.

"May Allah bless you, my child! May you get a husband of your dreams and bonny babies, good health and a life of plenty and prosperity!" Khairon sincerely blessed her with both hands raised towards the sky. The girl blushed and walked elegantly towards her waiting car, which disappeared in no time.

By now, more beggars had come and taken up their positions on the busy crossing. So Khairon thought it more expedient to quit and seek her luck elsewhere. She was muttering within herself: 'Look at that old mother of Labu! She walks on all fours like a tortoise. Even she has come from the distant Jatadharitola Lane. Look at her audacity! The other day she questioned my right to beg at the crossing! What right has she? Is it her husband's property?'

There was a big crowd at the crossing of the metalled Gandhi Road. The conductor of the "76A" bus was shouting at the top of his voice to attract passengers for Bahra, Badali, Amtola, Bhasa, Pitan, Majerhat, Mominpur and Dharamatalla.

Who could avoid throwing longing eyes at the trays of tempting hot *jelebis* in the sweetmeat shops on both sides of the street? One of the shopkeepers had just driven away a couple of pariah dogs and was going to reoccupy his seat, when his eyes fell on a jet-black begging hand stretched out to him. A beggar when he had not yet started business for the day! But he did not like to disappoint her. He threw a couple of *jelebis* towards Khairon and spat on the road in contempt.

Musa was not satisfied with his share of one *jelebi*—he tried to force out the other one, too, from Khairon's mouth. "You daughter of a swine, why not give me that also?"

But by then Khairon had swallowed it up. Her eyeballs were almost coming out of their sockets in the exertion. She said: "You son of a bitch! If I give you both, then what will I eat?"

AT last Khairon reached the spot where her lame husband, Afzal, usually sat begging with the cobblers and barbers. Khairon had always entertained the fear that some day this lame man would be crushed under one of the giant wheels of the trucks, heavily loaded with jute or hessian bales, rushing at breakneck speed. After all, he was her husband and must, therefore, be looked after with due sympathy. Had he not supported his family when he was able? He had and she, too, like a good housewife, had cooked his food and seen to his comforts. But now he was disabled. It was all her bad luck!

Afzal had been a permanent hand in the Latian Jute Mills on a fixed wage of Rs 21 per week. They lived in their small hut. They had a son aged seven. One day, when he was attempting to feed the loaded beam on the loom, he got himself badly entangled in the fast-rotating crankshaft—he was bodily lifted, moved round the cylinder and dashed against the loom on the other side.

His inert body was picked up from a pool of blood by fellow workers, who rushed him to hospital. There he lay, hovering between life and death, for three months. His life was spared but his right leg was damaged for ever.

Khairon had practically to carry her husband on her shoulders to the Mill Gate for three months. Ultimately, she succeeded in securing a compensation of Rs 250 from the reluctant millowners.

It was just the beginning of adversity in their life. One night, when it was drizzling outside and they were fast asleep, some miscreants quietly entered the hut and removed whatever valuables they had, including clothes and utensils. This reduced them to a family of beggars. Their first-born, a boy, also died within a few months after a prolonged illness caused by malnutrition. For some time, Khairon had no babies. But Allah knew best why this blood-sucking Musa was born to her at a time when they did not know how to fill their own stomachs.

AFZAL was sitting in his usual place—with his lame foot drawn close. He was quietly munching puffed rice from a paper packet. He must have spent all his earnings of the morning on himself, thought Khairon. She flared up: "Look at this old fool! He has not even the brains of a flea! His child is without food since yesterday and is crying bitterly. But the father is quietly eating up everything he has earned!"

"How much have you earned?" she asked, sitting close to Afzal. "Come, give a share to the child."

Musa briskly crawled up and tried to snatch the packet from his father.

But Afzal swallowed up the remaining quantity in one gulp and threw away the empty packet—it was immediately picked up and carried away by a waiting dog.

Musa ran after it but failed to catch up with the dog. He returned and threw himself down on the pavement and started sobbing in a nasal voice: *"Saala!* Why didn't you leave something for me? Why? Why?"

Khairon sat there, dumbfounded, with tears rolling down her cheeks. At times she felt half-tempted to break her lame husband's other leg too, kill Musa and then kill herself. Her eyes were glowing like those of an infuriated tigress. She dragged the shouting, kicking Musa over the metalled road and stopped near the teastall.

Afzal continued as before. "Be kind to this lame beggar, Baba! Allah will see that you earn more and more and your children live in plenty!"

The cobbler who was sitting next to him and mending a pair of *chappals* got fed up with this monotonous husky voice and shouted: *"Saala!* Why are you squeaking again and again like a baboon? *Hato yahansey!"*

Afzal straightened up and retorted: "But why should I? Is it your father's place? It is a public road and everybody has a right to occupy it and earn his *roti*."

The cobbler found himself cornered. As a last resort, he requested a passer-by to mediate. The man said: "Leave it, brother. He is also a poor man like you."

Afzal now thought it better to try his luck elsewhere. He started limping towards the teastall, where Khairon had already gone with Musa. They were both sitting on the ground in front of a bench occupied by half a dozen well-dressed young men. They were gossiping over a cup of tea and toast.

Unable to withstand the longing eyes of the beggar woman and the extended right hand of her son, one of them dropped a small piece of toast and some tea in their begging bowl. Others followed suit. Even while doing so, they protested to the shopkeeper

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about these ugly creatures squatting before them and spoiling their breakfast. This annoyed the shopkeeper and he rudely asked Khairon to leave the place at once. As they still lingered on, he threw a glassful of boiling water on Khairon.

Khairon at once put Musa aside and started rolling on the ground, howling in pain. Many pedestrians were attracted by her loud wails but nobody came forward to help. One of the Babus laughed aloud, saying sarcastically: "Ha, ha! Serves you right for stealing sweets!"

A police constable was leaning on a lamp-post near the spot. But as he was busy doing his sacred duty to the state by feasting his eyes on the figure of a scantily dressed lady passing by, he had no time to intervene.

"It's a lie!" protested Khairon. "We never touched a thing in the stall!"

She covered her bare bosom (now full of blisters) with a portion of the dirty rag she was wearing and salvaged Musa's half-trampled body from under the feet of the eager onlookers who had rushed up to watch the fun. But none of them was so foolish as to believe that Khairon had been punished for nothing, otherwise they would have taught a good lesson to the wrongdoers. The crowd gradually thinned down. The eight o'clock hooter drew away the remaining few—they started running towards their factory gates.

BY now Afzal had reached the spot. He took some time to size up the situation. Looking closely at the faces of the men inside the shop, he tried to recollect whether he had seen them before. Strange! All of them had the appearance of gentlemen! Later he could recognise some known faces. Some of them were prominent social workers attached to Bapuji Seva Sadan—a local philanthropic organisation named after the Father of the Nation. There were also one or two officers, wholesalers and money-lenders.

True, Afzal was just a beggar now. But there was a time when all of them knew him to be an honest millhand. However, things had changed. Why should they recognise him now?

Afzal pulled back Khairon and rebuked her: "Of all places, how did you choose this hell? Come, let's go. It's a pity you should have begged from these bastards!"

The sleeping man in him was now awakened. He might be a destitute—just a nomad moving from place to place, nothing to eat and nowhere to sleep—but he still had the capacity to understand human character. He wondered what a fool his wife had been to forget herself and cross the line of demarcation between the rich and the poor. But what could a lame fellow do against so many able-bodied men? He ultimately realised that all he could do was to lodge an unwritten complaint in the court of Allah.

Khairon moved on slowly, sobbing bitterly out of pain and humiliation. The eyes of the lame man walking by her side were not dry either. Afzal picked up a half-rotten mango from the pavement and gave it to Musa to suck and stop him whining. Asking his wife to go and sit somewhere, he went up to a grocer's shop and begged for some mustard oil to apply to her burns.

The 10.30 a.m. hooter was sounded by all the jute mills in the area. So not a moment to lose! They must rush and take up their positions on the main road by which the workers would return home for lunch. They spread their napkins on the road and started whining for alms: "Baba, give something to this hungry poor soul and Allah will give you ten times!"

The rush was over within ten minutes. They took stock of what they had earned—Afzal 16 paise, Khairon 25 paise. Khairon secured the earnings in the waistband of her sari. Then they started begging for green vegetables from the villagers who had come to sell their products and also from the permanent stall holders. None of them disappointed the couple—a potato from one man, a brinjal or an onion from another, and so on—not so bad, after all!

They suddenly remembered that it was a Friday, when cooked meal was distributed among the beggars from the principal mosque in the locality. So there was no need to cook food. They left the green vegetables on the damp floor of their hovel and hurried to the mosque. They sat along with hundreds of beggars and destitutes, who had already assembled there and were fighting for a vantage position. At last the distribution started—cooked rice and a little meat.

This was the gift from the rich Muslims of Budge Budge, who probably thought that, by distributing a small share of their ill-gotten gains to the beggars on Fridays in the name of Allah, they would be able to escape punishment after death.

After a tough fight, all three got their little shares and immediately started swallowing like hungry dogs. They had no time even to chew. Meanwhile, Musa had quietly removed a couple of pieces of meat from Afzal's dish and hidden them under the heap of rice in his plate. Next he threw the contents of his mother's dish and also that of his own on the ground and started tossing and crying bitterly. "You bitch! Why did you eat from my plate?" Khairon gave him a few good blows.

Afzal did not know who had stolen whose food. So he rebuked Khairon as if she was the culprit and passed on to his son his own dish, which the boy started swallowing with gusto. Afzal had nothing to do except watch the speed at which the others were emptying their dishes.

On looking up, he could see what was going on inside the mosque. Everybody from the Imam down to the ordinary Namazi, who had come for the noon prayer, was having a sumptuous meal of rice and meat curry. Whom to accuse? To whom to pray for justice?

After the function, all three walked back to their hovel and lay down on the dirty mattress. Musa was, as usual, sucking the dried-up teats dangling from the bare bosom of his mother. He had grown in age but not in habit. He looked a lump of flesh and bone, almost resembling the featherless youngling of a vulture.

THE fire of hunger quenched for a few hours, Afzal started planning for the night meal. "Look here, Khairon! Cook some hotchpotch with the vegetables. I'll get you half a kilo of rice from the shop."

"Cook food in the evening? With what? There is no fuel! Shall I burn my legs?"

"I'll see to that too. Why worry so much? May Allah save men from the grip of such stupid women who have only a belly and a sharp tongue but no brains!"

Musa was overjoyed at the prospect of an evening meal too. He pulled a tuft of hair from his father's beard and called him "You *saala!* You *saala!*"

"Whom are you calling your *saala?*" asked his father.

"You! Who else?" Musa giggled.

Khairon enjoyed it all but outwardly rebuked him: "He is your father, isn't he?"

"What! This *langra* my father? No, never! He is *your* father, not mine!"

Afzal was seething within himself. He looked at them with bloodshot eyes. He felt half-tempted to strangle both of them—by pressing his two palms like a pair of pincers—and after that kill himself. "What is the use of leading such an accursed life? Son calling his father "*Saala!*" and his mother enjoying the fun! Begging in the streets from sunrise to sunset for a morsel of food! Limping on one foot for the rest of one's life!" But gradually his overstrung nerves settled and he came back to the realities of life.

THE evening sun was about to set. Its slanting beams were kissing the tops of the dwarfish date-palms. A couple of wild doves were making their usual cooings perched on the leafless top of a shooting bamboo. Heavily loaded petrol and kerosene tankers, passenger buses and trucks could be heard rumbling over Gandhi Road.

At last sleep descended on the three pairs of weary eyes. When they woke up, it was alrady dark and glow-worms had started weaving garlands of twinkling lamps in the thick foliage of the mango trees.

The industrial town had also its red-light quarters. These unfortunate creatures had just begun their nocturnal pursuits after their daylong hibernation in the hovels. Their semi-nude figures could be discerned in the dim light shed by the small kerosene lamps kept in front of them in the dark verandah. Their searching and longing looks were fully indicative of what they were after at that hour.

—Continued

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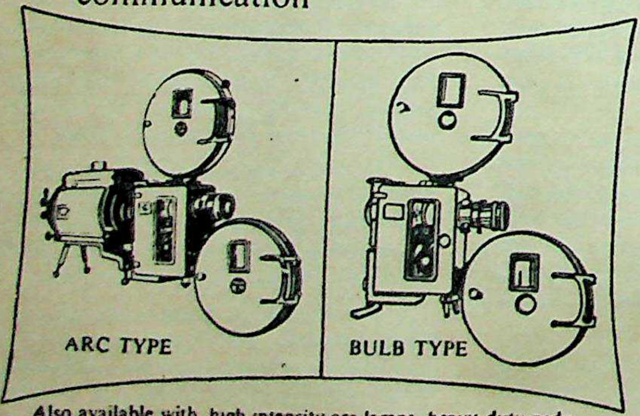

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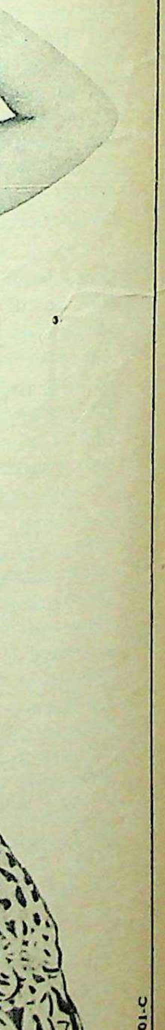

Khairon picked some coal from the heaps of accumulated cinders in front of the teastalls and the blacksmith's shop, lit the *chulna* and started to cook food after a break of seven days. Afzal was sitting on the verandah, leaning on the bamboo pole and humming a tune from a Hindi film. But his eyes were fixed on the distant brothel of Zohra, the plump prostitute who could be seen making lewd postures before her visitor for the evening.

Afzal was enjoying the sight just as a child enjoys a toffee. At first, this had escaped Khairon's notice as she was busy cutting the vegetables. But when she saw what he was up to, she became furious. She firmly gripped Afzal's throat with the palm of her hands and said: "Don't you feel ashamed, you *langra*? Are you not already paying dearly for your sins? Next time I find you repeating the action, I will either chop off your ears with the vegetable cutter or push my fingers in your eyes!" She released her grip only after Afzal promised never to do it.

IT was the same drab life for them day after day, month after month. They had aspirations but not the will to fulfil them. They had life, but not the means of living. Their worth was not even a paisa in our country...

Still Khairon made another serious attempt to stand on her own legs. She decided to try and earn her keep by dint of honest labour. She started picking coal from the dumps of boiler ashes outside the Mill Gate—this fetched her half a rupee per basket. She could easily earn about a couple of rupees by labouring hard from sunrise to sunset. Of course she had to pay a commission of 25 paise per day to the durwan, although cinders are of no value to the mill-owners. On Sundays, when there was no coal to be picked, she would go to the nearby villages and collect varieties of edible aquatic herbs growing in plenty in the ponds. She sold them at the Mill Gate Bazar and earned a day's cereals for the family.

Afzal meanwhile had secured a small job in a local butchery. Although his daily wages were not much, he would collect the throwaways from dressed meat and bring them home in the evening.

Now they had the satisfaction of eating cooked food every day. Khairon had thatched up their roof with coconut leaves and pieces of bamboos begged from some neighbour. She even sent Musa to the local primary school as he had become extremely naughty and mischievous.

The landlord wanted to build a cinema hall on the plot of land. He devised a novel plan for evicting these squatters. He engaged some *agent provocateurs* who fomented communal strife among the *jhuggi* dwellers—one of them set fire to the huts under cover of darkness. The entire *bustee* was gutted and reduced to a heap of ashes overnight. The prostitutes' quarters and Afzal's small hut were wiped out.

Afzal had seen the people who had set fire to the huts but what was the use of accusing them in the court of man or God? He would rather pray for God's kind help in changing the invisible writings of Fate on their foreheads.

The beggar couple now lay on the pavement in the biting cold of December night. They were left with no choice but to revert to the profession of begging—their drab old routine of picking something to eat from the roadside or the dustbin.

Musa was slowly growing up. He was now an active partner in his parents' business. Khairon, in her tattered rags, matted locks and a body itching with wounds, would cook food at the end of the day for all three in a broken pot. Musa would collect fuel from here and there and his mother would boil together *atta, dal,* rice—whatever they could get by begging from door to door. She would divide the semi-liquid food into three equal portions which would disappear into their gaping mouths in no time.

This nomadic family drifted towards the city of Calcutta with the hope of better prospects. They were seen one day setting up their small household in a corner of a park. The place was lit by a beam of tube-light thrown from the window of a big mansion. Afzal was trying to break the shell of a coconut with the help of a piece of stone. It had been discarded by somebody after he had drunk up its milk. Afzal was bending all his energies to break it, as if he was fighting for his life. But the result was disappointing. He could only have the consolation of licking the tips of his fingers.

Khairon looked towards him with longing eyes. When he failed to break it, she thought she would try. But Afzal would not part with it. Musa came running with another coconut and, dropping it in the hand of his mother, ran back in the hope of getting some more. But soon he came back disappointed as the person had already left and the leftovers had been collected by others.

A khaddar-clad Bengali Babu was standing near the bus-stop with the look of a philosopher. Musa went up to him.

At first the Babu did not take any notice of Musa's imploring eyes but later said: "What! You want some money? You had nothing to eat for two days?"

"Nobody gives anything to the beggars these days! Nobody believes us. Today the majority of the Bengali people starve for days on end but they are ashamed of begging in public. We are happy if we can fill our bellies at least once a day. I have a lame father and a sick mother to feed."

The gentleman seemed to have a kind heart. His eyes became moist. He thought for a moment and then, taking out a shining piece of coin from his pocket, pushed it into the hands of a bewildered Musa and briskly walked away. When Musa realised it was a new 50-paise bit, he thought that the Babu must have given it by mistake. So he ran after him, shouting: "Babu! Babu!" But the gentleman had already disappeared in the crowd. Musa came running to his parents and, taking out the shining coin from his mouth, showed it to his mother. Khairon snatched it with a swoop.

Afzal snapped: "Why should you take it? Give to me?"

Musa snapped back at him: "You shut up, *langra*! Is it your money? Have you not eaten up the coconut I had brought? Mother, give the money to me! I'll go and get you some rice from the shop."

They somehow struck a compromise.

On his way back, Musa collected a dead fowl lying near the dustbin. Although not fresh, it was not that bad. They were overjoyed at the prospect of having a meal of rice-and-fowl curry. Khairon lit the *chulha* and started cooking. They had a hearty dinner. After that, they sat near the smouldering fire, enjoying the ends of *bidis* and cigarettes collected from the streets, and warmed up their body.

It was an extremely cold night. All three lay huddled up under a thick bush after wrapping themselves in their rags.

From the first-floor window of a near-by building was coming the melodious sound of sitar.

They kept going from park to park, street to street, only moving for the sake of moving, breathing for the sake of breathing, till that crucial day arrived in their lives. The silence of the noon was shattered by the heart-rending laments of a beggar woman.

KHAIRON was drying up her wet sari in the sun. She had covered her body with a loin-cloth and was sitting under the shade of a *sisam* tree. All of a sudden, she got up and was seen running towards Circus Avenue, howling bitterly, as if she had suddenly gone berserk. Within a few minutes, she came back to her lame husband, carrying the inert body of Musa—completely covered with blood. Leaving the body on the ground before her thunderstruck husband, Khairon threw herself down and tossed in pain like a half-butchered goat.

She had seen a girl beckoning to Musa and throwing a couple of *chapatis* from the window of the first floor of the building on the opposite side of the road. There were other beggars too on the pavement. Musa ran towards the spot without looking at the speeding taxi coming from the other side and, in a moment, it was all over. There was a thud and there lay her son in a pool of blood with his head crushed under the wheel.

A crowd gathered but nobody came forward to console the bereaved parents. Afzal looked stunned, with one leg drawn close and silent tears rolling down his long beard. He realised that, if he had not lost his leg in that accident, probably this would not have happened. He could have fed his wife and son even by manual labour.

The pedestrians, who had gathered there out of curiosity, gradually thinned out. The sun was setting. Khairon gradually realised that, in this big universe, she had only a lame man to help her. Soon it would be dark when it would be difficult for her to carry Musa's body to the graveyard. She got up, covered her person with the sari and then, raising the corpse of her son on her shoulders, started walking slowly. Musa's body had already become stiff and heavy. But there are moments when women can do impossible things. The lame Afzal went limping with difficulty to her side. Their eyes were now dry and their lips sealed.

Khairon was walking but her look extended far beyond the horizon. Was there any ray of hope for a better future? Or could anybody read any other "hunger" in those feminine eyes—the eternal hunger of fresh creation which has kept the chain of humanity intact through the ages?

[*Translated from Bengali by* K. K. Ghosh]

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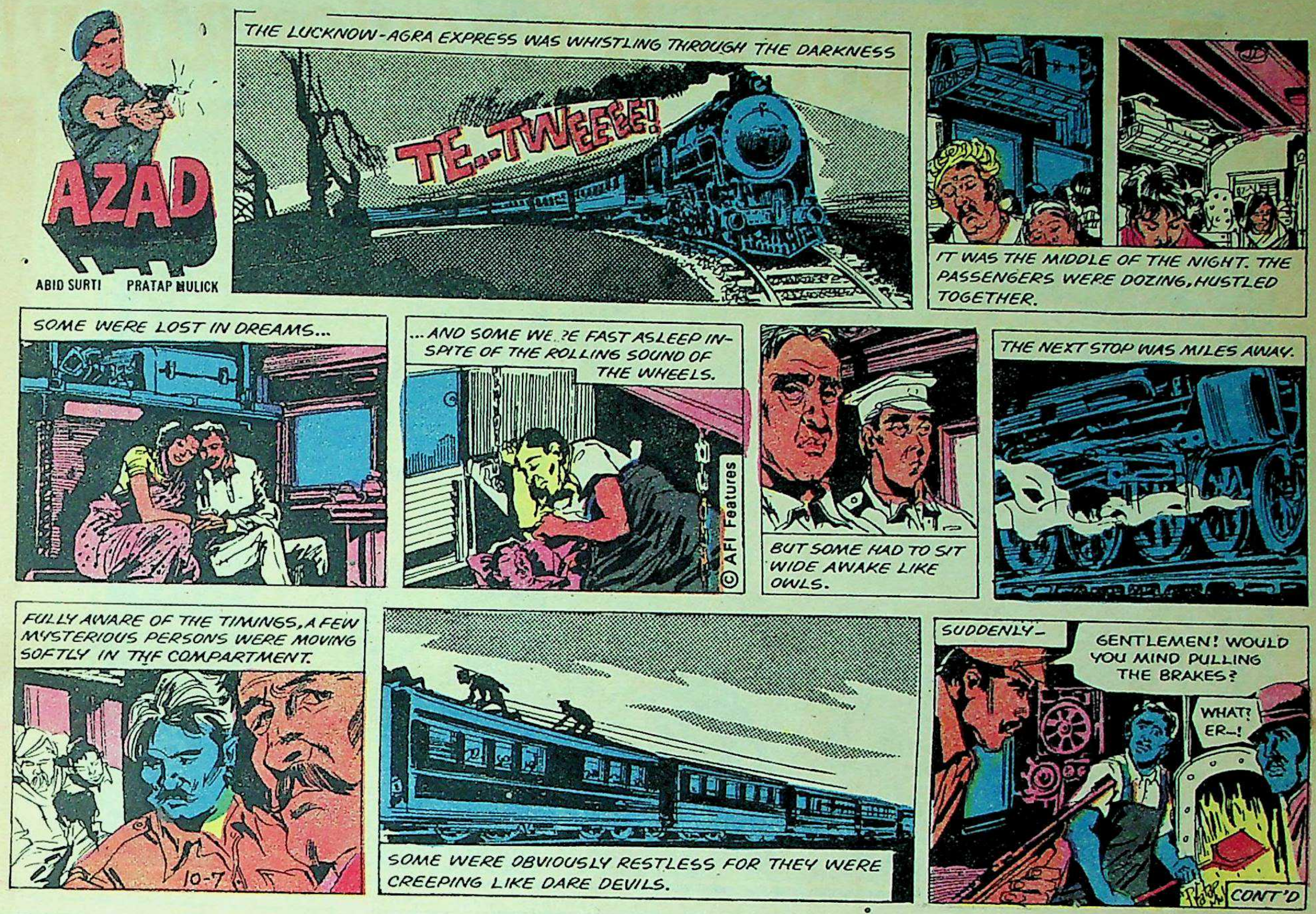

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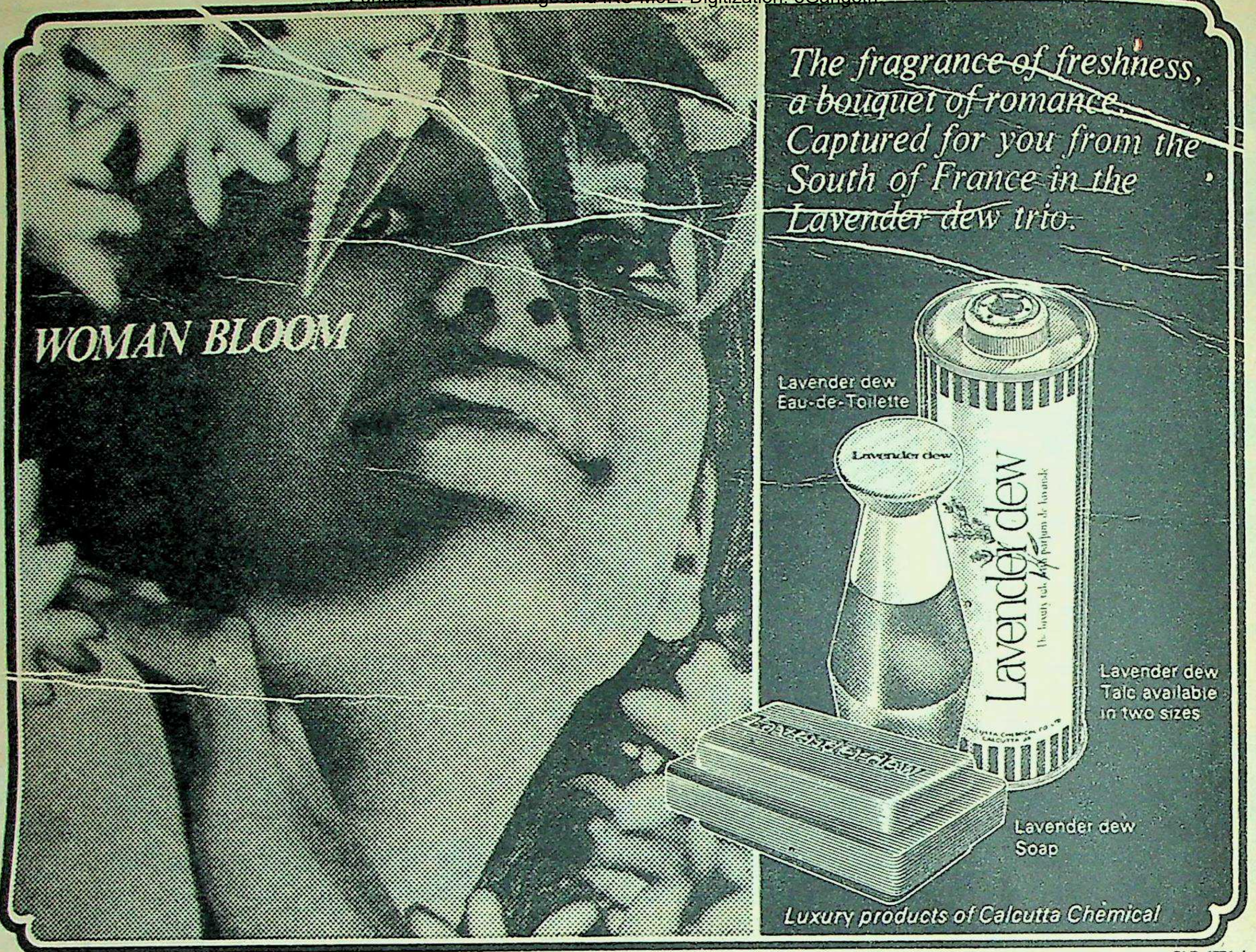

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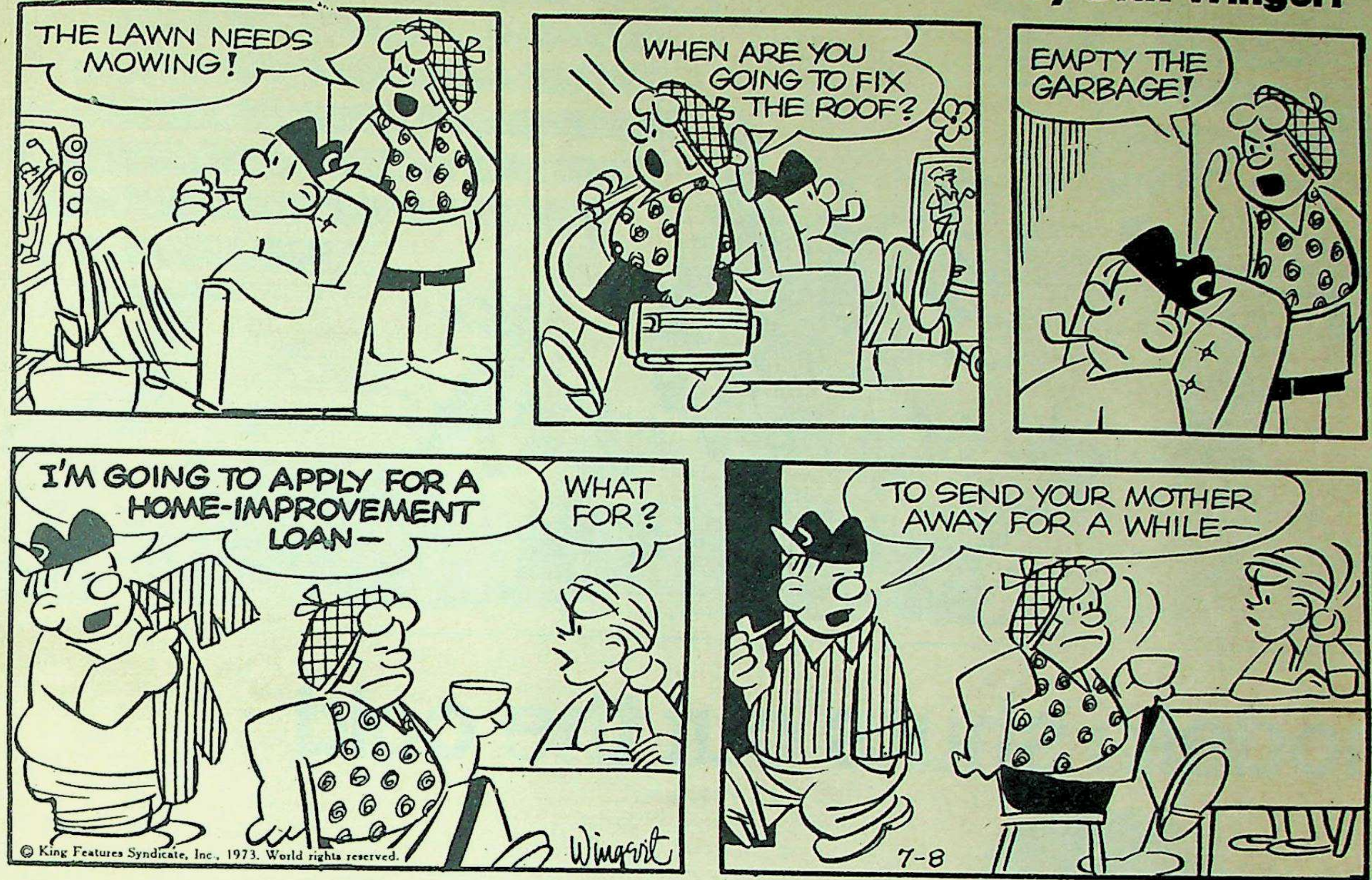
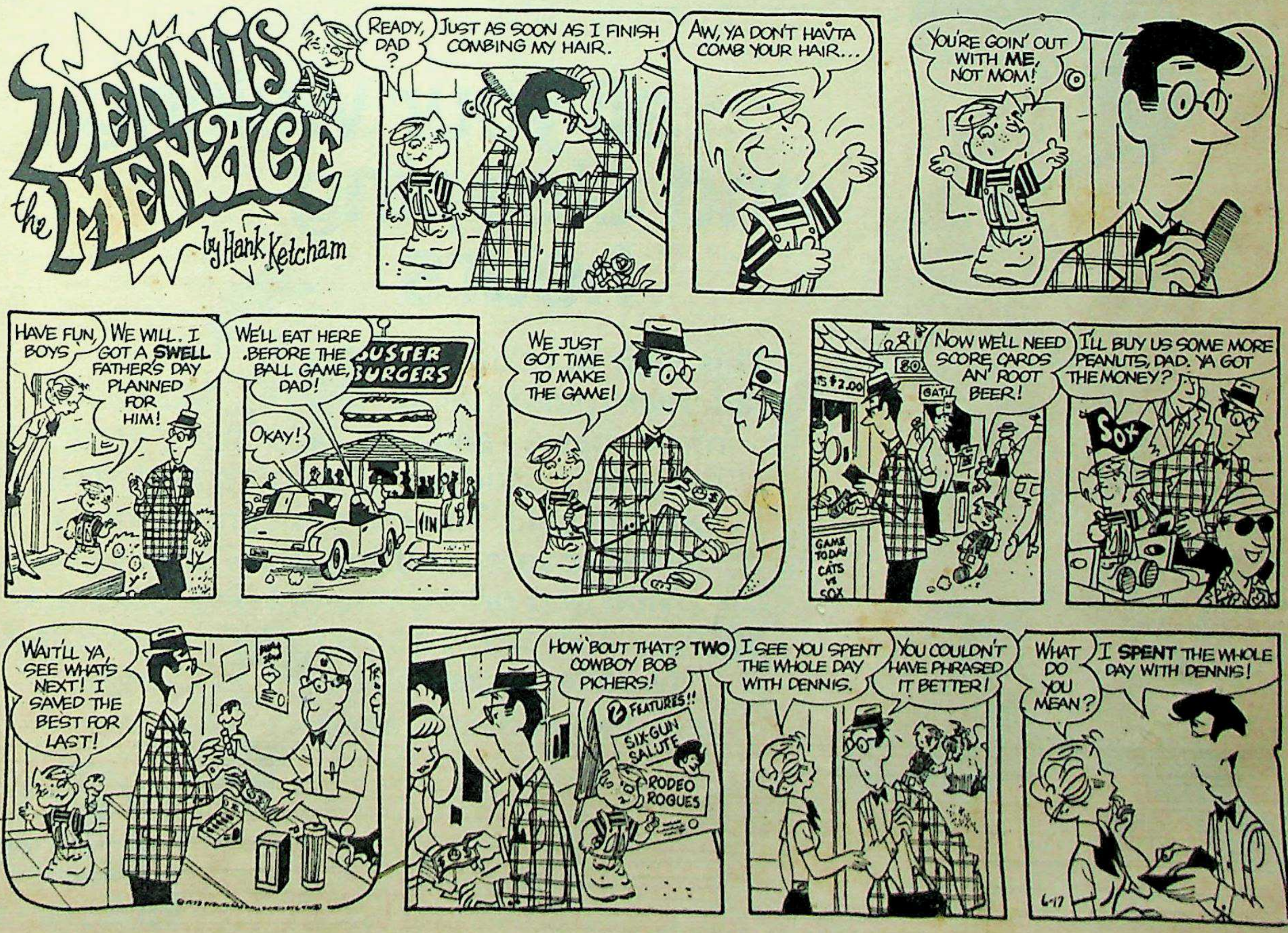
HUBERT

by Dick Wingert





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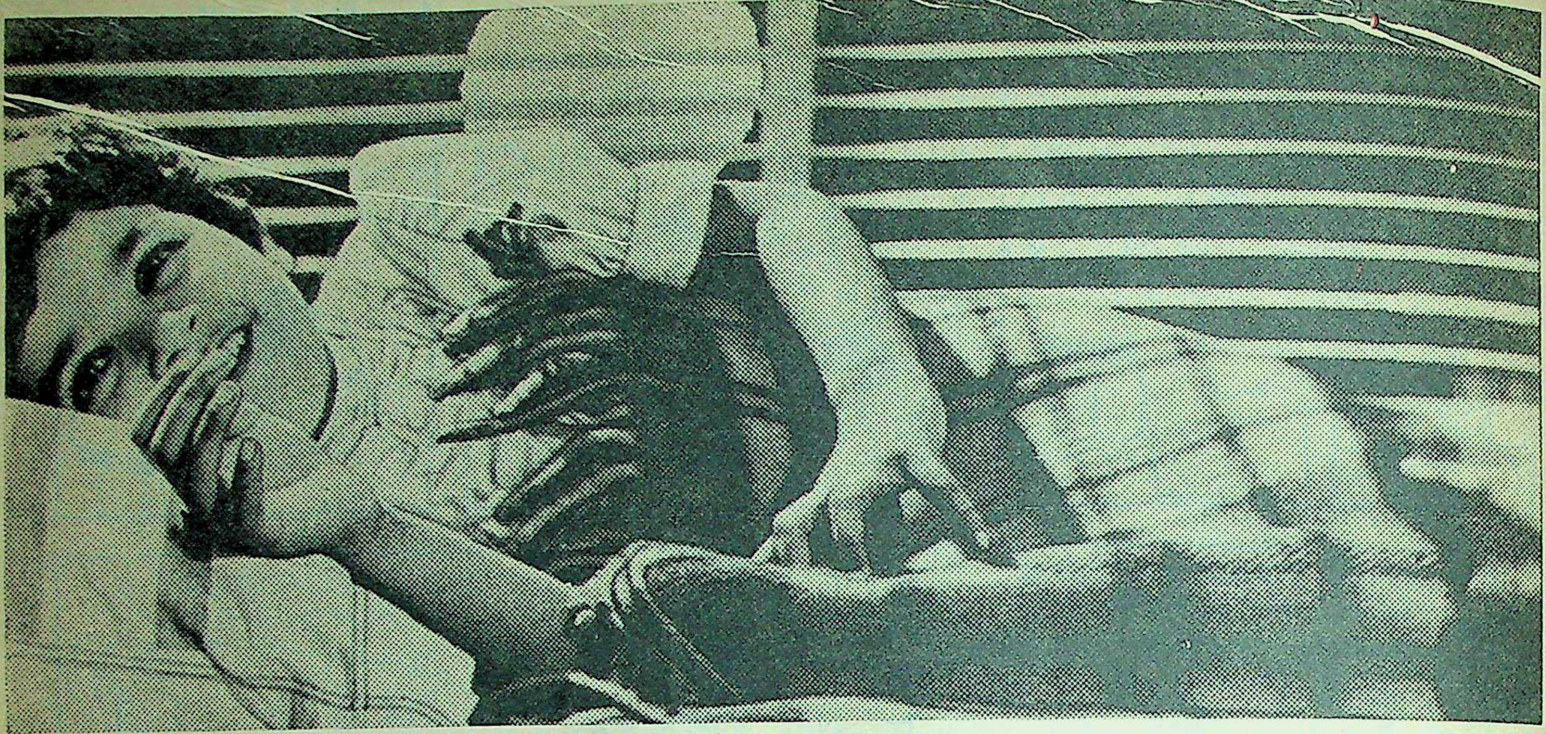

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What The Stars Foretell

by S. K. KELKAR

Sunday, October 7

For luck today, wear or use: Silver grey, 2, aquamarine.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Life, till the middle of 1974, will run on an even keel without any dramatic events. In May, there are chances to better prospects and reorganise affairs. Politicians should make a reconciliatory approach to gain popularity. Financially, avoid heavy investments. From the personal angle, a good year, but abstain from criticising family members too much.

Monday, October 8

For luck today, wear or use: Rose red, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Go ahead with full confidence in vocational matters. A little imagination in utilising available resources will go a long way. A modern technique of advertising will prove profitable. Mixed influences are indicated in working and personal life. Youngsters should try to settle down in a vocation and postpone marriage for some time.

Tuesday, October 9

For luck today, wear or use: Dull blue, 8, jade.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: There will be elements of ease and comfort in life this year but avoid complacency. Business will flourish. Financial position will be satisfactory, but take care to consult seniors before making new investments. In the domestic sphere, mixed influences are indicated, leading to a little tension. Youngsters would do well to adopt a realistic approach to their career.

Wednesday, October 10

For luck today, wear or use: Royal purple, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The year brings favourable changes in working and personal life, as also popularity. Old investments in land, buildings and shares are going to bring added profits by a stroke of luck. A business trip abroad is quite likely. A happy relationship will keep youngsters in a romantic mood and will lead to marriage. In short, an enjoyable year.

Thursday, October 11

For luck today, wear or use: Scarlet, 9, bloodstone.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Two distinct phases are indicated. On the vocational side, there will be average success but the same cannot be said for personal life. Separation due to conflict or bereavement may create a feeling of loneliness in March-April and July-August. Politicians should stick to one belief or cult rather than change sides. Youngsters should strive for vocational stability and avoid romantic affairs.

Friday, October 12

For luck today, wear or use: Bright yellow, 5, onyx.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A turbulent year with complications and entanglements. Unexpected events in March-April threaten to upset vocational life. Seek mature advice before taking any important step in business and employment. Similar care is necessary with regard to family members, neighbours and relatives. Conserve financial resources. In short, a cool and level-headed approach is needed.

Saturday, October 13

For luck today, wear or use: Navy blue, 8, jade.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A little restraint is going to prove beneficial this year. Business flourishes and financial position remains satisfactory, but it is necessary to curb heavy investments. Family life will be pleasant but be appreciative of the activities of youngsters. In working life, steer clear of disagreement with bosses. Avoid being unduly adventurous.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

(December 21 to January 19)

Capricorn (Makara)

Physical and mental tension will ease. Watch expenditure and avoid quarrels with bosses and relatives. Monday-Tuesday are good for a short journey and for correspondence. The week-end will bring in money.

(January 20 to February 18)

Aquarius (Kumbha)

Business will prosper. Some conflicts may arise with associates on ideological issues. Try to reconcile these differences. Social activities will bring elevation of status. Financially, Monday-Tuesday are rewarding.

(February 19 to March 20)

Pisces (Mina)

Drop the complacent attitude and try to differentiate properly between friends and enemies. Indifferent health may prove rather upsetting. Business should be fairly rewarding. Try and retain a flexible attitude.

(March 21 to April 20)

Aries (Mesha)

A more peaceful and tranquil atmosphere is indicated this week. A generous outlook will bring beneficial alliances. Romantic affairs are indicated on Friday. Saturday is lucky for money gains. Curb heavy expenditure this week.

(April 21 to May 20)

Taurus (Vrishabha)

Conserve balance and energy during the next couple of weeks, otherwise it will be impossible to make full use of all chances of success. The employed should be alert enough to get their superiors' recommendations for promotion.

(May 21 to June 20)

Gemini (Mithuna)

A great deal depends on the tackling of foes and handling of friends. A turbulent situation will be saved by an imaginative approach. Financial gains will be good on Monday. However, do not invest recklessly.

(June 21 to July 20)

Cancer (Kataka)

Change of environment or residence may occupy a lot of time but this temporary phase will recede by mid-week. In trying to take advantage of fluctuating market conditions, you should exercise a lot of care.

(July 21 to August 21)

Leo (Simha)

Business will flourish but avoid quarrels in the social and political field. Seek the advice and cooperation of family members and keep clear of involvement in neighbours' affairs. The week-end is auspicious for business deals.

(August 22 to September 23)

Virgo (Kanya)

Career prospects are bright this week. Financial situation also improves. Guard against some trouble from correspondence or signing important documents and new contracts. Foreign business is likely to be delayed due to confusion.

(September 24 to October 23)

Libra (Tula)

The next couple of months are likely to be nerve-shattering and also expensive, so avoid changes unless absolutely necessary. Health should not be neglected. Court matters should be postponed for a while. Sunday is lucky for business.

(October 24 to November 22)

Scorpio (Vrischika)

For the next month or two, avoid undue physical or mental strain. Patience and steadiness will help to put through successfully all assignments. Curb a tendency to pick quarrels on minor issues with partners and spouses.

(November 23 to December 20)

Sagittarius (Dhanu)

Goodwill and reputation built up in the past are going to bring rich rewards. Social activities will flourish but abstain from getting too deeply involved or this will result in mental strain.

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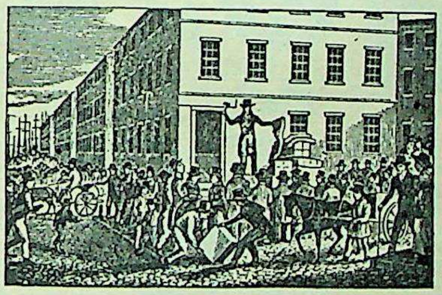

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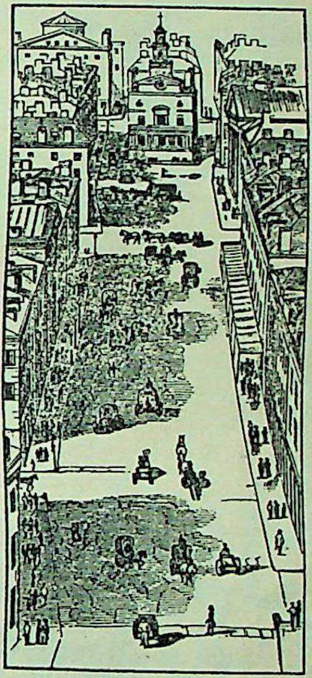

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This literary pastime is purely one of skill in which every clue permits of only **a one-word solution.**

These Quotation Clues are actual quotations from authors, and they are sensible, witty and delightful, and therefore, they are in themselves truly educative and entertaining. Moreover, there is no element of chance in this contest, because there is NO "Adjudication Committee" to decide the final solutions, and there is only one CORRECT ANSWER to each quotation clue—the word used by the author in his or her work.

The names of the authors are published in the "Sources" along with the correct solution.

The Entry Fee for each Entry Square is Re. 1/-. You can send the Entry Fee by Money Order, Postal Order or "QUOTES" Cash Receipts. Money Orders are to be addressed to "QUOTES" No. 199, Competition Dept., The Times of India, Bombay-1 and the M.O. Receipt is to be enclosed with your entries as token of payment. You will receive the M.O. acknowledgement for the remittance through the Post Office subsequently. Postal Orders are to be crossed and made payable to "QUOTES" No. 199, at Bombay-1. "QUOTES" Cash Receipts can be had from our agents or direct from us.

Please remember that if you use only one of the squares, the other blank square must be struck out in ink.

RESULTS OF "QUOTES" No. 197 ON P. 68.

Here's "QUOTES" No. 199, Our Diwali Offer, with a handsome First Prize of Rs. 20,000! Find the suggestion in the clue or use your memory, knowledge and skill to spot the CORRECT WORD from among the words given at the end of each clue.

CLOSES: WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1973

CLUES ACROSS

1 'It's not enough,' he said, raising his head, 'I need more ——.' (DAYS|WAYS)

2 Then I leave him, as I must, because there is no —— for me in this house tonight. (PEACE|PLACE)

5 "He's crazy!" shrilled the barkeep. "I got nothing to spill. Grab the ——!" (LOBO|LOCO)

10 "Your ——," she sneered hysterically. (KIND|MIND)

11 A stroke of luck, actually. He's —— off the one he married. (LAYING|PAYING)

13 The money went right up in the air and —— all over the place. (BLEW|FLEW)

14 The other night you didn't know what a —— was. It's part of your sweetness. (PANSY|PATSY)

15 It's ideas you want in this ——, not hard, solid toil. (LIFE|LINE)

CLUES DOWN

3 The policy of hoarding, by —— prices, makes money more valuable; creditors, by means of that policy, can increase the value of their loans until the earth and the fulness thereof belong to them. (ABASING|ABATING)

4 My own feeling is that your last two paragraphs are rather low tension. Oughtn't you to —— them over again? (WORD|WORK)

6 Your —— son isn't worth seventy-five thousand to you, good, I'd never have paid that much for the like of him myself. (LIVING|LOVING)

7 As a matter of fact, you'd be doing me a favor if you —— me out. That way I couldn't talk about it. (CUT|PUT)

8 But I don't pay. You —— show me the questions for nothing. (JUST|MUST)

9 "You've spotted all of the ——," admitted the fat man. (GAMES|NAMES)

12 Death has a thousand doors for men to —— their exit, and life as many corridors. It is when death is at hand and the door is opening that a man sums up the achievements of his life, and strikes a balance, and asks himself, 'Have I or have I not failed?' Each man must make the answer for himself. (MAKE|TAKE)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF DEC. 2; RESULTS IN THI "WEEKLY" OF DEC. 9. Address Envelope: "QUOTES" No. 199, Competin Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702, BOMBAY-1.

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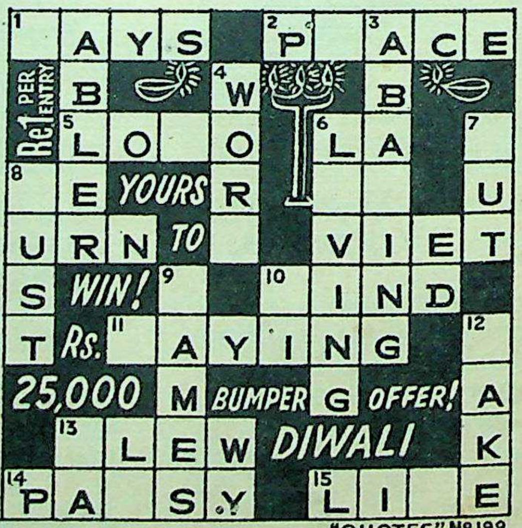

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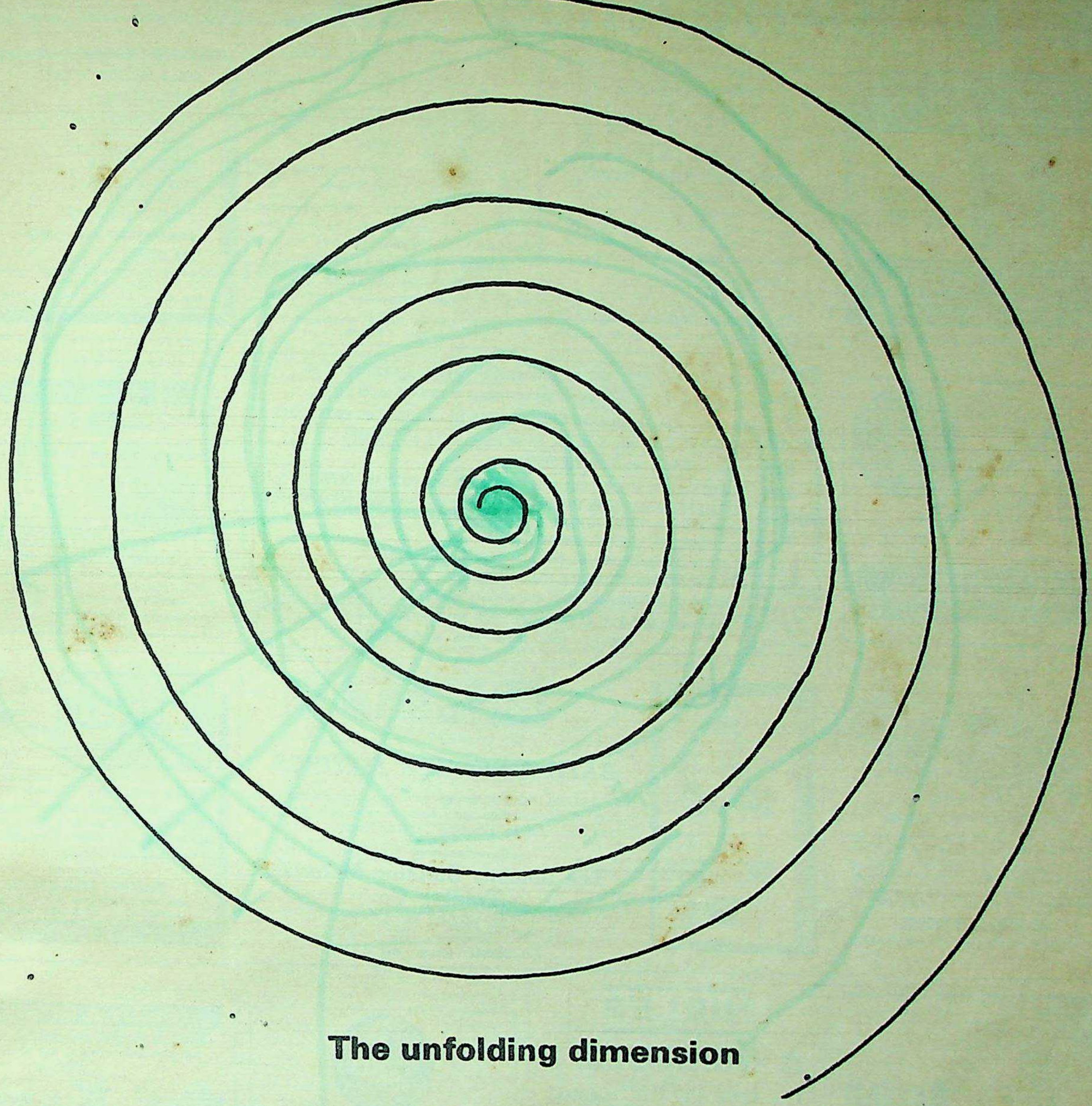

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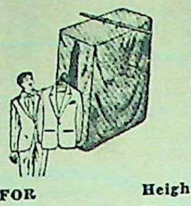

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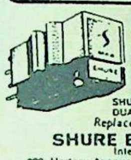

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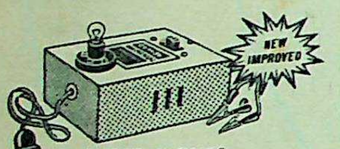

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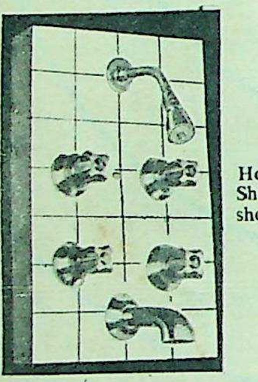

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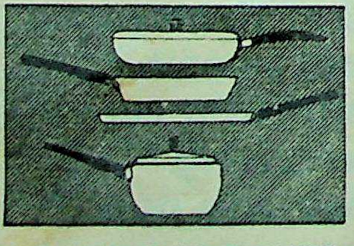

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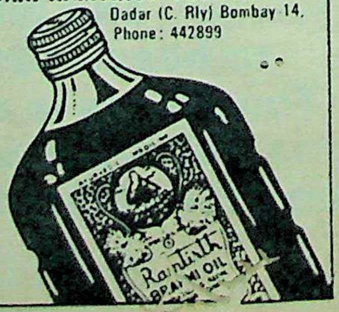

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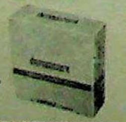

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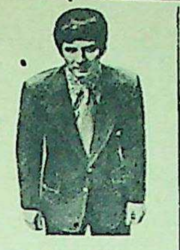

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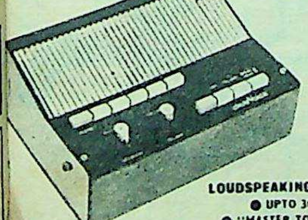

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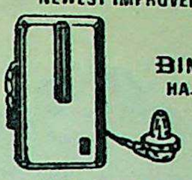

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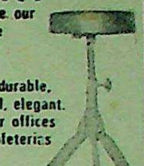

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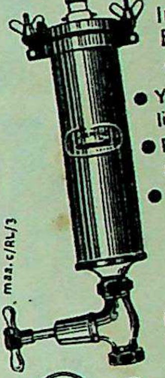

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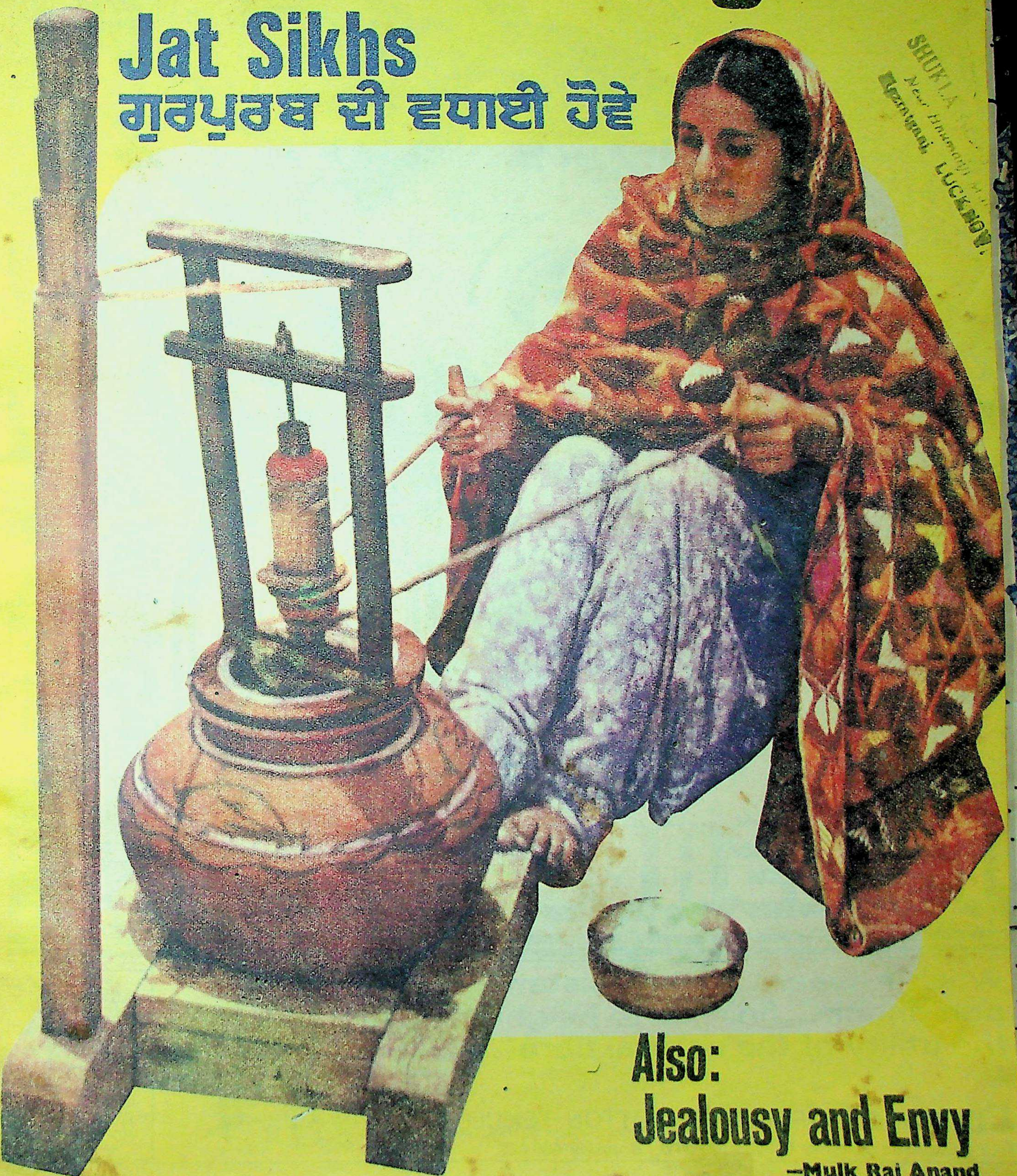
The Illustrated Weekly of India

Jat Sikhs

ਗੁਰਪੁਰਬ ਦੀ ਵਧਾਈ ਹੋਵੇ



SHUKLA ... LUCKNOW

Also:

Jealousy and Envy

—Mulk Raj Anand

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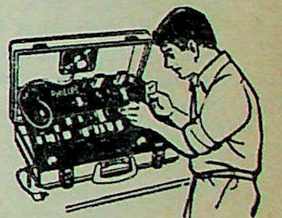

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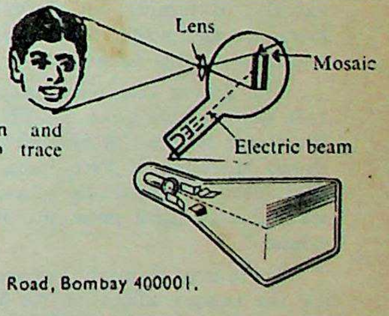

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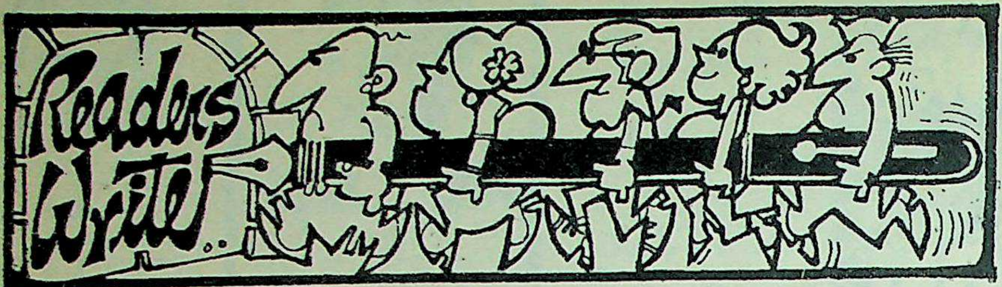

How Sonar Is Our Bangla?

Sir—The article on "Our Sonar Bangla" by Aveek Sarkar (October 7) was unpalatable. It is a total misfit in a magazine which seeks to create better understanding between different linguistic communities. It has become a habit to run down the enterprising nature of the North Indians. What else can we expect from the Bengalis—a community which is too proud of its culture to do anything else; whose afternoon nap is more vital than pending work; whose most flourishing industries are trade unionism, sham politics, lockouts and strikes?

New Delhi ANIL SIDANA

Sir—Having resided most of my life either out of Bengal or abroad, I have had the occasion to live with a wide spectrum of people and know for a fact, though I am a non-Bengali, that the Bengali does not have to "feel" superior; he is indeed so. It has unfortunately become a fashion today in India to cry down whatever is good in others because we lack a national character.

Bombay VEENA BANERJI

Sir—"Our Sonar Bangla" is a futile exercise in turning out clever phrases. A more seasoned writer should have been entrusted with this assignment.

The grouse that only one Bengali has been able to hold a position of influence in the Union Cabinet is untenable. All three Prime Ministers of Free India came from Uttar Pradesh. Should the other States start making a political issue out of this coincidence?

There may be merit, however, in decrying the meagre allocation for West Bengal in the Fourth Five-Year Plan.

Saudi Arabia SHARF MUKADDAM

Sir—I congratulate Aveek Sarkar on his article: "How Much Have Bengali Politicians Done For West Bengal?". Bengali politicians and leaders have never united to apprise the Centre about the various problems facing West Bengal. The Bengali intellectuals are also to be blamed for the deplorable condition of this State as they have failed to guide the people.

Mr Sarkar has not mentioned anything about the two notorious bodies of West Bengal: the Calcutta Corporation and the Howrah Municipality.

Lucknow PRONOBESH DASGUPTA

Sir—Aveek Sarkar says: "Gandhiji had announced that he would consider Sitaramayya's defeat his personal defeat and given veiled threats of retirement in case his candidate lost."

This is entirely incorrect. Gandhiji kept neutral during the election. It was only after Subhas Chandra Bose was elected that he said: "Pattabhi's defeat is my defeat." Later he refused to cooperate with Subhas Bose when the Faizpur Congress Session passed Mr G. B. Pant and Mr C. Rajagopalachari's resolution making it incumbent upon Subhas Bose to form the Congress Working Committee in consultation with Gandhiji.

New Delhi NAWAL KISHORE SINHA

Sir—Mr Sarkar's article has nothing to do with its title unless he thinks that Siddhartha Ray means Bangla and Bangla means Siddhartha Ray.

Aveek Sarkar's views are one-sided. He has written nothing about "his" Sonar Bangla, its culture and heritage, nor has he succeeded in depicting a clear political picture of West Bengal.

Bhubaneswar V. R. KONETI

Godman or Magician?

Sir—Dadaji's occult powers (Editor's Page, October 7) are mere tricks of *Avidya Tantra* or black magic. Bringing out things like watches, fruits, sweets or wine from out of nowhere is nothing but *Yakshini Siddhi.*

A real spiritual or occult encounter will lead a person into a trance, *Samadhi* or self-realisation. A man of your calibre should not be carried away by such "miracles".

If you are really serious about this subject we would like you to make a searching report on Ananda Marg.

Raipur ABDUL GANI
A. N. BAXI

Sir—Your encounter with Dadaji throws an open challenge to the self-styled Godmen of our country. It is nothing but pretension to take the vow of guiding innocent people from marble palaces, air-conditioned cars and foreign earnings.

Dadaji, in his most unassuming way, has stood up against this phoney gurudom to relieve suffering mankind.

Calcutta H. S. SINHA

Sir—Yes, you are baffled. Also fooled. Otherwise you cannot see Seiko. At the same time it cannot disappear and reappear. Even a *garadiwala* in the street performs such tricks. These Swamis, Babas, Yogis and Mathas gain prominence by performing their tricks before you in air-conditioned rooms and get recognition through magazines like yours.

You do not take notice of the four Sankaracharyas who are the real ones entrusted with the task of enlightening the people and making them lead a good life.

Masulipatnam K. RAMACHANDRA RAO
K. SATYA RAMAN

Sir—Dadaji is really "a breath of fresh air" in the midst of our unnumbered Gurus and Godmen who enjoy worldly affluence and yet pretend to guide the people, taking advantage of their childlike faith.

Calcutta M. S. DEY

Sir—Dadaji is a good magician. But both he and you should keep in mind that a real Godman does not believe in cheap tricks to show his power.

Calcutta BHASKAR SEN

Sir—The miraculous incidents which you experienced during your encounter with Dadaji indicate that there is a world of spirit or soul beyond the reach of ordinary intellect and the senses. Without the knowledge and the realisation of this higher Truth our personality remains incomplete.

You are doing a great service to your readers by acquainting them with the supra-sensuous aspect of their being by narrating your experiences with Dadaji.

Varanasi M. N. SHUKLA

Sir—In your piece on the occult, you ask: "Can those who believe in previous births explain how our numbers keep multiplying?" As times become decadent, less people attain *moksha* and, consequently, more people are reborn.

Bombay NUTAN LAKHANPAL

"Picturesque" Hawaii

Sir—The perpetration of irresponsible journalism exemplified in the article on Hawaii (Editor's Page, October 14) is inexcusable. Instead of trying to present a true picture of Hawaii, you, like some sexual fanatic, have discussed "fat-bottomed, sexy Polynesian lasses", topless waitresses, underclad girls, nudity and the red-light district. How would an Indian feel if he saw in an American magazine an article about India dwelling on cabaret dancers, bare midriffs of sari-clad women, erotic sculpture and prostitutes?

Honolulu JEFF SIEGAL

Sir—Your article, "In Hawaii", makes interesting reading and is a picturesque description as fantastic as the island is. May I point out that your articles on Indian places are not so good.

Kanpur DINESH MEHROTRA

Sir—You have tried your utmost to keep up the readers' interest by mentioning porno words in almost every paragraph. Perhaps this is another way to stage a comeback for porno literature in your magazine through words instead of pictures.

Pilani J. S. GILL

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Socialism Is A Joint Family

Sir—The joint family system ("Is The Joint Family Breaking Up?" September 23) could have been a stepping stone to a socialistic society. But while we advocate helping the weaker sections of society, it is strange that we do not wish to help the weaker sections of a family. We conveniently forget the age-old saying that "charity begins at home".

New Delhi — M. V. JOSHI

Sir—Anees Jung's article is very unconvincing. The author has gone to Kilachands and Mullas on the rich end and the fisherman on the poor end. She should have visited the thousands of middle-class families living in Bombay and elsewhere in the country.

Hyderabad — V. DIVAKARA RAO

Bias Revealed

Sir—It is surprising that in the Readers Write columns (October 7), the opposition to P. N. Oak's "Who Built Delhi's Red Fort?" has been voiced mostly by your Muslim readers. Does it show that the Hindus in the country are all fanatics like Mr Oak and agree with his views?

I would request you not to allow men like Mr Oak to use your esteemed magazine as a means to propagate their communalistic nonsense. Or if that is not possible, please get somebody who will prove that, if not Red Fort, at least Minakshi Temple at Madurai was built by Shahjahan!

SOURENDRA NATH MITTRA
Bhubaneswar

Sir—One thing is evident from the readers' reaction to P. N. Oak's article: whereas the Hindu readers were divided in expressing themselves for or against the author, the Muslim readers without any exception raised their unanimous and vociferous cry against him. This shows who is more full of "gaucherie and bias" and communal nostalgia sans rationality.

Kaikalur — U. ATREYA SARMA

Turbans Abroad

Sir—With reference to the photograph captioned, "The Turban Issue Comes To A Head" (In The News, September 23), my name has been mentioned as one of the demonstrators. I wish to bring to your notice that I was away in England at the time.

New Delhi — M. S. GILL, M.P.

No Blasphemy, Please

Sir—The article, "She and He" by Sasthi Brata (September 23), is silly and pornographic, illustrated by an obscene sketch. The writer's reference to Jesus Christ is blasphemous and will hurt the religious sentiments of the Christians. As Editor you are expected not to publish articles which are disrespectful to any religion.

Lucknow — M. M. SINGH

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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Vol. XCIV. 45. Regd. No. MH9

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Cover Photograph by S. K. Mohlajee

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NEXT WEEK

FIFTY-SIX YEARS OF INDIRA PRIYA-DARSHINI: The arbiter of a nation of 570 million who sums up her major achievement as "setting the trend towards modernity". Uma Vasudev captures the beliefs, concepts and personality that is Mrs Indira Gandhi. With photographs in colour and black and white.

DEATH IN AIR AND WATER: Conferences in major world capitals have focussed attention on the problem of energy and environmental pollution, both of which are running on a collision course. Dr P. J. Deoras discusses the problem in all its aspects.

DOGRI POET PADMA SACHDEV: Dr Zoe Ansari on the Sahitya Akademi Award winner who descended from the mountains of Jammu to make her own distinctive mark in the literary world.

PAINTINGS BY SARANGAN: He squeezes out oil-paints from a syringe in thin ribbon-like forms and gives uncanny life to his birds, trees and animals. Study of a painter who has blended his Vaishnavite background with modern art concepts.

A TRAVELOGUE: Short Story by Milon Mukherjee

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Jat Sikhs

KABADDI—JAT SIKH STYLE. Prowess in any kind of field—the village green or the battlefield—is what being a Jat Sikh is all about. They are the nation's best farmers, soldiers and athletes.

JAT LADIES IN THE SUN embroidering phulkari *used in winter as a shawl and a must in every trousseau of a bride.*

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l about. They

"The Jat is in every respect the most important of the Punjab peoples," wrote Ibbetson in the Census Report on the Punjab in 1881. The map of the Punjab has undergone drastic changes since then but Ibbetson's statement still holds good. The Jat Sikh remains the most colourful and dynamic of the peoples of the State.

by AMARJIT SINGH

Photographs By S. K. Mohlajee

THE Jat Sikhs racially are of the same stock as the Hindu Jats of Haryana and Western Uttar Pradesh and the Muslim Jats of Pakistani Punjab, but the high status the Jat Sikhs enjoy has not been attained by their Hindu or Muslim counterparts. Though about 300 years ago all the Jats were at a low social level, the Jat Sikhs, due to certain historical, cultural, religious and political reasons, have jumped up many places.

—Balkrishan

CORN BREAD, MUSTARD LEAF, LASSI AND THOU... The Jats version of manna is sarson ka sag and makai di roti, washed down with a gallon of buttermilk. The Jat Sikhs live largely on dairy produce and wheat—the healthiest of foods known anywhere in the world.

Khushwant Singh in *A History of the Sikhs* writes:

The upward mobility of Sikh Jats had begun in the time of Guru Gobind Singh when a large majority of those baptised were Jats. It was the baptised Keshadhari Jats who had been the chief instruments of the Sikh rise to power and consequently became the landowning aristocracy during the rule of Maharaja Ranjit Singh. Under British rule, Jats maintained their position as the premier caste among the Sikhs—superior to the Brahmins, the Kshatriyas (from whom the Gurus had sprung) and the Vaishyas.

This ascendancy in the hierarchy of the caste structure, in a country where caste is determined by birth and not worth, is a fascinating phenomenon and, in a way, proof of the irresisitible vigour and vitality of the Jat Sikh character.

The chief traits of a Jat Sikh are: love of land, courage—both physical and moral—stamina, strong individualism, pragmatism, love of adventure, spirit of enterprise, common sense, dignity of labour, self-respect, zest for life, straightforwardness, outspokenness, sturdy independence, dynamism and toughness.

—Continued

HARVEST FAIR IN THE PUNJAB. Jat Sikhs assemble at the Baisakhi Mela (fair) which marks the end of the rabi harvest and is also the anniversary of the founding of the militant Khalsa fraternity by Guru Gobind Singh in 1699. Although none of Sikhs' Ten Gurus were Jats, the vast majority of their followers were of Jat stock.

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The words "Jat" and "Farmer" are synonymous in Punjabi. Many have stated that the Jat Sikhs are the best farmers in India. In the early decades of this century, they colonised the barren lands which are now in Pakistani Punjab; after Partition they transformed the thick jungles of Tirai into green fields of wheat and sugarcane; and more recently, they are the only people in India to make the green revolution a reality in their State. **Agriculture is not a mere profession with them—it is a vocation, nay even more: an inner fulfilment.**

It is not for economic reasons that retired Jat Sikh Generals and ex-rulers are seen driving their tractors on their farms. The relationship between a Jat and his land is mythical, hence the opposition to the Land Ceiling Acts of the Government is strongest among the Jat Sikhs.

The only other place where a Jat Sikh feels at home, when he is taken away from his fields, is on the battlefield. He is a soldier par excellence. Bingley, describing the military qualities of a Jat Sikh, writes that he "is essentially a fighting man and his fine qualities are best shown in the army, which is admittedly his natural profession". It is a moot point whether the martial spirit is the gift of Sikhism to the Jats or vice versa.

—Continued On Page 11

WITH THIS I SHALL PROTECT THEE, MY LITTLE ONE. The rifle is a Jat Sikh's prized possession. He does not consider anything—his land, his home, not even his wife —his own unless he can defend them. The incidence of violent crime is highest among the Jats.

Kehar Singh—

PAHUL OR BAPTISM. The Head Priest of the Akal Takht (the throne of the timeless one) and the Panj Piyaras preparing Amrit for baptism. When Sikh boys and girls attain puberty and are old enough to understand the obligation of their faith, they are baptised and take the oath never to cut their hair (or beards) and to observe the five K's: Kanga (small comb), Kara (iron wrist bangle), Kirpan (small sword), Kesh (hair) and Kacha (underwear).

THE MOST POPULAR HERO OF SIKH HISTORY, RANJIT SINGH, Maharaja of the Punjab—a man who rallied a disunited people, roused them to a supreme effort and made them masters of the land—was a Jat Sikh. He raised India's most powerful fighting force and, for the first time in two thousand years of the history of Hindustan, turned the tide of invasion and brought the traditional conquerors of India, the Pathans and the Afghans, to their knees.

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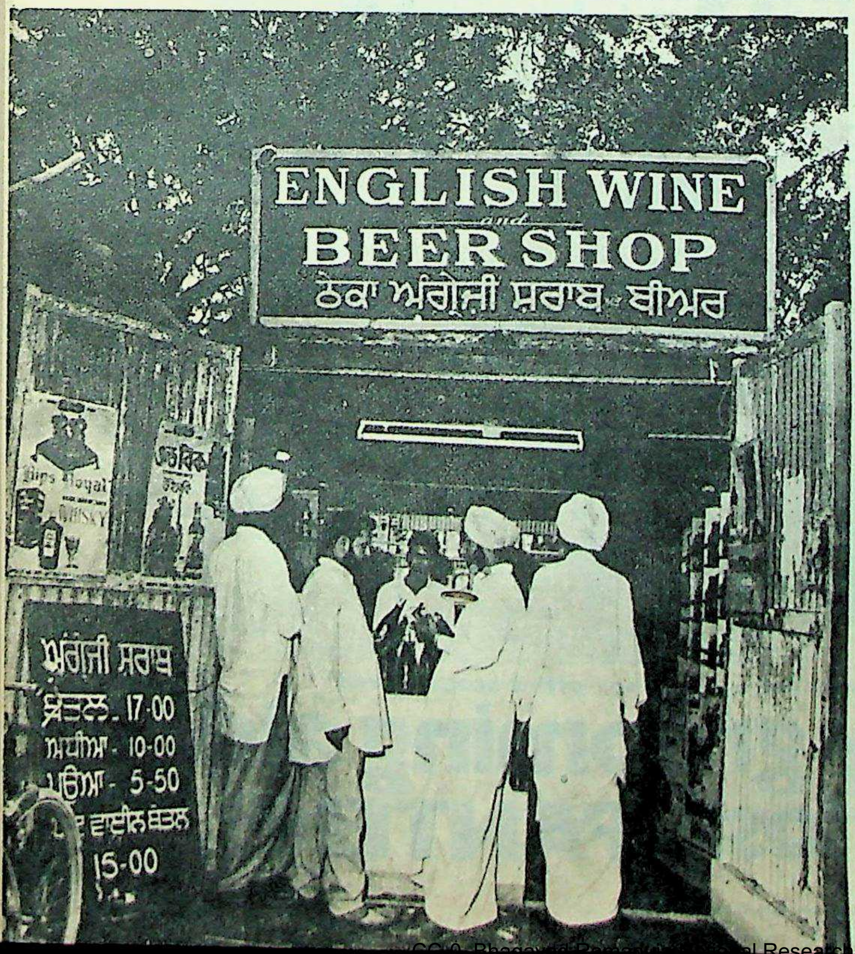
THE DANCE OF THE AUTUMN HARVEST—BHANGRA. *Jat men tie bells on their ankles and put on white shirts, colourful lungis and embroidered waistcoats with large mother-of-pearl buttons. They form a ring around a drumbeater and dance for hours—new people joining in as others get tired.*



IT'S DIVINE, THIS ENGLISH WINE! As a lusty and virile people, ← the Jats believe in hard living and hard drinking. Jat Sikhs consume 10 million litres of alcohol a year.

A BABY SWIMMING POOL! The Punjab has the nation's finest irrigation system. Besides the canals laid out, there are 2½ lakh tubewells in the State. Crop failures are unknown to the Jats.

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ADVICE AND DISSENT ABOUT PANTENE

"Jolly good hair dressing." "Hair tonic, dahling!"

We admit it. Pantene users all advise you to use Pantene. But dissent over what Pantene does for you. Some insist it's the most sophisticated hair dressing. Others assert it's the most effective hair tonic.

"One was on one's very first assignment, as 4th secretary, old chap," reveals 26-year-old Cholomonjee of the Foreign Service in his clipped public school accent, "and determined to establish that one was not a greasy 'babu'. So one was well advised to go in for this Pantene stuff. Jolly good stuff it is too."

True, very true Satish. And this is how Pantene's non-greasy grooming action works: a) the alcohol-based Pantene penetrates hair shafts on application, b) this 'wets' your hair, making it easy to manage and set, c) once set, the alcohol evaporates (leaving your hair looking natural) while the 'fixer' keeps your hair in place and gives it a healthy sheen, d) the mild fragrance lingers pleasantly in your hair all day.

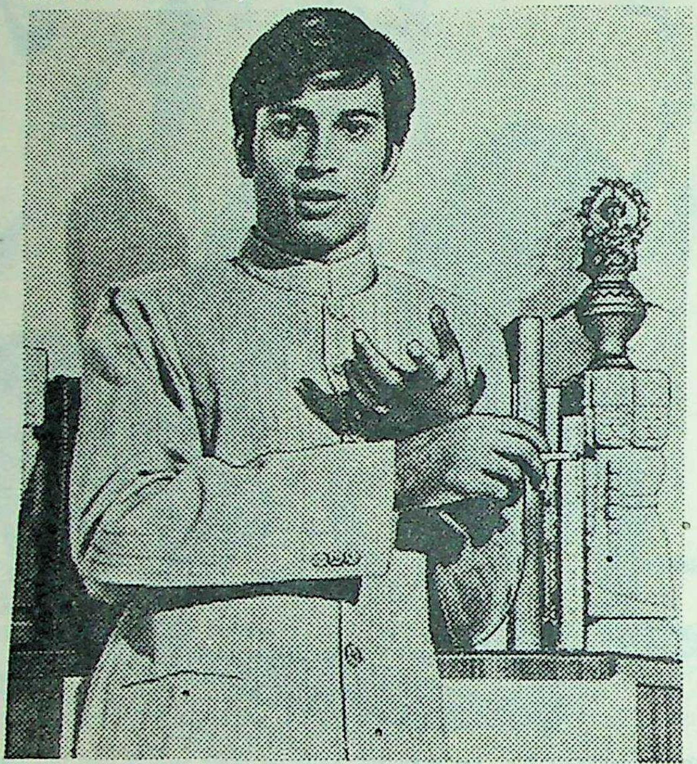
HAIR RAISING TRUTH!
"Dahling, you'd be shocked if ah named the number of box-office scalps Pantene has saved!" purred Neeta Bakwasi, 35 (approx.), queen bee-editor of that avidly read gossip magazine 'Twinkledirt'.

"A few months ago, while interviewing --- -----, we came to the topic of falling hair. Ah mentioned that ah was having a spot of trouble in that area mahself. Gallantly he let me on to the secret of *his* healthy hair. Pantene! And went into a long spiel of how it has Panthenol, one of the B-complex vitamins, which corrects any faulty metabolism of hair roots, enabling the hair roots to draw on vital, impossible-to-substitute nutrients from the blood...and, of course, how Pantene combats dandruff and keeps one's scalp healthy."

"Ah was convinced enough to try Pantene out. And it worked! Mah hair stopped falling. Which reminds me, did you know that ---- ----- is bald?"

Without taking sides, we'd like to clarify that Pantene is a non-greasy grooming aid that checks hairloss.

Satish Cholomonjee—not a greasy 'babu'



Neeta Bakwasi — box-office scalps saved!

The non-greasy grooming aid that checks hairloss. PANTENE.

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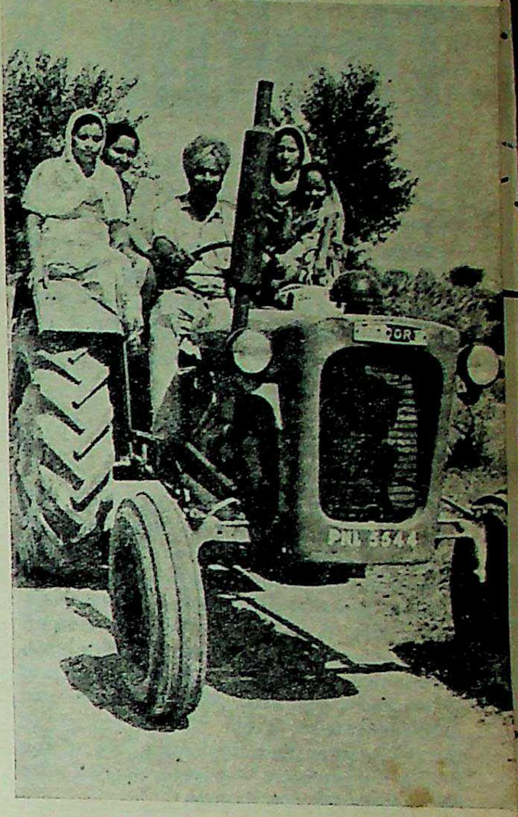
The Jat Sikhs have all along been living in a competitive society. The Punjab peasant, because of the innumerable invasions from the North-West, had to plough his field with a sword by his side. The green revolution has changed the plough into the tractor and the sword into the gun. The Jat Sikh could not consider his land, his horse, even his wife, his own unless he was strong enough to defend them. It was under conditions such as these that the Jat Sikhs imbibed a martial spirit which has made them perhaps the finest warriors in the world. They won political independence and carved out an empire for themselves in North-West India in the late 18th and early 19th centuries largely due to their military prowess. The number of gallantry awards they won during British rule and in post-Independence India bears ample testimony to their courage in the battlefield. The highest ambition of the son of a Jat Sikh noble family is to be an officer in the army.

The Jat Sikhs are bound to make their mark wherever strength, stamina and manly spirit are in demand—whether it is driving heavy lorries on the dangerous Himalayan roads, or on the hockey field, or in the wrestling arenas or on the athletic tracks. What little recognition India has attained in international athletics is largely due to the Jat Sikh sportsmen. Indian dominance in hockey is primarily through Jat Sikhs.



PROSPERITY IS A TRACTOR, which also serves as the family limousine—30,000 tractors roam the village roads of the Punjab. The per capita *income of a Jat Sikh is Rs 945.*

The Jat Sikh's love for adventure has taken him to the desert in Australia, the jungle in Africa, the mills in England and the ranches in Canada and the USA. It is astounding to find a large number of Jat Sikhs leaving their landlocked State and going to far-flung countries to seek their fortunes. An American student in Ludhiana has paid them an unconscious tribute by fondly calling them "The Jet Sets" instead of "The Jat Sikhs".

Pragmatic

The Jat Sikh's pragmatism is reflected in his social customs and in his approach towards life and things. The Jat custom of *karewa* marriage is a very sensible and practical solution to an intricate social and economic problem. Similarly, the Jat Sikh adopted the "guerilla" technique against his adversaries in warfare, whereas the Rajputs, who are equally brave, lost because they always fought pitched battles.

Recently, a visitor from abroad remarked that two things struck him most about the Sikh farmers—their upright posture and their manly gait. Face, they say, is the index of the mind. Look into the face of a Jat Sikh, you will find boundless energy and tremendous self-confidence. Little wonder he is considered among the handsomest of Indians.

TO BE A JAT SIKH...

The most important Jat Sikh clans are Atwal, Aulak, Bains, Bajwa, Bal, Bath, Bhullar, Brar, Buttar, Chahal, Chima, Chung, Deol, Dhaliwal or Dhariwal, Dhillon, Dhindsa, Garewal, Ghuman, Gill, Goraya, Her, Hinjra, Hundal, Kahlon, Kang, Khaira, Khosa, Mahal, Malhi, Man, Mangat, Pannu, Randhawa, Sohi, Sahota, Sandhu, Sara, Sekhon, Sidhu, Sohal, Varaich and Virk.

All these clans, except Her, Bhullar and Man, claim Rajput origin. These three clans say that they are the "original" Jats, sprung from the Jatta or matted hair of Shiva.

The popular story about their origin is that Shiva was married to Parbati, daughter of Raja Daspat. The latter did not like his son-in-law and declined to invite him to his durbar. Parbati took it so ill that she threw herself into the fire and was consumed.

Shiva was furious when he heard of this calamity. He unravelled his Jatta and smote the ground and, from this contact, sprang the ancestor of Bhullar. Then he tore open his breast and a child came out from whom descended Man. Lastly, he clawed open his navel and out came a child who was the progenitor of Her.

Claiming a common descent, these clans do not intermarry. They are mainly concentrated in the Malwa area, though they are found in Doaba and Majha and in neighbouring Haryana also.

Clans which claim descent from the Rajputs are:

Atwal: *Atwal is a corruption of* uthwal, *which means "one who has camels". They say that their ancestor, Maharaj, received the nickname for his love of camel riding. They are found in the Jullundur District.*

Aulak: *They are mostly found in Majha and are related to Sekhon, Sohal and Deol with whom they do not intermarry.*

Bajwa: *They say that their ancestor, Raja Shalip, was driven out of Multan in the time of Sikandar Lodhi. He escaped in the guise of a falconer. The name of the clan is derived from Baj, a corruption of Baz in allusion to the disguise adopted by their ancestor.*

Bal: *They have a hereditary feud with Dhillon, with whom they will neither eat, drink nor intermarry.*

Dhaliwal: *They claim to be connected with the Bhatti Rajputs and are mainly found in the Ludhiana, Patiala and Ferozepur Districts.*

Dhillon: *They profess to have descended from the Lunar Rajputs settled in Hissar. They do not intermarry with Goraya, as the two clans are distantly related.*

Garewal: *They assert that they are the descendants of a Rajput Raja Kikh. They are found only in the Ludhiana District.*

Gill: *They are one of the largest Jat clans. As the popular saying goes: "Sidhu, Sandhu are equals but Gills are slightly higher." The name of the clan means "moisture" in Punjabi. The following tradition explains the origin of the name:*

Raja Prithipal had no children by his Rajput wives but his Jat wife bore him a son. The former, out of jealousy, threw the infant in a marshy spot, where he was found by the Raja's Munshi, who called the child Gill from the damp nature of the place where he was found. The clan is subdivided into 12 muhins, such as Sher-Gill, Asl-Gill, Jhali-Gill, Nijjar-Gill. They are spread all over the Punjab, especially in the Ferozepur, Ludhiana and Amritsar Districts.

Randhawa: *They claim their origin from a Rajput warrior called Randhawa who was famous for his martial prowess. They migrated from Bikaner about 700 years ago and are mainly found now in the Amritsar and Gurdaspur Districts.*

Sidhu: *The Sidhu is the largest and the most aristocratic clan of the Jat Sikhs. They say that they are the descendants of Rajput Khiwa, who married a Jat by whom he had a son called Sidhu, who gave his name to the clan. They have settled mostly in the Malwa region. The ex-rulers of Patiala, Nabha and Jind are Sidhus. Brar is a subdivision of Sidhus and the ex-ruler of Faridkot is a Brar. Brars are concentrated in the Faridkot and Ferozepur Districts only. The clan is famous for courage. Brar in Punjabi is "synonymous with a courageous man". Even Guru Gobind Singh mentions the courage of the clan in* Zafarnama*—a letter to Aurangzeb.*

Sandhu: *They are the second-largest clan among the Jat Sikhs. They say that their ancestors accompanied Mahmud to Ghazni and returned during the 13th century. They are chiefly found in Majha.*

VIRK: *They claim descent from a Rajput called Virk, who married a Jat. Virk died within a year of his marriage and his wife, who was pregnant, was condemned as a Sati to burn with him. As the fire was lighted, the woman gave birth to a child who was saved by an onlooker and named Angiari. The child was poisoned by a Brahman but recovered miraculously. When he grew up, he entered the service of Jammu Rajas and became the founder of this famous Jat clan. Virks were found mostly in the Gujaranwala District and, after Partition, migrated to Karnal.*

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Thakur Singh Sandhanwalia

He started the Singh Sabha, a socio-religious reform movement which gave a lead to the Sikhs for nearly fifty years. "Friend and inciter of Duleep Singh", Thakur Singh masterminded the campaign for the Maharaja's restoration to the throne of the Punjab.

by HARBANS SINGH

THE Punjab in the 1880s was astir with rumour. Anticipation filled the air. Reports were studiously kept in circulation that Maharaja Duleep Singh would lead a Russian invasion into India and overthrow the British. A network of secret communication was established. Duleep Singh's emissaries kept filtering into India in spite of Government vigilance. His statements and proclamations—as from "the Sovereign of the Sikh nation and Implacable Foe of the British Government"—were smuggled into the country for distribution.

Prophecies attributed to Guru Gobind Singh himself were cited in Duleep Singh's favour. In crisp, aphoristic Punjabi they announced: "He, Duleep Singh, will drive his elephant throughout the world... Dissensions will arise at Calcutta and quarrels will be in every home. Nothing will be known for 12 years... Fighting will take place near Delhi... When Delhi remains 15 *kos* away, the King will cease. Duleep Singh will sit on the throne and all people will pay him homage."

THAKUR SINGH SANDHANWALIA (1837-1887) founded, on October 1, 1873, the Singh Sabha, which ushered in a new cultural consciousness in the Punjab. Under his influence Maharaja Duleep Singh abjured Christianity and rejoined the faith of his forefathers.

There were desertions from Indian regiments, however sporadic and infrequent. Covert contacts were formed with individuals in foreign lands.

The brain behind this entire movement was Thakur Singh Sandhanwalia. He had implanted the seeds of rebellion in the mind of Maharaja Duleep Singh, living as a ranked British noble in England after being deprived of the throne of the Punjab. He had, finally, persuaded the Maharaja to renounce Christianity and rejoin the faith of his forefathers. From Pondicherry, where he had taken asylum to escape British authority, he masterminded the operations on behalf of Duleep Singh. He maintained an active liaison with people in distant places through his chain of servants, dependants and relations. Pondicherry had become the seat of Duleep Singh's peripatetic government, with Thakur Singh as his Prime Minister. In intelligence reports and other government papers Thakur Singh was described as "a troublesome person... the friend and inciter of Duleep Singh". Earlier—October 1, 1873—Thakur Singh had founded the Singh Sabha which proved *elan vital* in the regeneration of Sikh society.

Attacks On The Royal Family

Thakur Singh was born in 1837 in a Punjab which was soon to fall into chaos as a result of courtly intrigue and murder. His father, Lehna Singh Sandhanwalia, enjoyed in the reign of Ranjit Singh the title of *Ujjal-Didar Nirmal-buddh Sardar-i-bawaqar* (Resplendent presence, pure of intellect, the Sardar with prestige marked). In the disorderly days following Ranjit Singh's death, Lehna Singh beheaded in cold blood the Maharaja's twelve-year-old grandson Pratap Singh. Some distance away from the site of that gruesome murder in Lahore, his nephew, Ajit Singh Sandhanwalia, had simultaneously emptied his double-barrelled gun, a gift to him from the British in Calcutta, into the broad chest of Ranjit Singh's son Sher Singh, then reigning monarch, killing him on the spot. Both Lehna Singh and Ajit Singh were killed while escaping from Lahore Fort the following day. Thakur Singh Sandhanwalia, a mere child of six, was saved as the family was taken into protection by Suchet Singh Dogra. He lived long enough to indemnify by his dogged loyalty to Maharaja Duleep Singh the bloody deeds of his relatives.

Child Duleep Singh, who came to the throne of his brother Maharaja Sher Singh, himself had a precarious lien. He lost it finally in 1849 at the end of the second Anglo-Sikh war. He was taken to Fattehgurh under British custody. Here he embraced Christianity—a conversion hailed as "the first instance of the accession of an Indian prince to the communion of the Church".

Thakur Singh succeeded to an attenuated *jagir*. Old family debts imposed further liabilities on his estate. He applied several times to the British, but his request for enhancement of *jagir* or for loans to liquidate his debts were turned down. He had, however, been given appointment, in 1865, as Extra Assistant Commissioner for Amritsar District. He was also nominated a member of the General Committee for Administration of the Golden Temple.

Two urges dominant in Thakur Singh's mind were his antipathy towards the British and a wish to reform Sikh society. As a member of the Golden Temple management, he had observed how Sikh religion had been corrupted by the accretion of customs and rituals contrary to the teachings of the Gurus. He also felt concerned about the general state of the Sikh community.

In 1873 occurred an event which gave a decisive turn to his career—and to the history of the Sikhs. Four Sikh pupils of the Mission High School in Amritsar declared their intention of abjuring their faith in favour of Christianity. Thakur Singh called in Amritsar a meeting of some of the leading Sikhs, including Baba Sir Khem Singh Bedi, a descendant of Guru Nanak, Kanwar Bikrama Singh of Kapurthala and Giani Gian Singh. This Sikh meeting laid the foundation of a society called the Singh Sabha. The objects of the society were to "(*i*) restore Sikhism to its pristine purity; (*ii*) edit and publish historical and religious books; (*iii*) propagate current knowledge, using Punjabi as the medium, and to start magazines and newspapers in Punjabi; (*iv*) reform and bring back into the Sikh fold the apostates...."

Thakur Singh became the first President of the Singh Sabha. Apart from religious reform, the Singh Sabha ushered in a new cultural consciousness in the Punjab. It aimed especially at the development of the Punjabi language and dissemination of modern education. Thakur Singh remained at the helm of affairs for a whole decade.

Most Hazardous Phase

Because of his independent views, Thakur Singh was deprived of his position as Extra Assistant Commissioner. In 1883 his estate was placed under a court of wards. The same year he received from Maharaja Duleep Singh a wire requesting him to provide a list of his ancestral estates and properties in the Punjab. This wire launched Thakur Singh upon the most hazardous phase of his career.

The question of his private properties was converted by Duleep Singh into a major issue. His mother Maharani Jind Kaur, *Malika Mukaddisa* (the holy queen mother) of the regency days, had urged him to claim from the British the lands which belonged to the family prior to the installation of his father as King of Lahore. Parted from Duleep Singh and kept under detention, Jind Kaur, described by Lord Dalhousie as the only person with "manly understanding in the Punjab", was bitterly hostile towards the British. She escaped from British custody to Nepal, where she

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lived for many years. Duleep Singh eventually succeeded in persuading the British to let her reside with him and came to Calcutta in 1866 to take her to England. Under her influence, Duleep Singh was gradually estranged from what had become his natural English style. The question of private properties he pursued to the breaking-point.

In his letter of November 11, 1883, Thakur Singh Sandhanwalia supplied whatever information he could collect. For a more detailed list of his ancestral estates, Duleep Singh sent his solicitor, Mr Talbot of Farrer and Co., to India. He also invited Thakur Singh to visit him in England. The Government was averse to Thakur Singh's leaving India. But, on Duleep Singh's persistence, he was allowed to make the trip.

Before his departure, Thakur Singh visited the four *Takhts*—i.e. the principal Sikh shrines—at Amritsar, Anandpur, Patna and Nanded to pray for the prosperity of Duleep Singh's cause. Accompanied by two of his sons, Narinder Singh and Gurdit Singh, a *granthi* or Scripture reader Partap Singh and three servants, he reached London in 1884. Here he was the guest of Duleep Singh, then staying at Holland Park. He daily read out from the holy *Guru Granth Sahib* to the Maharaja and instructed him in the tenets of Sikhism. Duleep Singh was resolved to return to the faith he was born to. Thakur Singh had sent to him, in England, a document signed by the custodians of the Sikh *Takhts* in India, confirming the prophecies about Duleep Singh's restoration to the throne of the Punjab. In August 1885, Thakur Singh returned to the Punjab.

Duleep Singh himself decided to return to his motherland and left England on March 31, 1886, to settle down quietly in Delhi. He invited Thakur Singh to meet him at Bombay and arrange for his reinitiation into Sikhism. The Government was reluctant to permit Thakur Singh to receive him. Duleep Singh wrote to the Secretary of State:

As my cousin, Sardar Thakur Singh Sandhanwalia, informs me that he fears permission will not be accorded him to go to Bombay by the Lieutenant-Governor of Punjab, and as I particularly desire to be rebaptised into the faith of my ancestors by some relative of my own, may I therefore beg of Your Lordship kindly to request His Excellency by telegraph on my behalf or permit me to do so, that the Sardar be allowed to meet me on reaching India.

The news of Duleep Singh's likely return sent a thrill of expectation across the Punjab. The Government warily stopped him at Aden. This was the advice it had from one of its leading Sikh supporters *Mahamahopadhyaya* Sardar Sir Atar Singh. Stung by this insult, Duleep Singh resigned his allowance and forswore fealty to the British crown. One favour he sought was that the Government should continue payment of £500 each annually to the widows, respectively, of his Superintendent Login and Comptroller Oliphant. On June 3, 1866, he left for Paris. But before departing from Aden, he had, on May 25, 1866, received the rite of Sikh baptism from The Five—Thakur Singh of Wagah, another cousin of his (son of his mother's sister), Rur Singh of Village Kohali in Amritsar District, Jawand Singh of Village Barke in Lahore District and two Sikhs brought for the ceremony from a transport ship which happened to touch Aden.

Secret Visits

Furthering the cause of Duleep Singh was now Thakur Singh's sole absorption. To win support for him, he visited secretly the Indian princely states and the Sikh shrines. Major Evans Bell's book, *The Annexation of the Punjab and the Maharajah Duleep Singh*, exhibiting the illegality and immorality of British occupation of the Punjab, was widely circulated. Bell had argued that, according to the Treaty of Lahore, minor Duleep Singh was the ward of the British and that, if there was an uprising in his territories, it was their duty to suppress it and not make it an excuse to rob him of his kingdom. Thakur Singh had the book translated into Punjabi by his friend Partap Singh *Granthi* and published by another supporter, Diwan Buta Singh of Aftab-i-Punjab Press. The Kuka Sikhs who had come into clash with the Government in 1872 were the most enthusiastic in pro-Duleep Singh activity.

Thakur Singh was now the most suspicious character in the eyes of the Government. Yet he made good his escape into Pondicherry before he could be arrested. In addition to outwitting the British, he believed Pondicherry to be the likely place where his sovereign master might one day land. The latter had in fact written to *The Tribune* (July 3, 1886) the following letter:

Although the Indian Government succeeded in preventing me from reaching Bombay, yet they are not able to close all the roads that there are to India; for when I return I can either land at Goa or at Pondicherry...

Thakur Singh arrived in Pondicherry on November 6, 1886. From his home in the rue Law de Lauristan, he conducted his campaign with rare single-mindedness. He was offered by the French Republican Government a monthly allowance of Fr 1,000, which he declined on the advice of Duleep Singh. Thakur Singh received correspondence from him through the French post office. Through the same medium he sent his letters to him and the Indian newspapers: *The Times of India* and *Madras Times*. He laid out a fairly extensive system of communication in the Punjab. Among his trusted helpers were Bawa Budh Singh, an ex-Captain of the Nepal Army who lived in Thakur Singh's *haveli* in Amritsar, Partap Singh *Granthi*, his own manager Johlo Mal and Sohan Lal of Dadri, a servant of his mother-in-law, Rani Kanwal Kaur of Ballabgarh. He had a continuous stream of visitors in Pondicherry, including, occasionally, soldiers from the Indian Army. He had links with Chandernagor, from where Shashi Bhushan Mukerji, Editor of *Beaver*, came to visit him. From Bengal came Tin-cowari Banerji and Sarish Chander Bose, who jointly edited *Projabandho*.

Envoys came from Duleep Singh as well. The most important of them were Ghulam Rasul, a wool merchant of Amritsar, and Arur Singh of Village Kohali.

Arur Singh had been with Duleep Singh in Russia and brought from him secret missives including a circular letter for the ex-King of Oudh, Holkar, Scindia and the rulers of Patiala, Nabha, Faridkot, Jind and Kapurthala. The princes generally implicated in the cause of Duleep Singh were Raja Bikram Singh of Faridkot—who was one of the leading figures in the Singh Sabha renaissance—Raja Hira Singh of Nabha and Raja

—Continued

MAHARAJA DULEEP SINGH (1838-1893), *son of Maharaja Ranjit Singh and inheriting the throne when only five, died a forlorn death in his humble hotel room in Paris—a life-cycle drawn, as it were, to stated requirements of the tragedian, the poet, the philosopher.*

JIND KAUR (1817-1863), *one of the Maharanis of Ranjit Singh, was mother of Duleep Singh. Widowed at the age of 22, she became the Regent when five-year-old Duleep sat on the throne of Lahore.*

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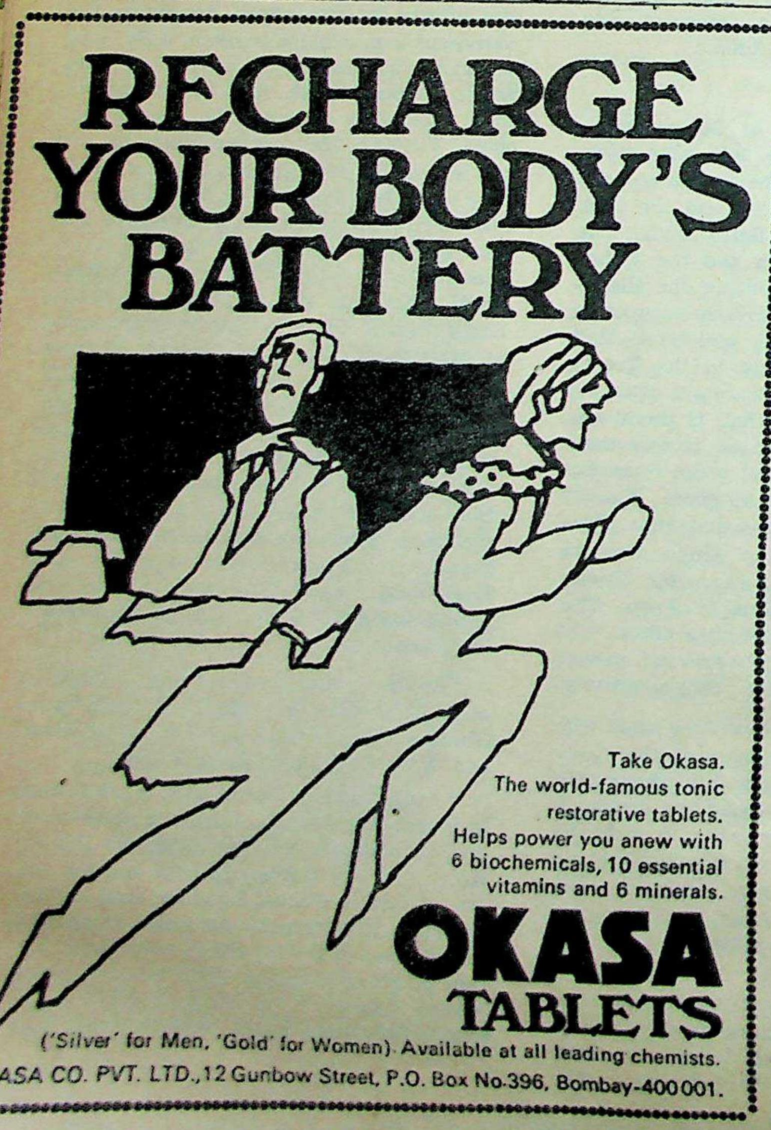

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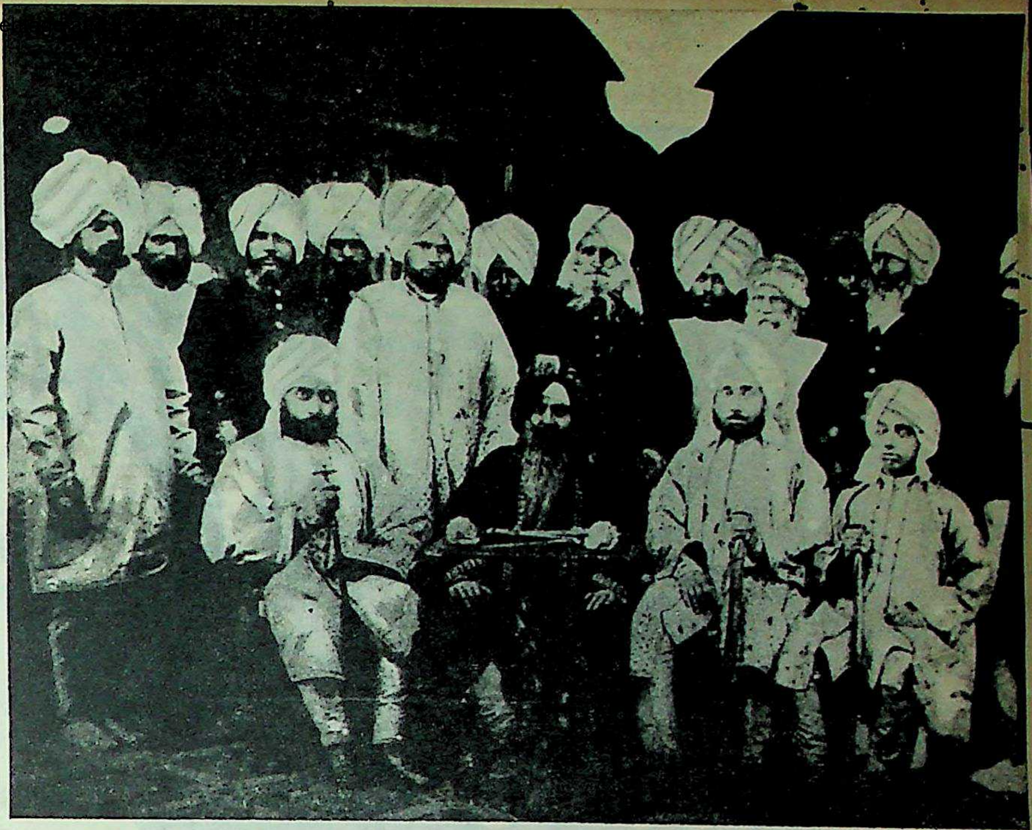
Moti Singh of Poonch. According to a statement made at Hardwar to the Government by Mangalan, who was a slave girl of Maharani Jind Kaur and who is described as Duleep Singh's foster mother, there was great "unity of purpose between the Raja of Faridkot, Raja Amar Singh of Kashmir and Sardar Dyal Singh Majithia" in their support for Duleep Singh.

From Russia, Duleep Singh sent to Thakur Singh a seal and letter in token of his appointment to the office of Prime Minister:

I appoint you my Prime Minister, should Sri Satguru Ji one day replace me on the throne of the Punjab.

But Thakur Singh had not long to live. He suddenly fell ill and died on August 18, 1837. His ashes were taken to his ancestral village of Rajasansi by a servant, Jawala Singh. His sons continued to live in Pondicherry and the eldest, Gurbachan Singh, was invested by Duleep Singh with the title of Prime Minister. But returning from Russia to Paris, Duleep Singh had a stroke and remained bedridden for three years, the passion and grand designs of former day pathetically congealed in his heart. Drained financially and destitute of friends, he died in his humble hotel room in Paris on October 22, 1893.



THE SANDHANWALIA FAMILY WITH THEIR RETAINERS. Thakur Singh was one of the two persons in the Punjab who knew both the classical languages of the East—Sanskrit and Arabic. He was also a distinguished Persian and Punjabi scholar. He wrote a treatise on diabetes and was reported to be working on a monumental history of the Punjab.

The Singh Sabha Movement

by G. S. DHILLON

THE Singh Sabha Movement, which enjoyed the leadership of the Sikhs for nearly half a century (1873-1920), will go down in the history of modern Punjab as the greatest socio-religious reform movement of the Sikhs. It came as a great rejuvenating force at a time when Sikhism was in danger of losing its distinctive identity. But for the efforts made by the Singh Sabha, Sikhism would have been absorbed into Hinduism as one of its sects—the fate that has befallen many other religions in India. A contemporary observer noted: "Just as we do not see any Buddhists in the country except in images, in the same fashion the Sikhs—who are now here and there, visible in their turbans and their other religious forms like wrist bangles and swords—will be seen only in pictures in museums. Their own sons and grandsons, clad in coats and trousers and sporting mushroom-like caps, will go to see them in museums and say in their pidgin Punjabi: 'Look, that is the picture of a Sikh—the tribe that inhabited this country once upon a time."

This was the state of affairs before the advent of the Singh Sabha. The Sikh religion had practically lost its vitality. Devoid of its characteristic features, it had become a prey to Brahmanical Hinduism. Under the deadweight of meaningless rites and rituals, dogmas and superstitions, the socio-religious fabric of the community had been damaged beyond recognition.

Owing to ignorance of the great spiritual legacy left by the Gurus, the number of Sikhs embracing the other faiths was increasing steadily. The proselytising activities of the Christian missionaries also alarmed the Sikhs. The historic conversions of Maharaja Duleep Singh and Raja Harnam Singh of Kapurthala came as a rude shock to the Sikhs. The Sikh youth, who studied in the Missionary schools, also came under Christian influence and considered the observance of Sikh religious formalities as irksome and out of fashion.

The low-caste Sikhs, like their counterparts of the other communities, were more vulnerable to the Christian influence. They were attracted towards the new faith due to the lure of employment opportunities and better social status. The loss of political power (Punjab was annexed by the British in 1849) also had a demoralising effect on the Sikhs. The spread of Western education and science posed a new challenge, provoked self-analysis and called for a synthesis between the fast-spreading Western values and India's splendid past. It was at this crucial juncture that the Singh Sabha assumed leadership of the Sikhs.

The previous reform movements among the Sikhs, the Nirankari and the Namdhari, had no doubt done the spadework of reform but they never rose to such dimensions as to affect the entire Sikh community. Like the Bedi and the Sodhi descendants of Guru Nanak and Guru Gobind Singh, the Nirankaris and the Namdharis came to have a succession of Gurus. Both these movements acquired a schismatic character because of their failure to do away with the institution of gurudom. This resulted in a multiplication of cults, sects and philosophies.

Rivalry between different sects led to confusion and chaos and split the community into different sects, each claiming to be superior to the others. In this welter of confusion, the vital question agitating the minds of the Sikhs was: What is meant by Sikhism? Despite their best efforts, the Nirankaris and the Namdharis had failed to give any definite answer to this question.

The Sikhs were mainly divided into two sections—one regarded Sikhism as a distinct faith, while the other thought it to be an offshoot or a branch of Hinduism. The number of Sikhs, who did not think it incumbent to follow the code of conduct prescribed by the Tenth Sikh Guru, was increasing steadily. This was due to a propaganda in certain quarters that the religious symbols of the Sikhs had lost their significance.

The Singh Sabha played a significant role in the socio-religious regeneration of the Sikh community. It made the Sikhs aware of their great spiritual and cultural heritage, of their being the "Khalsa"—the pure. It welded them into an independent community, bound together by faith in the teachings of their Gurus, distinct social laws, customs and language. Just as the keynote of the Arya Samaj was "Back to the Vedas", the keynote of the Singh Sabha was "Back to the Adi Granth". The object was to restore the pristine purity of Sikhism by abolishing later accretions and superstitious practices, which did not stand the test of reason and which did not have any place in the teachings of the Gurus.

The Singh Sabha invested the Sikhs with a modern outlook. It infused a new spirit in them to revive their sacred traditions, to seek fresh impulses and to strive

—Continued

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for progress in all spheres of life—religious, social, cultural and educational. While the Nirankari and the Namdhari movements were known for their exclusive reliance on the indigenous sources of inspiration, the Singh Sabha, under the guidance of the Sikh intelligentsia, studied the problem of reform in the light of western influences. Unlike the Namdharis, the Singh Sabha leaders thankfully acknowledged the advantages offered to them by the British civilisation and urged the Sikhs to join their countrymen in seeking to assimilate the merits of Western thought and scholarship. They rightly felt that the prejudice against Western ideas had stood in the way of the progress of the community in the past. The Namdharis had gone to the extent of boycotting not only the modern education but also posts and telegraphs.

The Singh Sabha Movement was a part of the great Indian renaissance of the mid-19th century, whose leaders came to believe that the values of the East and the West, instead of coming into conflict with one another, should make a happy and harmonious blending.

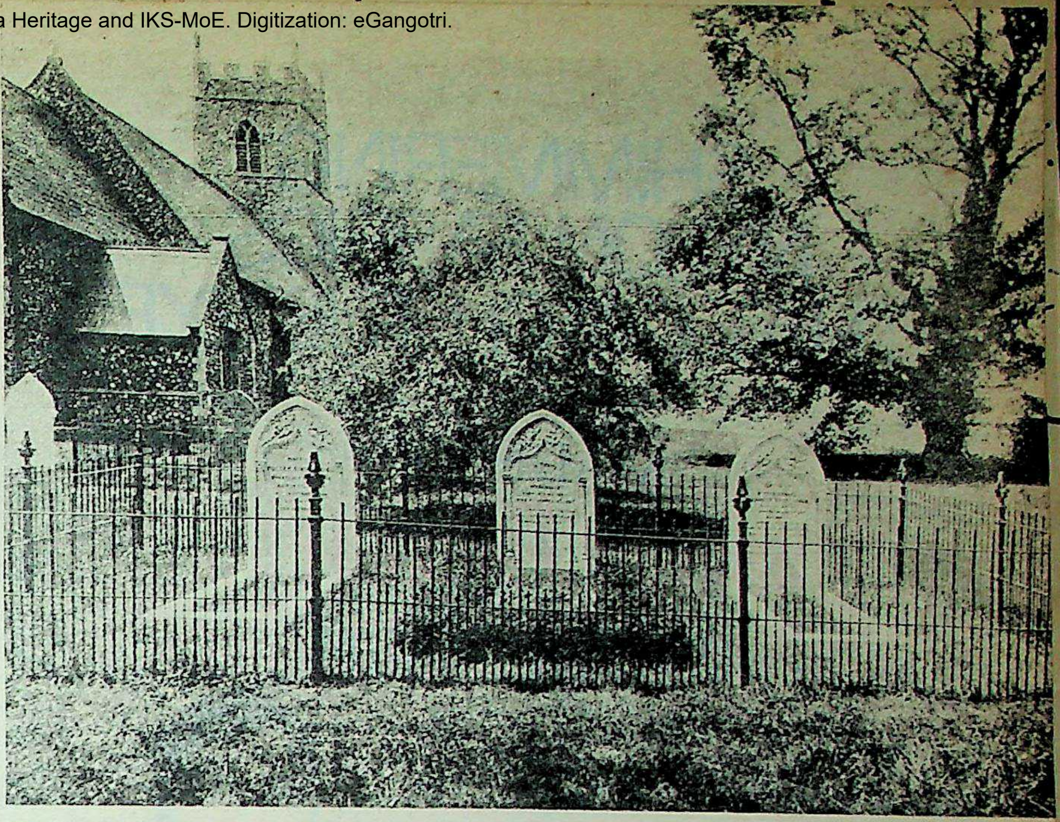
The Singh Sabha leaders extolled the merits of British rule for bringing about many innovations. They realised the necessity of adopting all that was best in the Western thought, without impairing the essence of Sikhism.

The Singh Sabha leaders evinced keen interest in the spreading of modern education amongst the Sikhs. They spread a network of educational institutions which aimed at providing such opportunities to the Sikhs as would help them in acquiring modern education combined with the advantage of instruction in the Sikh religion, Sikh history, Sikh literature and also the Gurmukhi script.

Significant Achievement

The establishment of the Khalsa College at Amritsar, in 1892, was a significant achievement of the Singh Sabha. There was also a plan to develop this into a Sikh University on the pattern of Banaras Hindu University and Aligarh Muslim University but it could not materialise for want of funds. The Sikh Education Conferences also helped a great deal in spreading education among the Sikhs. These conferences were organised every year and left a school or a college at the place where they were held. Within a brief span of a few decades the percentage of literacy of the Sikhs considerably increased and the number of schools and colleges multiplied at an astonishing speed. The Singh Sabha sought the cooperation of highly placed Englishmen in their educational campaign.

The Singh Sabha leaders worked tirelessly for the removal of caste prejudices, the emancipation of women, the eradication of non-Sikh practices like polygamy, child marriage and female infanticide and the simplification of social ceremonies from birth to death. They helped the Sikhs in building a new social order purged of all alien influences. The passing of the Anand Marriage Act, in 1909, legalising the Sikh form of marriage, was a significant achievement of the Singh Sabha. The Singh Sabha issued a large number of books and tracts dealing with Sikh rituals and ceremonies, covering the whole range of social life right



GRAVES IN THE GROUNDS of Duleep Singh's estate, Elveden Hall, Thetford, Suffolk. In the middle is the grave of Duleep Singh's wife, Bamba Duleep Singh Maharanee. She was the daughter of a European father and Abyssinian mother and Duleep Singh married her in Cairo on June 4, 1864. At left is the grave of Maharaja Duleep Singh and at right that of Albert Edward Alexander Duleep Singh, one of the Maharaja's three sons, who died during his lifetime.

from birth to death, as also the manner of their performance in accordance with the tenets of the Sikh faith.

In their political outlook, the Singh Sabha leaders were moderates, believing in the efficacy of constitutional methods. They eschewed violence and took care to avoid clashing with the Government. Like the moderate wing of the Congress of that period, they adopted the method of prayers, petitions, representations and deputations in order to impress upon the Government the urgency of their demands. They often sent petitions and memoranda to the Government on such issues affecting the Sikhs as the development of Punjabi, distribution of patronage and representation of the Sikhs in civil services. They also endeavoured to secure political concessions for the Sikhs.

Where It Differed

The Singh Sabha Movement essentially differed from the other contemporary movements in character and organisational approach. The movements like the Arya Samaj, the Brahmo Samaj and the Ramakrishna Mission among the Hindus and the Wahabi and the Ahmadiya among the Muslims all derived their inspiration from their respective founders. In each case, the individual leader was the sole guiding authority and his word was law. All these movements aimed at uniting the divergent elements of their respective faiths but were ultimately reduced to petty cults and sects. The same had been the case with the Nirankari and the Namdhari movements among the Sikhs.

It goes to the credit of the Singh Sabha Movement that it remained democratic and non-sectarian in letter and spirit till the very end. It was a mass upsurge and it had the unique distinction of not being founded by one single individual. The Singh Sabha leaders aimed at restoring the purity of the Sikh faith without propounding any philosophy of their own. Any Sikh, who adhered to the injunctions of the ten Gurus and was ready to serve the community, could be admitted to the fold of the Singh Sabha. There was no ceremony to be gone through for this purpose nor was there any distinctive dress, badge or mark to be worn. The movement retained its democratic character despite the efforts of some of its leaders to style themselves as Gurus and wield absolute control over its affairs.

New Class

The tide of popularity of the Singh Sabha Movement, however, ebbed with the rise of a new English-educated middle class among the Sikhs. This new class had strong political ambitions and was militant in approach. The common zeal for reform which had united the Sikhs to work under the leadership of the Singh Sabha disappeared with a growing feeling among this new generation of the Sikhs that the movement had failed to satisfy the political aspirations of the Sikhs. As the whole of India was awakening to a new political consciousness, this new class of the Sikhs, which came to be known as Akalis, clashed openly with the Government, first for the liberation of their shrines and then for the liberation of their land.

The orientation imparted by the Singh Sabha Movement to the Sikh thought and character retains its validity till the present times. But the Sikhs today are confronted with more or less the same old challenges which they had faced at the time of the birth of the Singh Sabha Movement. The first centenary of the birth of this movement, which is being celebrated this year, has provided them with an opportunity for reappraisal and revitalisation.

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JOY OF LIFE

Art Of Dorothy Lydon

An exhibition of Mrs Lydon's paintings will be held in Bombay from November 17 to November 27 and later in Delhi and Madras.

THE works of Dorothy Lydon truly hinge on Nature. She has always been deeply sensitive to forms, shades of colours and the wonders of our world. "My desire in painting is to create a meaningful expression of the spectacle of life in all its nuances. I want to capture on canvas the varied colours of the sky at sunrise and at sunset, clouds on a rainy or sunny day, the sun, shadows, a smile on the face or tears, death, suffering, delights of love, the song of a bird, flowers," she explains.

The second important influence on her painting is her relationship with people. Having lived for years in Thailand, Germany, Russia and India and having visited many other countries, people have left lasting impressions on her. "My heart is full of touching memories of fleeting contacts with the young and old, rich and poor, happy and miserable, in many parts of the world. The substance of these emotional and human interactions is reflected in my work."

DOROTHY LYDON is a self-taught artist who has exhibited her paintings in Germany, the USSR and the USA.

Fabrics
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JEALOUSY AND ENVY

by MULK RAJ ANAND

"Envy is a common human failing—only when it takes the form of jealousy, spite and malice should it be condemned . . . When we feel envy we are only indulging in the wish to be as free as other people, whose success in life seems to be the realisation of freedom itself."

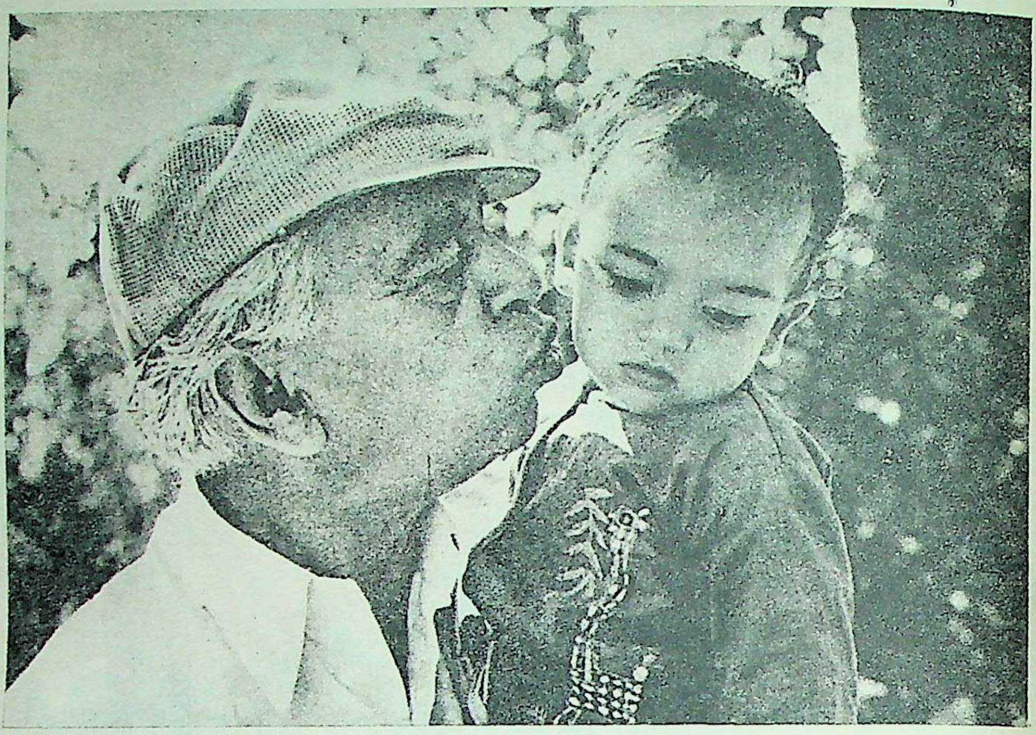
Of the seven deadly sins of the Christians, the fourteen prohibitions of the Buddhists, the many taboos of Islam and Guru Nanak's adverse comments on envy, this trait in human beings is considered a common abomination by all the faiths.

Only the Hindus, who evolved various metaphysics and religions but did not evolve any distinctive ethics, have seldom condemned envy. In fact, in the myths and legends of the Hindus, the gods are shown to be fighting each other for supremacy, greed and women through the envy of each other. The son of the great god, Narad Muni, is the instigator of mischief among gods, demons and men. The truth is that, as the Hindus conceived God to be perfect harmony, there could be no discordant element in the Universe, like evil, venial sin or unhappiness.

If there is a choice to be made to fight a war, indulging in hatred or contempt, the Supreme Being decides where and when and how this should be done. In the *Mahabharat* epic, it is Krishna, the incarnation of the Supreme Vishnu, who decides for Arjuna and the Pandus that they should go to war against their cousins, the Kurus. And in the play of Kalidasa, *Shakuntala*, when Dushyant, the hero, does not recognise his beloved because she has lost the magic ring he gave her, the God Indra comes down from heaven to take Shakuntala and Dushyant up to heaven, to live happily ever after, so that there should be no sorrow on earth. Thus there is no tragedy in the old literature, because there cannot be unhappiness on the planet earth, which is part of the soul and body of God.

Although according to Dharma there could be no evil, this does not mean that, in practical life, there were no standards of good and bad. But any morality that prevailed expressed the will of the king and his nobles or the three upper castes. The twice-born had earned their superior status through good Karma, while the lower peoples had been born underprivileged because of their bad deeds in the past. And if the poor indulged in envy of the better-off in status, power or privilege, then they were only indulging in bad deeds, which should be punished by their being condemned to misery during the present incarnation.

As the age of the gods, or the *Satya Yug*, lasted well into the Medieval period (when the foreign invasions began), the end of the age of truth and of the supposed perfect morality and the beginning of the *Kal Yug*—the age of untruth—coincided roughly with the time of the coming in of other unwanted religions.



—K. Kersi

Dr MULK RAJ ANAND AND LITTLE FRIEND. Through his writings he has interpreted rural India and the underdog. The characters in his novels and stories are usually poor and they all ask: "What is the meaning of life?" Dr Anand believes that though literature, specially the novel, cannot provide the answer to this question, it can create an awareness and a deeper insight into the problem.

Meanwhile, in daily life, Hindu society remained divided through the snobbery of caste, indulged in bitter and acrimonious debate against the Buddhists and the subcontinent was torn into tatters by one chieftain fighting another, so that it fell easy prey to the infiltrators from all sides.

About that time the ingenious, adroit and clever Brahmins began rewriting the old stories as *Puranas*. And they emphasised a myth that the Supreme God, Vishnu, in despair at the prevalence of untruth, anarchy and conflict, had decided to go and lie down in the lap of Seshnag, the Great Serpent, floating on the primeval waters, and he would wake up only when the new age of truth might begin again.

Explaining Away Evils

This kind of brilliant myth-making always explained away all the evils which actually flourished in the country. The upper hierarchies could always settle down smugly to the worship of their gods, in secret, and in defrauding the foreigners and the lower peoples by money-lending, shop-keeping and by working as go-between contractors for the various sarkars.

If we contemplate the past with any degree of objectivity from the vantage point of our own human situation (in spite of the alleged hangovers of the age of truth), we will find that our millions of ancestors and ourselves have been guilty of sins all the time, like other human beings in the world, as the evolution of the ape to man has been much slower than our complacency will permit us to accept.

Perhaps we have been somewhat more addicted to wrong-doing than most people, because we have been subject to the rule of the few over the many for longer centuries than other people, and we succumbed to foreign conquest in almost every generation, thus falling prey to the basic cause behind most sins, crimes and delinquencies —scarcity.

Many of our historians, writing from the midst of the tragic *Kal Yug*, the age of massacre of the present, have tended to glorify the past. Undoubtedly, some of our ancestors achieved, through the frequent challenge of death and destruction, profound awareness about life, but very few of these have relevance, beyond rural consciousness, to the age of the third industrial revolution, aggrandisement of the "have" nations and the threat of nuclear war.

On such a vast terrain as ours, when one part of the landscape was occupied by conquerors, quite large tracts remained physically unconquerable. And the preparation for defence required the coheism of some ideology or the other. Hence the proliferation of temples offered to that once despised God Shiva in the early Medieval period, as the soldiers could only advance against the ferocious White Huns with the slogan of "Har Har Mahadev!" on their lips.

Some of our literati, wishing to present our newly-freed country as an erstwhile utopia, hark back to "the splendour that was Ind" and ascribe all evils to the British period. They assert that everything that was great in India finished with the 18th century. And they blame the West for bringing in all the immoralities, forgetting that for two thousand years we have been the

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supreme racialists, by sustaining the most murderous caste system, participating in the fights of the various religions, denominations, sects and factions.

The truth is that there was no part of the subcontinent where there was not a war, disruption and other evils under the then accepted one-man rule, or rule by the forty, or four hundred, or four thousand. The insecurities of the people multiplied, bringing with them paranoic psychosis of the most intricate, insidious and perverted social and mental habits.

Envy of the collaborators was widespread. And from the smoke of inner bitterness, everyone thought, dimly, sheepishly and with evasive smiles, of himself and his family first and "the devil take the hindmost", as the English proverb goes, while hypocritically striking the bell morning and evening in the temple to awaken God to one's personal predicament. The bribe of flowers was placed on the *lingam*, or before Vishnu, or before Kali with her bulging red tongue, her garland of skulls and swords in hand. Apart from the feuds of the religion of the majority community and the decadent practices of the Hindus, the Muslims and others were also divided into many sects in the whole Medieval period.

Aggrieved Kings

The main casuality at the root of our most important, comprehensive and factual epic, the *Mahabharat*, is the envy, or jealousy, of the five Pandus against the hundred Kurus, about the unequal shares of the kingdom. The Pandus felt aggrieved that they had got little or nothing from the succession. Perhaps, as the late Professor Kosambi argued, the five brothers envied their numerous cousins the possession of the Southern Punjab, below Kurukshetra (now Haryana), where there was much iron ore.

The mythical story at the centre of the *Mahabharat* narrative sings praises of the beauty of Draupadi, the common wife of the five Pandu brothers, whom they staked in the chess match and lost to their cousins, the Kurus. Maybe the envy of the Kurus about the possession of this beautiful heroine by the Pandus was one other reason for bitterness between the cousins. And there were other reasons, such as the Pandus' lack of ultimate weapons. Everyone knows the story of how Arjuna did penance for these and secured arms from the God Indra, through the intervention of Shiva, to fight and defeat the Kurus.

Of the millions of wars fought over the possession of territory, richer lands, successions to the throne, racial arrogance and false pride, at least half a million major and minor armed conflicts have occurred in India.

And Kautilya, the author of *Arthashastra*, seems well aware of *envy* as the motive for the quarrels among the kings, though the word he uses might be translated as jealousy.

If scarcity and its subtler allies—greed, hatred and malice, encroachment on other's freedom of will, the burning fires of bitterness and the consumption of the soul through the dialectic of emotions in the conflicts of the oppressors on the one hand and the suppressed peoples on the other—be accepted as the main cause of the various contempts, then we can understand the inheritance, in our country, of spite between men and men, women and women, and children and children, in all its most virulent forms.

The residual characteristics of a subject race are intertwined with the habit of the deficient blaming the efficient and the semi-deficient taking it out on the quarter-deficient, and the bereft smouldering in pain against the enemies whom they can't identify—except as Bhagvan, who is often appeased at the same as he is abused.

Of course, after two thousand years of subjection to Rajas, Maharajas, the Queen Empress Victoria and the King Emperors, Edward VII, George V and George VI, we have generated a parliamentary system of democracy through which we are supposed to enjoy liberty, equality, fraternity and all the other virtues of the rule of men, by men, for men.

Apart from the fact that the Western countries from which we borrowed this form of government, specially Great Britain, the United States of America and France, have not yet succeeded in establishing democracy to the extent they boast about, we can be judged a little more indulgently, because we are new to the concept of the rights and responsibilities of the individual. For while the "haves" among the individuals of the West, who are part of the affluent, highly industrialised and dynamic nations, can afford to be a little more charitable about their excess goods, the disinherited "have-nots" of a newly-freed country like ours, who wish quickly to become equal to the early starters in the "rat race", seem to be more acquisitive, more greedy and more envious of others than the "haves".

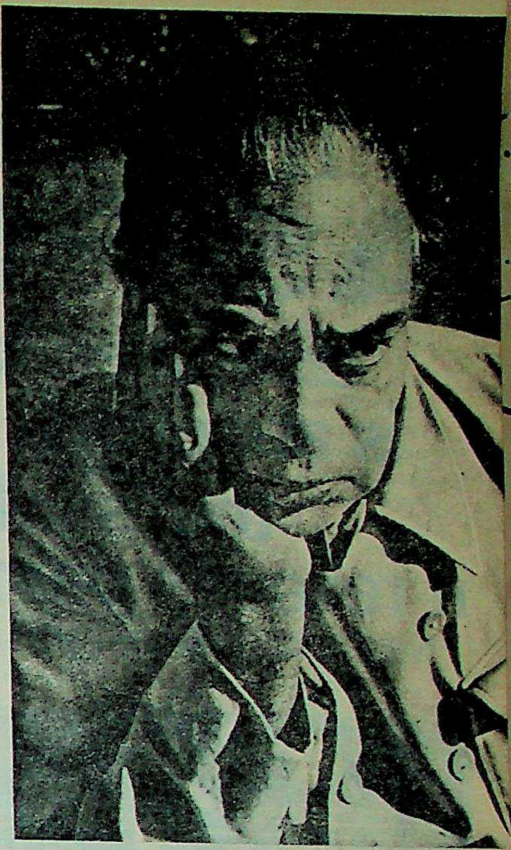
Specially is this so with the middle sections of our population.

Newly-Freed "Haves"

Our President buys the most expensive cars, supposedly for his guests. Our Ministers live in houses with over ten rooms, with compounds large enough to include a Moghul garden, two tennis courts, stables for the buffaloes and a barrack for "menial" servants. Our capitalists own a large flat in each city. They travel in Boeings, Caravelles and Jumbo Jets and in Impalas, Mercedez-Benzs and Chevrolets. Their sons run around in steamlined Jaguars, Alfa Romeos and Bentleys. The wives have Fiats of their own, unless the office Mercedez is available while the Sahib is signing files. Our Governors live better than the Presidents of most affluent countries, because they combine the heritage of feudal lords with the amenities of Mayfair, Manhattan and Rue de Rivoli. Our Members of Parliament of all parties, from Swatantra to the Marxist Leninist, are asking for bigger stipends, more privileges and better motor-cars.

Our intelligentsia, which should know better, seeks opportunities for jobs in foreign universities to amass a lakh or two, and to import refrigerators, washing-machines, razor blades, cigars and liquor from the consumer-goods worshipping societies of the West.

Our cities are now increasingly full of high-rise buildings which try, without success, to complete with the ugly and suffocating Manhattanville and end up as petit bourgeois slums, as soon as they are put up.



—R. R. Bharadwaj

PROBING THE INNER DEPTHS of life at all levels is Dr Anand's "commitment". He lives in Khandala in the Sahyadri hills of Maharashtra, where he does all his writing as well as work for Marg (a magazine devoted to the arts), of which he is Editor.

The wives of our democrats are all for keeping up with the "Joneses", have their hair done by some Madame Pompadour or the other, invariably flaunt gold bangles, buy expensive handbags from numerous boutiques and sport bell-bottom trousers, as they flit past the beggars on the wayside.

The lower-middle classes shout their demands even while they secretly wish to emulate the example of those who live in Malabar Hill, Alipur or Hauz Khas.

The working people are grouped in trade unions, based not on brotherhood, as in the early industrial revolution in the UK, but on the principle of the class war. Their leaders, having been to the newly-enriched Communist countries, wear imported suits, boots and neckties.

Our peasants, groaning under the vast scarcity, the rigours of rising prices and no land, still believe in the Sarkar as the dispenser of everything, because the winning party bribes them with five rupees for each vote at election time. And they wait patiently for the Ram Raj which Mahatma Gandhi promised them when he went to live in Sevagram. Occasionally, they are heard of as marching to Parliament House to ask for the fulfilment of the promise of *Garibi Hatao* by Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, on the instigation of the extreme Leftists, or Naxalbari, much despised by those Communists who have become members of the Establishment.

Specially in famine years can we see the phenomena of scarcity as the main cause of envy-jealousy, the struggle for freedom from want and the conflicts between the vested interests and those who have little

—Continued

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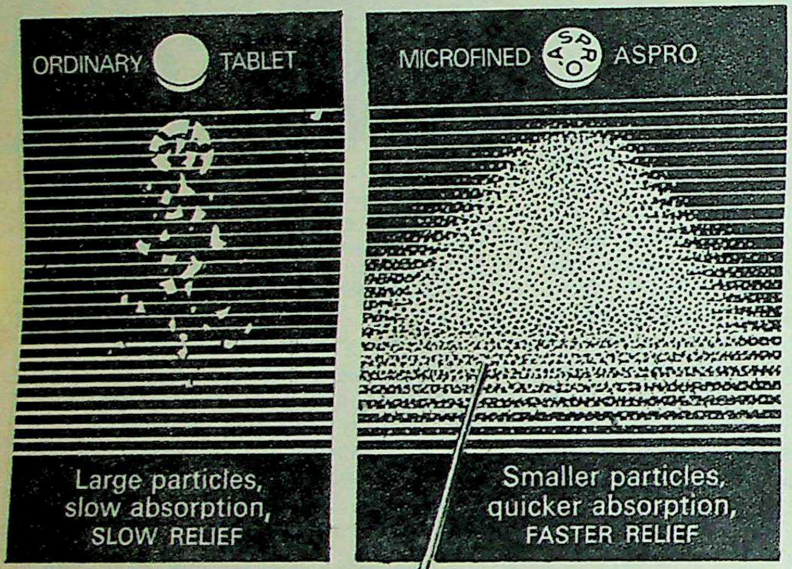

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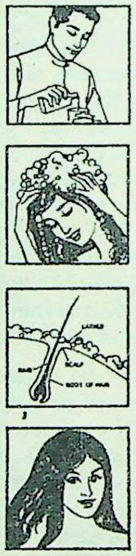

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Deep-cleansing gentle solution washes away dandruff, excess oil, grime, without removing precious natural oils. Leaves hair healthy and beautiful.

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Clinic is a remarkable new shampoo that clears dandruff from hair and scalp. Gets your hair clean, bouncing with health.

Clinic's rich deep-cleansing lather goes deep down at the scalp to remove dandruff at its very root. Regular use keeps your hair free from dandruff.

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CLINIC SHAMPOO

TOUGH ON DANDRUFF, GENTLE WITH HAIR

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or no investment at all. The Brown Sahibs, with their self-esteem, respectability and preference for a calm going-on, pretend that there is nothing very wrong, except that the rich countries are getting richer. After a long day spent in working out how they can become Fords, Rockefellers and Pierpont Morgans, they adjourn (why should they work to produce more if the taxes will take away all their profits?) to play golf at the club, later have Scotch whisky and soda over rummy, supper at ten to eleven p.m. while the servants wait—and tomorrow is another day.

The new memsahibs, "married by arrangement", do what most women of thirty have always done, fall in love with one of the artists from an advertising firm, or act in forward English language plays, or prepare to go with that accomplished seducer, the Air-India Maharaja, to spend the money piled up in Western capitals by the husband's firm through underinvoicing. If they ever see a morcha of their sisters asking for milk for their children, they shrug their elegant shoulders, shake the long hair off their necks and say: "There is no cause for anxiety! Indira Gandhi will look after all that!"

Should some penpusher be bold enough to seem a little agonised about it all, then he is dubbed a "committed" writer. And should the hack accept the charge of "engagement", then he or she is dismissed as a Communist in the pay of Moscow, though it is now quite well known for years that the Russians do not actively instigate revolution but are working for detente with everyone at all costs. Then he must be helping the heirs of Charu Mazumdar!

Nowhere in the world, except in the USA and in India, have I heard Nehru being called the stooge of the Communists more frequently for preferring socialism to 500 per cent profits. Even the Communists accuse each other of being agents of this, that or the other country. And, on a lesser level, some of the most intelligent university men, who contribute wonderful papers to seminars, appease their frustration by accusing the more brilliant among them as being the favourites of the Vice-Chancellor or the University Grants Commission or the Minister of Education, which may be sometimes true or which may not be true at all.

Personal Grouse

If I may be excused a personal grouse, I may record here that when I was Honorary Chairman of the National Akademi of Art, working for eight months in the year, eight, nine to ten hours a day, clearing the Augean stables, some Bengali Leftist intellectuals asserted that I was being paid three thousand rupees a month by the Government of India, since I had become a "yes-man" of the Prime Minister. And when one eminent writer heard that some of my books had been translated into more than thirty languages of the world, he asked: "Tell me, frankly, Mulk Raj, how many hours do you devote to pushing your books?" One novelist asked me to become his literary agent and negotiate his dues from Yugoslavia on a one per cent commission basis.

Such are the limits of meanness to which writers of present-day India can go. I know very few of them who have read the books of the others. And hardly any of them will condescend to read the younger writers or help the uniniated by looking at a manuscript. The fear of another person becoming more successful, or better known, makes those who think they have arrived reluctant to face the prospect of extinction. And many of the established writers are frankly commercialist and pander to the tastes of American housewives for a little gossip about what goes on in temples, brothels and in the other areas of darkness.

I recall that I was myself envious of the successful Indian writers until my novel, *Untouchable*, was turned down by nineteen publishers and I became a stubborn prig under the influence of Guru Nanak, Gandhi, Ruskin, Marx and Bakunin.

And then my self-imposed exile in Europe cured me of much small-mindedness.

During my prolonged adolescence in the West, I saw a good deal of controversy among the intelligentsia, witnessed many literary quarrels and participated actively in debates, even going to Spain, with many others, to fight for the Republic against Fascism. I realised that, in spite of bitter political quarrels, personal allegations were at a discount in Europe. The merits and demerits of books were the criterion of judgement by reviewers. **Even though I was known to be working for India's freedom from British rule, I invariably got fair criticism for my writings from the bulk of Fleet Street. And even a Tory Government granted me a hundred pounds from the Royal Literary Fund to enable me to survive—to write another book.**

Sense of Justice

This sense of justice prevails in the West, perhaps because the European intelligentsia have waged a long struggle for civil liberties and intellectual freedom and they defend the right of every unconventional opinion to be heard. The solidarity of the English writers behind D. H. Lawrence against the ban on *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and the campaign of a generation for lifting the Home Office circular against James Joyce's *Ulysses*, come to my mind in this context

Of course it must be conceded that few writers in the West are so poor as those in our country. Therefore, they are not jealous of each other's pay packet or reputation or prestige. But then how can one account for the jealousies of the film stars, song and script writers in Bollywood, Mollywood and Collywood, who outdo their black-marketing financiers by bargaining for one extra lakh (in black) before going on the set. This suggests that even the richest rich Indians feel insecure.

Could it be then that, in our country, we need to evolve a new morality of need?

First of all, it may be necessary to exonerate envy as a common human failing and condemn it only when it takes the form of jealousy, spite and malice.

I feel that deep underneath us, when we feel envy, we are only indulging in the wish to be as free as other people, whose success in life seems to be the realisation of freedom itself. Actually, this may or may not be so. But if we accept the fact that our newly-found political freedom has a meaning, not only for us, the well-to-do, but should also mean freedom for others who are underprivileged, then we can cut at the roots of much jealousy, hatred and conflict and invoke generosity, which was also an important trait in our national character for those who were true men of religion without religion.

As it is unlikely that the better-off sections of society, who want to be more free than others, will accept freedom for all, rights for all, houses for all, food for all, then we must face the shrill music outside every secretariat, frequent demonstrations by the employees outside the office buildings and the threat of a strike every now and then from the trade unions, apart from gossip about rank corruption at the drink parties of Altamount Road, Friends Colony and Ballygunge.

The bickering intelligentsia, many of whose distinguished members lobby for Akademi prizes from cliques and coteries to look for foundation scholarships and often humiliate themselves by asking semi-literate Ministers to inaugurate their books, ought to see that producing literature is not the best way to make a fortune but that the money is in business, whether it be publishing pornography, or peeling potatoes, or writing film scripts.

Unacknowledged Legislators

The writers, who certainly often begin, from sincere motivations, to speak the truth must see that there is no shame in "commitment". For, generally, the act of "commitment" has already begun when one wishes to communicate what one knows or feels about life to another person of the community. Then, with maturity, it takes the form, tentatively or assertively, of the efforts of the writer to extend his own freedom of awareness (and that of others through his words), to demand all those many freedoms which he sees being denied to others. And he begins to elaborate, after his criticism of the existing inequalities, the same kind of ethics, makes suggestions about a more just order and becomes a vague prophecy-monger. The writer is the kind of "unacknowledged legislator" whom the poet Shelley had in mind.

Indeed, most writers, whether they may confess to this or not, begin to write from the instinctive sense of responsibility to their fellow men. The very act of publication is, by implication, the attempt at solidarity with others, friendship for human beings, to share one's joys and sorrows with the community, even (if one may use a more sacred word) to offer one's love.

If we, as an intelligentsia, could begin to analyse the meaning of freedom for all of us in the new society, we might be able to create some values, different though they may be from those of others, and thus clear the air of the pettifogging, low-minded, mean and mendacious denigrations of each other, through jealousies about each other's supposed successes.

The new morality of need may even offer deliverence to those who, from their enforced ignorance for generations, seek salvation in thoughts of Karma, since they share need with us, although they often put responsibility for fulfilling it on Almighty God.

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Princess Weds Commoner

On November 14, Princess Anne (22) weds Capt Mark Phillips (24) at Westminster Abbey. The event is expected to be Europe's most spectacular for many years. Princess Anne is the fourth in succession to the throne; after her wedding, her annual civil list allowance will be increased to £35,000.

PRINCESS ANNE is Queen Elizabeth II's only daughter; Captain Phillips is son of a sausage manufacturer-turned-businessman. The friendship between Anne and Mark has been said to have "nurtured into a full romance to the sound and fury of thundering hoofs".

The two first met after the 1968 Mexico Olympics at a party given for the British equestrian team. The Princess has won renown for her equestrian skills. She became European Champion and, in 1971, she was voted BBC Sport Personality Of The Year. She has always kept herself in newspaper headlines with her outspokenness, love of fast cars and fondness for fox-hunting.

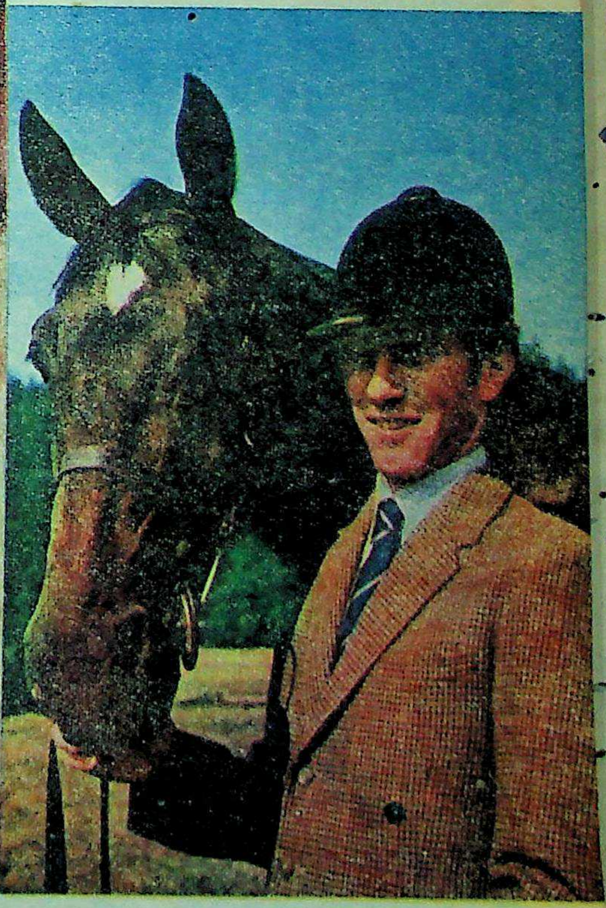
Mark Phillips, son of Peter Phillips, started competitive riding at the age of 8 and first attracted attention in international competitions as a reserve rider for the Mexico Olympics in 1968. Since then he has won European and Olympic gold medals. He joined the army in 1961 and was commissioned into his regiment from Sandhurst in July 1969, becoming a troop leader with the Queen's Dragoon Guards in West Germany.

The couple will be married in Westminster Abbey in the presence of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Archbishop of Canterbury will officiate over the ceremony.

Like Princess Margaret's photographer husband Lord Snowdon, Captain Phillips may soon be bestowed with an earldom.

S. R.

THE EQUESTRIAN PRINCESS. It was the passion for horses that brought Anne and Mark together. Her ambition to be in the British Olympic team came a cropper when her horse Doublet threw her. Besides horses, Captain Phillips shares a common love with Anne for fast cars and Labrador dogs. Princess Anne has always been noted for candid expression of her views and feelings in public. That has given rise to frequent comparison with her father, the Duke of Edinburgh



THE ROMANCE THAT WENT ON THE GALLOP. Captain Mark Phillips, son of a sausage maker, turned a dashing Cavalry officer to win the Princess's heart. He is an Olympic gold medallist in equestrian events.

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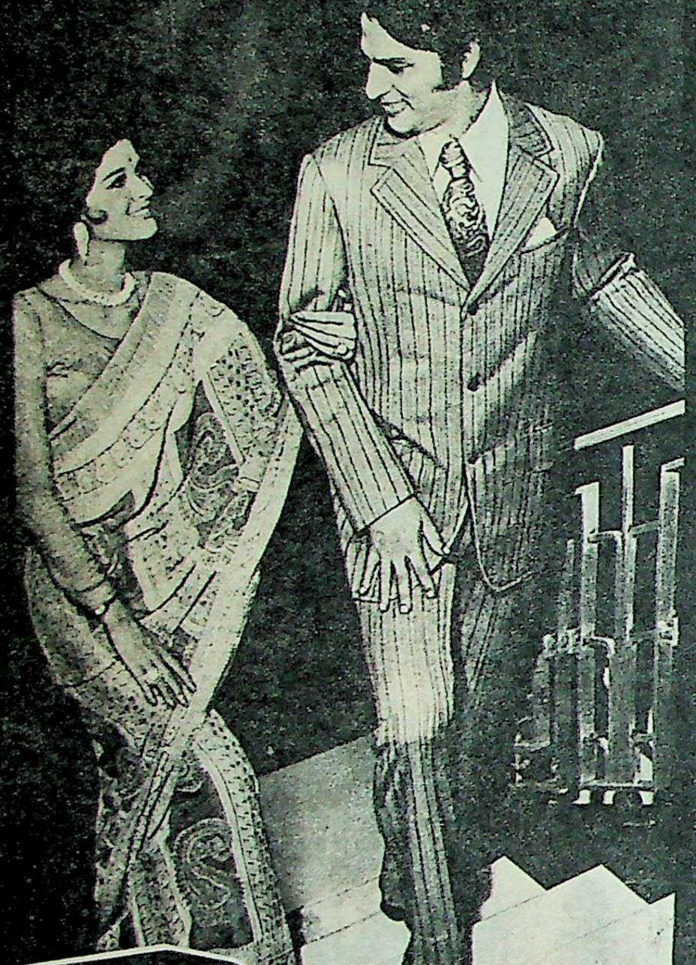

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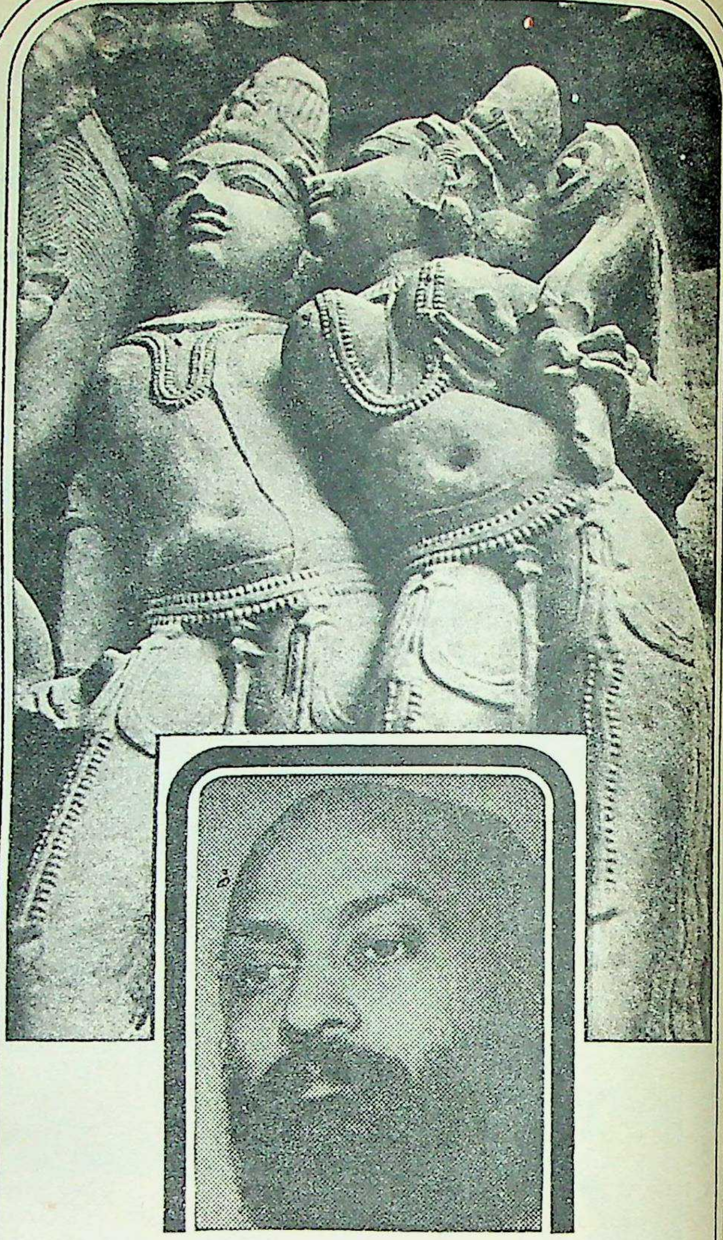

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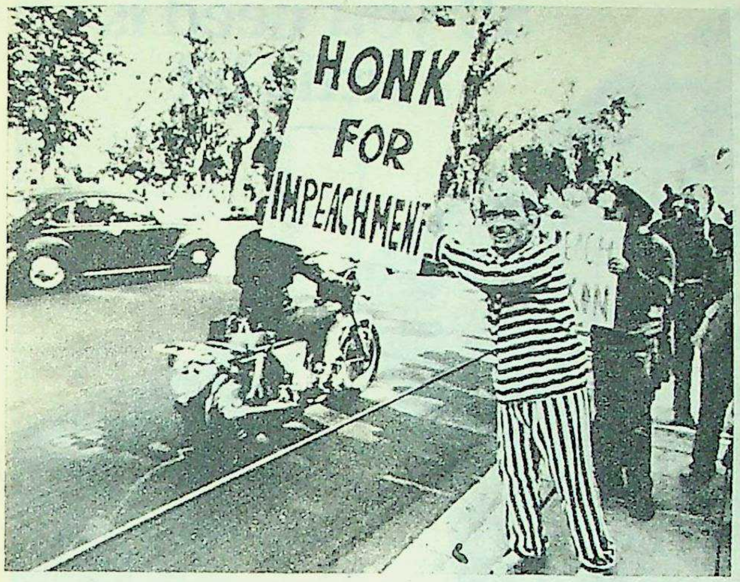
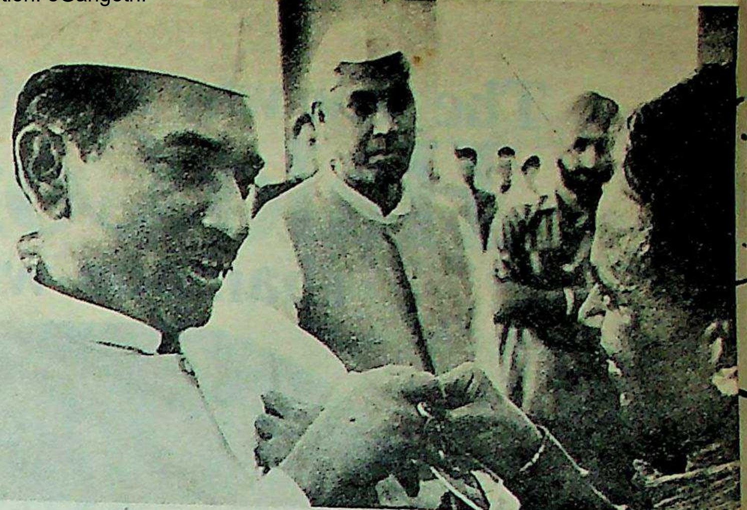
In The News

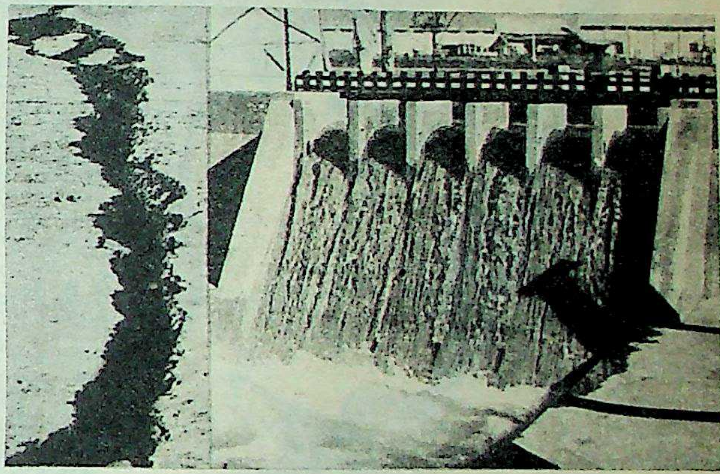


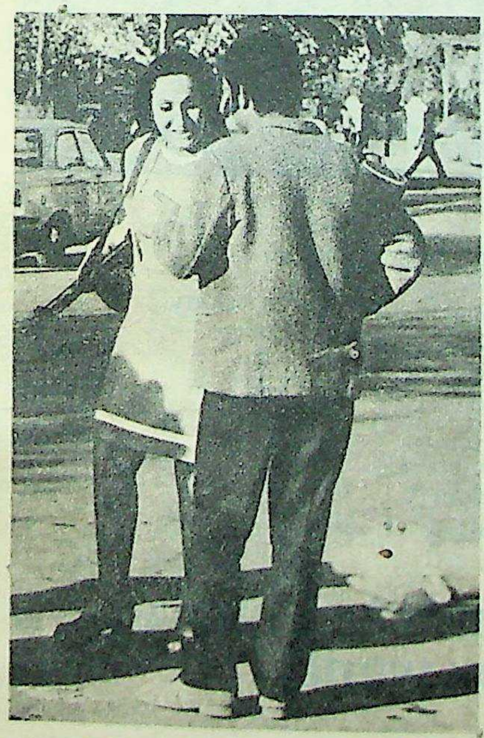
ONE "BEEP" FOR DEMOCRACY. The move to impeach President Nixon has not only gained ground but also taken some novel turns. Protesters, wearing a mask of the President, exhorted motorists passing down Pennsylvania Avenue, next to the White House, to blow their horns if they favoured impeachment.

FUTURE SHOCK? The earthquake that shook Koynanagar in Maharashtra last month may not have caused any visible damage to the dam there but could hold ominous portents. The tremor, which was of 5.2 intensity on the Richter scale, has not only exploded the myth that the region had become stable after the devastating quake six years ago but bore a close resemblance in intensity and origin to the previous one. This has strengthened the arguments of experts who have demanded changes in the construction of the dam and reduction of the reservoir's water level.



THE SECRET OF SUCCESS LIES IN HIS HANDS. The Union Minister of State for Communication, Mr H. N. Bahuguna, is to succeed Mr Tripathi as Chief Minister of UP following two weeks of dramatic lobbying. After the decision to revoke President's Rule in UP and restore a popular government, the issue turned on finding a suitable CM. Mr Tripathi, who had resigned as CM on June 11, was reported to be both "keen" and "reluctant" to shift to the Centre. As matters now stand, with Mrs Gandhi behind him, Mr Bahuguna should be able to overcome a determined minority opposition group in the State Legislature Party. Mr Tripathi is to be inducted at the Centre to "help in the solution of larger problems", among which the UP elections next year will figure prominently.





QUICK ON THE DRAW. A Syrian lady member of the Civil Defence Guard with her light machinegun on the streets of Damascus while the war was on. The war costs are placed at anything up to 15 billion dollars.

THE WHEELS OF PEACE. The planned 7,000-man UN peace-keeping force in West Asia will cost the world body 30 million dollars for a six-month operation. The Soviet Union has agreed to pay part of the costs. A stopgap contingent of 900 officers and men has been rushed to the area from the UN forces in Cyprus. Picture shows UN truce observers coming in to take up positions as ceasefire monitors near the Great Bitter Lake on the Suez.

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Captain Kirkpatrick And His Begum

He was one of those flamboyant British and European "nabobs" who lived romantic, fairy-tale lives in 18th-century India.

by BILKIZ ALLADIN

NOWHERE else in India do women students wander over 57 acres of beautiful formal gardens, cross a draw-bridge, visit dungeons, a cemetery, a lovers' lane and a "Begum's Garden". They do so on the campus of the Osmania University Women's College, Hyderabad.

The college is housed in the former British Residency built in the 18th century for Captain James Achilles Kirkpatrick (b. 1764). The young man had come to India and joined the Madras Army in 1780. On Lord Wellesley's recommendation to his government, Captain Kirkpatrick succeeded his brother Colonel William Kirkpatrick as Resident at the Court of the Nizam.

Captain Kirkpatrick was young, handsome and dashing. He loved pomp and splendour. He was also warm-hearted and friendly. During the chaotic 18th century, the French had been the allies of Hyderabad. When the Prime Minister of Hyderabad advised his monarch to befriend the British, a British subsidiary force replaced the French contingent. Nizam Ali Khan, the Nizam, was fond of the young Resident and adopted him as his son. Through a royal firman, the titles of Fidvi-i-Khas, Fakhr-ud-daulah Bahadur Nawab Hashmat Jung were bestowed on the Scotsman.

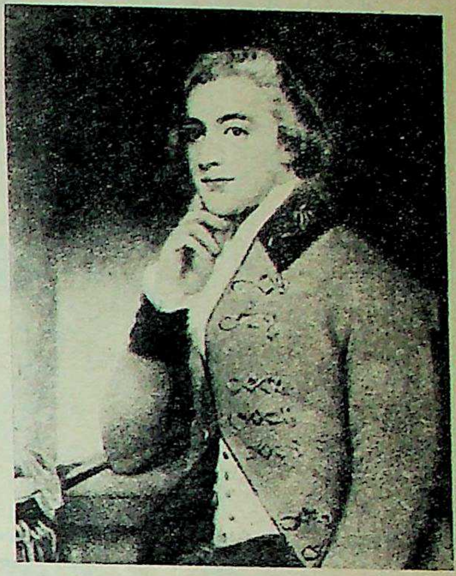
The British Residents had lived in a mansion which belonged to a Hyderabadi nobleman. Kirkpatrick induced the Nizam to build him a new palace with Corinthian columns and 32 marble stairs. He married a beautiful and wealthy noblewoman, Khairunnisa Begum, granddaughter of Nawab Aquil-ud-daulah. Some say it was a political marriage arranged by Khairunnisa's mother, Sahrifunnisa Begum. According to another, more romantic version, the young girl saw the dashing Resident riding past her house and fell in love with him.

Exotic Garden

The marriage was performed according to Muslim Law. Two children were born—William George Kirkpatrick and Catherine Aurora.

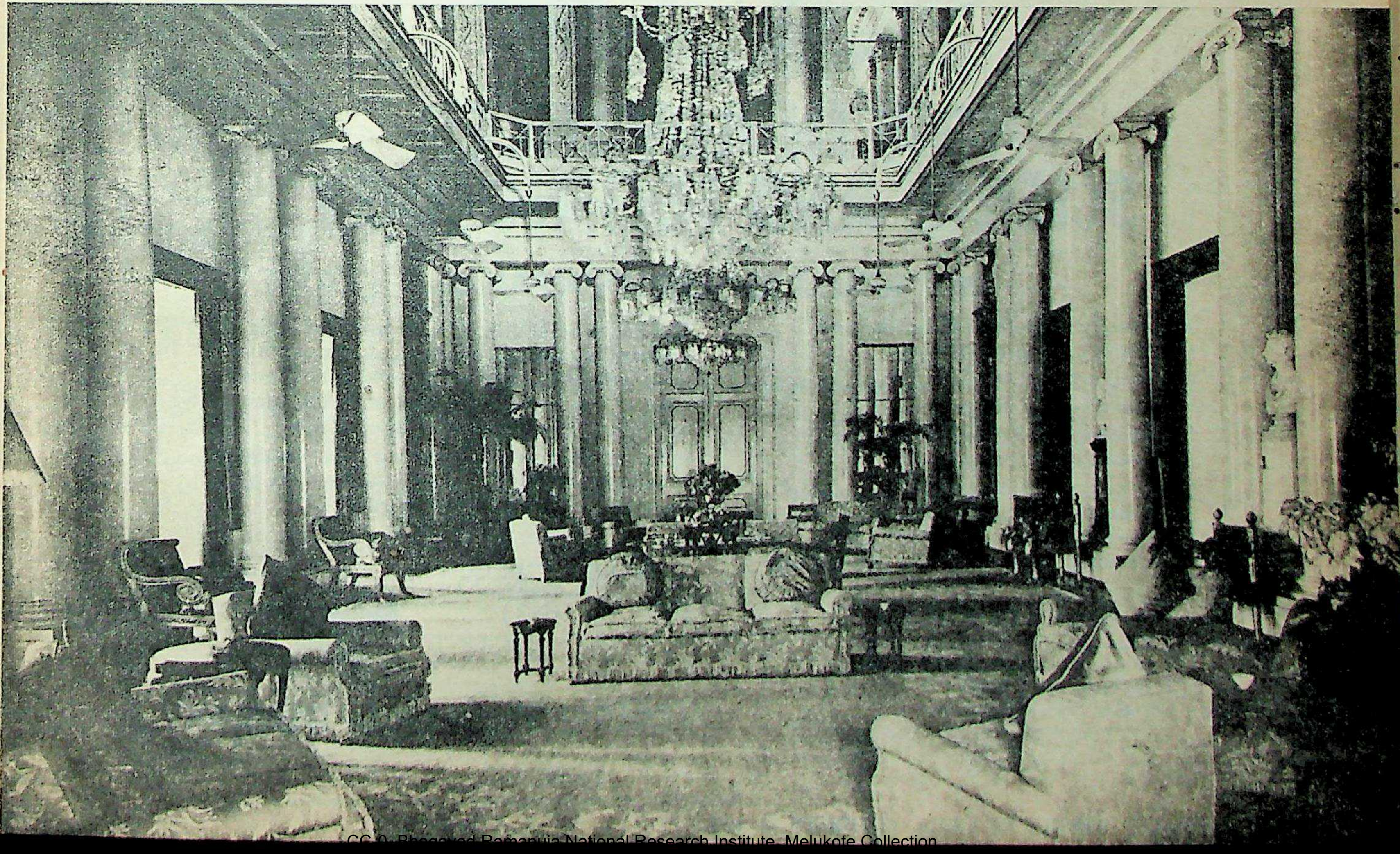
According to Edward Strachey, the Resident's garden was decorated with thousands of Chinese lamps. "He sends for the

—*Continued*



NAWAB JAMES KIRKPATRICK HASHMAT JUNG BAHADUR (1764-1805), *British Resident at the Court of the Nizam. He was awarded many titles by the Nizam. He lived like an Indian nawab and married a beautiful noblewoman of Hyderabad.*

THE KIRKPATRICKS' DRAWING ROOM IN THE BRITISH RESIDENCY, HYDERABAD. The chandeliers were bought by the Nizam from the Prince Regent of England. The Nizam had adopted James Kirkpatrick as his son because the Scotsman quelled the Ruler's fears of an attack by Tipu Sultan of Mysore. The Nizam allied himself with the British and the Marathas against Tipu, who was an avowed enemy of the British. James Kirkpatrick was the only English Resident who represented both his and the Nizam's governments while dealing with other Indian powers. The Residency at Hyderabad now houses the Osmania University Women's College.



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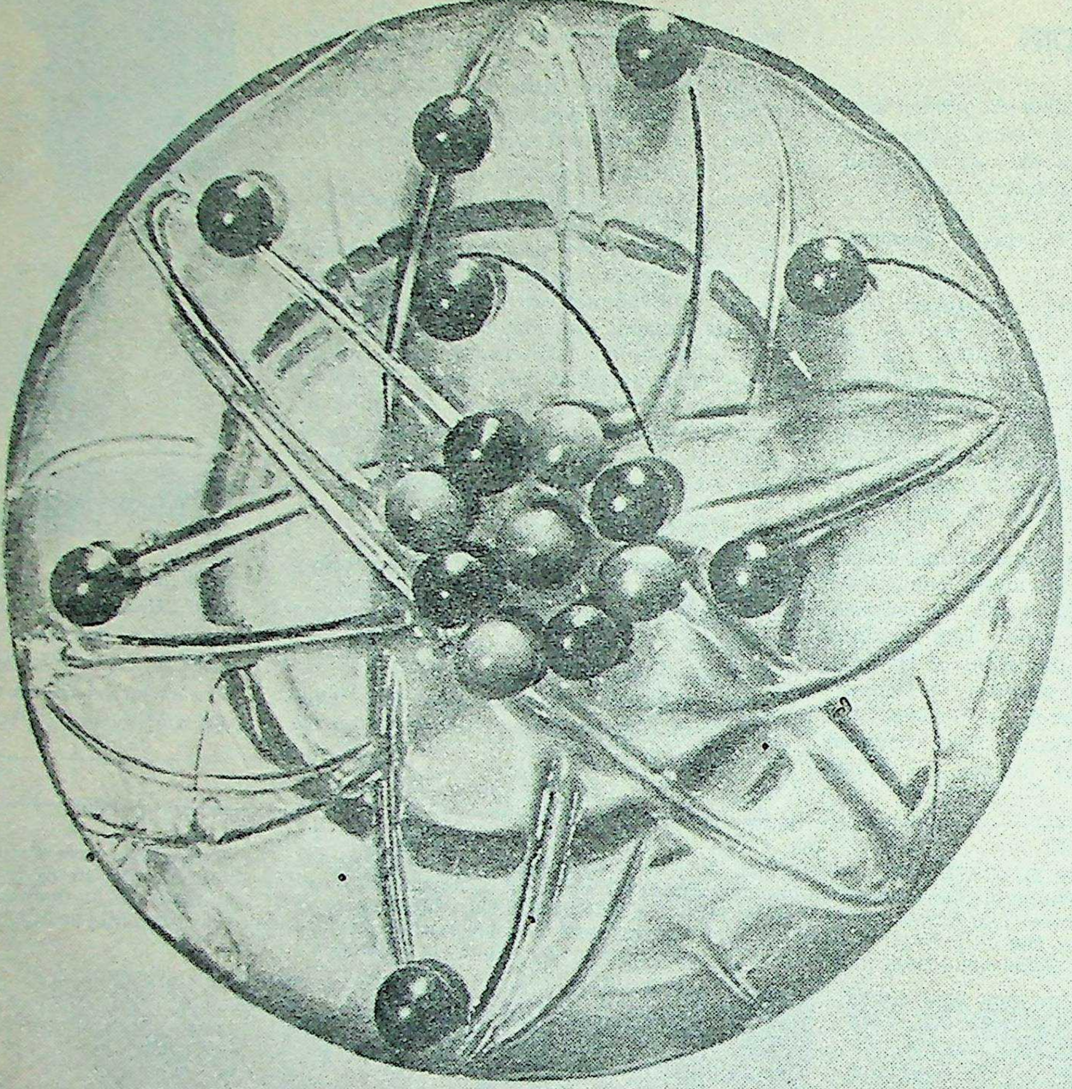

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kinds of orange trees which he thinks will be those of Portugal—he acknowledges the gift of an elk and an Abyssian goat as welcome additions to his paddock. He requests his brother William to lay out £ 500 on a reflecting telescope of 12 to 14 feet as an ornament to his terrace."

There was a lake, an orchard and a paddock full of deer, houses for his officers, his escort, his band and also for Indians who sought British protection.

The Prince Regent of England was in financial difficulties and wished to sell some of the chandeliers and gilt mirrors which he had ordered for his Brighton Pavilion. Kirkpatrick persuaded the Nizam to buy the lot. That is why when the British left Hyderabad in 1947, they took all the furniture of the Residency with them, but left behind the chandeliers and the mirrors.

Monstuart Elphinstone records in his diary of September 1801: "Major Kirkpatrick goes in great state. He has several elephants and a state palanquin, horses, flags, long poles with tassels, etc, and is attended by two companies of infantry and a troop of cavalry."

Khairunnisa Begum

Of Khairunnissa Begum, Edward Strachey writes: "I remember uncle Richard Strachey saying to me: 'We never saw the lady but we used to see Hashmat Jung crossing the Residency Court and going into his zenana."

The children were sent to England, where they lived in the house of their grandfather at Holydale, Kent, and later with Lady Louis, eldest daughter of their uncle, Colonel William. Khairunnisa was heart-broken at parting with her children.

The Government in England had viewed this marriage with alarm. Many people thought that Kirkpatrick had become Muslim. Lord Wellesley ordered an inquiry and, when the furore died down, Kirkpatrick went away to Calcutta, where he died in October 1805.

Catherine Aurora is said to have told her friends how she and her brother pined for their parents (they were never to see them again) and how they longed to get away from the cold and fog of England. They were told their father was dead and never returned to India. Their maternal grandmother, Sharifunissa Begum, often wrote to them in Persian on paper sprinkled with gold dust. The letters were enclosed in bags of gold brocade.

William George Patrick was a young man of promise. He died young and was survived by his widow and three daughters.

Most Fascinating of Women

His sister, Catherine Aurora, was very good-looking. She married Captain James Winslow Phillips of 7th Hissars, lived in Torquay and died in 1889 at the age of 87. She is the Kitty Kirkpatrick of Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' and the Blumine of his 'Sartor Resartus'. "She was ten years my elder," wrote Richard Strachey in Blackwood Magazine in 1893, "but I remember her from girlhood to old age as the most fascinating of women."

Some time ago a Mr Kirkpartrick came from England to Hyderabad wishing to find out if he was one of the descendants of the Scottish Nawab Hashmat Jung. Unfortunately, no one could help him in his quest and he went back disappointed.

CATHERINE AND GEORGE KIRKPATRICK in Hyderabadi dress. They were sent to England for education and could never return to India and see their parents again. Catherine later figured as "Kitty Kirkpatrick" in Carlyle's books.

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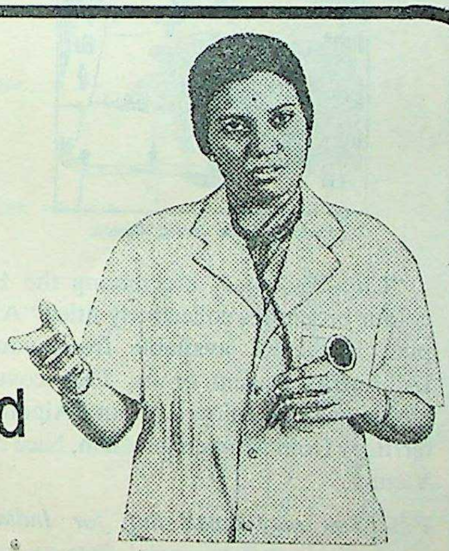

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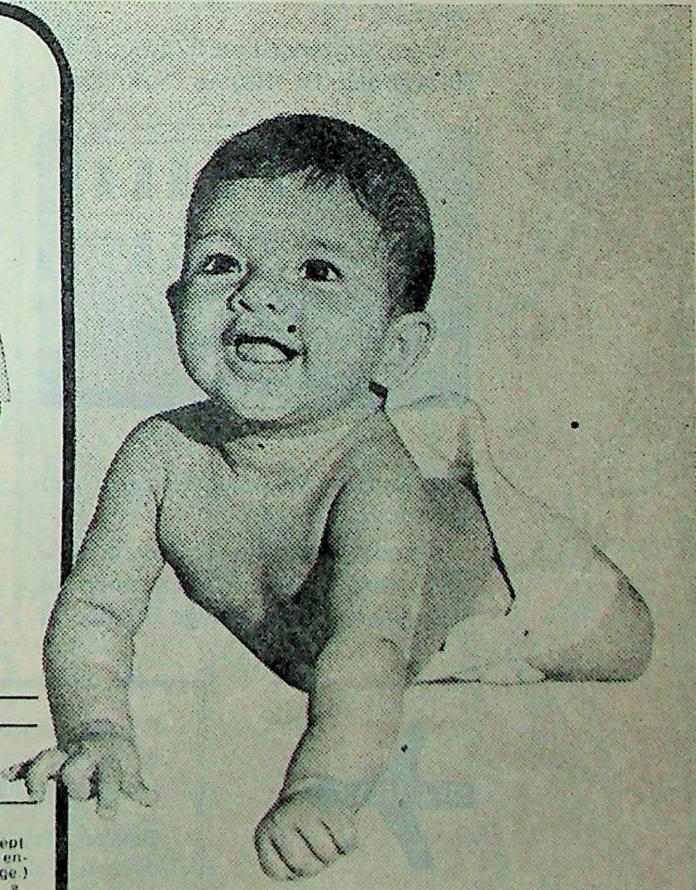

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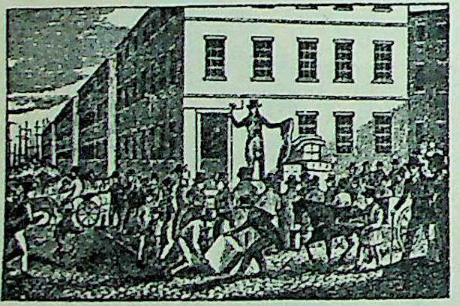

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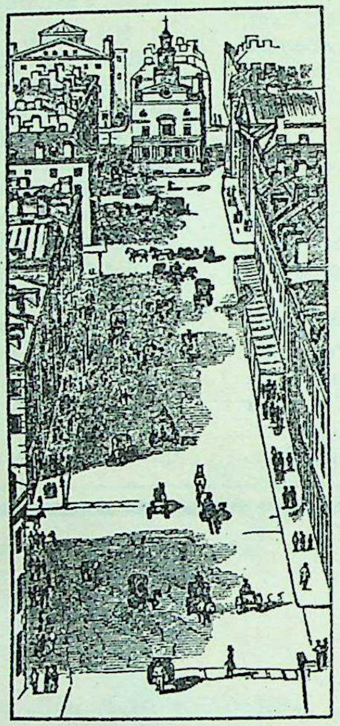

View of State Street, Boston.

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Poverty

by Chandralekha

I do not want to see
the face of poverty
it makes me sick.
Do not show me
in large quantities
ribs
rickets
spleens
navels
noses
sores
scars
eyes
expressions
I tell you
even a single beggar is too much
he humiliates me
I cannot look him in the face
I just don't have
that kind of courage
if I drop a coin
in his extended hand
it is because
I want him to go away
it is a bribe
it is because I do not want
to see his face.
his voice and whine put me off
I do not want to see people
as flies
when I see poverty as you show it
I am suffocated
I turn my face away
I shut my mind
I get clammed up
you do not have to show me
what surrounds me
No matter where I am
what sickens me
no matter where I am
what oppresses me intrudes on me
no matter where I am
your images of poverty
are flat, secondhand
they evoke no sympathy
no anger
no protest
hate
aggression
violence
they create nothing but
nausea in the stomach
futility
impotence
stop exploiting poverty
as content and realism
stop using it
to get a kick out of it
stop decorating your art
your politics
your affluence
with poverty
stop benumbing my mind
I do not want to understand poverty
I want to recognise
the face of the oppressor
which shifts too fast
which is hidden
behind many masks
and love
and peace

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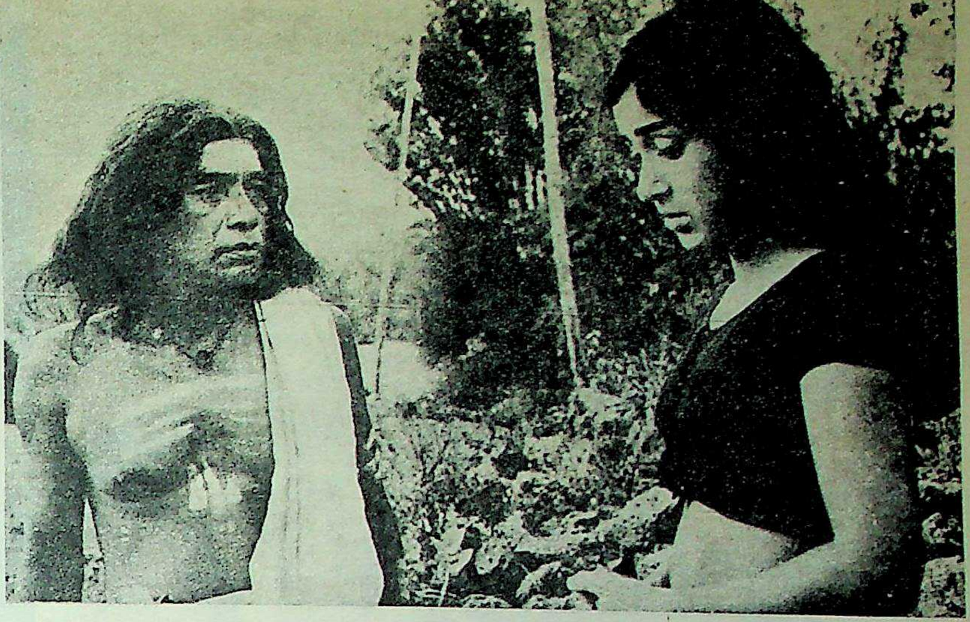
NIRMALYAM: Disturbing Cinema



THE DEVOTED ORACLE AND HIS ADOLESCENT DAUGHTER. P. J. Anthony, *veteran stage actor, gives one of the most inspired performances of his career in the central role of the Oracle* (Velichapad) *who desperately seeks security from the Goddess as the world around him crumbles. Sumithra* (right), *making her screen debut, is impressive as his daughter Ammini, who falls in love with the young Devi Temple-priest but is jilted ultimately.*

Attaining realism to a remarkable degree in his new film, award-winning novelist M. T. Vasudevan Nair, in his first attempt as director, succeeds in projecting on the screen one of the outstanding Malayalam films in recent times.

NIRMALYAM, a modest, low-budget film of Kerala's leading writer, M. T. Vasudevan Nair, is a social document that is revealing, compelling and disturbing. It connotes a new approach and a new form that reflects the changed world of the novelist, whose works have generally been confined to the small village and its characters, with whom "MT" has developed life-long intimacy.

"MT", whose screenplays and scripts for *Murappennu*, *Olavum Theeravum* and *Iruttinde Atmavu* have won acclaim earlier, emerges as a director and producer in *Nirmalyam*, a film that any director anywhere could be proud of. It reveals that, in the hands of "MT", the cinema is not a form of entertainment but a flexible and intelligible means of expression.

The small world of the village that revolves round the temple that is now in ruin; the Oracle (*Velichapad*) to whom the only reality in life is utter and unquestioned devotion to the Devi (the Goddess); his wife and children and the people who come into their lives are all that matter in *Nirmalyam*. Yet, within the confines of the small village, "MT" brings in a whole world of emotions, conflicting values and ideals, sacrifices and selfishness.

The characters of "Nirmalyam" draw on all the resources of literature, drama, music, sound and movement. "Nirmalyam" proves that the potential influence of the cinema on standards of taste and conduct, ideas and beliefs, traditions and conventions, is limitless. It imparts a sense of actuality as few other films have succeeded in doing.

The unquestioned devotion of the Oracle to the Devi gets its first rude shock when his own son turns rebel. His teen-aged daughter has a crush on a young priest and is left in the lurch when he goes away to marry a girl of his father's choice; his father, the Village Oracle before him, lies paralysed and inert, capable of only watching events from his bed, unable to express himself; his wife—suffering and toiling meekly with him and sharing his sorrows. His world crumbles around him on the day he is celebrating the revival of the old-time glory of the temple. **The rudest shock in store for him comes when he finds the local village trader, to whom he is indebted heavily, coming out of his bedroom, to be followed by his wife.**

The wife is unrepentant. "When your children were starving, did your Devi bring them rice?" she asks.

Realism in cinema means the depiction of the truth about men and society. By that token, "Nirmalyam" attains realism to a remarkable degree. The Oracle's son is a rebel because he realises the futility of his existence. He tries hard for jobs but can't even raise two rupees to go to the nearby town to secure a recommendation that will get him a job.

The Chief Trustee of the temple is no longer interested in its maintenance, since it does not bring him any revenue. Once a great patron of Kathakali, he finds no use for that either, after the foreigners have left the country.

The experienced story-teller that he is, "MT" uses all his narrative skill in bringing to life his characters with a touch of originality. Their behaviour is homely, normal and down-to-earth. The love scenes between the new makeshift priest at the temple and the Oracle's teenaged daughter turn out to be object-lessons in calflove.

Even "MT's" symbolisms are unobtrusive, subtle but telling. Two are worth recalling. The Oracle has come a long distance to the mansion of the Chief Trustee to ask for a replacement for the priest who has quit. He finds the Trustee's brother supervising the treatment of his sick calf-elephant on which he spends Rs 100 a day. The *mahout* shoves in a handful of medicines into the mouth of the baby elephant; the Oracle quenches his thirst from a pitcher from which water is poured out into his cupped hands. In another sequence, weary and tired having trudged a long distance, he bends down to pick up his broken slippers even as a limousine whizzes past him along the long deserted road in the background.

"MT's" flashbacks are technically first rate. There are no "swipes" and "dissolves" to mark the beginning of the flashback. The camera hovers on the face for a moment before it goes on to recall the thoughts and recollections of a past incident. It comes back to the face to pick up the thread of narration.

Dissecting it anatomically, one does find flaws. The manner in which Ravi Menon, the young priest, picks up the gait and mannerisms of a senior, better-known romantic hero of Malayalam Cinema is jarring. "MT's" fond lingering over the romantic interludes in the film is a trifle too long.

But the vignettes of rural life that "MT" presents are fascinating and highly evocative. There are some points in the film that he could proudly point to and say: "That has never been done before!" The use of typical sounds and chirpings of birds or the intermingling of an evocative song with snatches of dialogue or even flashes of Kathakali sequences or music are well chosen and well timed. The directorial flourishes are subtle yet marked.

The master stroke perhaps is the choice of P. J. Anthony to play the central role of the Oracle. For this talented stage hand, whose appearances on the screen are a rarity, it is the role of a lifetime. Anthony gives a masterly performance, his gait slow and unsteady as the fortunes of the temple dwindle, sure and full of confidence when he is immersed once again in organising the last festive ritual.

In his last performance as the Oracle, after he has tortured himself enough, he spits out of his deep frustration when, with the blood streaking down his forehead, he spouts out a mouthful on the face of the Goddess he had served all his life—to satiate her thirst for blood. Unable to withstand the cruel irony of life, he falls dead after smashing the sacred sword.

Equally compelling performances come from Kaviyoor Ponnamma, Kottarakkara and Sankaradi, acknowledgedly good artists. Sumithra as the Oracle's daughter shows little trace of the fact that this is her maiden performance.

Or were the artists all inspired puppets in the hands of the film maker? The degree of inspiration must have been compelling enough for cameraman Ramachandra Babu and music director K. Raghavan also to put their best foot forward.

P. K. RAVINDRANATH

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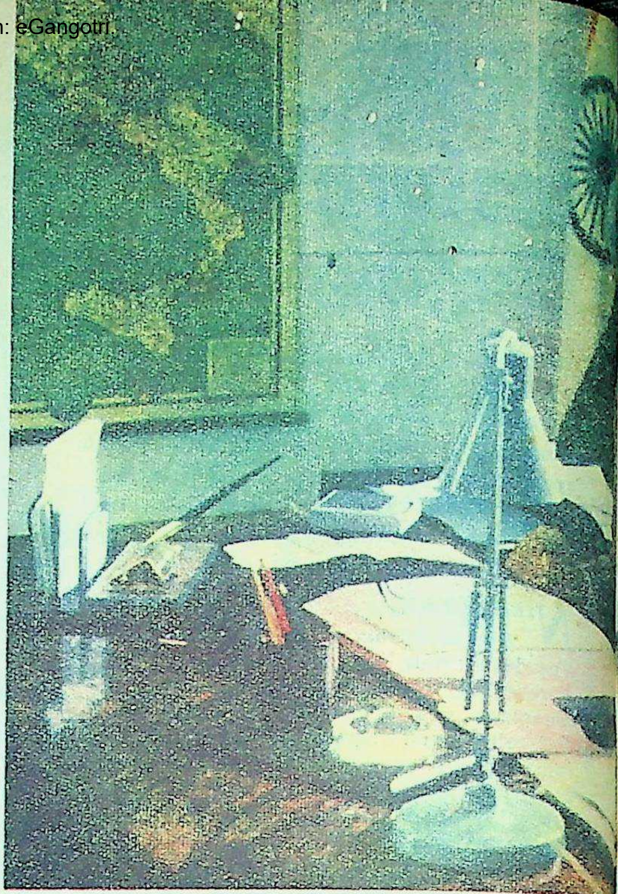
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri

SWARAN SINGH—THE CONDUCTOR OF OUR FOREIGN AFFAIRS (b 1907) *has been among the most durable members of the Union Cabinet. He has been a Minister since 1952, handling such diverse portfolios as Works, Housing and Supply, Food and Agriculture, Mines and Steel, Defence and External Affairs. Lal Bahadur Shastri made him the first full-time Foreign Minister—a portfolio he holds today. He is soft-spoken, never ruffled and an able negotiator. He was born in Village Shankar (Jullundur District).*



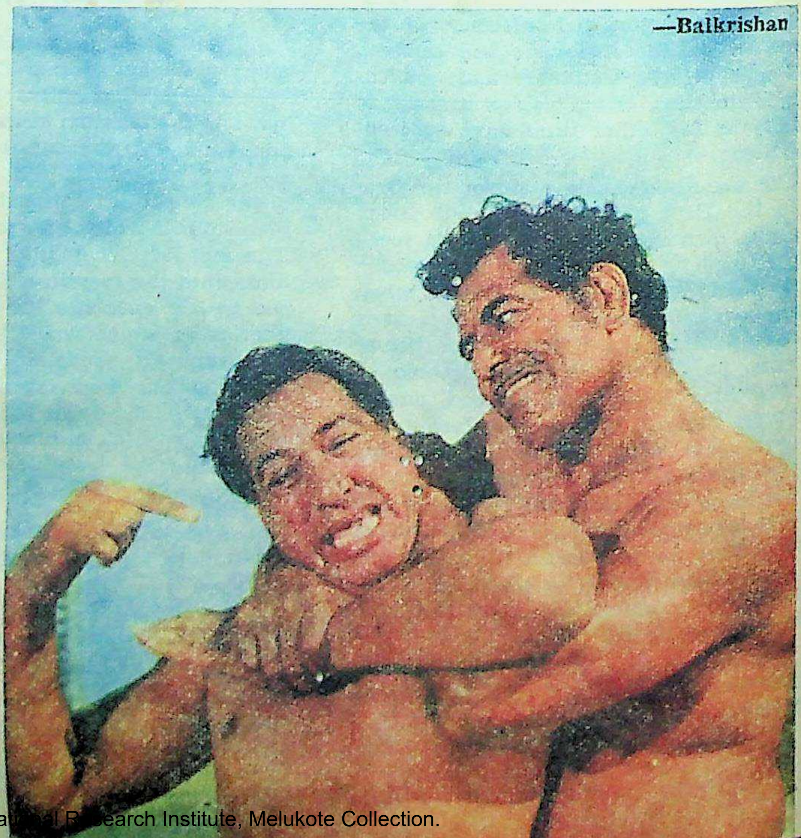
ONE OF INDIA'S BEST ALL-ROUND SPORTSMEN, YADAVINDRA SIN... from the nation's Number One sporting family (the Indian Olympic Assoc... 1927 and, since 1928, the House of Patiala has provided the presidents for this ... 3 in), handsome and charming former Prince is India's ambassador to t... erstwhile ruling Punjab families—Patiala, Nabha, Jind and Faridkot—are Jat... same ancestor: Baba Phul—hence they were known as Phulkian States.

JAT SIKHS In The Forefront

TRIPLE JUMPER MOHINDER SINGH GILL. This California-based Jat Sikh is the only Indian triple jumper of world class. He bagged a gold medal at the 1970 Bangkok Asian Games. His best performance was in the US in 1971 when he jumped 55 ft 1 1/4 in—the second-longest jump on American soil.

RUSTOM-E-ZAMAN DARA SINGH has been undisputed champion of the Indian ring for the last 19 years. He has fought over 500 bouts and has yet to lose one. Every time he is billed the evening is a sell-out. He combines a successful film career with wrestling. He belongs to the Randhawa subcaste of Jats.

—Balkrishan



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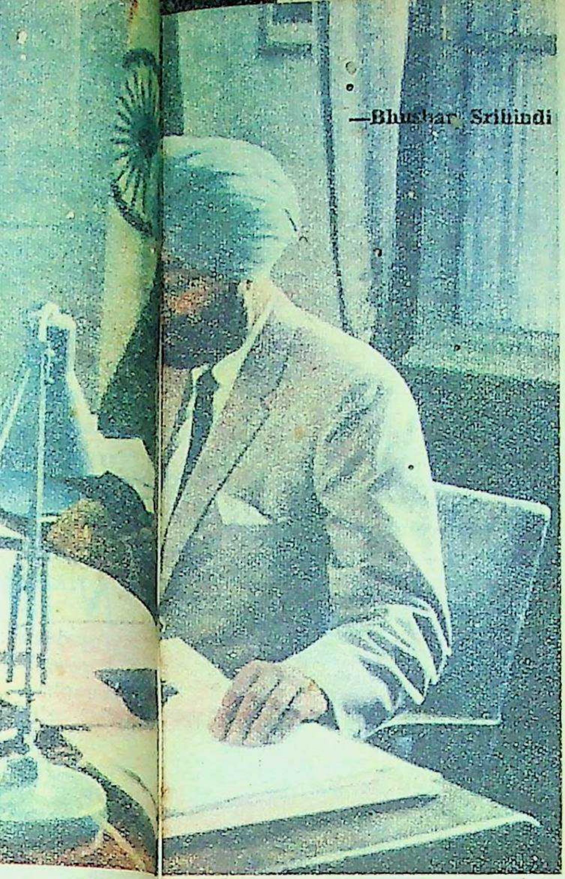
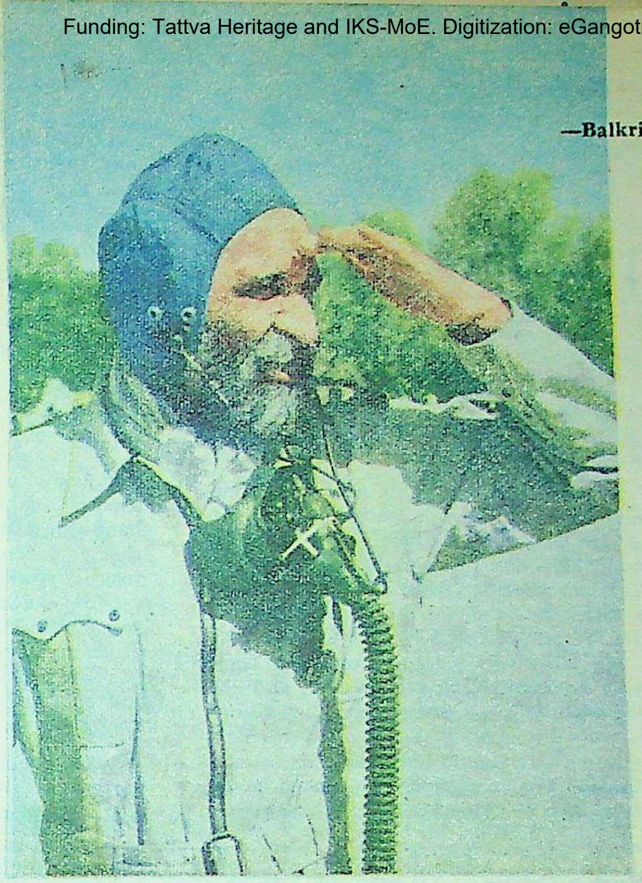


—Bhushan Srihindi

SPORTSMEN, YAVINDRA SINGH (b 1913) comes family (the Indian Olympic Association was formed in a has provided presidents for this body). The tall (6 ft Prince is India's ambassador to the Netherlands. Four , Nabha, Jind and Faridkot—are Jats descended from the were known as Phulkian States.



—Balkris

AIR ACE ARJAN SINGH (Retd) [b 1919] is one of the heroes of the 1965 confrontation with Pakistan. He became Chief of Air Staff in 1964—an office he held till July 1969. He won the Distinguished Flying Cross in 1944. Mrs Arjan Singh is not a Jat. Intermarriage between Jats and non-Jats is now fairly common.

LT-GEN HARBAKSH SINGH (Retd) [b 1913], the man behind the Indian Army's successful operations on the Western border in the 22-day war with Pakistan in 1965. He was awarded the Vir Chakra in 1948 and the Padma Bhushan in 1965.

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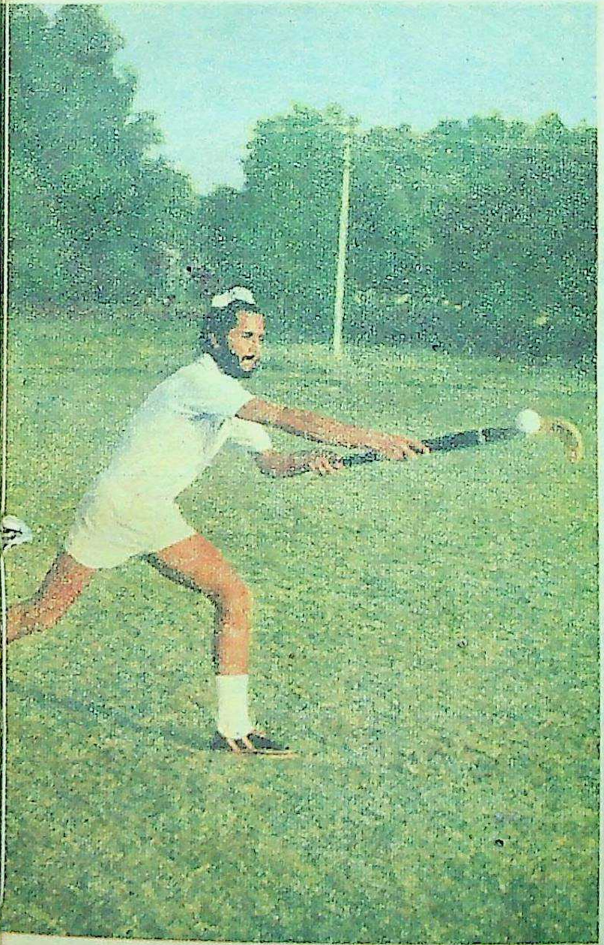

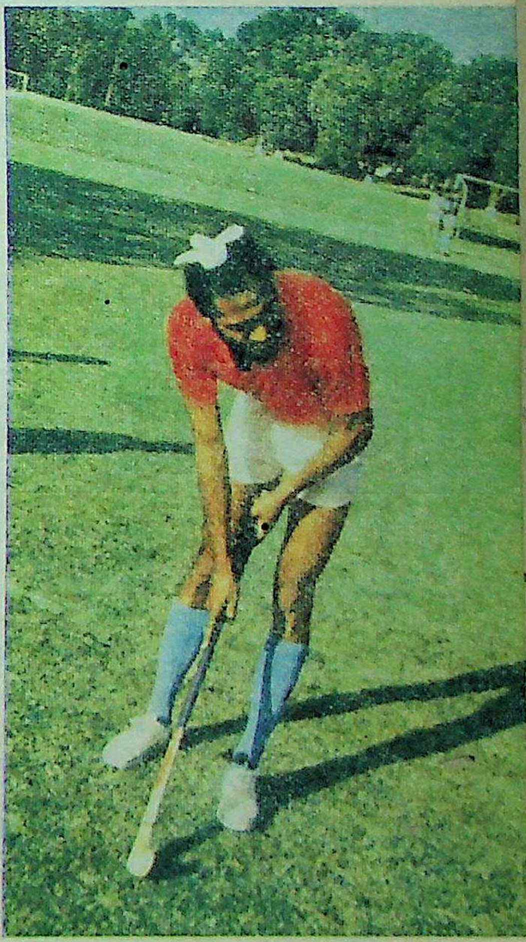

—Bhushan Srihindi—

TWO FORMER CAPTAINS AND THE MAN WHO MAY ONE DAY WELL CAPTAIN INDIA IN HOCKEY. Ajit Pal Singh (left) is widely regarded as the finest centre-half in the game today; Surjit Singh (centre), "baby" of the Indian team to the Amsterdam World Cup earlier this year, scored the highest number of goals for us; Harmik Singh (right) whose value to India as a left-half has never been in doubt.

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A WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHER'S DIARY—34

The Fretful Porpentine

by M. KRISHNAN

Amerdhi, North Arcot: Sunday, July 22, 1973: At the forest resthouse in Amerdhi, there is a miniature zoo, a collection of animals reared here from their youth, among them a sloth bear and a porcupine.

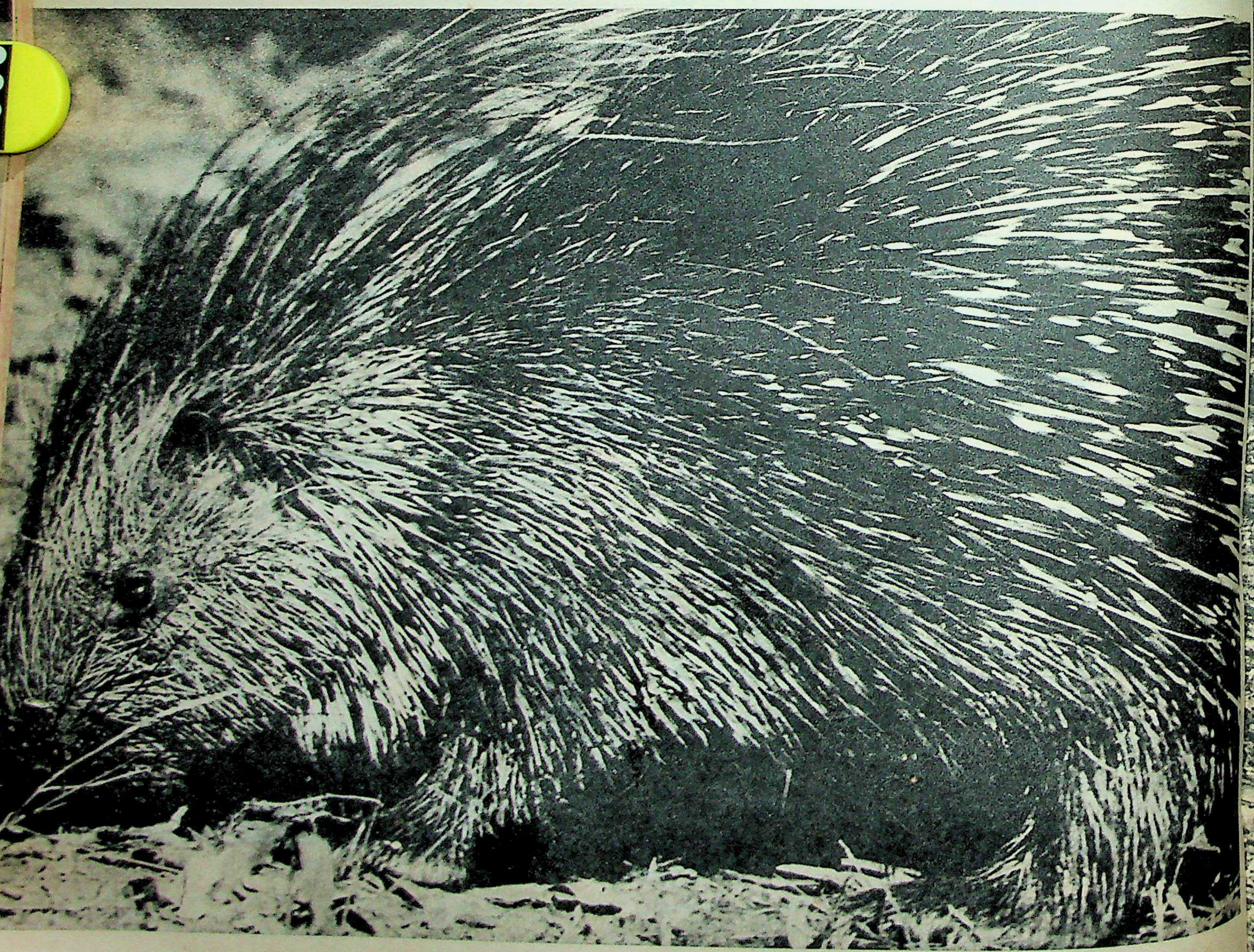
The bear used to roam free, but is caged now. With adulthood he developed a certain independence, and they fear he will run away if let out. We wanted to take pictures of him up a tree, but the proposal was vetoed. However, the porcupine, also full-grown, could be brought out of its cage if we cared to photograph it. We did.

There was heavy shade near the porcupine's cage, but also a patch of sunlight, and our plan was to place a carrot on the ground here and photograph the animal as it ate our offering. Well, it just picked up the carrot in its mouth and took it to the shade, before we could get our lenses focused. We tried two more carrots, and then, having no more, a ripe tomato, and the speed with which it demolished such things was truly astonishing. Being used to men, it advanced confidingly towards us and sniffed at our toes, and we backed away hastily. Finally, we tried a little of the *laddoo* we had brought for our own delectation, broken up into its component pellets, and that anchored the creature in the light and gave us our pictures.

I had occasion to observe again how wonderfully effective a porcupine's spiky armour is. Its head is its heel of Achilles—one blow on the sensitive, questing nose, and the quick limbs are stilled, and the bristling lances subside. But all predators attack from behind instinctively, for they cannot afford a crippling injury—instinctively they avoid the horns and teeth of the prey.

And it is just not possible to pounce on a porcupine from behind: the lie of its long, banded, needle-sharp body quills and the shorter, stronger, equally sharp white quills just above the tip of the tail and the hollow rattling-quills guards against this. Only the front, covered with pliant, dark, thin quills, is vulnerable, and the porcupine is expert at rudely turning its back on its adversaries and charging in reverse gear, and too low-to-ground to be flipped upside down.

All the same, all predators, tigers, leopards and even dhole, do kill and eat it, when they can.



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MY GREATEST DAY

by SYED MUSHTAQ ALI

"When the Head of the State officially acknowledges what one has done all one's life, for me that is the 'Test Rubber' won."

I HAVE been called the "Gay Cavalier" of Indian Cricket, but I was neither gay nor cavalier when I was being rehearsed for my presentation to the President of India.

I have faced the fastest double-pace bowling attack of my time, paying scant respect to speed and bounce. Yet, when I was invited to meet the Rashtrapati, I was extremely nervous and dubious about what to do and say.

I have never misjudged the direction of the cleverest of bowlers, nor have I ever hesitated in the direction of my shots, whether hitting from leg to off or pulling from off to leg. In my footwork I might have committed occasional blunders but those were due to overconfidence. Yet, when I was being drilled on how to approach the Rashtrapati at the Investiture Ceremony, my footwork went awry and I turned in anything but the right direction.

Why? Merely because I looked forward to that day as being the greatest of my life.

In the past I had been presented to more than one Emperor of India, the Sovereign of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, but that was only a formal routine for cricket visitors to England. Here I was to be presented to the President of my own country—not as a matter of formal courtesy, but because he had summoned me for the official presentation of an award in recognition of "some work of outstanding merit in a field of national activity".

The seal had thus been set on the love and admiration bestowed on me by the people of India and on the respect they had always shown to me informally—with no less sincerity, of course—on the playing field. This was indeed the pinnacle of my cricketing career.

That day at Old Trafford in 1936, when I scored my first Test century, it was the greatest day of my cricket-*playing* life. But now that my active days are over, Mushtaq Ali, the man and the citizen, can only find a special place in the hearts of many millions of his compatriots. Yes, the Indian millions have loved me all my life, rejoiced in my deeds of derring-do. But those were all unofficial "Tests" for me.

"Blue-Eyed Boy"

Public memory is short, popular fancy is fickle and fashions change too quickly, the "blue-eyed boy" of yesteryear is the forgotten man of tomorrow. But when the Head of the State officially acknowledges what one has done all one's life, for me that is the "Test Rubber" won.

Other cricketers have earned due notice earlier with merited awards and only in Independent India do sportsmen and other workers in the field of "popular culture" receive recognition as eminent citizens. Colonel C. K. Nayudu, my cricket guru, received the Padma Bhushan—a fit honour for one who to me was the most majestic personality in Indian Sport. Awards to sportsmen are based on overall service to some branch of sport, though some awards may appear to be based on a particular performance.

I had a feeling that it would not be long before I received the Padma Shri. All the same, I was taken by surprise when, on January 16, 1963, I received a confidential letter from the Union Education Secretary, asking if I would agree to accept the Padma Shri. The letter specifically stated that such awards were based on "work of outstanding merit in different fields of national activity".

I was happy and at the same time sad; for, according to a request in the letter, I was not to break the news to anyone. So I sent my acceptance unknown to anybody. In fact I had to keep the news a secret until the night of January 25—when I received the Home Secretary's telegram that the Padma Shri had been conferred on me.

The Indore telegraph office telephoned the message to me with congratulations and there was jubilation in my home. Next morning, everyone who cared for me learnt of it and I was flooded with congratulations. One from Professor Humayun Kabir, Union Minister for Cultural Affairs, stated: **"The nation has recognised your great contribution and our pleasure is the greatest because it is so richly deserved."**

Well Played!

From the cricket world came messages from Vijay Hazare, Ghulam Ahmed, M. K. Mantri, S. W. Sohoni, Nana Joshi, R. K. Patell (President, Gujarat Cricket Association) and Messrs Ghosh and Kolay on behalf of the Cricket Association of Bengal. Mr S. A. Jaipuria, MP, wrote from Delhi that I had "hit another bouncing sixer". A fan from Bombay, describing himself as a lover of music, referred to the "musical grace and beauty" he had found in my play. Her Highness Usha Devi of Indore wired from Bombay her sincerest happiness and good wishes. I had happy film-world friends and these well-wishers included Dilip Kumar, Lata Mangeshkar and Johnny Walker.

On March 29 I received an invitation to attend the Investiture Ceremony at Delhi on April 17, when the insignia of Padma Shri was to be presented to me.

Briefed on the formalities of the ceremony a day in advance, I found myself on that particular date seated amidst the other recipients of awards. I was indeed in great company. Dr Zakir Husain, Vice-President of India, was to receive the Bharat Ratna. The Governor of my own State, Shri Pataskar, and Dr Suniti Kumar Chatterjee, a personal associate of Rabindranath Tagore and a scholar of international repute, were also seated before us, both recipients of the Padma Vibhushan. The Padma Shri group included a stage celebrity from Calcutta, Shri Ahindra Choudhuri, my friend Mehboob Khan, the humanist film producer from Bombay, and Shri Melville deMellow of All India Radio, whose voice is only too well known.

MUSHTAQ ALI WITH JAWAHARLAL NEHRU on the day (April 17, 1963) he received the Padma Shri from President Radhakrishnan.

Exactly at 5 p.m. Rashtrapati Dr Radhakrishnan appeared on the rostrum, heralded by the announcement: "Gentlemen, the President." Everybody stood up and resumed his seat only after the President had taken his, following the National Anthem. Then the Home Secretay requested the President's permission to announce the opening of the Investiture.

One by one they went up the steps. The Rashtrapati shook hands with each recipient and pinned the insignia medal on his coat. When my turn came, I went up and was greeted with a benign smile by the President. The decoration over, I returned to my seat. At the end of it the President made his exit and we were ushered into the Ashoka Hall for refreshments. The President joined us here as did Pandit Nehru.

In an informal chat, Shri Nehru told me that when we were playing cricket in England, he was in the thick of India's struggle for independence and was behind bars; as such he had little opportunity to follow cricket, even though he was aware of the fact that a very large section of the people of India had been following it closely. I gratefully acknowledged the late Prime Minister's concern for those who had been "fiddling" with bat and ball while India "burned".

"They also contributed to our effort of keeping alive among the people the zest for life," remarked Shri Nehru, with a smile.

However pleasant the occasion, it had to end and only the memory remains. Once to every man there comes the big moment of his life and that day it came to me too.

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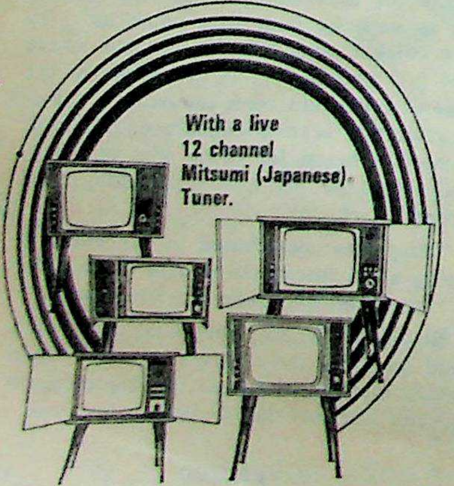

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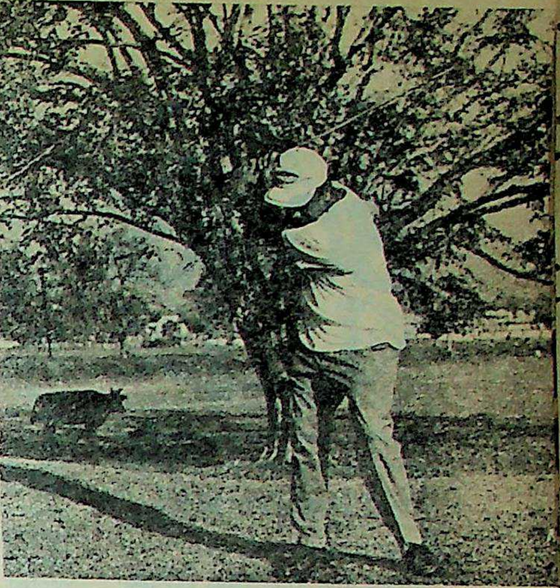
Golf King 'Pin' Of Sri Lanka

"You must have a strong left hand to keep the club going through, but it's the right hand that ultimately has to come through and give the power," says Ceylon's star golfer.

by MURAD FYZEE



"PIN" FERNANDO, winner of the All-India in 1952 and 1954.

SIXTEEN miles south of Colombo, on the lovely south-west Ceylon coast, is the small fishing village of Panadura. Here is the home of an ancient clan of fisherfolk, the Warusahennedige, the literal translation being *warusa* (clan) and *hennedige* (fishing lines). Here was born, and lived, a member of the clan whose expertise was a very far cry from fishing, for he was to become, first, a Government servant, as an expert fingerprint authority, and later, after leaving Government service, make a successful career as a pioneer of the transport business in Ceylon. Even further removed from the family's ancient calling was the fingerprint expert's eldest son, who went by the impressive polysyllabic name of Warusahennedige Pinsiripal (meaning "Full of Goodness") Fernando, affectionately known to two distinct generations of golfers throughout the Indian subcontinent, including Pakistan and Ceylon, as "Pin".

Born in 1923 in Panadura of a devout Buddhist family, Pin Fernando schooled at the Royal College, Colombo, where he studied for an Economics degree prior to going to Cambridge University. But his father was anxious for him to join the family business as soon as possible and, while the family lost a Cantabrian, Cambridge certainly lost a golf "Blue".

How He Began

"Pin" started golf when only 11 at the Havelock Golf Club. In those days, the Royal Colombo Golf Club was strictly off limits to everyone except 'Europeans'. "Pin" picked up the game by the simple expedient of starting out for but eventually cutting Sunday school. His father was a "four" handicap and both "Pin's" brothers play—one of them, Dhammika, is a "seven".

"Pin" got his first official handicap of "eight" when he was 17 and, in 1942, he won the Club Championship when he was 19. During the War, there was no official golf and he played a lot of cricket. "Pin's" golf was sharpened considerably from playing with the local caddies who, with money on the game, are perhaps the toughest breed of golfers to take on, it being for them a far more serious matter than the average club professional, who by virtue of his more elevated position and status can afford to relax when playing friendly games, particularly with members' children.

In 1951 "Pin" made his first appearance on the Indian golf scene in the Amateur Golf Championship of India, played over hallowed Royal Calcutta, and got as far as the semifinal, only to be beaten by the Grand Old Tiger of Indian Golf, I. S. Malik.

A one-time experience was obviously all that "Pin" wanted. Buckling down to his game, he then got down to scratch and impatiently waited for the "All-India" to come round again. When it did in 1952, "Pin" crossed over the Palk Straits to Madras and was nearly stymied by a railway strike which almost made him miss the Championship. Despite arriving in the nick of time, with no chance of practice, "Pin" doggedly bullworked his way through every round and finally beat Steve Professor of Calcutta in the final.

A new local champion had arrived, a new sports star shone brightly over Lanka's pleasant green island.

Thus, after precisely 60 years since the Amateur Golf Championship of India had been founded in 1892, the third "local" champion had emerged to challenge the long-held supremacy of the Europeans. (The other two "locals" were a Kashmiri, the late Mohinder Bahl, who won in 1949, and the redoubtable Sardar I. S. Malik in 1950.)

In 1953 "Pin" was beaten in the first round of the All-India by another Sikh, called Tara Singh, from Rangoon, who, incidentally, has never been heard of since. This was obviously not good enough. So, girding up those massive limbs, "Pin" came back in 1954 to win the All-India for the second time, beating K. G. Finlayson. "Pin" was to feature twice more in the All-India: in 1964—the year the All-India came to Bombay for the first time in its long history and was to be won so incredibly by an outsider, another affectionately remembered golfer, the ebullient Russi Panday, who was to beat "Pin" in the final—and in 1967, when "Pin" was to lose to Ashok Malik, again in the final. It has been a magnificent record.

The "Pin" Family

On one of his trips to the UK, "Pin" met a charming and atttractive girl from Ceylon called Pamela, who was working in the Ceylon High Commission in London. This was in 1949 and the same year they got married. Pam is also a good golfer and has been taught entirely by her husband. They have three children: a girl, Dilrukshi ("Druki"), the eldest, who is the lone non-golfer in the family; then another girl, Tirusha ("Tiru"), who is a "four" handicap and has played in India and very recently won the All-India Ladies Golf Championship held in Calcutta, beating the five times previous champion, Maureen Wallis of Calcutta; and their 19-year-old son Priath, who is a "four" with plenty of potential.

In 1960 the Eisenhower Golf Trophy, which had been established by President Eisenhower for the world international amateur golf team championship, was played over the classic course of Merion, near Philadelphia. The Eisenhower requires a team of four players, the best three scores counting. However, if there are not four in the team, there has to be a minimum of three.

It just so happened that Ceylon at that time did not have three single handicap players. "Pin" was scratch and that was it. So "Pin" discussed the problem with Upali Senanayake, the erstwhile Ceylon Premier Dudley Senanayake's cousin who happened to be going to the USA at the time on business—he was an average week-end golfer who was persuaded to join Ceylon's golf team. But they still had to get a third for the absolute minimum entry. And so it came about that, in the USA just then, there was a Sinhalese doctor, Francis Silva, who was visiting on a US Government orthopaedic scholarship. Though far from being a single-handicap golfer, at least the good doctor did play golf. Frantic cables were sent and Ceylon just managed to beat the deadline with her entry of three determined golfers.

During that memorable Eisenhower, a 20-year-old blond giant was hitting the world's golf headlines because of the massive manner in which he was hitting a golf ball. It was no less a person than Jack Nicklaus, who was to turn professional soon after the Eisenhower and who has been praised by people like Herb Warren Wind, doyen of golf critics and writers, as "Nicklaus raised golf to a new dimension". During that 1960 Eisenhower, Nicklaus had had unbelievable sub-par rounds of 66, 67, 68, 68 for a total of 269. Had he got a three-foot putt on the eighteenth for a birdie in the last round, he would have broken the legendary Ben Hogan's record of 287 by 18 shots!

But, large as the gallery was that was following Jack Nicklaus, an equally large and sporting gallery followed and encouraged the 50-year-old doctor from Ceylon, cheering him on to break a hundred! For he had had rounds of 102, 103, 106 and just missed on the last round by another 102!

Meanwhile, playing a gallant captain's innings, "Pin" had shot two rounds of 80, an 81 and a one-over par round of 75 in the third round.

His Philosophy

As for "Pin's" personal philosophy and approach to golf, he says: "Look, forget about all this left hand striking the ball. You must have a strong left hand to keep the club going through, but it's the right hand that ultimately has to come through and give the power. A swing must remain grooved. And, finally, matches are won on chipping and putting."

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Well-Documented Research

"Lothal And The Indus Civilisation" by S. R. Rao; Asia Publishing House; Price Rs 120

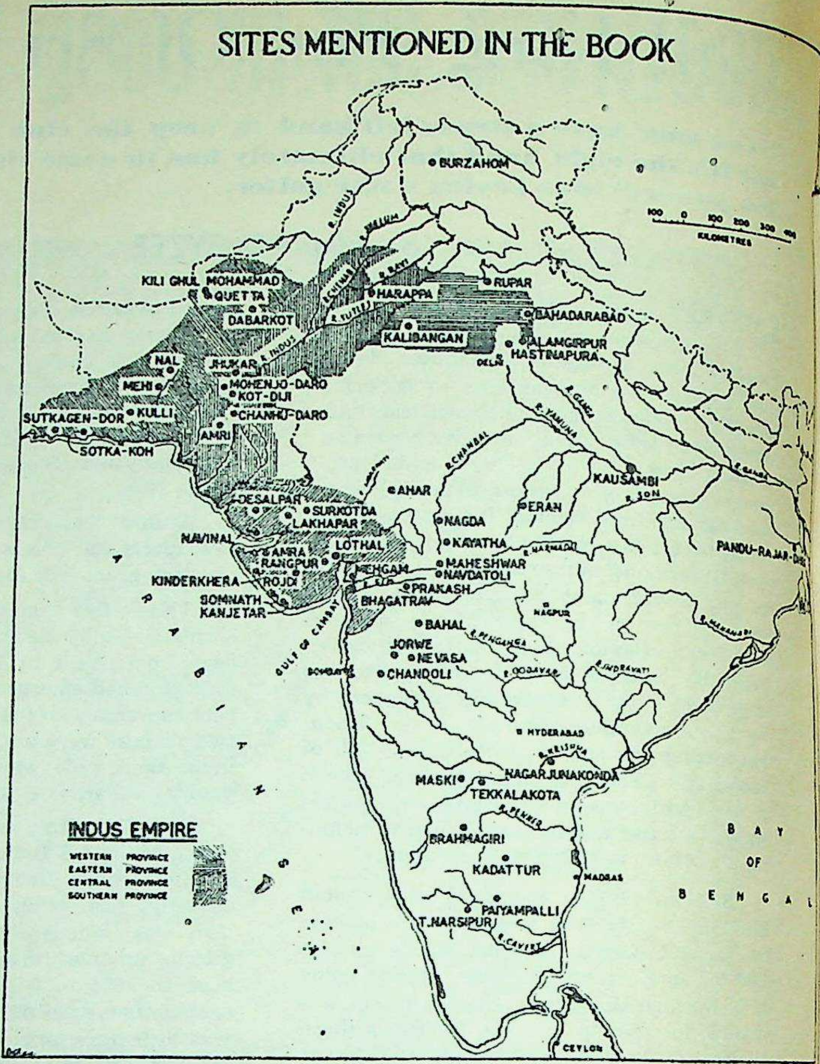
Ever since the discovery of the buried cities of Harappa and Mohenjo-daro (mound of the dead) in 1924, there have been a series of excavations over a wide area extending over present-day Pakistan, Punjab, Rajasthan and Gujarat, proving the existence of a state or states with a uniform pattern of urban development and racial, linguistic and religious affinity. For reasons of convenience this has come to be described as the Indus Valley Civilisation and ascribed the period 3-4,000 B.C. for its existence.

Only last month a mound in village Allah Dine, 22 miles from Karachi, when dug up, yielded pottery, jewellery, toys and terracotta seals similar to those found in Mohenjo-daro and Harappa.

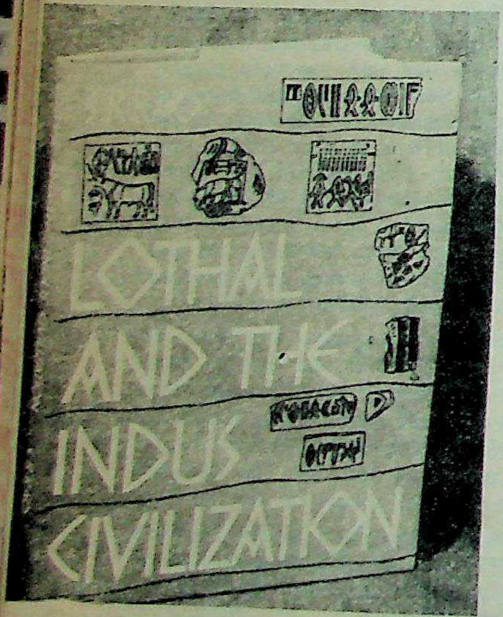
On the Indian side the most important Indus Civilisation city is the ancient port town of Lothal in the Gulf of Cambay, discovered twenty years ago by S. R. Rao who has also made his contribution to deciphering the writing on the seals.

Mr Rao contends that measurements of skulls found prove that the people of the Indus Civilisation were not of one race, the language they used was not the same and their religious practices were different. He also refutes the generally accepted theory that the civilisation was insular, short-lived and collapsed under the impact of the Aryan invasions. The evidence he adduces is not convincing but it needs to be examined with the respect due to a most scholarly and well-documented piece of research.

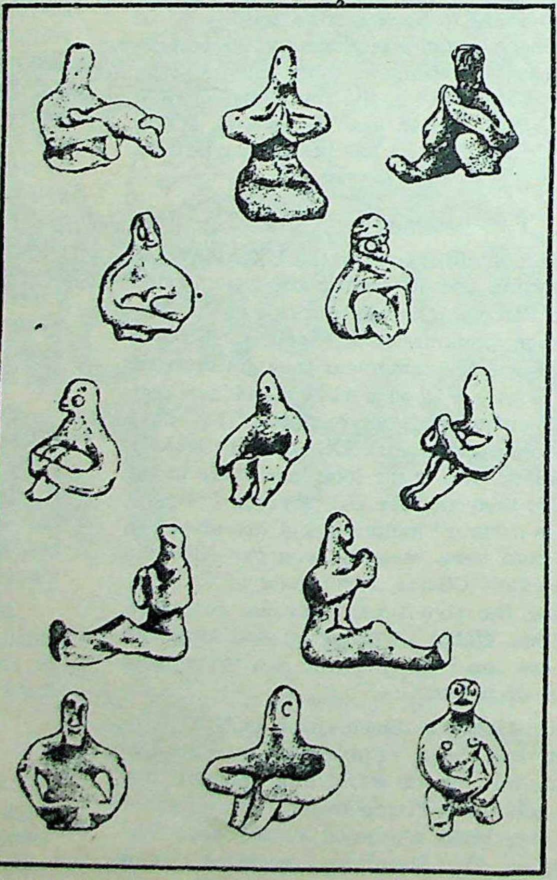
Khushwant Singh



MAP OF THE SITES mentioned in the book. The discovery of more than 100 Harappan settlements points to the deep penetration of the Indus Civilisation into Gujarat. As many of these sites are outside the Indus Valley, some archaeologists prefer the term "Harappan Civilisation". The author has provided a coherent account of the Indus and post-Indus periods.



THE FRONTPIECE of the book by S. R. Rao who discovered Lothal (as well as 50 other Indus sites) in 1954 and directed the excavations. The find provides a vital key to the understanding of the full story of the Indus Valley Civilisation and refutes the earlier belief that the Harappan cities were destroyed by Aryan invasion. Lothal was the largest port and played a key role in the Indo-Sumerian trade of the Bronze Age.



TERRACOTTA FIGURINES in Yogic poses from Harappa and Mohenjo-daro. Some of the figures shed light on the ethnic features of the people. The male figures found at Mohenjo-daro in 1950 have Semitic features—long nose and fleshy chin. Others have unmistakable Mongoloid characteristics.

LOTHAL SEAL with unicorn motif which is engraved on the majority of seals. They are rectangular or square in shape and the carvings are of humans, divinities, animals and secular and mythological subjects. Generally the square seals have both script and motif and the rectangular ones only carry script. The animals have been treated in great detail as compared to the human form. Apart from the unicorn, the other animals depicted are the short-horned bull, tiger, rhinoceros, antelope, crocodile, hare and elephant. More than a hundred seals have been found at Lothal.

Total

"Eleanor: T... Joseph P. ... Price £3...

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Total Admiration

"Eleanor: The Years Alone" by Joseph P. Lash; Andre Deutsch: Price £3.50

When the Black terrorist movement in the United States had just started, a Negro youth apprehended on a charge of murder stated very truculently: "I'll kill all of them bloody Hunkies (Whites)—all except Eleanor!"

Wives of great men shine in reflected glory but as soon as their husbands retire or die they cease to be noticed. In the case of Eleanor Roosevelt it was the other way round. Whatever glory she may have seemed to be enjoying as the wife of the President of the United States was dimmed by her husband's affairs with other women. In the preceding volume, *Eleanor and Franklin*, the author, Joseph P. Lash, alluded to what an ageing, plain-looking Eleanor had to suffer at the hands of young, attractive and ambitious women exploiting the vanity of her husband.

Franklin Roosevelt died in 1945. Instead of disappearing in the limbo of a widow's weeds, Eleanor came into her own as a woman with a mind of her own, a woman whose heart revolted against the Whites' treatment of Negroes and who aligned herself with progressives like Adlai Stevenson and John Kennedy. Pandit Nehru held her in great esteem and accorded her a warm welcome when she came to visit India as his guest in 1952. In India Eleanor won the admiration of even anti-American student demonstrators.

Lash has an easy narrative style of writing but his admiration of Eleanor does not make for an objective assessment. Perhaps Eleanor was one of those persons who, like Mahatma Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Helen Keller and Mother Teresa, compel total admiration.

Khushwant Singh

The Child's India

"This India" by Sheila Dhar; Publications Division, New Delhi; Price Rs 10

Writing for children is no easy art. One has only to look at our school textbooks to realise what children's books should *not* be. If you wish to write well for children, you have to be a child yourself. You must have that sense of suspicious wonder, that questioning joy with which a child reacts to the sensual world

SHEILA DHAR has been Editor at Publications Division for many years and was Director of Bal Bhavan, New Delhi. She studied English Language and Literature at Harvard and Boston University. She has also written Children's History of India.

Contrary to what you probably think, a child does not easily accept the adult world. What does not make sense to him is nonsense.

Writing for our youngsters in English is even more difficult because it is not our language.

Sheila Dhar has shown that a good children's book on India can be written by an Indian in English. In this task, she does not have many forerunners. Years ago, Minoo Masani blazed an altogether new trail with *Our India*. I distinctly remember how even to an adult like me it conveyed the colours and the fragrances of India. Jawaharlal Nehru's *Letters To A Daughter* was nice, but it was not a book planned for young readers.

Sheila Dhar's *This India* is the child's India. It tells the story of India in a language that makes sense to our kids. It is a riot of colours, smells and noises. It is alive from the first page to the last. It doesn't teach. It just tells. Stories about today's India and yesterday's and tomorrow's.

Whether it is the story of the freedom struggle, or of the Five-Year Plans or of steel or agriculture, these are stories told without effort.

Sheila Dhar's narrative has been most elegantly enriched by the artist, A. Ramachandran, and the photographer, T. S. Nagarajan.

Reasonably priced at Rs 10 *This India* will soon come out in several Indian languages. I do hope it will *not* be made a textbook.

Bhabani Sen Gupta

Unprofound Family

"The Sisters" by Nergis Dalal; Hind Pocket Books; Price Rs 4

Nergis Dalal's latest novel centres round the lives of a pair of twins—totally unlike each other in looks, treading a totally different destined path. The only thing that the ravishingly beautiful Nina and the pathetically plain Rita have in common is their ugly mind. Nina cannot forgive the world because, in spite of having apparently everything, she in fact had nothing: Rita got everything but continued to carry a grudging chip on her shoulder for her unhappy childhood.

The book can be read at a sitting. It is light, easy-going, unprofound. Perhaps the author does not intend it to be otherwise. Fine.

The flaw, instead, lies in the surprise of the last chapter. Nothing has prepared us for it. Rita has all along been visualised as a petty, childish woman gloating in the compensation of wealth. It is impossible to suddenly start picturing her in heroic proportions—the arch-fiend in the shadowy castle, the black-widow spider devouring her mate.

In fact one doesn't feel anything for Rita—that is precisely the trouble with the characterisation of her. Though she occupies the centre of the stage throughout—she is the narrator, it is her side of the story—she fails to elicit sympathy. You can only think of her as a whining woman, wallowing in martyrdom, who tries to buy happiness with money—and nearly succeeds.

The book is both narrow and shallow in its setting. It deals with the private—but not too intimate—life of a family. Except for the dark and dominant figure of the grandmother, the other characters are two-dimensional—the colourless English mother, the inconsequential father, the coddled fairy-like Nina, the neglected, frustrated Rita and, later on, their equally bloodless husbands.

J. Karkaria

Convincing Indictment

"Fire In The Lake" by Frances FitzGerald, Macmillan; £5.50

Books of disillusionment are flooding the American market. At least two of them, the one under review and David Halberstam's *The Best And The Brightest* (a critique of the men who shaped American policies in the sixties), have been on the bestseller list for weeks.

Which does not necessarily mean that they are bad books. Certainly Frances FitzGerald has written an excellent analysis of US involvement in Indo-China. The book is a convincing indictment of the absurd values which formed the springboard for the US participation in this tragic and exceptionally brutal war; the values which Senator Joseph McCarthy embodied.

Powerful and ruthless men like the brothers Dulles were guilty not merely of immorality but also of stupidity. They placed the American nation squarely on the primrose path; a path which saw, in 11 years, 6.5 million tonnes of bombs dropped on Indo-China (the air war alone cost 30 billion dollars), more than 50,000 American casualties and generations of Vietnamese and Cambodians maimed or murdered. It is impossible to compute the cost in statistics.

Miss FitzGerald's book makes sad reading. She explains the immense misunderstanding, the lack of comprehension of the Vietnamese situation on the part of the Americans. We learn in damning detail how corrupt and egoistic dictators were kept in power in defence of "democracy" and "freedom"—men like the Diems, like Lon Nol and Sirik Matak, like Thieu.

One gets some idea of the mentality of America when one realises that, even today, what has really pricked the bubble is not the guilt of genocide but Watergate. They are outraged that the police state they so willingly imposed on countries like Vietnam should exist in the United States. (It is difficult to forget that six months earlier Nixon was a hero, that the Christmas bombing had nation-wide support!) This is the character of supreme arrogance. The peasants of Indo-China have brought such pride down to its knees—and the defeat hurts. It is this arrogance which Miss FitzGerald exposes.

The best portions of *Fire In The Lake* are those describing the National Liberation Front. This is journalism at its best. The author has done hard research, both in the library and in the field. If at times the contrast between the NLF and the Saigon regime seems too black and white, it is probably only because she is speaking the truth.

M. J. Akbar

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A GENTLEMAN whose wife was delivered of a boy seven months after marriage asked a physician the reason for this.

"Don't worry about it," said the doctor, "this often happens in the case of the first child but never afterwards."

THE grave-digger was completing his last grave for the day, his mind on other things. Suddenly, he found he'd dug so deep he couldn't get out. It was nightfall before his cries for help attracted the attention of a passer-by.

"Get me out of here!" pleaded the digger. "I'm cold!"

The drunk pondered a moment, then began shovelling frantically. "No wonder you're cold," he muttered, "you haven't got any dirt on you!"

THERE'S a wonderful new French airline that is almost completely automated. You push a button and out comes your seat-belt. You push a button on the seat-belt and out comes your pillow. You push a button on your pillow and out comes the hostess. You push a button on the hostess and out come your teeth!

"Or, if you don't mind about the ruins being very old, I can put you on a flight to Belfast."

—From "Punch"

A MAN was tuning in on the short-wave radio when he got a sudden twitch of pain in his back. "I believe I'm getting lumbago," he exclaimed.

"What's the use," answered his wife. "You won't understand a word they say."

FOR six blocks, a man followed a woman driver who had her hand stuck out of her car on the turn signal. Finally, exasperated, the man pulled up alongside her and blurted: "For God's sake, lady, if you're gonna turn...turn!"

The woman replied: "Who's turning? I'm drying my nails!"

THE bride's mother had held up real well all through the wedding and the reception that followed. But after everyone had left, she burst into tears.

"Now, now, my dear," her husband consoled her, "don't think of it as losing a daughter, think of it as gaining a bathroom."

WHILE hunting, a man saw a nude and beautiful woman come running out of the woods and disappear across a field. Just as she got out of sight, three men dressed in white uniforms came running out of the woods. "Hey you," yelled one of them, "did you see a woman come by here?"

"Yes," replied the hunter. "What's the trouble?"

"She's an inmate of the asylum and gets loose every now and then. We're trying to catch her."

"I can understand that," said the hunter. "But why is one of you carrying a bucket of sand in his hand?"

"He caught her last time," said the spokesman, "that's his handicap."

ACE: "Darling, let's have a secret love code. If you nod, I can hold your hand; if you smile, I can kiss you."

Grace: "Please don't make me laugh!"

"THESE sausages are meat at one end and sawdust at the other," complained Mrs Pardon.

"Yes," replied the butcher, "nowadays is is hard to make both ends meat."

"WHY is that hospital being picketed?"

"Labour trouble in the maternity ward."

A pair of panties, a bra and a slip were hanging on the line one day when all three of them began to gossip.

The bra said: "I'm the best: I cover what men admire."

The panties said: "No, no, I'm the best: I cover what men desire."

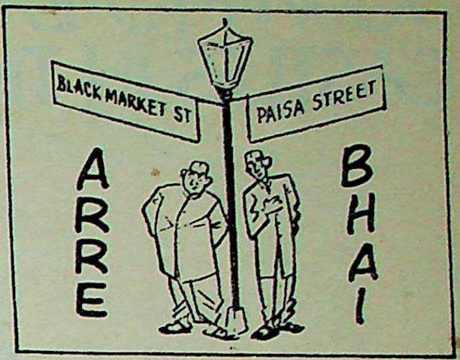
The slip shouted: "Will you two be quiet: I've been up all night!"

"HAVE you an opening for a genius?"

"Yes—and don't slam the door on the way out."

A WOMAN tourist in Greece rented a car and drove out to one of the ancient temples crumbling under the centuries. Posing near one huge fallen column, she asked a fellow tourist to take a snapshot.

"Don't get the car in the picture," she said, "or my husband will think I knocked this place down!"



Ophph To Wedding

"In Londontown, where you are going?"

"Straight to Moss the Bros."

"Who they are?"

"Phamous bruthers having all kind oph soots readymade phor hire."

"Sooted and booted, where you will to go?"

"Bhai, upto now, invitashun not arriving."

"In Bharat i.e. India, guests coming phor wedding anyhow—without invitashun."

"Agree, but in Youkay and Youganda, muss to phollow Pro, Toe and Kaul."

"Ha bhai, every reply muss to go via Shri R. S. Weepee."

"Who he is?"

"ADC. He is involve in all phuncshuns."

"Bhai, will you to get invite phor Wedding?"

"Ophcoss. Bephore leaving Bharat i.e. India, I am making sure Swaran Singh is writing to Londontown Aphphairs Ohphice to rejerve one VIP seat in Booking Ham Palace, 'A' Row."

"And what Swaran Singh is saying?"

"He is saying as per letter oph External Aphphairs Ministry that iph Booking Ham Palace is phull up, not to phear. I can to go for tea and tose to Strand Palace or Regent Palace and send him the bill."

"Agree. No shortage oph Palaces in Youkay."

"Not like in Bharat i.e. India where moss oph palaces is turn into hottuls."

"Agree. Muss to be change-over phrom Private to Public Sector."

"But Gorement is paying phull compensashun to Karan Singh phor loss oph ancestral property to Oberoi Socialiss Community Chest."

"What compensashun?"

"Bhai, Rai Bahadur getting hottul but Karan Singh getting national airline to play with as Meccano set."

"Agree, all is fair in end."

"And what Gorement is sending to happy married couple phor wedding prejent?"

"Upto now not decide. Sub-committee oph Cabinet will to decide between one Nylon sari made phrom spaycially smuggle yarn, one Tee Vee set manuphactured by Philip..."

"Why Philip?".

"Same name as Shri Bridegroom."

"...and one Maruti car."

"Jai Hind phor that!"

"Agree, but moss likely Maruti car will not to be ready in time."

Boycott British Language

D. F. KARAKA

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Scotland Yard, as usual, was confounded and the world electrified at news of the sensational robbery. The Great Detective applied his 'brilliant' methods and came to a shocking conclusion...

AS I refer to my notes of the year 1896, I find that the year has been particularly rich in incident. A number of remarkable and very interesting cases came to the attention of my friend, Mr Hemlock Sholmes, during this period.

There was the case of of the notorious Italian gangster, Antonio Macaroni, who was smuggling out gold from England and smuggling in spaghetti. There was the unfortunate affair when the pockets of the cold-blooded French blackmailer, who called himself Monsieur le Comte de Frigidair, were picked, which subsequently led to the arrest of the Prime Minister of France. Then there was the scandal that followed the odd behaviour of the Duke of Chopshire at the Paris dog show—a scandal which shook the whole of Europe and is now shaking America and will shortly be on its way to shake Africa.

The Case of the Confounding Culprit

by
AZHAR AHSAN

But none of these cases called for the exercise of those particular talents for which my friend is famous to such an extent as did the baffling robbery at the residence of Sir Thaddeus Gumpold Bumper.

It was a quiet and peaceful evening when it started. We sat quietly smoking after dinner. I was thinking about one of my cases, that of a mad dog which had been bitten by a small boy. Suddenly Sholmes said, puffing at his pipe and taking occasional sips of coffee: "My dear puff

—*Continued*

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Dr Rotson, have sip you puff heard of the sip sensational jewel robbery at the puff mansion of Sir Thaddeus Gumpold Bumper poof?"

It took me but a few minutes to decipher his meaning. I said: "No I haven't heard of it."

Sholmes pushed across a thin packet of brown paper. "What do you make of this?" he said.

Across the paper was typed:
Hemlock Sholmes, Esq,
Consulting Detective,
420B Barber Street,
London, WC 1

My long and intimate association with Hemlock Sholmes has not been without its benefits. I have acquired a degree of insight and a talent for making correct deductions from minor clues which, though humble, are not altogether insignificant. Thus by merely looking at that object and applying cold logic I was able to form my conclusions within a few minutes.

"Why, it must be an envelope," I cried.

"Precisely," said Sholmes. "What more do you infer? You know my methods. Apply them."

I opened the envelope. A piece of paper fell out. "It contains a message," I said, with mounting excitement.

"Quite so," said Sholmes. "You are improving, my dear Rotson."

My heart beating loudly with excitement, I read out the message.

JEWEL ROBBERY AT THE MANSION OF SIR THADDEUS GUMPOLD BUMPER STOP POLICE BAFFLED STOP PUBLIC MYSTIFIED STOP AUTHORITIES ALARMED STOP COMING TO YOU THIS EVENING STOP POTTSBOTTOM

I finished reading the telegram with a deep sense of foreboding. (The fact that it was a telegram, however, I deduced later.) The atmosphere of our little room was electrified. Everything was steeped in pregnant silence.

SUDDENLY there came a loud clanging of the doorbell. I jumped up. "Ha!" said Sholmes. (When he says "Ha", you may rest assured that the situation is one which calls expressly for a "Ha", and not for a "Hey" or a "Ho".) A heavy step sounded on the stairs, the door burst open and a fat lumpy man waddled in.

"Mr Sholmes, you must help us, you absolutely *must!*" he screamed. "Help the police, Mr Sholmes!"

"Why, it's Inspector Pottsbottom!" Sholmes exclaimed, trying to distinguish the man's features through the thick screen of spray and fumes that he gushed out in his excitement. "Pray take a seat, Inspector."

The Inspector took two seats and looked about for a third, but in vain. He settled himself in the two chairs as best he could.

"You want help?" Sholmes asked.

The Inspector looked startled. "Yes, yes. But how did you know?" he asked in great agitation.

"Certain words that you uttered just now led me to the deduction," said Sholmes quietly.

"Marvellous!" exclaimed the Inspector.

"You want help in connection with a certain robbery?" said Sholmes.

"Incredible! How did you know?" cried the Inspector weakly.

"A robbery," continued Sholmes, "which occurred at the mansion of Sir Thaddeus Gumpold-Bumper."

The Inspector fainted. I instantly assumed my professional responsibility. I undid his collar, took a cup of ice-cream and poured it down his back. The Inspector immediately came to his senses with a violent sneeze and occupied himself for some time in noisily blowing his nose.

"And now," said Sholmes, "let us hear the facts of the case." He lit his briar pipe and was at once surrounded by thick smoke.

Inspector Pottsbottom began: "Sir Thaddeus Gumpold-Bumper is, Mr Sholmes, as you are no doubt well aware, one of the richest men in Europe. Why, he is worth no fewer than ten million pounds!"

"He weighs ten million pounds!" I cried, my professional interest instantly aroused.

"No, he weighs slightly less," said the Inspector. "What I said was he is worth ten million pounds."

"Pray continue the narrative," interjected Sholmes.

"Sir Thaddeus lives at Bumper Grange, one of the oldest stately homes in England. Sir Thaddeus himself belongs to the oldest family in Europe. He traces his lineage right back to the Age of the Dinosaurs.

"Bumper Grange is situated in the interior of Muddleford. It is a backward country. The population is hardly half a person per square mile. The locals are quite illiterate and can read nothing but their cheque books. Their main occupation is stealing each other's girl-friends. In the marshes, they hunt foxes and blow horns for entertainment.

"Sir Thaddeus is a noted collector of diamonds and other precious stones. His collection is one of the most valuable in the world. He has taken such steps as would preclude any chances of a theft. He sleeps in the very room where he keeps his collection and never allows anyone to enter the room. The room is always locked from the outside in day-time, from the inside at night. The great man never receives any visitors and always keeps fire-arms handy.

"In spite of all these precautions, Mr Sholmes, imagine, if you can, his surprise, horror and dismay when, at 4.30 this morning, while making his usual inspection of the gems (he checks them thrice every night), he discovered that one of the stones was missing—an entire diamond, Mr Sholmes, weighing no less than .030303 carat and having an estimated value of 425 thousand pounds. The shock was so great that Sir Thaddeus immediately fell unconscious on his bed.

"He came to his senses after dawn. When he remembered the calamity that had befallen him, he again lost his senses. This procedure was repeated, with varying intervals, till noon, his usual hour for getting up, when he decided that it was time to give an alarm. Accordingly he rang the bell which summoned his butler with his bed-tea. When Sir Thaddeus broke the news to him, he reciprocated by dropping the tray and breaking the teacup. This infuriated Sir Thaddeus so much that he decided to get out of bed without his bed-tea—a decision, by the way, which was not very conducive to his health."

"Most unhealthy!" I exclaimed, with all the scorn of a medical man.

"Well, Sir Thaddeus broke the news and made no delay in notifying Scotland Yard. I lost no time in leaving for Muddleford. When I arrived at Bumper Grange my first action, as may easily be guessed, was to place the entire household under arrest, including Sir Thaddeus. I released him later when he proved to my satisfaction that he could not possibly have stolen the diamond.

"I made a detailed examination of the premises. The only suspicious thing I found was a thick steak which tasted like mutton but which the cook insisted was beef. I am not yet sure even after consuming the whole steak. So here I am," the Inspector finished dejectedly.

SHOLMES sat immersed in thought for several minutes, his lean, hawk-like face upside down in concentration, while the tobacco smoke grew thicker around him.

At last he stood up.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "we shall leave for Muddlford tomorrow after breakfast."

The Inspector sighed with relief. The smoke cleared promptly.

Next day the train dropped us at Bumbledon, a small village on the outskirts of the great Muddleford Marshes. Here we engaged a four-wheeler to take us to Bumper Grange. The four-wheeler was reduced to a three-wheeler on the way, so rough was the terrain.

At long last we found ourselves at Bumper Grange, a grim, forbidding structure in moth-eaten greystone. It consisted of approximately three-and-a-half rooms. The rest had all crumbled down. The very sight of it chilled my heart to the core.

I sneezed loudly.

A battered old sign hung from an old grape tree bearing a skull and crossbones. On it was written in Olde English lettering:

Ye Private Propertye
Trespassers will be executed.

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We walked past it with a shudder. The Inspector came to a halt at a great black nail-studded door and pulled at the bell. Instantly a deafening ding-dong filled the air. Great flocks of blackbirds rose screaming into the air from the surrounding trees. An owl in its bewildered flight struck Sholmes squarely on the head, apologised and flew on.

Such was our dramatic entry into the mysterious old mansion and thus were we embroiled in a mystery that was without parallel in the annals of crime.

The attendant who opened the door led us straight to the presence of the august nobleman.

Sir Thaddeus was a man of spherical appearance. When we saw him first, he was reclining in an armchair, with a jug of water and a glass beside him. A young girl between 20 and 50 years of age stood beside him, holding a bottle of Scotch. She seemed to be arguing with him, persuading him not to drink any more water as his health was none too good. She kept offering him the bottle of whisky but Sir Thaddeus was refusing stubbornly.

Inspector Pottsbottom belched loudly to make our presence known. This so unnerved them that the gentleman sprang to his feet and the girl sat down heavily. We stepped into the room and the Inspector said: "Sir Thaddeus, I have the honour of presenting to you Mr Hemlock Sholmes, the well-known detective."

Sir Thaddeus shook Sholmes' hand warmly. (Sholmes never allowed anyone to shake his leg.)

"And this," said the Inspector, turning to me, "is Dr Rotson, Mr Sholmes' old friend and colleague."

Sir Thaddeus nodded to me curtly—I nodded right back and kept nodding for quite a while.

Sir Thaddeus turned to Sholmes: "Mr Sholmes, this is my daughter, Lady Helena Constipatia, and a more solicitous daughter one could scarcely have."

Sholmes bowed to the girl. She curtsied. Sholmes said, quite unexpectedly: "You seem to be upset by the loss of the diamond, Sir Thaddeus."

The old knight started visibly. He said in a husky voice: "Good heavens! How did you know that, Mr Sholmes?"

Sholmes smiled his inscrutable smile. "It is simple enough," he said. "You are wearing your coat inside out. Your necktie is tied round your waist. Your belt hangs from your neck. Who would be so careless in dressing? Obviously a man who is very much upset. Who would not touch whisky and go on drinking water? A man who wants to forget some painful incident. What could be that incident? Obviously the loss of the diamond."

"You are astonishing, Mr Sholmes!" exclaimed Sir Thaddeus.

Sholmes questioned each member of the household about the night of the incident. None of them had any clue to offer.

"Now I would like to inspect the scene of the theft," said Sholmes to the Inspector.

Inspector Pottsbottom led us down a corridor to a particularly robust iron door. Sholmes whipped out his magnifying glass and went over every inch of the door minutely, occasionally making a comment about the composition of the iron or the diameter of a bolt.

At last he opened the door with his master key; he did not use the key Sir Thaddeus had handed to him. We entered the room. It was a spacious, well-furnished room, about 10 feet by 10 feet, and 7 feet high. The furniture consisted of a bedstead, a small table and a row of seven iron safes, which presumably contained the hoard of precious stones. The room had no windows or ventilators.

A stout rat sat looking at us quizzically from a corner.

"Ha!" said Sholmes. "Who do we have here?"

The rat immediately disappeared into a hole.

Sholmes crawled under the table with his magnifying glass. A series of strange thumps, taps and creaks followed. A little later Sholmes crawled out again, a spider web hanging from his nose. He now turned to the bed and examined every inch of it and succeeded in capturing two bed bugs. These he handed over to Inspector Pottsbottom.

Sholmes now adopted more vigorous methods. He produced a screwdriver, a spanner and a claw-hammer from the pockets of his mouse-coloured frockcoat and dismantled first the table and then the bedstead, inspecting each nail and bolt with the greatest attention.

Then he turned to the safes containing the diamonds. He inserted his master key into the keyhole of the first safe and pulled at the handle. The door did not budge. It spoke volumes for the self-sufficiency of Sholmes that he did not ask Sir Thaddeus for the key. Instead he produced a blowtorch from one pocket and a gas cylinder from the other. Twenty seconds later the door of the safe lay in a puddle on the floor and Sholmes was busy examining each diamond under his magnifying glass. Ten minutes and six puddles later, Sholmes quietly left the room.

We found him sniffing at a brick held in his hand. There was a great pile of bricks on the floor. Shreds of wall-paper lay across it. The room, by the way, had now only three walls.

A crowbar lay on the floor, looking very exhausted.

The Inspector and I watched the great detective with rapt attention. After dismantling the other walls of the room and examining each brick, Sholmes dashed away. As we followed him out we found him lying face down in the mud before the main door, his eyes glued to a footprint, noting down its dimensions. Then he stood up, exquisitely plastered with mud. An inscrutable smile lit his inscrutable face in a most inscrutable fashion. In fact we did not notice that he had smiled.

"Let's go in," he said.

We went straight to where Sir Thaddeus lay in his armchair, a glass of water at his elbow.

"Excuse me," Sholmes bent down and jerked out Sir Thaddeus's shoes from his feet. The nobleman did not show the least surprise or annoyance. The gallons of water he had been consuming had finally begun to take effect. He was quite drunk.

Sholmes measured the soles of the shoes and made some calculations. Then he called in the entire household, Lady Helena Constipatia, servants and all. He took off everyone's shoes, measured and classified them. He did not even spare the shoes of the Inspector and myself. Then he dashed out again. He spent another half-hour in the mud, on all fours, making more measurements, scooping up mud from here and there, and carefully wrapping it up in oil-paper. Then he crawled back into the house and began collecting samples of dust from the floor with a paintbrush. He crawled down all the corridors and explored every inch of the floor of the diamond room. At last he got up and said in an inscrutable voice: "Let's go."

Inspector Pottsbottom bade us goodbye and we walked down the mud flats towards Bumbledon Station. Sholmes was so lost in thought—and plastered with mud—that I did not wish to pester him with questions. We stopped for lunch at a wayside inn called The Broken Nose, where we had a goose pie with lobsters and cockroaches.

Throughout the railway journey from Bumbledon to London, Sholmes maintained an inscrutable silence. What inexorable chains of logic were being forged in that wondrous brain I could scarcely guess. Back at our apartment, Sholmes spent several hours messing with test-tubes and solutions and poring over the microscope.

After this bout of chemical activity, Sholmes wrote out a message to Scotland Yard asking them to arrest a certain person approximately 6 ft 2½ in. tall and weighing about 132 lb and who wore rubber-soled shoes made by Messrs Cobble and Cobble, Shoemakers, of Bond Street, and who lived in the vicinity of Barber Street.

I was utterly dumbfounded. I prayed to him to enlighten me as to how he came to know so much about the culprit.

—Continued

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Sholmes lit his pipe and settled himself comfortably in his chair, his long thin legs spread out, the tips of the long thin fingers of both his long thin hands touching.

"The case has been a simple one," he began, "though not without its features of interest. You remember I measured all the footprints in the mud before the front door of Sir Thaddeus' residence... All these measurements—after making the necessary corrections for the fluidity of mud which inevitably results in the footprints being somewhat larger than the shoes making them—tallied with the shoes of the inmates of the house. All, that is, except one. As the Inspector had assured me that no outsider except ourselves had been near the house since the night of the theft—the night on which it had rained there and all previous footprints had been washed away from the purpetual mud—it was easy to conclude that the unidentified footprints could be of none other than the thief himself."

"It is so simple," I cried.

"Everything is so simple when I explain it to you," said Sholmes, looking a little put out.

"But pray tell me," I said, "how did you come to know so many particulars about the thief?"

"The length of his legs I was able to deduce from the length of his stride. From that I deduced his height. The depth of his footprints indicated his weight after I had determined the density of the mud. In one footprint the letters BBLE were stamped in the mud in reverse. This, evidently, was part of the name of the shoemakers. The only shoemakers in England (I know the names of all of them) whose name contains these letters are Messrs Cobble and Cobble, of Bond Street."

"But wait," I cried, "how can you say that the criminal lives near Barber Street near our own flat?"

"The chemical analysis of the mud I scooped up from the thief's footprints indicated a content of 62% of silica dust. The same dust I found in traces all along the corridor leading to the room where the precious stones were kept and within the room itself. This quality of dust is not found in Muddleford at all. Barber Street is the only street in England paved with 62% silica bricks."

"You are astonishing, my dear Sholmes!" I cried. "Absolutely marvellous!"

"Elementary, my dear Rotson," said Sholmes modestly. "There is only one thing which is not yet cleared up. How was the thief able to enter a door that was locked from within and leave no trace at all of his entry? Of course this will be explained when I interrogate the culprit, for he will undoubtedly be caught."

Then Sholmes took out his African drum and played on it Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in A flat major for the rest of the night. It was the only recreation he ever permitted himself.

Next morning there was a loud knock at the door.

"Come in," said Sholmes.

A burly policeman strode into the room. "Mr Sholmes," he said, "I arrest you in the name of the law."

"What?" Sholmes and I jumped up together.

"Sorry, Mr Sholmes," said the policeman, "but you are the only man in England who answers to the criminal's description that you sent to Scotland Yard."

Sholmes quietly pulled on his mouse-coloured frockcoat and followed the policeman out.

The court had such faith in Sholmes' deductions that he was imprisoned without a trial.

While comparing the shoes and the footprints, Sholmes had forgotten to check the footprints against his own shoes and had, with his inexorable logic, proved himself to be the thief.

Sholmes was released six months later when the stolen diamond was found in a rathole. The rat was duly arrested and jailed but managed to escape the same day. There was some rumour that it had bribed the Jailor. This however is immaterial to the present story, which serves only to illustrate those astonishing methods of deduction which have made my friend Hemlock Sholmes world-famous.

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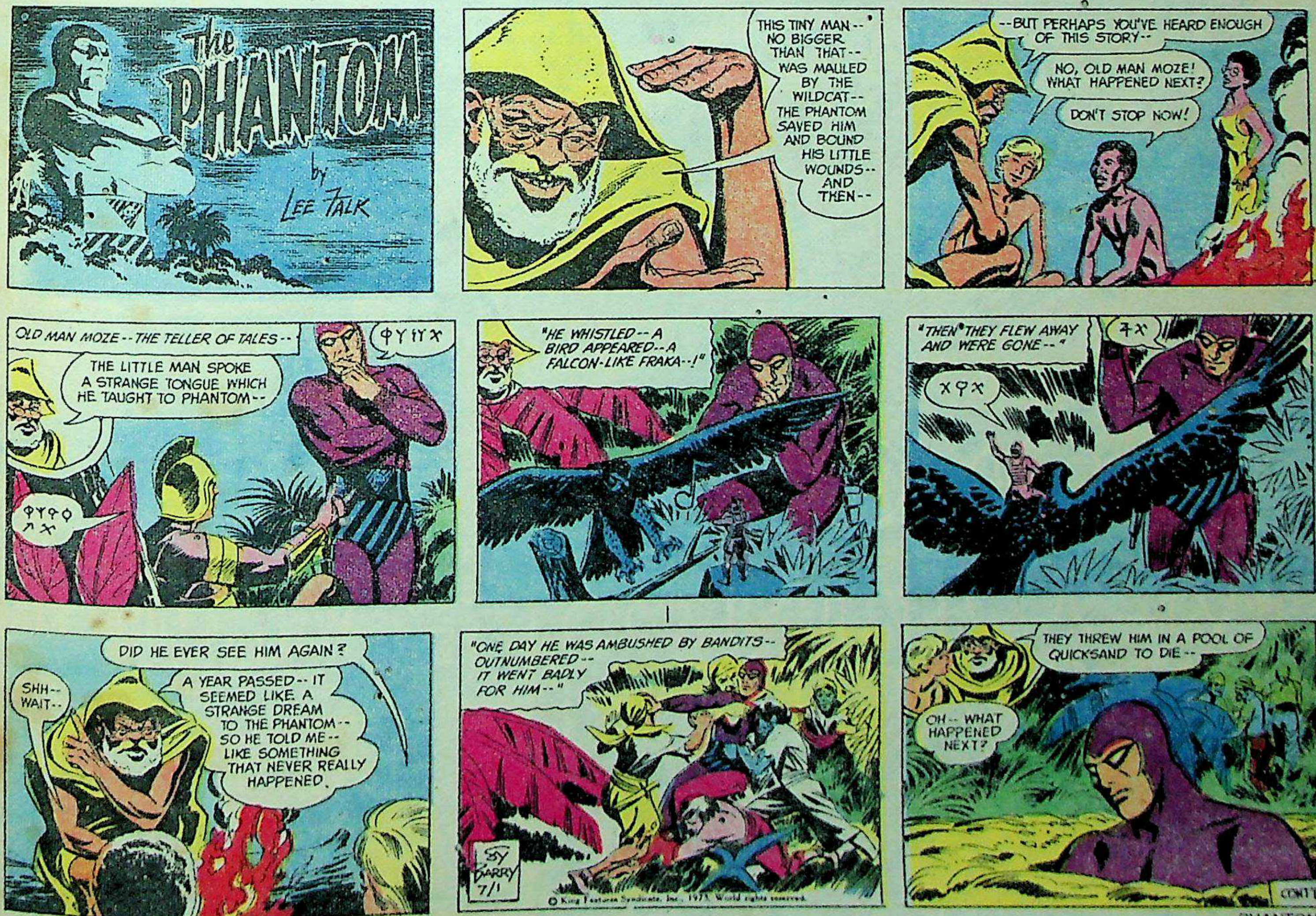

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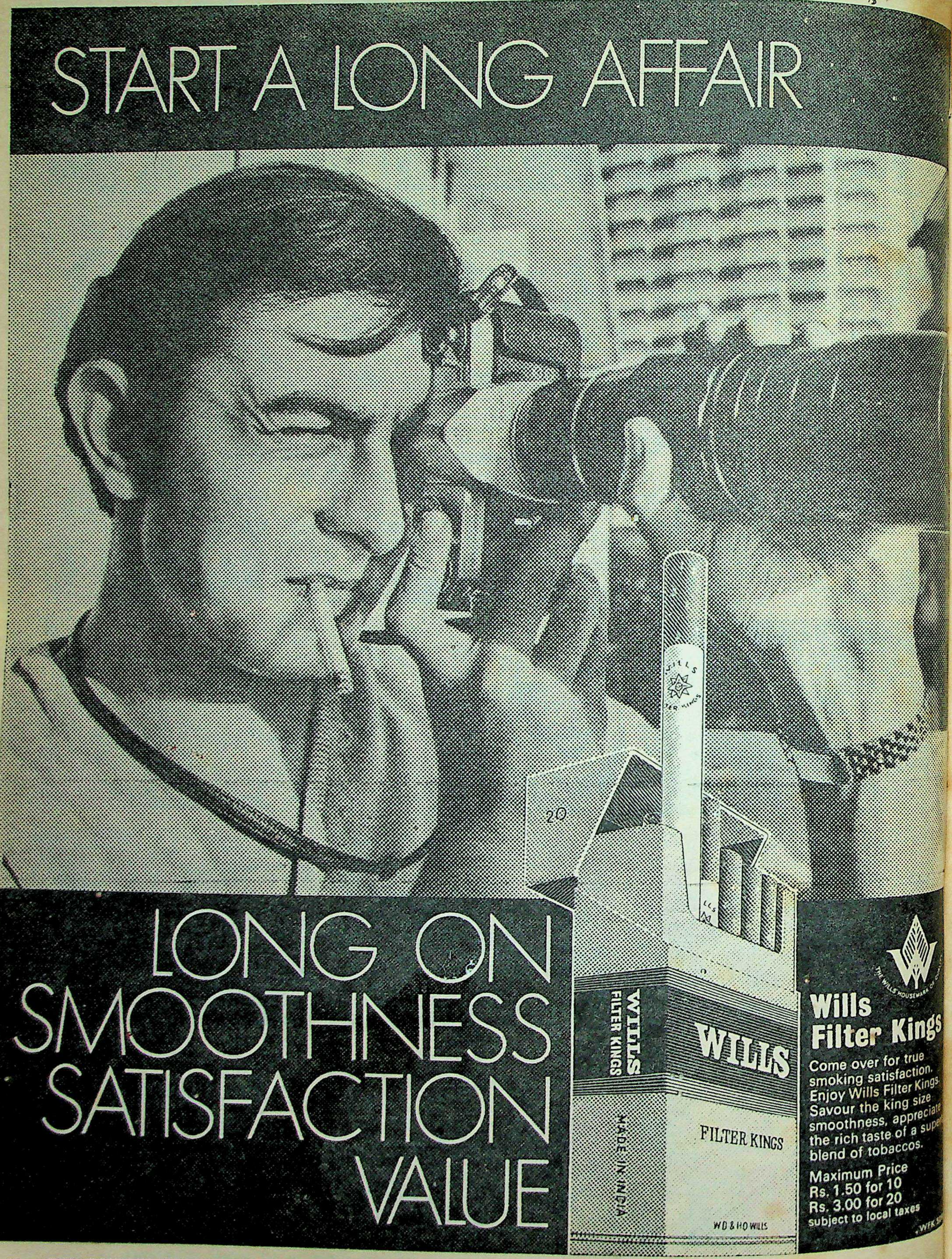

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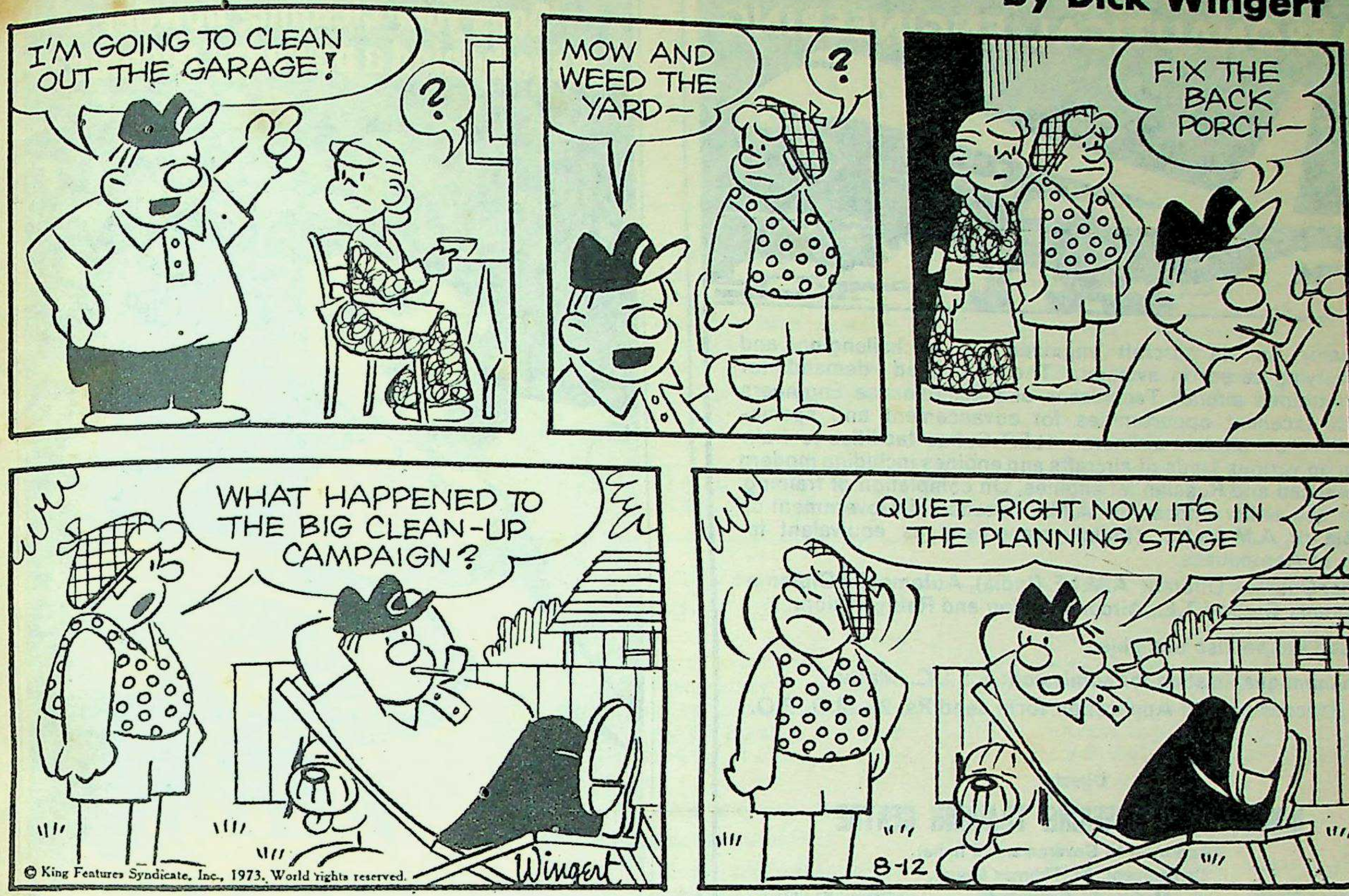
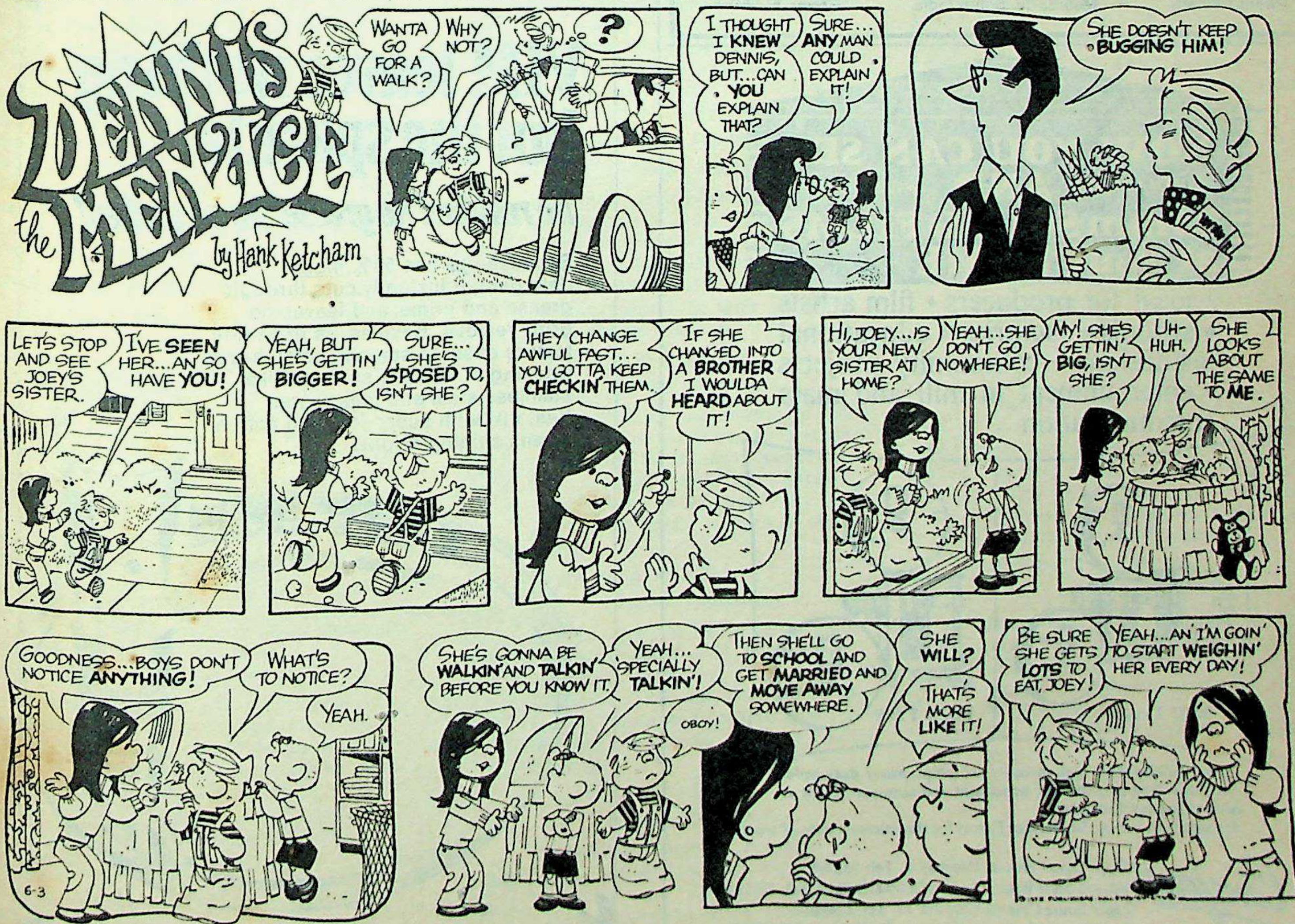
HUBERT

by Dick Wingert





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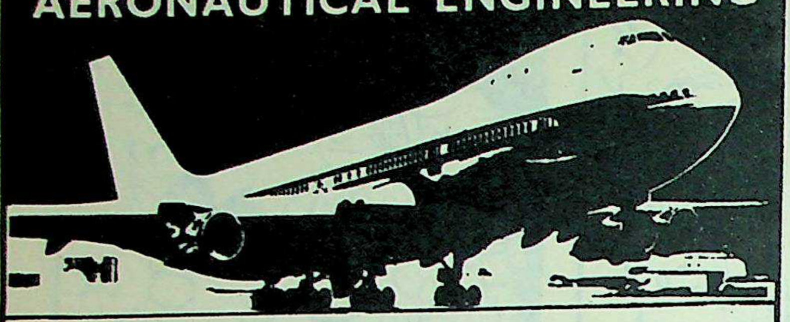

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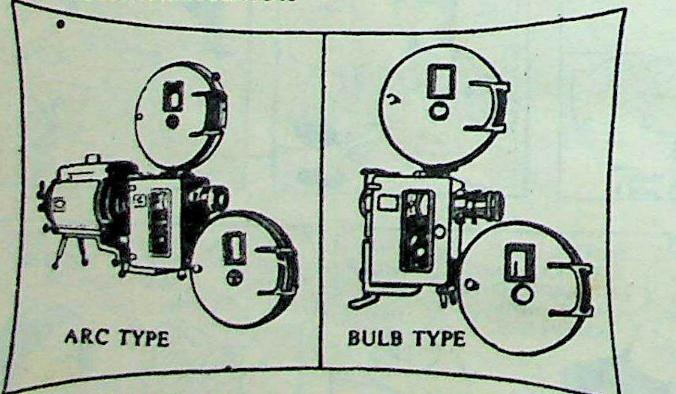

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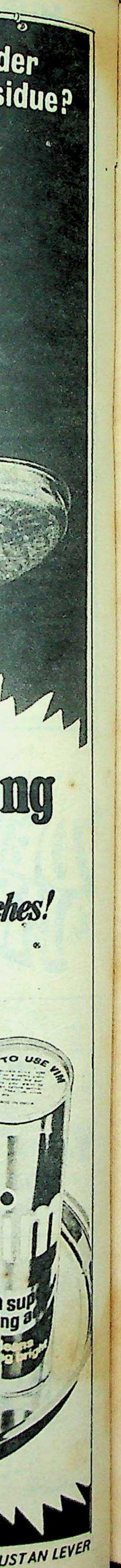

What The Stars Foretell

by S. K. KELKAR

Sunday, November 11

For luck today, wear or use: Deep purple, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The stars promise a prosperous year both in business and vocation. However, in early December and June, judgment is likely to go wrong. There is a need to curb emotions and adopt a practical approach. Financially, too, this is going to be an unsatisfactory period. Some strange and mysterious developments may take place. From July onwards, all uncertainties will disappear and the next birthday will usher in a good period.

Monday, November 12

For luck today, wear or use: Bright yellow, 5, onyx.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A good year in general. Business improves more due to luck than hard work. Investments made in the recent past will bring profits by the middle of next year. In April, be careful not to place undue confidence in associates. Financial position will be comfortable except in December and June.

Tuesday, November 13

For luck today, wear or use: Dull blue, 8, dark sapphire.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Sincere and conscientious efforts will ensure the continuity of the present trend in vocational success. Senior members, who may have been uncooperative, will now change their attitude and lend a helping hand in cash and kind. Take full advantage of this favourable position to better prospects. Family affairs are under happy stars.

Wednesday, November 14

For luck today, wear or use: Dark yellow, 5, dark sapphire.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Look forward to a successful and rewarding year. January or July will bring long-awaited promotion and settlement of arrears for the employed. Research students will get scholarships and may also go abroad. Sportsmen and artists find themselves in the limelight. A sound financial position will encourage business expansion. Romantic events will help youngsters settle in life.

Thursday, November 15

For luck today, wear or use: Orange, 1, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: This year it is necessary to avoid risk and change. Do not undertake any new assignment. Partners and associates should be handled intelligently. Similar care is necessary with family members and neighbours. Youngsters should concentrate on gaining vocational stability and avoid frivolous pursuits.

Friday, November 16

For luck today, wear or use: Pastel blue, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The stars call for a cautious approach in financial and business matters. Overconfidence may lead to deception by an associate or subordinate. In working life, a close friend may supersede you. Health also needs some consideration and a close check-up. Financially a good year if you guard against money being mishandled. It will pay to be cautious. The second half of 1974 is more auspicious than the first.

Saturday, November 17

For luck today, wear or use: Deep yellow, 1, crystal.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Fortune is going to smile this year, especially on technicians and engineers. An ideal time to start a new venture on a small scale. The employed will get due promotion. Electricians will also do well. Business in general will flourish but avoid heavy investments. Financially a good period from the second half of 1974. Youngsters however are in for a minor disappointment in 1974.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

(December 21 to January 19)

Capricorn (Makara)

This week it will pay to remain alert. Use persuasion rather than force to turn things to advantage. Spend Sunday sorting out problems and clearing the backlog, as the rest of the week is likely to prove exhausting.

(January 20 to February 18)

Aquarius (Kumbha)

A short journey and active participation in social activities will make this a busy week. Finish all pending work before accepting any new assignments. Sunday-Monday should prove lucky, and bring in quite a bit of money.

(February 19 to March 20)

Pisces (Mina)

If keen on trying for a new job, it will be easy to get the recommendations of key persons. A specially good week for politicians and social workers who will get the wholehearted support of their followers. Much-needed finances may come.

(March 21 to April 20)

Aries (Mesha)

All is well on the vocational side but domestic issues result in mental pressure. On Sunday, take it easy after clearing work left. Enjoy a short outing on Monday. Give full attention to family matters on Wednesday.

(April 21 to May 20)

Taurus (Vrishabha)

A keen desire to patch up partnership differences will be partially successful. Members of the opposite sex will demand more time and money. Business is good on Sunday-Monday but handle financial deals carefully.

(May 21 to June 20)

Gemini (Mithuna)

Business will flourish in spurts but avoid the company of undesirable colleagues. Tempting business proposals needing heavy investment should be carefully screened. Sunday-Monday are auspicious.

(June 21 to July 20)

Cancer (Kataka)

A good week from the business point of view. Sunday-Monday are ideal for planning programmes. Spend Tuesday-Wednesday implementing important projects. Thursday-Friday bring financial gains.

(July 21 to August 21)

Leo (Simha)

An ideal time for building up assets in the form of property but defer purchase of machinery till early December. Neighbours and relatives will demand more time and money. Sunday-Monday are favourable for business.

(August 22 to September 23)

Virgo (Kanya)

A very good week for business. Health improves thanks to proper diagnosis. Sunday is auspicious for negotiations and for meeting influential people, Tuesday-Wednesday for financial and business deals. Spend a quiet week-end.

(September 24 to October 23)

Libra (Tula)

You will be master of the situation and forge ahead with confidence but be patient. In a week or two, you will realise that luck is in your favour. A piece of good news on Monday will open business prospects on Tuesday-Wednesday.

(October 24 to November 22)

Scorpio (Vrischika)

Important people will be in the mood to help out. Do not hesitate to seek their aid. Take this opportunity to better prospects. Tuesday-Wednesday are good for publicity and Friday-Saturday for routine matters.

(November 23 to December 20)

Sagittarius (Dhanu)

Take no risks for a couple of weeks —wait till the last week of the month for implementing new projects. Conserve money over the next few weeks to be able to meet future needs.

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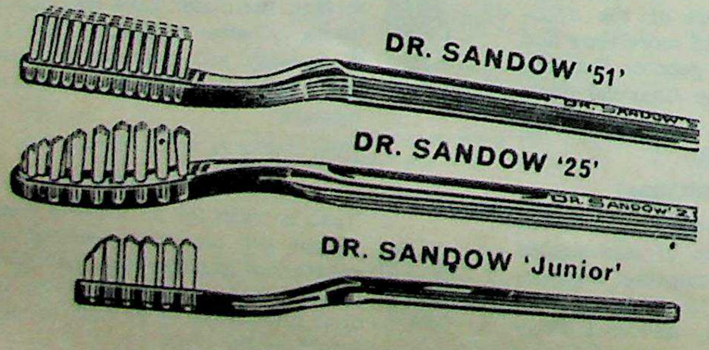

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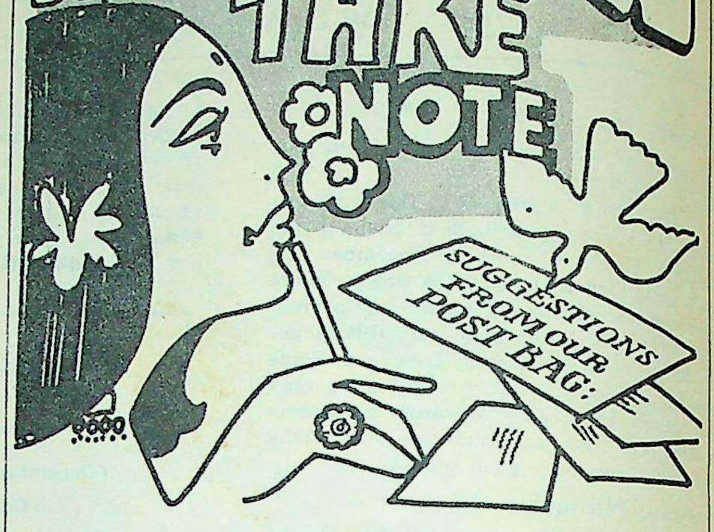
HOUSEWIVES TAKE NOTE



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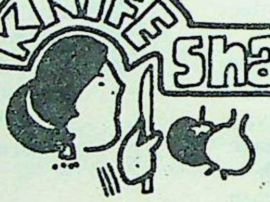
KNIFE SHARPENER 

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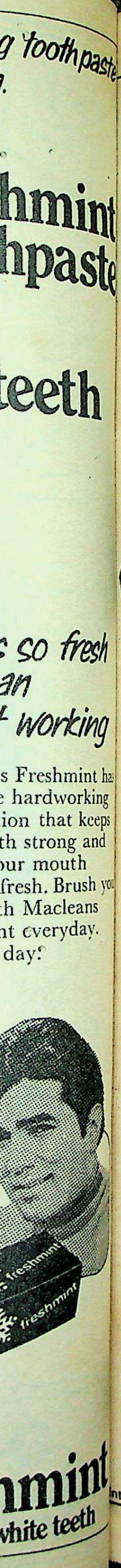

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Here's "QUOTES" No. 200, Our Double Century offer, with a handsome First Prize of Rs. 12,000! Find the suggestion in the clue or use your memory, knowledge and skill to spot the CORRECT WORD from among the words given at the end of each clue.

CLOSES: WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1973

CLUES ACROSS

1 **The function of the ——, it was apparently held, was not to arrive at an appropriate conclusion but to undertake a redistribution of wealth. (COUNT|COURT)**

2 **He went to a cupboard in the wall and, unlocking it, took out a bottle and glass, and put them carefully on the overturned —— that served as a table. (CASE|CASK)**

3 **"To accept oneself reluctantly is poison. The seed of a bad crop that grows as —— as cactus and bears no fruit." (ROUGH|TOUGH)**

6 **Then he sat on the edge of the —— and wondered what to do next. (BANK|BUNK)**

10 **His eyes had been caught by a group of figures —— about a table near the far wall of the room. (CLUMPED|SLUMPED)**

11 **"Why, that's wonderful! That —— it! That's the how come of Dryden!" he enthused. (BEARS|TEARS)**

12 **"Some. The —— was pretty bad." (LIGHT|NIGHT)**

CLUES DOWN

1 **"It is easier to —— than to convince men," the bishop wrote. (CONFUSE|CONFUTE)**

2 **You see, we're going on. A man who sells his soul to live in the White House can't —— that. (CHANCE|CHANGE)**

4 **But the dress became —— and soiled, and the strain showed too in her face. (TORN|WORN)**

5 **Then something —— inside me. I dropped onto the settee and held my face in my hands. (CRUMBLED|CRUMPLED)**

7 **"This is good liquor. Like me to —— you a drink?" (FIX|MIX)**

8 **No doubt the children all liked —— together. (PLAYING|PRAYING)**

9 **They were like two blind people crying for —— instead of each other's hand. (LIGHT|SIGHT)**

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF DEC. 30; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JAN. 6. Address Envelope: "QUOTES" No. 200, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702, BOMBAY-1.

ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" NO. 200

"QUOTES" No. 200

CLOSING DATE: **WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1973**

Enclosed Money Order Receipt/ Postal Orders/ "Q" Cash Receipts

Nos....................

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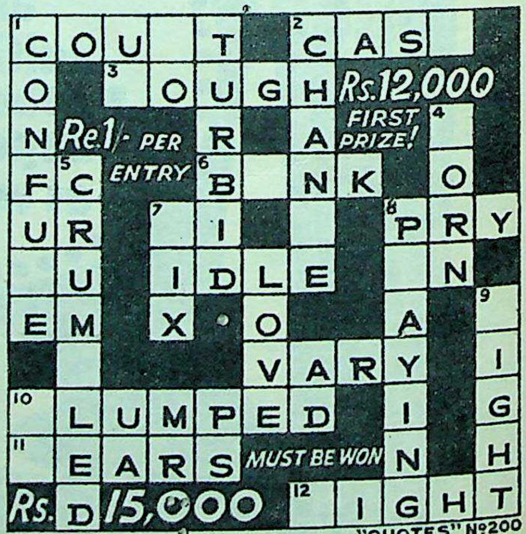

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In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

FULL NAME IN INK & BLOCK LETTERS Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

ADDRESS ....

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(FIX|MIX)

ed —— together.
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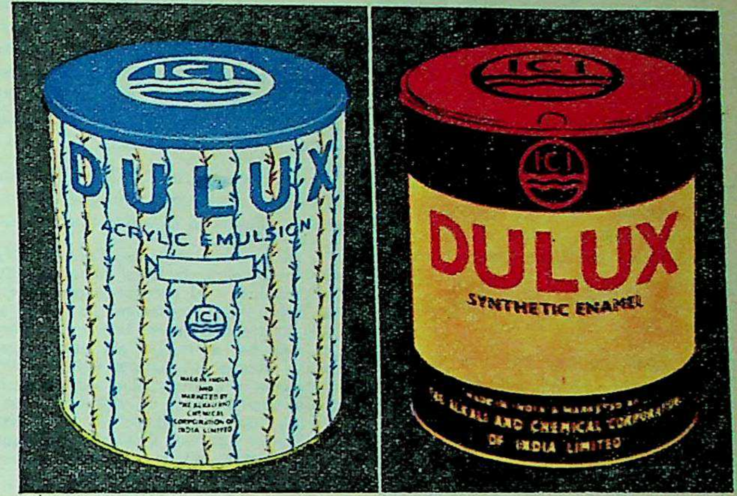

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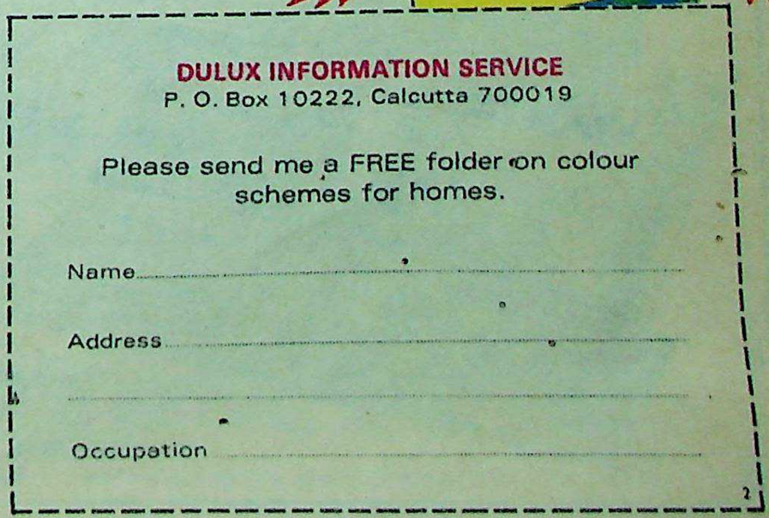

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RULES AND CONDITIONS OF "QUOTES" CONTESTS

CLUES AND ENTRY FORM ON P. 64

1. All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with INK in **block letters or typewritten.** Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1/- per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order, Money Order or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. **Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps, or currency notes or coins** will not be accepted Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 200. Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 200, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order **receipts,** Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the space provided on the Entry Form. If this is not done, the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the sender.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing Date for all entries is Wednesday, December 12, 1973. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. **Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.**

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 12,000 will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications. are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes", (Messrs. Bennett, Coleman & Co. Ltd.) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the first publication of the prize-list of the Contest.

10. In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

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The Correct Solution and "Sources" of "QUOTES" No. 200, will also appear in "The Times of India" dated Sunday, December 23, 1973.

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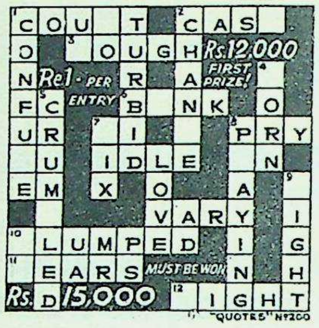

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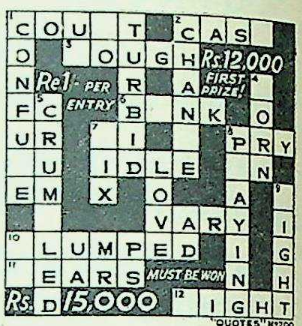

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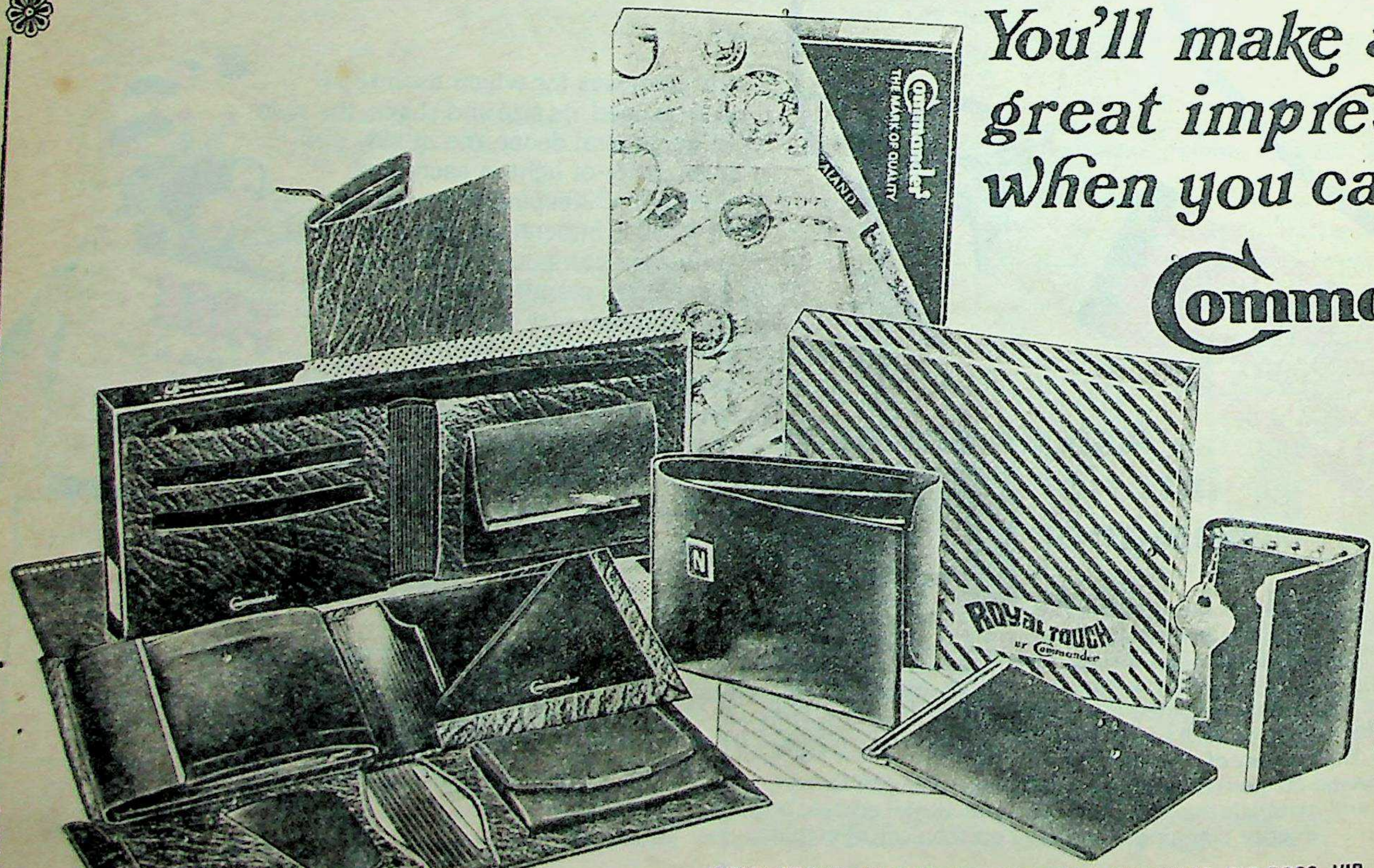

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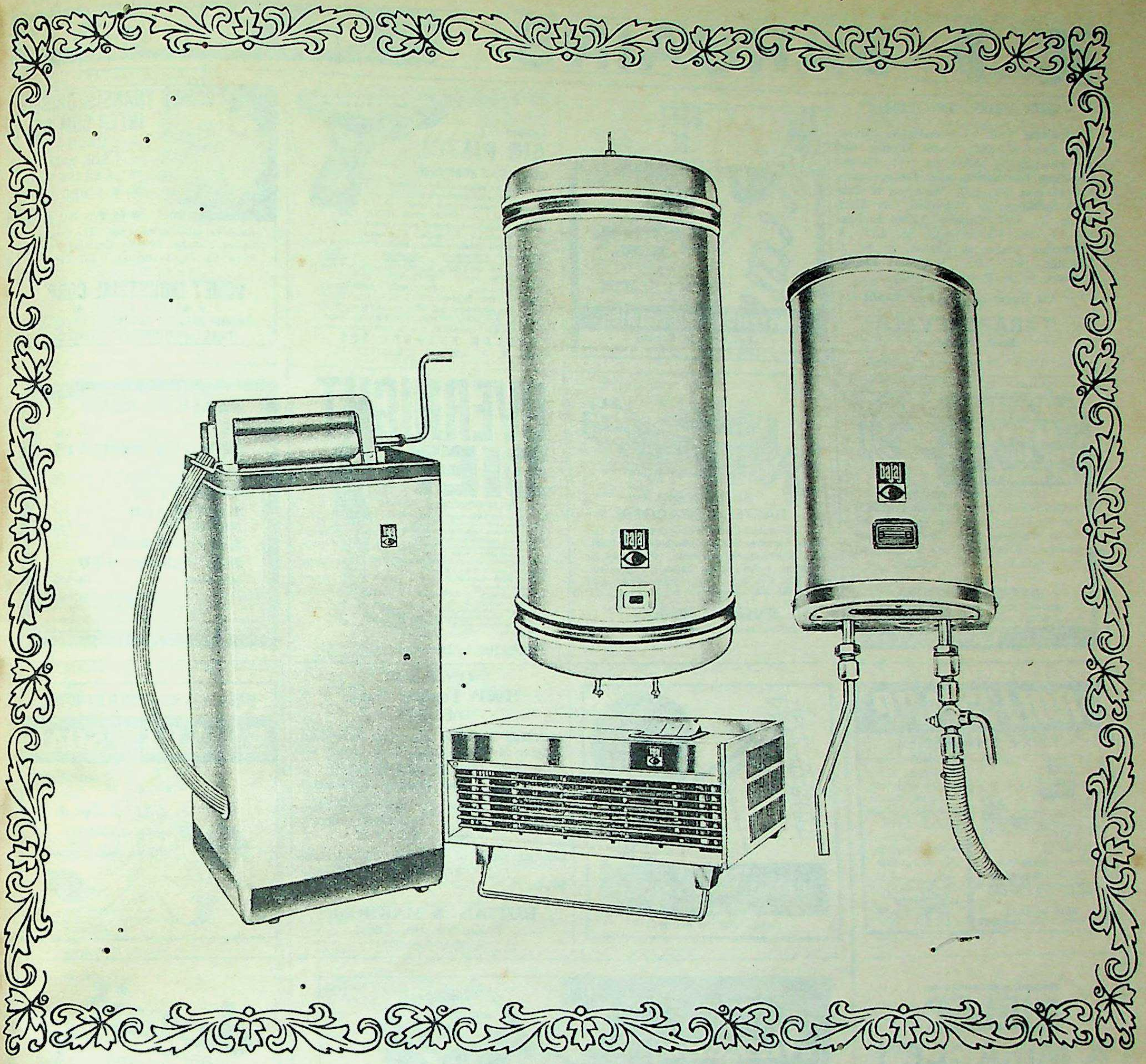

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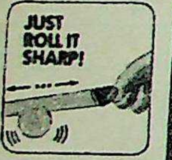

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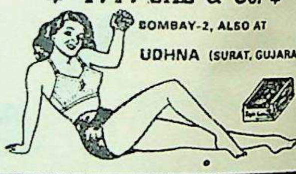

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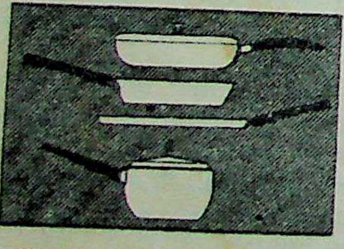

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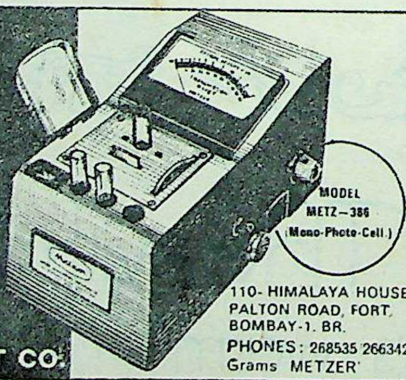

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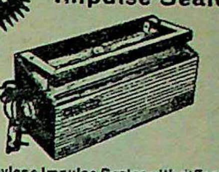

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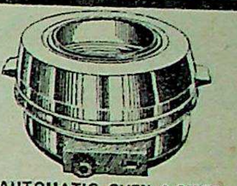

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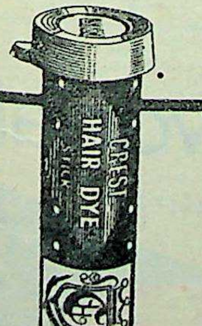

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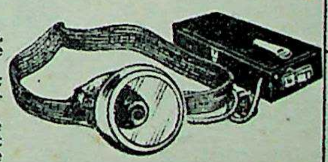

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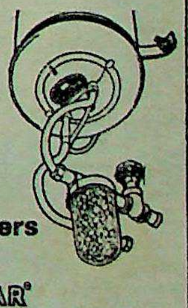

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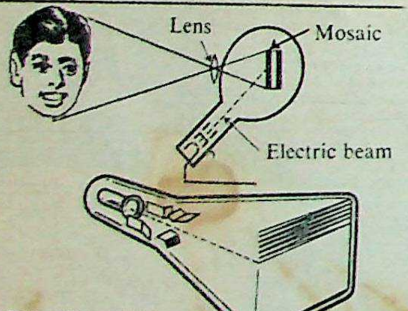

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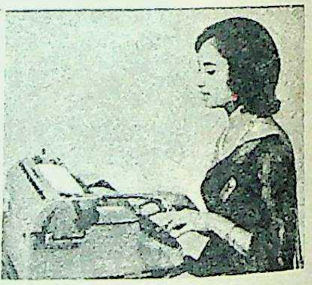

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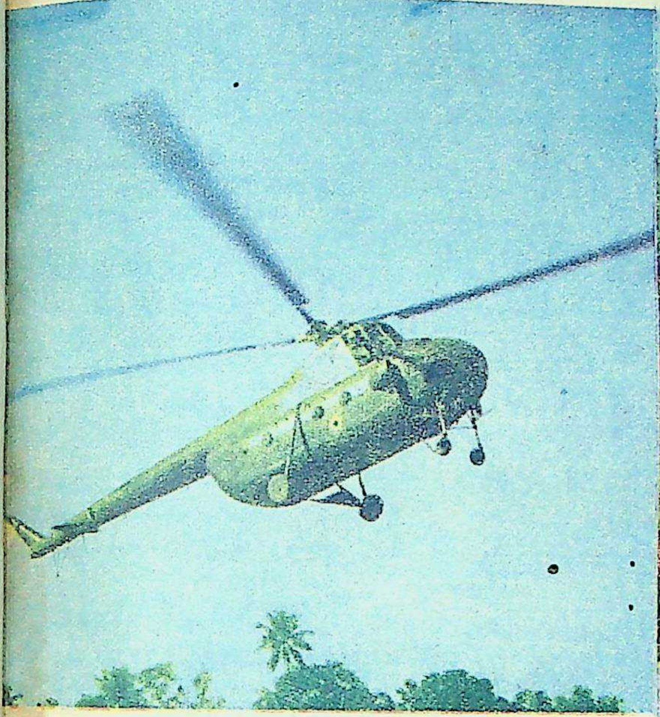
Untold Inside Story — Liberation Of Bangladesh

by Lt Gen Jagjit Singh Aurora

as told to Khushwant Singh



LT GENERAL AURORA ARRIVES IN DACCA *on Liberation Day, December 16, 1971.*

Two years ago the Indian Army achieved a spectacular victory which was acclaimed by experts as one of the most brilliantly planned and executed campaigns known in military history. Lieutenant-General Jagjit Singh Aurora, who was chiefly responsible for the conduct of the operations, tells us the story of how it was conceived and carried out.

On the evening of December 3, 1971, I was in my office in Fort William, Calcutta. At 6 p.m. the telephone rang. It was Chief of the Army Staff General (now Field Marshal) Sam Manekshaw speaking from Delhi. He told me that the Pakistani Air Force had bombed many of our airfields in the West and asked me to put my operational plans against East Pakistan into action. "We are at war with Pakistan," he said and asked me to inform the Prime Minister who happened to be in Calcutta that day.

I told my Chief of Staff Major-General (now Lt General) Jacob to alert the field commanders and call a staff conference. "Get out the best brand of Scotch you can find in the mess. I'll be back soon."

I drove up to Raj Bhavan where Mrs Gandhi was staying. When I got there she had just finished addressing some sort of cultural gathering and retired to her room. I went and knocked at her door and was asked to enter. I saluted and conveyed the message I had received from the C.O.A.S.

"Yes," she replied. "I heard it over All India Radio. I am flying back to Delhi." She turned away looking lost and distant.

"Good luck, Mrs Gandhi," I broke in. She turned round, smiled, shook hands with me and responded: "And good luck to you, too, General."

* * *

On June 8, 1969, when I was appointed General Officer Commanding in Chief, Eastern Command at Calcutta, I knew I had been given an exciting and challenging job, but little did I realise that it would be so epoch-making. My responsibilities as Commander of the Eastern Army included the security of West Bengal, Assam and the Eastern States of Nagaland, Manipur, Mizoram, Tripura and Arunachal, as well as maintaining the integrity of Sikkim. My charge also included the conduct of counter-insurgency operations in the States of Nagaland, Manipur and Mizoram and affording assistance to civilian governments in time of need when the law and order situation demanded.

When I assumed office in Calcutta the borders were comparatively quiet and the insurgent activities of the Nagas and Mizos were in a low key; only in West Bengal the law and order situation was unsatisfactory. The violence let loose by the Naxalites threatened to upset the election scheduled for March 1971 as it was feared that the people may not come out to exercise their right of franchise. I was ordered to assist the civilian administration and see that everyone cast his or her vote without fear or favour.

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Poetry requires not only thought but form as well. If you claim to be a poet and you have poetic thought, but not the form, then any man with paint, brush and canvas can claim to be a painter.

Madurai R. VEERA RAGHAVAN

No Sex For Indians

Sir—The protests of many of your readers against Janet Barkas' article ("Sex Habits Of Indians", October 21) is surprising. It was a rational and frank article on sex based on her personal observation and interviews.

To equate any talk about sex with pornography, is either ignorance or hypocrisy.

Maybe your readers believe, or at least would like us to believe, that Indians do not think about sex, are not aware of sex and do not indulge in sex in any form.

Pondicherry M. N. NAIR

Legs For Sailing

Sir—I read with interest your article about Sailing ("Sailing The Indian Waters", November 4). I suggest the author should brush up his knowledge of sailing for it is not Contractor but Afsar Husain who is the current as well as last year's National Champion—and I should know because I am his wife!

Agra DR RAZIA HUSAIN

Sir—Instead of showing the action and beauty of sailing in photographs, I see legs spread over a full page and front cover. Similarly in your issue on water sports some time ago, a model was pictured carrying water skiis on the front cover and the same model was in the back cover promoting a particular sari.

Lovely legs do help sell more copies of your WEEKLY, but do nothing for the creative talents of your staff photographers or for the prestige of the magazine.

Doha T. CHAZE

Catch 'Em Young?

Sir—Capt. Mark Philips who wed Princess Anne recently ("Princess Weds Commoner", November 11) is 24 years old, and is reported to have joined the army in 1961; that is, at the age of twelve?

Baroda P. VISHNU

(The error is regretted—Editor)

Stale Letter

Sir—The letter of Shekhar Ramani (November 18) under the heading "How Sonar is our Weekly" should have been thrown in the wastepaper basket as it was stale and stolen from *Time* magazine. The *Time* reader was commenting on the review of *The Last Tango in Paris.*

Baroda H. C. SHUKUL

The Illustrated Weekly of India

Sunday, December 16, 1973
Vol. XCIV. 50. Regd. No. MH9

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AND OUR REGULAR FEATURES

COVER: Lt Gen Aurora and the War Theatre. Montage designed by P. S. Sathe.

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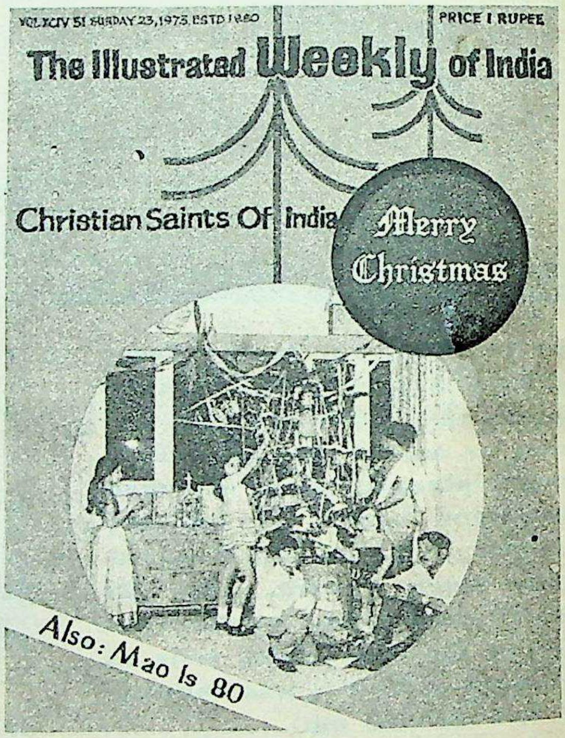
NEXT WEEK



CHRISTIAN SAINTS OF INDIA: While four canonised saints—St Thomas, St Francis Xavier, St Gonsalo Garcia, St John de Britto—are prominent on the Indian Christian scene, many others, both Catholic and Protestant, like Roberto de Nobili, Fr Joseph Vaz, Fr Agnel, Sadhu Sunder Singh and Pandita Ramabai, are also revered as saints. P. Thomas writes on their life and work.

THE FALL OF DACCA: "Did I fight well?" General Niazi asked Gen Aurora. The Pakistanis had plenty of guts but not enough imagination, says Gen Aurora, in the concluding instalment of his talk with Khushwant Singh. The General recounts the actual campaign which took the Indian Army to Dacca in 12 memorable days.

THE LONG MARCH TO 80: A birthday tribute to Mao Tse-tung, the man responsible for changing China from a backward nation to one of the Super Powers.

SAUDI ARABIA TODAY: A totally new landscape—desert dotted with gas and oil separators and camel caravans.

REMEMBERING RAJAJI: The meeting of the political sage with an "irreverent young" Indian diplomat in New York, K. Natwar Singh, India's Dy High Commissioner in London.

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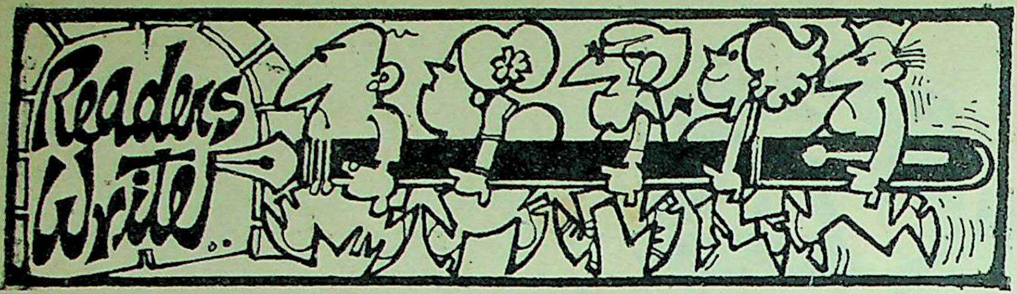

What LIC Does Not Do For Us

Sir—Asking Mr K. R. Puri to write on LIC ("What Does LIC Do For Us?" November 4) is like asking an accused to be the judge.

Madurai — K. NARAYAN

Sir—Will Mr Puri say how much a policy holder stands to lose by way of the rupee value going down every year and the interest which the policy holder might have earned if the bonus was paid to him annually?

With prices soaring and the cost of living going up, LIC makes merry at the cost of those who seek their protection and deposit their hard-earned savings with the LIC.

Bhillai — JANAK U. OZA

Sir—The Chairman of LIC states that 59.3% of sold policies during 1972-73 were purchased by the middle-class. This is not due to a need for security but because of the concession from income tax.

Amreli — S. M. VYAS

Sir—K. R. Puri should have added one more category for whom the LIC means much: the officers. He should have stated that to the officers of LIC it means the chance of their lifetime to join hands with dacoits and bandits to loot the people.

Dhanbad — A. T. GODBOLE

Sir—K. R. Puri has listed the achievements of LIC from the date of nationalisation. Accomplishing a target of Rs 1,000 crores turn-over and doubling it within three years cannot be claimed as a landmark in the annals of a monopolistic concern in a rapidly developing country like ours and that too in the context of the present population explosion.

Undue delays in finalising the proposals, unwarranted procrastinations in transferring the policies and unnecessary objections in selling the claims are day-to-day affairs in LIC. The policy holders will appreciate it better if the Chairman, instead of furnishing some statistical information about the organisation, concentrates more on streamlining the administration and improving its efficiency.

Madras — M. SUBRAMONEY

Sir—Vidyadhar Date's article, "If Only The Services Were Better", rightly points out LIC's maladministration. In no way is and middle and lower class individual helped by LIC. Moreover, LIC has not invested any money in education which should have been a must.

Nagpur — SHEKHAR SARVATE

Sir—Before the formation of LIC I did many claim cases for insurance companies and found that the agents, medical officers and some individuals of the management were hand in glove in insuring uninsurable cases for their personal benefit. Recovered premiums were not deposited.

The formation of LIC brought with it the heritage of these habits and it has taken a long time to get rid of those individuals through retirements. But the new class of Development Officers hardly put in their whole might. They sit back in their houses, do private business and thrive on fabulous salaries.

New Delhi — TEK SINGH BAHL

One Side Of Islam?

Sir—Dr Rafiq Zakaria ("Is Islam Secular?" October 28) has cleverly omitted the later chapters of the Koran which were revealed in Medina. Those quoted by him were revealed in Mecca and are defensive. According to modern theologians the Koran and the Torah are copies of each other.

Bombay — R. M. V.

Sir—In his zeal as a "fair-minded" commentator Dr Rafiq Zakaria says: "It cannot be denied that some Muslim rulers tried to spread Islam by the sword." Would he consider Mahmud of Ghazna and Aurangzeb as notable examples? How many converts did Mahmud's blade bring to Islam? Were Aurangzeb's wars against the Deccan Sultanates waged on a holy mission to bring the South to the fold of Islam? No. Both were inspired by monarchical ambitions. The tragedy with modern writers on Islam is that they retreat apologetically before Europe's absurd and unfounded charges, instead of clearing the mist from its face cast by them.

Calcutta — SYED ATAUNNABI

Envious Treatment

Sir—I have read the thought-provoking article on "Jealousy and Envy" (November 11) by Mulk Raj Anand with interest. It is the best on the subject published in your WEEKLY.

Secunderabad — S. M. SATYANARAYANA

Sir—The treatment of jealousy and envy by Sri Mulk Raj Anand is itself envious. No other participant has dealt with the subject so thoroughly, identifying the existence of envy over the centuries.

With so much jealousy—among the privileged and underprivileged alike—around us, should we not work for the eradication of the disease?

Vijayavada — D. V. RAMA DAS

Sir—We reject Mr Anand's identification of the national situation as chaotic because of jealousy and envy. We assert that the nation is possessed with psychological leprosy—complacency.

Hyderabad — L. R. U. MOORTY, H. U. MANJI

Sir—Mulk Raj Anand has done well to expose the hypocrisy of our leaders who live in Moghul splendour, import Impalas and Mercedes, patronise the most exclusive clubs and drink nothing but the best—all in the name of the common man.

Berhampur — H. BALAKRISHNAN

Sir—Mulk Raj Anand's article on jealousy and envy goes at a tangent jumping from one subject to another. If anything at all, it has shown up his own envy. Jealousy and envy are natural traits useful to us for our self-preservation. We should be aware of this tendency and, with discretion, control it so that it does not harm others.

Calcutta — R. SHAMANNA

Sir—Dr Mulk Raj Anand says that "in the play of Kalidasa, *Shakuntala*, when Dushyant, the hero does not recognise his beloved because she has lost the magic ring he gave her, the God Indra comes down from heaven to take Shakuntala and Dushyant up to heaven, to live happily ever after, so that there could be no sorrow on earth".

Will Dr Anand tell us something more about this play and the author? There was one Kalidasa, separated from our times by at least 1,500 years, who also wrote a play, *Shakuntala*. It is said that, enraptured on reading a translation of this play, the German poet Goethe declared that it was heaven and earth combined in one. Curiously, in this play also, the hero Dushyant gives a ring to his beloved, which is later lost by her, but there is nothing magic about it as in the case of the ring in the other play of the same name brought to our notice by Dr Anand. Also, in this play (i.e. the one which enraptured Goethe), the God Indra does not come down from heaven to earth to take the hero and heroine to heaven, to live happily ever after.

Cochin — T. B. SWAMINATHAN

"Save Our Humour"

Sir—If you must patronise D. F. Karaka for some reason, please shift his column to some other page, and don't deprive us of our jokes.

Kolhapur — SAMIR CHAUDHARI

Sir—Iph uoo aar thingking oph mayking "Arre Bhai" ay purmanunt phechur oph uar paypur, uoo may rust ashewered dat it bill nawt increeze uar shales ewan by won kapi. Vith deep apawlojees tu De-eph-kay, baiter ishtop it, Bhayya.

Boycott Low Humour.

Calcutta — K. KISHORE

Non-Poems

Sir— The "modern poems" published in your magazine are not poems at all. They are only prose sentences with random dissections into lines, at times as many as there are words in them.

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R. SHAMANNA

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This issue is dedicated to the memory of the 1,525 brave men who laid down their lives for the liberation of Bangladesh and in homage to the 4,061 wounded who brought glory to Indian arms.

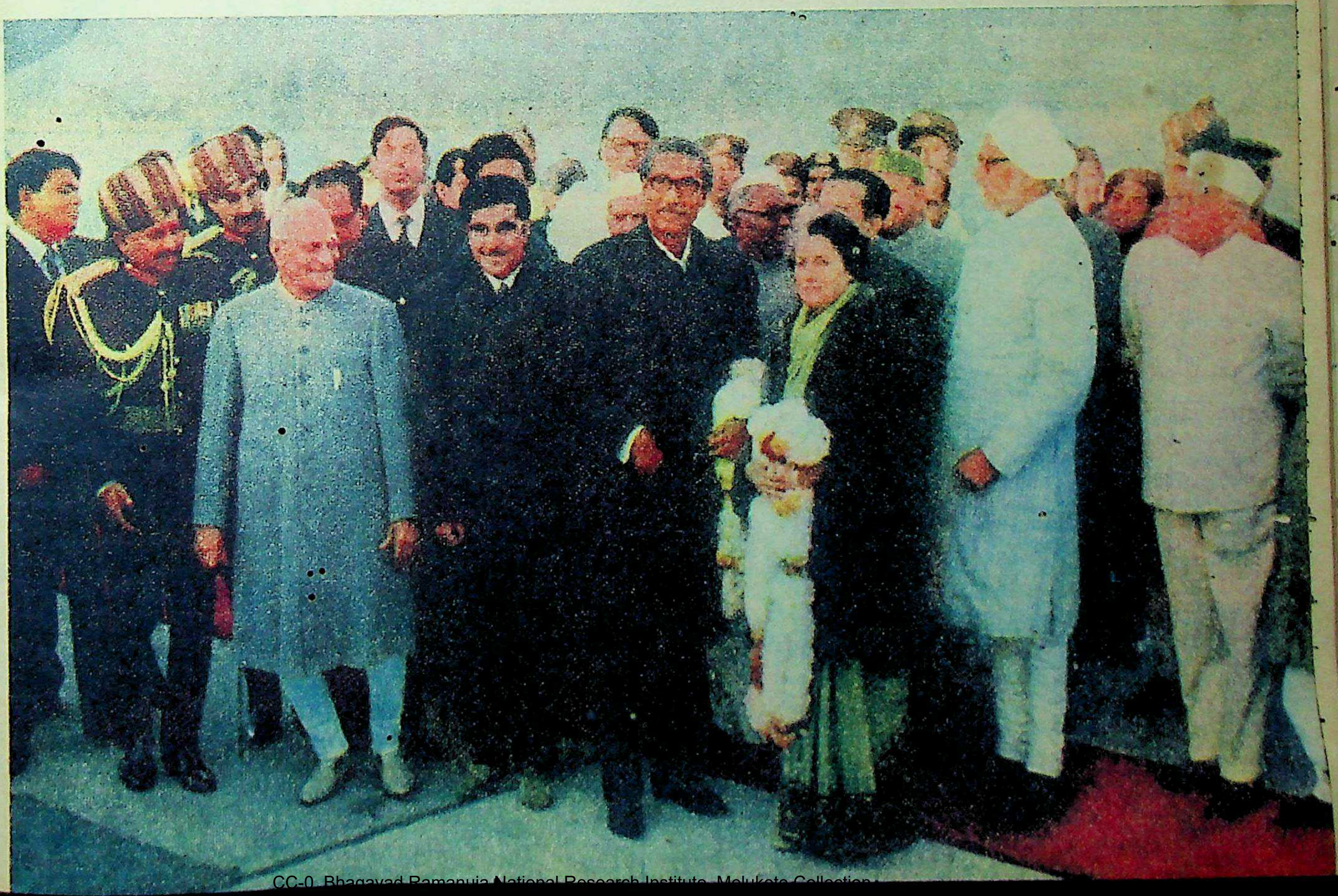
We moved roughly three divisions (approximately 40-50,000 men) to West Bengal for the purpose. The elections went off peacefully but we retained the troops to help the civilian authorities combat Naxalite violence. Although we had these troops in West Bengal they had left their heavier weapons and equipment behind as these were not required for the task in which they were employed. Consequently when affairs in East Pakistan came to the boil we had the men but not the kind of arms they needed to fight a war.

Negotiations between President Yahya Khan and Shaikh Mujibur Rahman broke down and on March 15, 1971, the Pakistan Army was ordered to crush the Bangladesh liberation movement. The Shaikh Saheb was arrested and a reign of terror was let loose.

Military action by the Pakistan Army in East Pakistan caught us unawares. There was an outcry in India urging us to go to the aid of the liberation forces. It was claimed that 150,000 Bengalis were ready

—Continued

LIBERATION FIGHTERS. "Initially the mistake that the Mukti Bahini made was that instead of operating as guerillas they fought pitched battles with the better equipped Pakistani Army who broke the backbone of the resistance with reinforcements from West Pakistan." Below: *President Giri and Prime Minister Indira Gandhi greet Shaikh Mujibur Rehman on his arrival at Palam after Mr Bhutto released him from Mianwali jail in Pakistan.*



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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

to march into East Pakistan. However, our Government very wisely decided to refrain from taking any precipitate action.

The situation was aggravated by the influx of large numbers of refugees. Our army was criticised for remaining inactive. But it soon became apparent that Pakistan might force a war on us. It was therefore necessary for us to have a closer look at East Pakistan's terrain and internal conditions.

Difficult Terrain

Bangladesh is not a small country. It has an area of 55,126 square miles with a population of 75 million people and is the eighth most populous nation of the world. Most of its eastern, northern and western boundaries are with India; only a small part in the south-east touches Burma. At the southern end is the Bay of Bengal. It is a flat deltaic plain—a large portion of it is no more than 40 feet above sea level—interspersed with rivers mostly running from the north to the south and breaking up into innumerable streams before they run into the sea. Besides these rivers there is an endless succession of lakes, swamps and marshes. The only mountainous areas are in the north-east (Sylhet District) and in the south-east (known as the Chittagong hill tracts). These mountains are thickly wooded.

The three big rivers are the Ganga (known in Bangladesh as the Padma), the Brahmaputra (known as the Jumuna) and the Meghna. They are formidable obstacles to an advancing force.

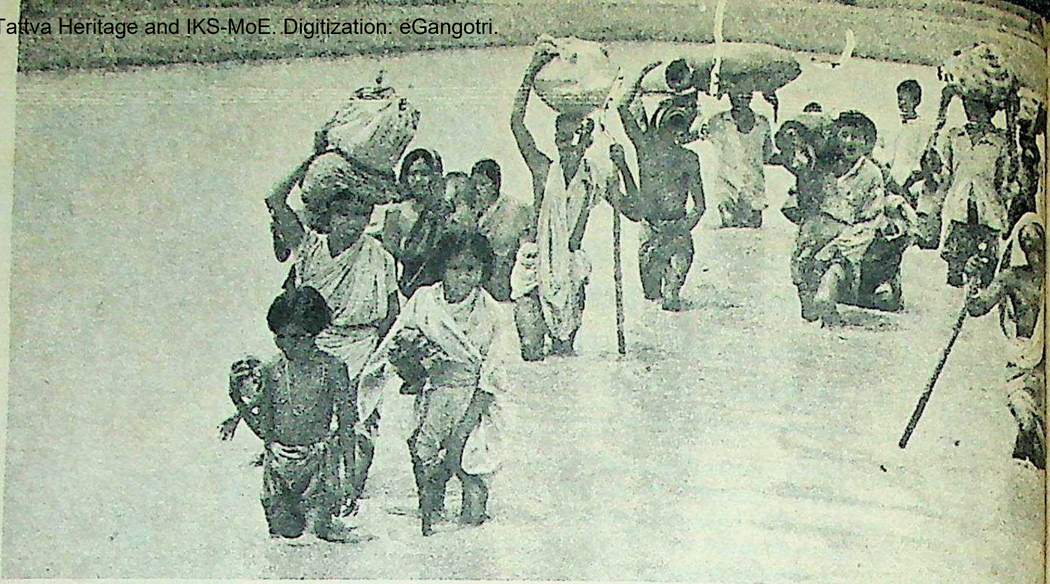
Bangladesh has heavy rainfall. The summer monsoon lasts nearly five months, beginning in mid-May and going on till the middle of October.

Surface communications were very poor. The Pakistani Government had not done very much to develop roads or rail connections. In many places the only links were by ferries. It is incredible but true that there was not a single bridge to traverse the rivers from the western approach to Dacca.

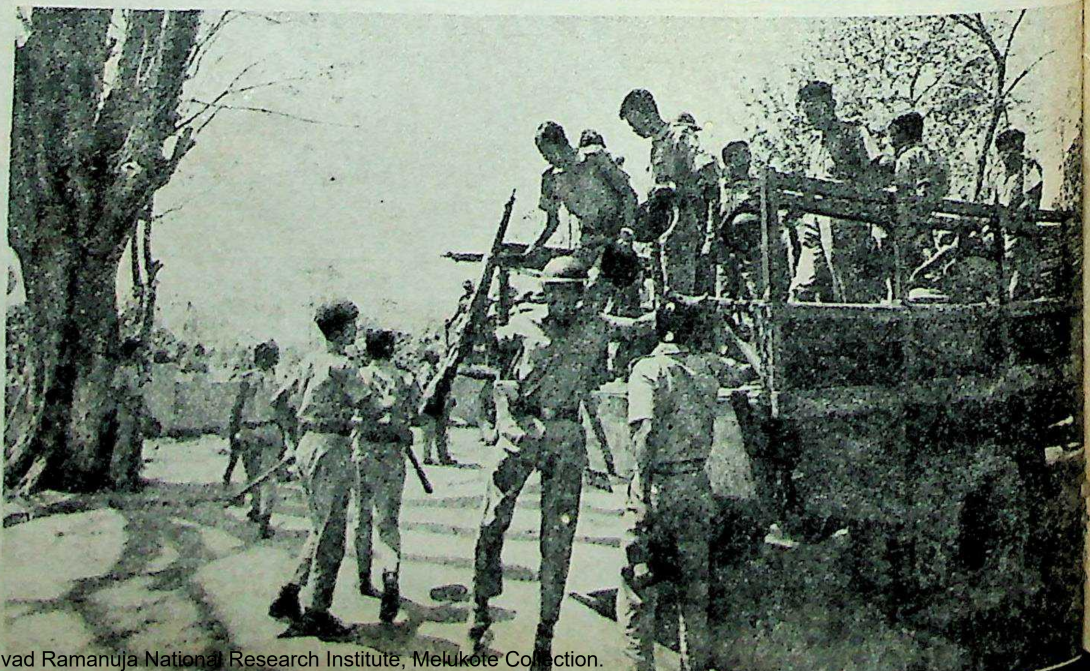
The chief problem facing an advancing army was the paucity of surface communications and the succession of water obstacles. It would have to be equipped with bridging equipment and vast quantities of rivercraft and light assault-craft which could be stealthily moved to the banks of rivers to ferry troops to the other side.

People's Revolt

Our information of what was going on in East Pakistan came entirely from the newspapers, refugees and our Intelligence. **It appeared that the Pakistanis, when they cracked down on the civilian population on March 25, 1971, had expected to restore normalcy within a few days. They had not reckoned with the revolt of the Bengali regular and para-military personnel. There were roughly 5,000 Bengalis in the regular army and many more in the East Pakistan**



WADING THROUGH A RIVER OF TROUBLES. "I can assure you that the figure of 10 million (Bangladesh refugees) is not, as alleged by the Pakistanis, exaggerated. I was in charge of sending them back and had the opportunity of checking the outflow. It is incredible that the two figures (incoming and outgoing) tallied upto the last thousand," says General Aurora. The army carried out the task of returning the refugees to their homeland after the liberation of Bangladesh with commendable efficiency.



TO GUARD THEIR LEADERS. Pakistani troops arrive outside the Governor's House, Dacca, where President Yahya Khan was staying during his talks with Shaikh Mujibur Rehman in March 1971. The talks failed. "The large-scale military action by the Pak Army caught us unawares," says General Aurora.

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Funding: Tatt... eGangotri

Rifles and the police, most of whom joined up with the patriotic forces.

In the initial phase the Bengalis put up commendable resistance against the Pakistani Army which at the time had about 50-60,000 men in the country. The great mistake made by the Bengali liberation fighters (Mukti Bahini) was that instead of operating as guerillas they chose to fight pitched battles with the better equipped Pakistanis. The Pakistanis flew in more troops from the West and by the end of April 1971 had broken the back of the resistance. The Mukti Bahini organisation had no coordinated plan of action and was thereafter reduced to operating in penny pockets.

Meanwhile General Tikka Khan launched a large-scale action of repression to cow down the populace to submission. The stream of refugees which was flowing into India became a torrent. I can assure you that the figure of 10 million is not, as alleged by the Pakistanis, exaggerated. I was also in charge of sending them back and had the opportunity of checking the outflow. It is incredible that the two figures (incoming and outgoing) tallied up to the last thousand.

Valiant Leaders

Of the Mukti Bahini leaders three deserve special mention; Major Ziaullah operating in the Chittagong region, Major Khalid Musharaff in Comilla (he suffered a head wound) and Major Shafiullah (later Chief of Army Staff, Bangladesh Army) operating north of Dacca and thereafter near the Tripura border.

The Pakistan Army was successful in re-occupying all the cities and restoring communications. We expected that the monsoons would give the Mukti Bahini a second chance to hit at their oppressors. This did not happen because the major means of communication were boats and other river-craft which could be easily controlled by the Pakistani Army.

As soon as the monsoons were over, the Pakistanis decided to seal the borders with India, convert the major towns into armed fortresses and liquidate the Mukti Bahini pockets of resistance. By the end of October 1971 it appeared that the Pakistanis had succeeded in all their immediate objectives.

THE LONG VIGIL. Our jawans on the borders of what was then East Pakistan. "I would have liked to have eight divisions at my disposal but all we could muster were six divisions and three additional brigades...I had between 120-140,000 men," says the General. By October 1971, the enemy had augmented his forces to three times their normal strength. They had 80,000 men, 70 to 80 light Chaffee tanks and 20 Sabre jets in East Pakistan. The Pakistanis were entrenched in well-prepared defensive positions. Their commanders had everything—except audacity.

As I said before, the eruption in East Pakistan had taken us by surprise. We had our contingency plans to combat hostilities imposed on us by China and Pakistan acting in collusion. In such an event we aimed at securing our vital communication links and areas with a minimum of action in Pakistani territory. In the North-Western Sector we would secure communications through the Siliguri corridor that connects us to Assam and the Eastern States, and in the Western Sector a thrust towards Jessore would ensure the security of Calcutta. This was all. We had never thought in terms of an action which would involve the whole of East Pakistan.

With the altered situation our existing plans had become outdated, as not only had Pakistan augumented her forces roughly three times the normal strength but the march of events seemed to point to our occupying the whole of East Bengal.

In June 1971 when I wrote my first appreciation of the military situation my object was to spell out my requirement of troops and give a broad outline of the operational plans.

I would have liked to have at least eight divisions at my disposal but all we could muster were six divisions and three additional brigades (i.e. roughly seven divisions). In short I had between 120-140,000 men available to me for such an operation. This did not give me much of an edge over the Pakistanis.

The ultimate objective was of course Dacca.

The Four Sectors

For operational purposes, it would be simpler if we followed the riparian division of East Pakistan into four Sectors:

a) **NORTH-WESTERN SECTOR.** Bogra being the main communication centre, our object was to occup. it and thus throw the Pakistani forces operating in this Sector off balance. The best way of getting to Bogra was to go along axis Hilli-Goraghat-Palasbari and so cut off forces in the north from the rest of the country. Hence we decided to pin down the enemy in Dinajpur, Pachagarh and Rangpur and at the same time aim our main thrust towards Bogra via Goraghat.

b) **IN THE SOUTH-WESTERN SECTOR,** the main communication centre is Jessore, which is connected to Dacca through Jhenida, Magura and Faridpur. The communication centres of Jhenida and Magura were, therefore, of vital importance, as capture of these would completely split and disorganise the Pakistani forces operating in this Sector. Once Jessore, Jhenida and Magura were captured, other places could be dealt with later.

c) **EASTERN SECTOR.** In the South-Eastern part of this Sector, control of Meghna Bulge between Chandpur—Ashuganj was of prime importance, as capture of these would isolate Dacca from Chittagong and Comilla.

—Continued

FRUITFUL IN PEACE, OBSTACLES DURING WAR. "The chief problem facing an advancing army was the paucity of surface communications and the succession of water obstacles." Bangladesh is a maze of rivers which break into innumerable streams before reaching the sea. There are countless ponds, swamps and marshes. The three big rivers—the Ganga (known as Padma there) the Brahmaputra and the Meghna—are formidable barriers against an advancing army."

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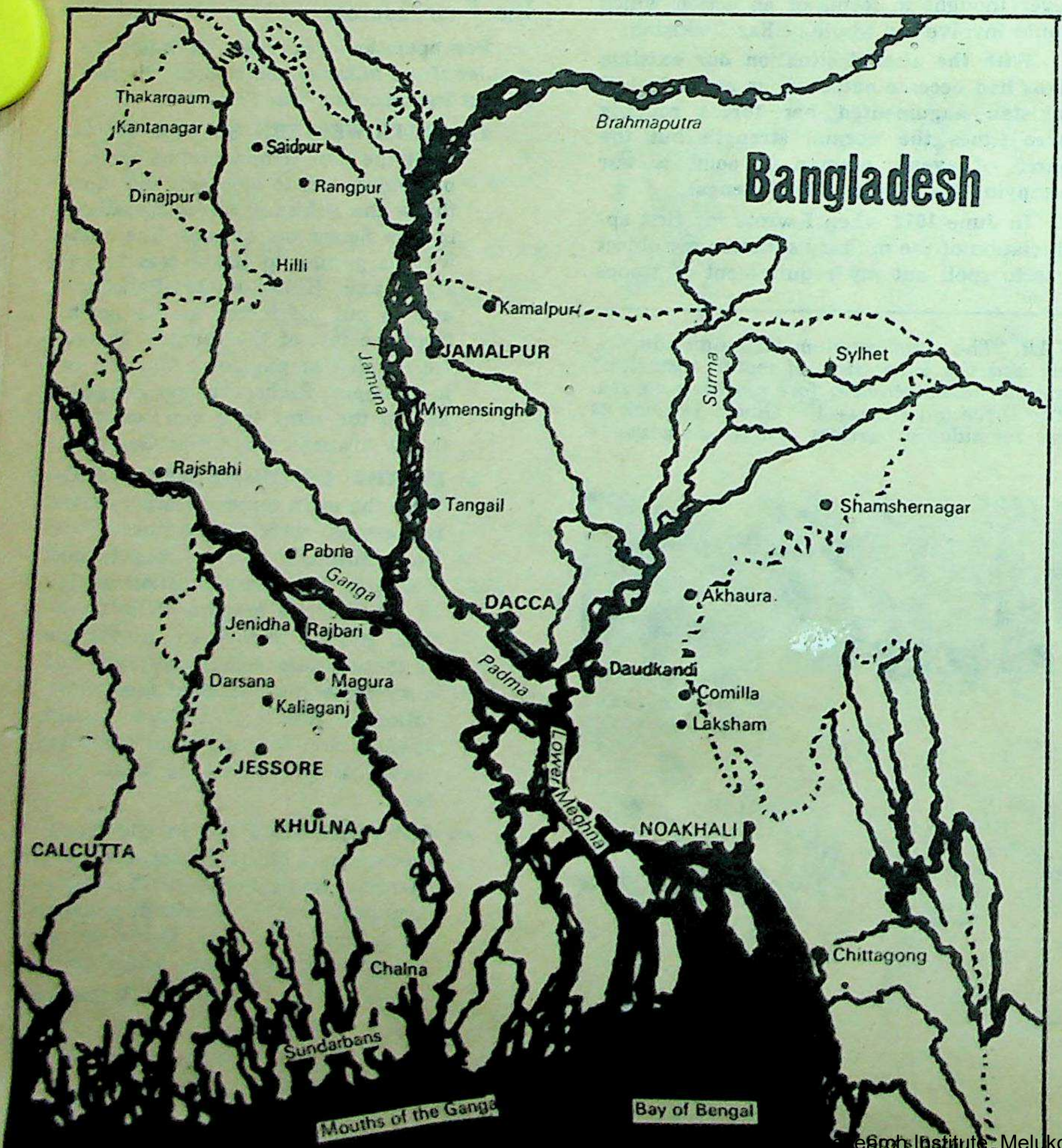
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

PLANNED TEAMWORK. Pakistani strategy was to "defend the whole of East Pakistan and ensure that no important city or town fell into our hands". We adopted the theory of the "expanding torrent, i.e. to proceed like water which when it meets an obstacle on its course simply goes round it". General Yahya Khan's pre-emptive strike on December 3 was ideally timed—for us. The terrain was dry enough to deploy tanks and the winter snows were a guard against large-scale Chinese aggression. Picture shows Indian Army officers discussing the strategy.



It would further facilitate operations for the capture of Dacca. The three most important points along this river-line were Chandpur, Daudkhandi and Ashuganj river ports. In the Northern part of this Sector the main objectives were the airfield at Shamsher Nagar, the communication centre of Maulvi Bazar and the town of Sylhet. One town could easily be isolated from the rest of the country, as its communications were either by water or through Maulvi Bazar.

d) **DACCA.** The political hub of East Pakistan was our prime objective. The only direction from where an advance would not have to cross a major water obstacle was from the North. This thrust, however, would involve capturing first Jamalpur or Mymensingh (both are south of the Brahmaputra) before proceeding to Tangail and then on to Dacca.

We knew that the time at our disposal was short. The enemy had to be destroyed as quickly as possible and that could only be done by a multi-pronged offensive launched from as many directions as possible.

Brains Behind The Planning

Every plan is the result of team work. It is coordinated, checked, amended or altered as contingencies arise. Ours was initially prepared at the Eastern Command Headquarters under my direct supervision and the assistance of my Chief of Staff, General Jacob. My senior field commanders Generals Sagat Singh, Raina, Thapan and Gurbaksh Singh contributed their share towards it. The plan was submitted to Army Headquarters and approved by them.

By October, 1971, the Pakistanis had increased their normal strength in the east from one division of four brigades (20-25,000 men) to a total force of about 80,000, consisting of 35 infantry battalions, six artillery regiments and some independent mortar and field batteries, one regiment and two squadrons of light Chaffee tanks (60 to 70) and 20 Sabre jets. They also had a number of gunboats and armed river-craft.

Divisional Headquarters was at Jessore where Major General M. H. Ansari commanded the 9th Pakistani Division. He had one brigade for the area including Jhendha, Kushtia and Jiban Nagar and another around Jessore. Later he raised a new brigade headquarters for the defence of Khulna.

The North-Western sector, was commanded by Major General Nazar Hussain Shah who had his Divisional Headquarters at Nator, with one brigade at Rangpur (to cover Saidpur and Dinajpur), one at Hilli-Goraghat and a third at Rapshahi-Naogaon.

The Central sector which included Jamalpur and Mymensingh was defended by 93 Pakistani Infantry Brigade. Later a new Divisional Headquarters (the 36th Division) was raised at Dacca under the command of Major General Mohammed Jamshed Khan who was put in command of this sector.

The Eastern sector was defended by the 14th and 39th Pakistani Divisions based respectively at Bhairab Bazar and Chandpur.

Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

They had Brigades at Sylhet, Maulvi Bazar, Akhaura, Kasba, Brahmanbaria, Mynamati (a hill feature overlooking Comilla) Feni and Chittagong (including the hill tracts).

The Pakistanis had no dearth of weapons, ammunition and stores. They had stockpiled them in various places which they hoped to defend for a long period. It would appear that the possibility of having to surrender to the Indian forces had never crossed their minds.

"Leave Highways, Follow By-ways"

The one thing the Pakistani commanders lacked was audacity. With all they had in the way of men, arms and ammunition, modern tanks and fast-moving gunboats, they decided to dig themselves behind entrenchments and render themselves immobile. Under the circumstances I decided that instead of attacking them in their entrenched positions I should avoid direct confrontation and bypass these defences wherever possible. Direct confrontation would cost us precious lives (the attacker always has heavier casualties than the defender), slow up our progress and allow time for international pressure to build up for a ceasefire. We had to liberate Bangladesh in the quickest time possible. Speed was of paramount importance.

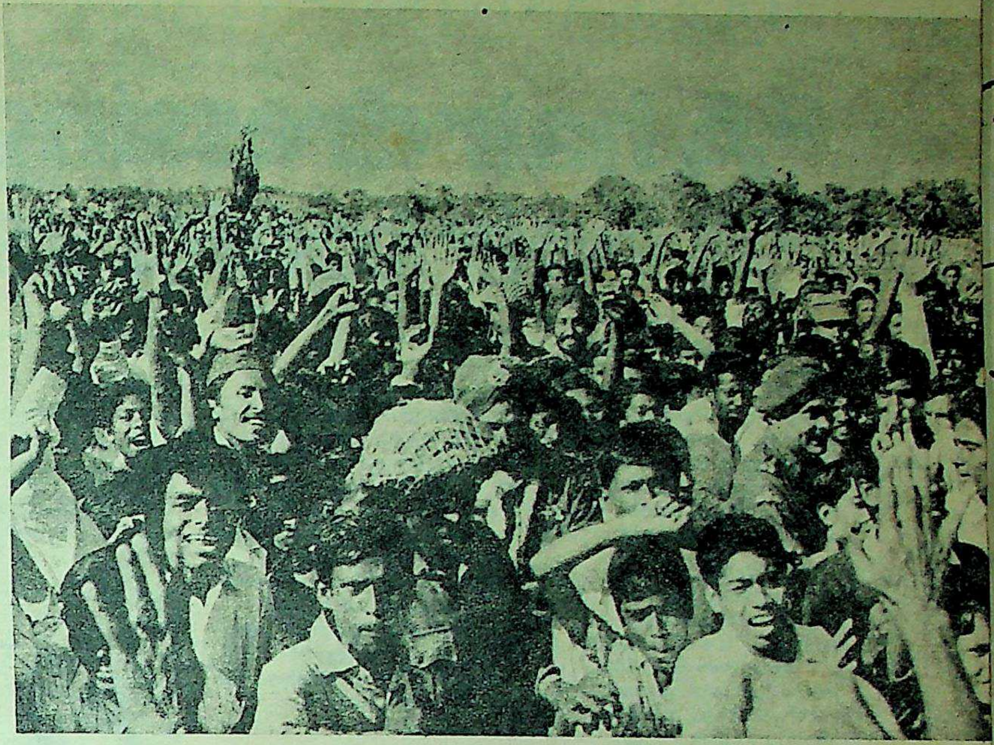
"Leave the highways and follow the by-ways" was a phrase I coined to explain my strategy of bypassing centres of resistance and getting behind them. Captain Liddel Hart, the eminent writer of military strategy, called it the theory of the "expanding torrent", i.e. to proceed like water which, when it meets an obstacle on its course, simply goes round it.

In my appreciation of June 1971, I had said with tongue in cheek that we should delay hostilities till the first week of December by which time the terrain would be dry enough to deploy tanks and the winter snows would hamper any large-scale aggressive movement of Chinese troops across the Himalayas. (General Yahya Khan's preemptive strike on December 3 was ideally timed for us.)

Clearing The Decks

Realising that open hostilities might break out as soon as the monsoon ended, I had to make certain that the administrative backing and logistical support for such an operation must be perfected during the monsoon. This posed many problems, specially in the Eastern Sector where rail and road communications were meagre, unreliable and vulnerable to sabotage by enemy agents. Tripura, the main base of our operations from the east, is chronically short of food which has to be sent from outside. Its population of 15 lakhs had been almost doubled by the influx of refugees. Not only did I have to share rail and road resources with them, at times I had to assist the civil administration with transport to feed the population.

In spite of these difficulties we moved 54,000 tonnes of stores including provisions, ammunition, petrol and other war supplies at strategic points all along the border during heavy monsoons and raised many administrative units to provide the necessary logistical framework. This was only made possible by the wholehearted and determined efforts of Indian Railways, Army Engineers and other administrative services.



LIBERATORS, NOT CONQUERORS. "Remember when you enter Bangladesh you go there as liberators and not as conquerors. Your behaviour towards the population must be scrupulously correct," General Aurora told his men in a message to all ranks of the Eastern Command on the eve of operations. The Indian army withdrew from Bangladesh within four months of victory.

Pak Strategy

By October I had some indication of Pakistani strategy. They had two courses open to them. Either to defend the whole of East Pakistan and ensure that no important city or town fell into our hands or defend border areas to a limited extent, let our troops advance and fight major battles on the banks of the rivers Padma and Meghna. It appeared that General Niazi had opted for the former alternative. The disposition of his troops indicated that he meant to defend the entire country.

I spent the months of October and November visiting my formations, watching training and carrying out what in army jargon is known as "war games", i.e. discuss in detail with a model depicting the ground how the troops would actually carry out operations. All doubts and apprehensions were to be removed and all loose ends tied up.

During these "war games" we perfected our strategy of bypassing defended areas. Each of our formations was told what its final objective was and how it should be achieved. They had to forge ahead at speed and at the same time avoid direct confrontation with the major centres of resistance.

By the end of November we were ready to take on the Pakistanis. But it was not known how and when the hostilities would start or whether they would start at all. General Yahya Khan gave us the gift we were praying for; he declared war on us exactly at the time we hoped he would.

My first job was to inform the men under my command of the State of War and ask them to do their duty. This I did in a Special Order of the Day which ran as follows:

To All Ranks Of Eastern Command

"Gallant officers and brave jawans of the Eastern Army.

"True to form Pakistan has committed unprovoked aggression against our airfields in the west this evening. We are now at war with Pakistan. The Eastern Army has been assigned the vital responsibility of ensuring the territorial integrity of our country and to liberate Bangladesh from the clutches of the West Pakistanis. We are indeed privileged to have been assigned this role.

"Hate and crush India has been the favourite war cry of Pakistan from its inception. The barbaric, inhuman and indecent atrocities committed by the Pakistan Army on the people of Bangladesh have no parallel in history. As we have given refuge and shelter to these unfortunate people we have incurred the further animosity of the Pakistanis.

"Time has now come to teach Pakistan a lesson and finish it once and for all.

"Trusting in God and convinced of the righteousness of our cause I want each and everyone of you to carry out our assigned task with devotion, determination, professional skill and dedication. We must achieve complete success in the shortest possible time.

"Remember, when you enter Bangladesh you go there as liberators and not as conquerors. Your behaviour towards the population must be scrupulously correct.

"I wish you all success and godspeed in your endeavours."

Next week: The Fall of Dacca

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

"A hair dressing, luv."
"A hair tonic, yar."

Yes it's true. Pantene users all advise you to use Pantene. But dissent over what Pantene does for you. Some insist it's the most sophisticated hair dressing. Others assert it's the most effective hair tonic.

Jackie Fashunwala, 24, fashion designer-owner of 'Heppyness' boutique declares, "It's all a matter of dress-sense, luv. Like greasy hair is a no-no that's strictly 'out' for me. I dig the natural look in hair. Well-groomed, natural looking hair. That's my scene. Which is why I'm into Pantene."

You're right about Pantene's non-greasy grooming action Jackie. It works like this:a) the alcohol-based Pantene penetrates hair shafts on application,b) this 'wets' your hair, making it easy to manage and set, c) once set, the alcohol evaporates (hence the natural look) leaving behind the 'fixer' which keeps your hair in place and gives it a healthy sheen,d) the mild perfume keeps your hair fragrantly fresh all day.

OUTDOORS, INDOORS CARE

"Pantene? hmm... yas," ponders Mr. Philamkar, 36, award winning new wave film producer-director.
"I remember first time when I was started to use this preparation. I had completed my fillum 'Pyar, Jeevan, Maut'. I was losing out my hairs as result of neglect during busy shooting...also because of tension of post-shooting wrangles with x?!+,.& distributors and censors."

Jackie Fashunwala — dress-sense, dig?

Raju Philamkar — no more losing out

"My make-up man was recommending this Pantene. He was telling that it corrects faulty metabolism of hair roots with some Panthenol, a vitamin of B-complex group, enabling hair roots to draw vital, impossible-to-substitute nutrients from the blood. Also this Pantene was combating dandruff and keeping scalp healthy."

"So I was started to use this Pantene. In only two weeks I was no more losing out my hairs. Also my fillum was released. It was running for..."

Without taking sides, we'd like to clarify that Pantene is a non-greasy grooming aid that checks hairloss.

The non-greasy grooming aid that checks hairloss. PANTENE.

Creative Unit-826

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

BANGLADESH

by Kaifi Azmi

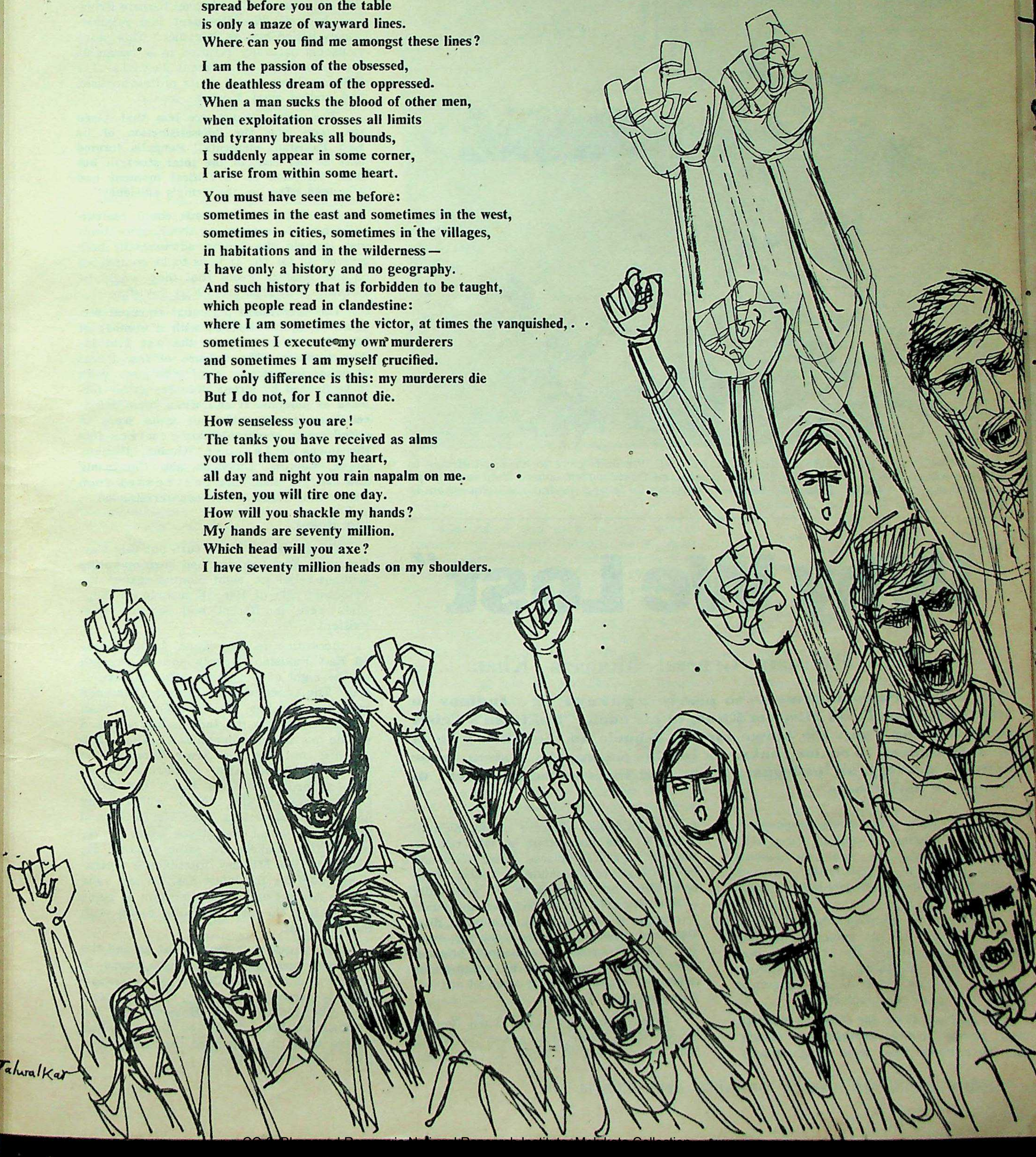
Translated by Pritish Nandy

I am not a country that you can incinerate me,
I am not a wall you can raze to the ground
nor a frontier you can obliterate.
This obsolete map of the world
spread before you on the table
is only a maze of wayward lines.
Where can you find me amongst these lines?

I am the passion of the obsessed,
the deathless dream of the oppressed.
When a man sucks the blood of other men,
when exploitation crosses all limits
and tyranny breaks all bounds,
I suddenly appear in some corner,
I arise from within some heart.

You must have seen me before:
sometimes in the east and sometimes in the west,
sometimes in cities, sometimes in the villages,
in habitations and in the wilderness—
I have only a history and no geography.
And such history that is forbidden to be taught,
which people read in clandestine:
where I am sometimes the victor, at times the vanquished,
sometimes I execute my own murderers
and sometimes I am myself crucified.
The only difference is this: my murderers die
But I do not, for I cannot die.

How senseless you are!
The tanks you have received as alms
you roll them onto my heart,
all day and night you rain napalm on me.
Listen, you will tire one day.
How will you shackle my hands?
My hands are seventy million.
Which head will you axe?
I have seventy million heads on my shoulders.



Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

DEAD PAKISTANI SOLDIERS NEAR JESSORE. "All Pak units were to have withdrawn to communication centres like Jessore, Khulna, Bogra and Comilla from where they could have launched counter-attacks." They paid for their mistakes, by letting the Indians isolate them in pockets.

"Why We Lost"

Explains Pakistani General Muqeem Khan

Why did the Pakistan army do so poorly against the Indians in 1971? Maj Gen Fazal Muqeem Khan, in his book, "Pakistan's Crisis in Leadership" puts the blame for the debacle on the absence of professionalism in senior ranks, an indifferent supply system, poor military strategy, an inadequate Navy, and incorrect deployment of troops on both fronts.

THE Pakistani army was a professional one consisting of some of the world's toughest fighters. But when the soldiers began to perform civilian duties they lost not only their professionalism but also pride in their calling.

According to General Muqeem Khan, government did not pay sufficient attention to equipping its army. By 1971 there was "a dangerous qualitative and quantitative disparity between the arms and equipment of the two countries involved."

In August 1970, the GHQ conducted "war games" which brought out clearly that the nation's plans were designed only to meet an Indian offensive on the Western Wing. At the same time it was realised that, at certain places, there were not enough reserves to contain an Indian offensive. The army could carry out essentially a defensive role. To correct the imbalance, a reserve of two existing armoured divisions and three infantry divisions was created. Two independent armoured brigades were added to this force by withdrawing armoured regiments from some of the existing infantry divisions.

To make matters worse, when General Yahya Khan came into power in March 1969, he involved the Army in civil administration. There was a spurt of promotions in the army. The number of higher ranks was "almost doubled overnight". Three Brigadiers were promoted to the rank of Major General without having been declared fit by the Selection Board.

The Chief of Army Staff was promoted to the rank of General. This was done by the President at a party in 1970 as a New Year's gift. The Defence Secretary had to be woken up in the early hours of the morning to make sure that the appointment was duly gazetted. A Colonel became Brigadier because "the President had mischievously hailed him as Brigadier." This capriciousness naturally resulted in a "scramble for promotions at different levels. The Officers Corps, proud of its professionalism, had drifted away from its ideals".

The most serious problem that faced the army was the "dissatisfaction of its East Pakistani elements." Bengalis formed only 20 per cent of the total strength but their defection at "a critical moment had a serious effect on the army's efficiency".

All that the Pakistanis could realistically hope to achieve on the Eastern front was to hold the Indian advance till help arrived or for the Indians to be so mauled on the Western Front that they would be forced to withdraw from East Pakistan.

The operational plan that emerged was based on active defence with a number of offensive actions to take the war into Indian territory. The defence of Dacca was of prime importance. Border outposts were to be backed by strong defences as far forward as possible. If and when these defences became untenable, all units were to withdraw to communication centres like the towns of Jessore, Khulna, Jhenida, Bogra, Comilla, Luksham and Chittagong and convert them into fortresses from where they could launch counter-attacks.

No Relief

Things did not quite turn out this way. Troops in East Pakistan had been operating without relief for eight months against the mounting tide of Bengali insurgence. Supplies were indifferent and security non-existent.

According to Gen Khan, India attacked East Pakistan "openly and in strength on the night of November 20/21, the eve of Eid." The Chief of Staff Eastern Command informed the Vice Chief of General Staff in Islamabad that the Indians had attacked on the morning of November 21. The VCGS at once contacted the Army Chief at the latter's residence. After discussing the situation for nearly two hours the Army Chief dismissed the VCGS without any decision or instructions. The Chief of General Staff learnt about the attack when he returned from Lahore the same evening. He rushed to the Military Intelligence Operations Room for the latest position and rang up the Army Chief requesting him to come for briefing the next morning along with the President.

The request was declined as he and the President had planned to visit troops in Sialkot that day. The CGS tried unsuccessfully to persuade the Army Chief to postpone the Sialkot visit. However, as the briefing had been announced, the Air Chief turned up at the appointed time next morning (November 22).

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

In the afternoon, when the President and the Army Chief returned from Sialkot, the Air Chief and the CGS were waiting for them at the airfield and it was only their firmness which persuaded the two to come to the Operations Room. Even at that critical juncture, the Army Chief was suggesting an afternoon siesta for the President and postponement of briefing till later in the evening.

The Director, Military Intelligence, along with other officers, was ready with his brief. He emphasised that the complexion of the operations had completely changed. When the DMI had finished, the President remarked that he would require a couple of hours to think over the situation, and ordered a conference at his residence the same evening at 6.30.

The conference was held at the appointed time. At this "short and non-serious" meeting, the President remarked, 'What can I do for East Pakistan? I can only pray." The meeting was dismissed.

The Pakistani Eastern Command was oblivious of the march of events. Lt General Niazi was under the impression that the Indians would try to capture a chunk of East Pakistan territory and confine their attacks to the borders.

On December 3, the Army Chief warned General Niazi that, according to their intelligence, the Indians would shortly launch an offensive against East Pakistan. He advised the General to redeploy his force in such a way as to take into consideration areas of tactical, political, and strategic importance. "The effect of this vague advice on General Niazi is not known," writes Muqeem Khan, "but so far as it can be ascertained no action seems to have been taken on this advice." India used Pakistan's counteraction on the Western Front as an excuse for an attack on East Pakistan on December 4. General Niazi, meanwhile, made the strategic blunder of not giving clear orders for a general withdrawal to a place from which they could give battle to the Indians.

Niazi's Assessment

As the Indian Army sliced and bludgeoned its way to Dacca through the battered remnants of Pakistani defences the Headquarters Eastern Command lost control over the operations. The main causes, according to a number of officers on the spot, were the scattered nature of deployment in units and sub-units, the control of rail, river and road communications by the Mukti Bahini guerillas and the absence of a clear plan of withdrawl.

According to General Niazi's assessment of the fighting upto the morning of December 6, eight Indian Divisions with four Armoured Regiments, thirty-nine battalions of the Border Security Force and 60 to 70 thousand rebels under Indian command had been fully committed inside East Pakistan. All enemy attacks had been "supported by air which had caused maximum damage with rockets and napalm bombs". By December 6, the Indians with their numerical and technical supremacy had succeded in pushing the Pakistani forces back from their forward positions all along the frontiers.

Once it was realised that India had decided to take the whole of East Pakistan, the Pakistani command was completely paralysed. General Niazi lost the will to fight.

THE SOUND OF GUNS. The East Wing collapsed in 10 days. It was only after three days of fighting that General Niazi realised the Indian Army was set on taking the whole of East Pakistan. Niazi lost the will to fight and the divisions under his command surrendered.

Dacca fell within 10 days. The remnants of the four divisions under General Niazi's Command were taken prisoners.

The Pakistani plan on this front revolved around a counter-offensive to be launched by an armoured division and two infantry divisions. After the initial attack this force, if necessary, was to be reinforced. The rest of the Army was to perform mainly a holding role. To ensure success of the offensive, certain manoeuvres were planned to induce the enemy to divert his forces.

The attack was to be carried out as follows: an infantry division in Kashmir was to capture Poonch and simulate local and limited offensive in order to "fix enemy reserves in Jammu and Kashmir and to prevent them from going south of the river Chenab. Another division was expected to "secure the line of River Tawi and, as part of the deception plan, simulate an offensive for the capture of area Naushahra-Rajauri". The I Corps was to "eliminate the Dharm enclave, an Indian pocket on the Pakistan side of River Ravi near Narowal, and simulate an offensive in the area in order to draw enemy forces into the Shakargarh salient." The IV Corps in the Lahore and Kasur-Sulaimanke sector was "allotted the task of clearing Indian enclaves in its area" and to move upto the Changanwan drain between the River Ravi and the Grand Trunk Road. Another infantry division, which covered the 560-mile front from Rahimyar Khan to the Rann of Kutch, including Karachi, was "given the task of defending the area East of the Indus River."

As on the Eastern Front, things did not quite turn out that way. On this Front, where the two sides were evenly matched in numbers, General Muqeem Khan feels a "counteraction was imperative and looked feasible but instead efforts were made to play down the Indian invasion, and life ran normally in West Pakistan." However, from November 22, pressure started building up from all quarters—civil and military. The independent press "was urging Yahya Khan to act quickly. Military wives in at least one cantonment, Multan, threatened to send bangles and henna to the President and the Army Chief."

The GHQ officers, whenever opportunities offered, pressed the Army Chief and the President himself to take a decision on retaliating from West Pakistan. In order to facilitate decision making, although belatedly, a detailed time table of this counter-offensive was made and was presented to them on November 29. As usual, both of them listened patiently but would not agree to the time table. Officers at the GHQ, however, continued pressing the Army Chief and, at last, on November 30 the 'green signal' was given and December 3 was selected as the day of starting operations from the West.

From December 7 onwards the pressure on the Army Chief to launch a counter-offensive started mounting. The Director of Military Operations and his deputy continued warning him that time was slipping by and gradually the initiative was being taken by India.

On December 8, the Army Chief seemed to have been impressed and promised to take a decision the next day. "The next day instead of ordering an offensive he ordered the splitting of a reserve division, sending one brigade to a corps and another to be attached to a division. Neither the DMO nor the Corps Commander was consulted." Somewhere along the line the C-in-C and the COAS had forgotten that the aim was a counter-offensive.

The battles on the borders continued but except for a few places their tempo had died down. In the Northern Areas of Kashmir the Indians had taken full advantage of the negligible Pakistani defence and the complete lack of roads and tracks which

—Continued

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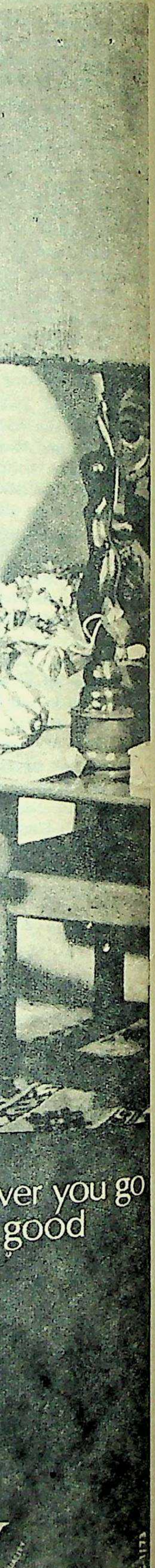

might have enabled Pakistanis to reinforce threatened areas.

At last on December 13, at 9 a.m., the Army Chief gave his approval for a general attack. Operational Instructions were flown by special couriers to all concerned. The attack was scheduled for the morning of December 16. Later it was postponed by twenty-four hours.

On the evening of December 16, during a normal briefing "the Army Chief abruptly said: 'Freeze Tikka', and the loyal staff 'froze' the offensive without any argument. This was about the same time the President was broadcasting to the nation that, by accepting a ceasefire in East Pakistan they had lost only a battle and not the war, and was assuring the people that war would continue."

The President's speech was out of context as it had been prepared before the Indians announced a ceasefire on the Western Front. No one present in the briefing had any inkling about the ceasefire. When they heard the remark to 'freeze Tikka', there was 'pin drop' silence. One of the excuses given by the Army Chief was that the war was not going on well in some areas. He also quite unjustifiably indicated his lack of faith in the PAF's ability to support the operations. General Irshad, Commander I Corps, was, at once, rung up from the Conference Room and he reiterated that he was happy about the situation in his area. On hearing this the Air Chief remarked: "If it is so, why not let Tikka go".

Nevertheless General Tikka was rung up about the 'freeze.' He, of course, "did not believe it. He thought it was a fake call. So he rang back to recheck orders".

A flash message about the ceasefire was soon despatched. The reaction was the same all over. "The country went into mourning. The officers and the jawans cried."

Approval At Last

As far as the Pakistani Navy was concerned General Muqeem Khan asserts that the importance of maritime power was never adequately appreciated. Thus the needs of a country separated by 3,000 miles of hostile seas were ignored. The location of the Naval Headquarters in Karachi, and the absence of a joint planning staff kept the pace of Naval development disproportionately slow.

Only the US Military Aid Advisory Group's professional opinion, which backed the Navy, was able to convince the then Prime Minister of the need to strengthen the Navy. One second-hand cruiser and five old destroyers were acquired from the United Kingdom in 1955, '56 and '57. But these old vessels could not be modernised. Field Marshal Ayub Khan, when he became President, actually ordered a reduction in the size of the Navy. The Naval Chief at the time, Admiral H. M. S. Chaudhary, protested, and was retired for his views. "The courageous step taken by him went completely unnoticed and unlamented by the public, as it was not allowed to be publicised". No new or additional units were added to the Navy between 1957 and 1966 except for one Fleet Oiler and one World War II submarine which was given on loan by the USA, as part of the Aid programme.

The role of the Pakistani Navy during the war in September 1965 was merely the seaward defence of Karachi, Chittagong and Chalna, and assistance to the Army in the riverine defence of East Pakistan. It was only asked to escort merchant ships bringing in supplies. "In the short duration of the 1965 war, the Navy's performance was much greater than the role demanded and beyond the expectations of most optimists. It seemed that the Indian Navy was taken completely by surprise and was not prepared to seek an engagement at sea with a much weaker opponent."

After the 1965 war, the Indian Navy started expanding very fast and, in a short space of time, acquired new frigates, submarines, maritime aircraft, anti-submarine helicopters and missile boats. In addition, large investments were made to improve the naval infrastructure, like dockyards, docks, shipways. As a matter of comparison the increase in the Indian Navy during the five years after the 1965 war "was more than the total strength of the Pakistan Navy quantitatively and many times more qualitatively". The Indians "openly embarked on creating two fleets, one for the Bay of Bengal and the other for the Arabian Sea". They had also built a strong naval base in the Andamans which could blockade East Pakistan ports.

Their Western Fleet could easily "outmatch the Pakistan Navy in the Arabian Sea". On the other hand the Pakistani Navy's budget remained "around Rupees 20 crores with only Rs 4 to 5 crores worth of foreign exchange component". This sum was hardly enough to pay the annual instalments for the Daphne class submarine, three of which had been purchased from France. No money was available for modernisation, replacement of old ships or acquisition of new equipment. Except for the three recently acquired submarines, Pakistan's main fleet was aging fast. All its other units—one cruiser, seven destroyers and the submarine Ghazi—were of World War II vintage and were "long past their usual life".

"I Am Sorry . . ."

Over and above this the Navy suffered from another handicap. Of the 8,000 officers and men, 38 per cent were Bengalis whose loyalties were suspect.

On December 3, when Naval HQ was issuing instructions, the PIA air patrols reported the sighting of the Indian Western Fleet. The Navy requested for an air strike. But nothing was available. The first Indian Naval attack came on December 4. At midnight the local Air Force commander was requested to make an air strike on retreating Indian missile boats which had just sunk the PNS KHYBER and the PNS MUHAFAZ. The Air Force did not react and when the Naval Chief rang up the Air Chief at 4 a.m. he was told, "Well, old boy, this happens in war. I am sorry your ships have been sunk. We shall try to do something in the future."

The Pakistan Air Force, according to General Muqeem Khan, also suffered from a lack of planning. "It would seem that, in 1971, planning of the PAF high command did not come up to the standard required for the repetition of the remarkable performance of six years ago. Consequently, it did not play as effective a role as was expected of it."

There were a number of reasons for this. Foremost was the PAF's inability to develop at the same pace as the IAF. This was largely due to the embargo on the supply of weapons and their spares from the US.

India, on the other hand, had "embarked on a planned reorganisation and re-equipment of her air force". Whereas in 1965, it had only "half a squadron" of supersonic aircraft, in 1971 it had twelve. Again, in 1965 India's "early warning and ground control organisation was rather makeshift" but by 1971 it had a highly sophisticated "radar environment" for air defence which could also "look deep into Pakistan".

A string of modern airfields were added and concrete pens built to protect Indian aircraft on ground. Its World War II vintage anti-aircraft guns had been replaced by "surface-to-air guided weapons and radar controlled guns" which provided an "effective and formidable defence zone along the border and fairly deep in their own territory".

Defections

The IAF had grown both in size and offensive potential—it had, in fact, become the fifth largest air force in the world. Its inventory of approximately 2,000 (including nearly 600 aircraft in reserve) was organised "into 38 squadrons, 28 of which were deployed against West Pakistan and 10 around East Pakistan". The PAF could "muster only about 250 first-line aircraft consisting of Sabres, a few F-104s, Chinese-built MiG-19s, French Mirages, US B-57 bombers and T-33 jet trainers organised in 11½ squadrons—10½ in West Pakistan and 1 in the East.

The defection of East Pakistani elements and their suspension after April 1971 also affected the PAF's operational efficiency. They included pilots and about 25 per cent of maintenance staff.

The best results, according to General Khan, could be achieved only by adopting a forward strategy which would require knocking out the Indian airfields at Amritsar and Pathankot and controlling the air 30 to 40 miles along the borders in northern India. The PAF high command followed a different strategy. There was no joint planning.

The PAF planned for a war lasting six months and its main aim was to conserve its strength. As a consequence it chose a defensive role and waited for the IAF to take the offensive. Thus the PAF failed to provide the army and the navy the support they needed. The original attack on seven airfields at dusk on December 3, "was not an Israeli-type pre-emptive strike", writes General Muqeem Khan. "The PAF," he says, "is too well trained and pragmatic a force to indulge in wild speculations against such a highly organised and technically and numerically superior air force as the IAF."

J. INDER SINGH KALRA

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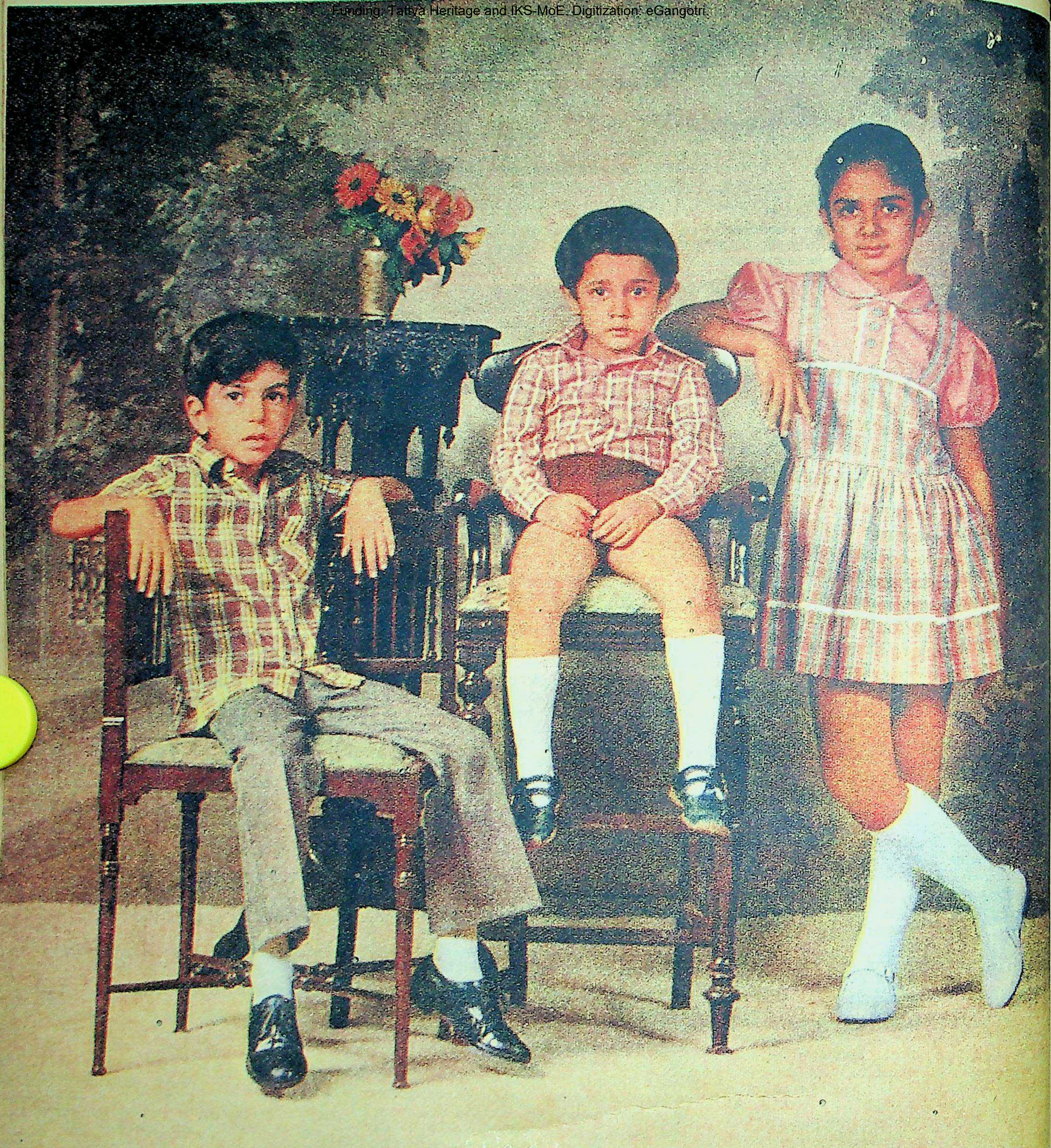

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Simplex, with years of experience in shirtings, bring you the latest—
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Shirtings that are golden living dreams of visions.

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FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS PEOPLE HAVE SIMPLY ASKED FOR SIMPLEX

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George Keyt

GEORGE KEYT, the veteran painter from Ceylon, made his reputation in art circles way back in the forties and fifties. He has successfully maintained and even enhanced it through the rise and fall of competitors and the development of several movements in his native country and in India.

Virtually from the start of his professional career he has used a single style, which bears the hallmark of his genius. All his images too are obviously derived from, and variations of, the same basic visual pattern, loaded with sensuousness and sensuality.

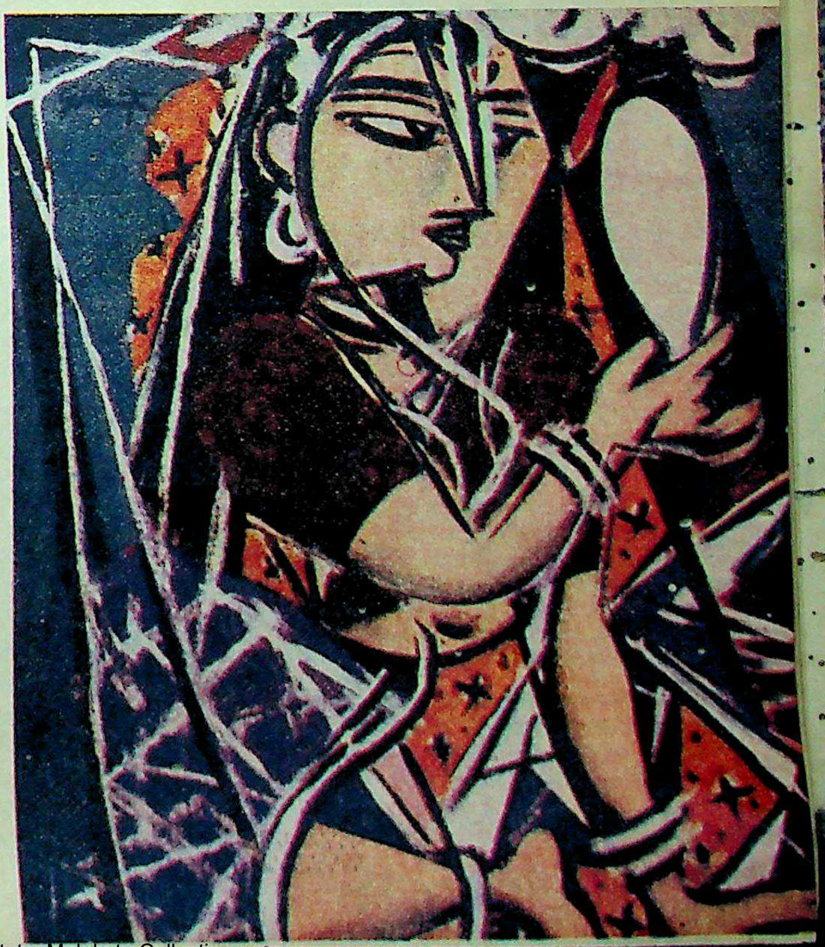
The primary instrument of Keyt's vision is a powerful, yet soft and tender, line which seems to be creating itself before our eyes in a dynamic, unending flow. It is the least static of artistic lines, the secret of which is surely hidden in the painter's vitality and love of life.

His figures are impersonal and symbolic representations of passion. They are intense and apparently absorbed in some fulfilling experience. At the same time, they are withdrawn and reserved, as if no explicit expression could conceivably bring out the depth of their awareness.

All the forms are rounded and filled out, with some outrushing strokes and figurations to prevent over-lusciousness. This is an art of emotional exuberance miraculously held in balance by a craftsmanship that always retains its control.

NISSIM EZEKIEL

HIS FIGURES ARE IMPERSONAL AND SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATIONS OF PASSION. George Keyt shows emotional exuberance, yet his craftsmanship manages to hold it in balance.



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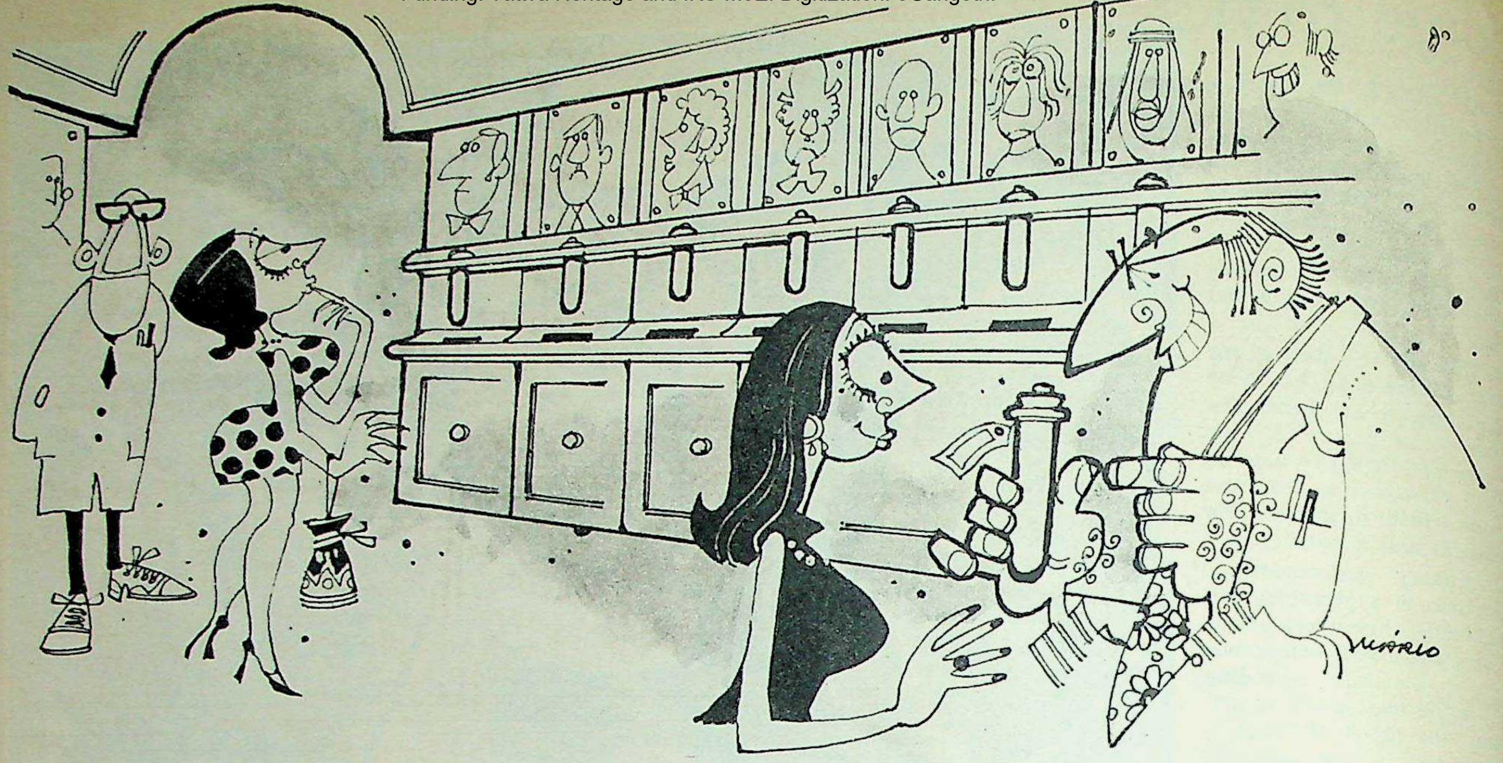

BABIES MADE TO ORDER

The answer to future impotence has been found. You can now store your sperm in a bank to use at some later date when you want a baby but can't produce one. A pessimistic American, for example, has banked his semen to continue the family name should his son turn out to be either sterile or a homosexual. New York's Madison Avenue has a sperm bank. Who knows—branches may soon open in Karol Bagh, Dharamtolla, Colaba and Mylapore.

by BHAICHAND PATEL

THE day is not far when we will all be able to order babies made to specifications. It will be possible to breed people who will all look like film stars. Healthy and good looking, with brains to match. In the Brave New World there will be no one feeble-minded and sickly.

All that a young couple embarking on parenthood will have to do will be to go down to the friendly neighbourhood sperm bank at Colaba, Dadar or Karol Bagh and order the sperm of their choice. You want someone with the brains of Bobby Fischer? Sure. The looks of Rock Hudson? Why not?

It is now possible for a man to put his sperm in cold storage for a period of ten years, perhaps longer, in order to beget a child at a later stage. Even after his death.

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The sperm stays alive in the frozen state and can be used to impregnate a woman at any time. No sexual intercourse is involved.

The phenomenon has already struck New York. Men afraid of losing their virility can now freeze their sperm in a commercial sperm bank in Manhattan. The promise of future fertility through the use of frozen semen is especially attractive to men embarking on the hazards of vasectomy. Children are guaranteed in the future. One ejaculates now and saves for the rainy day.

Sketches by MARIO

The fear of becoming impotent can also be the deciding factor in opening an account in the sperm bank. Few of us can take future fertility for granted. One gentleman has stored his sperm for the purpose of carrying on the family name should his son turn out to be a homosexual or sterile. More than 400 children have already been conceived through the use of frozen sperm.

Artificial human insemination has been around for some time. In 1970 over 25,000 children were known to have been born of mothers who had used fresh semen from anonymous donors. But it is only in the last two years that frozen semen has hit the American market.

The process is simple. Fertility insurance costs Rs 600 in down payment and Rs 135 annually for storage of the sperm in liquid nitrogen. While the bank taking the deposit does not give any guarantees, it believes that fertility of your frozen assets can be maintained for many years.

"Playboy" Is A Big Help

First, the ejaculated semen is tested for sperm count and quality through the most sophisticated laboratory equipment. It is then diluted, placed in plastic containers and preserved at the temperature of 321 degrees below zero. The semen is carefully labelled to prevent any mix-up.

The bank recommends that the customer abstain from sex for a few days so that the quality of the semen at the time of ejaculation could be enhanced. The ideal method of collection is through masturbation. Facilities for that are available at the bank. Copies of Playboy magazine are available.

The frozen semen remains your property. You can do what you want with it. You can gift it to your girl friend, you can will it to your wife.

I visited New York's only sperm bank, on the upper reaches of Madison Avenue. There was plush green carpeting in a futuristic lobby that reminded one of the milk bar in the film *A Clockwork Orange*. The laboratory where the sperms are collected, analysed and preserved was spotless and not particularly large.

The bank does not itself undertake the task of impregnating the woman for whom the semen is intended. That work is left to the family physician who places it in the uterus at the time when the woman is most fertile. The bank collects enough for several attempts.

One can freeze the sperm and mate two people who live thousands of miles apart. There is nothing to prevent a wife choosing the sperm of a genius like Einstein or Bertrand Russell rather than that of her husband. After all there is no sex involved. The process is wholly clinical.

The reproductive effectiveness of a man can be extended indefinitely.

Suppose a man deposits his sperm in a sperm bank and dies. There is nothing to prevent the wife taking possession of it years later and giving birth to the dead man's child. And the question arises: is the child a bastard? When a famous man like Picasso dies, can his heirs auction off his semen to the highest bidder? What price should one pay for the sperm of Charles Chaplin?

A note of caution. Great men do not necessarily produce high quality children. If a woman wants to have a genius as an offspring she should hunt out the sperm of the genius's father. Even that is not full proof. For one thing, the brains may have been inherited from the mother.

The idea is not new. Bull semen has been used for artificial insemination for over a quarter of a century. A good bull will have a sperm count of 3 billion, enough to impregnate five hundred cows. Some prize bulls have been known to father as many as a hundred thousand calves. Farmers have already used bull semen that has been frozen for 15 years.

In 1866 Montegazza, an Italian, had proposed freezing the semen of soldiers going to war. But it became a possibility only in 1949 when scientists discovered additives that increased the chances of survival of the frozen sperm.

Some of the claims of the bankers have been exaggerated out of proportion. They say, for instance, that infertility in men could be overcome through the freezing process. Again, men whose semen has low content of living sperms can pool them over a period of many months. The sperms can then be concentrated and made far more potent for purposes of impregnation. Doctors have generally poured cold water on such claims.

No Deposits

New York has not exactly gone overboard about sperm banking. The idea has not been a complete success. I visited the bank at two in the afternoon. No one had turned up that day for a "deposit".

Moral arguments against the use of artificial insemination in an overpopulated world are strong. There can be profound psychological problems for the depositor, the user of the sperm and the final product. Some people believe that giving a woman a choice of sperm from a variety of men, dead or alive, would lead to the ultimate debasement of human freedom and dignity.

The banks warn that there is no guarantee of a man successfully producing a child through his frozen semen. The science is a new one. All the questions have not yet been answered. But the possibilities are bizarre and limitless.

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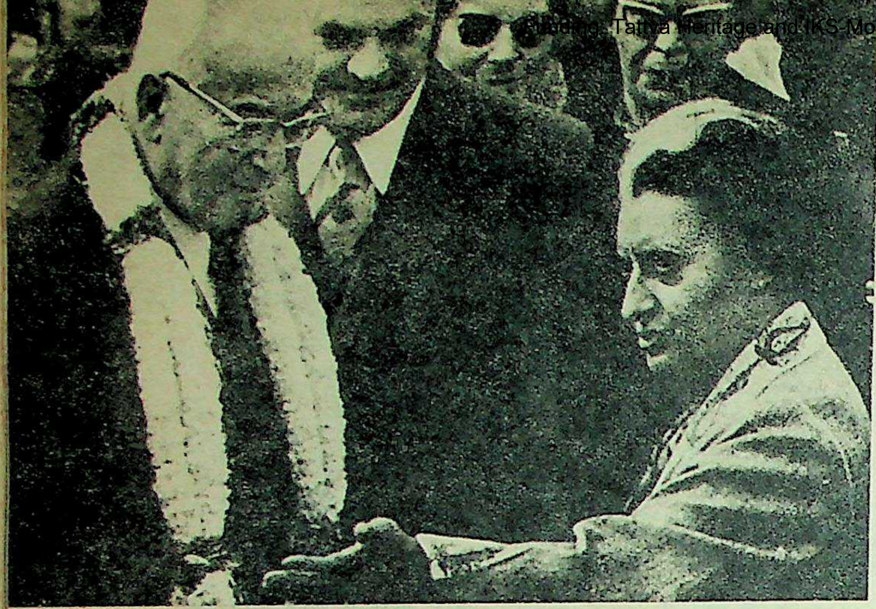

"THIS IS THE WAY WE DO THINGS". Three days after bidding "God-speed" to Mr Brezhnev, Mrs Gandhi received Dr Gustav Husak, Chairman of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic. He was in India to give a "new impetus" to the strong ties between the two countries. In between banquets, the two leaders finalised new credit agreements worth Rs 80 crores. The Czechs will supply us with newsprint and help set up new steel-processing units.

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE PALESTINIANS? Arab heads of state meeting in Algiers have declared the Palestine Liberation Organisation headed by Mr Yasser Arafat (above, right) as the "sole and legitimate representative of the Palestinian people". King Hussein of Jordan refused to attend the meeting and threatened to boycott the forthcoming West Asia peace conference at Geneva. He regards the recognition of the PLO as an infringement of his sovereignty over Palestine.

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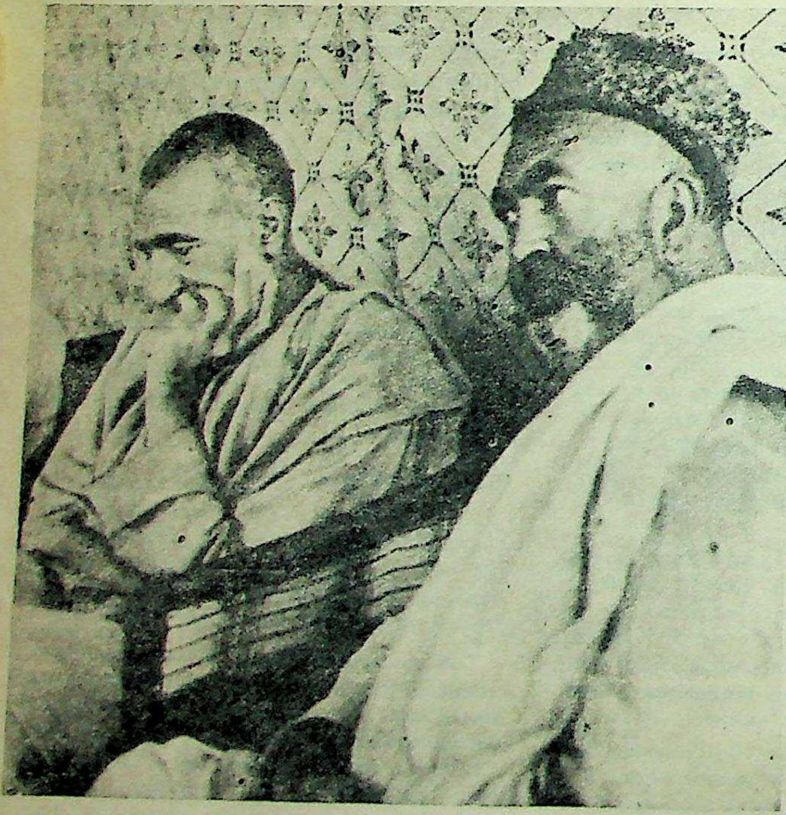
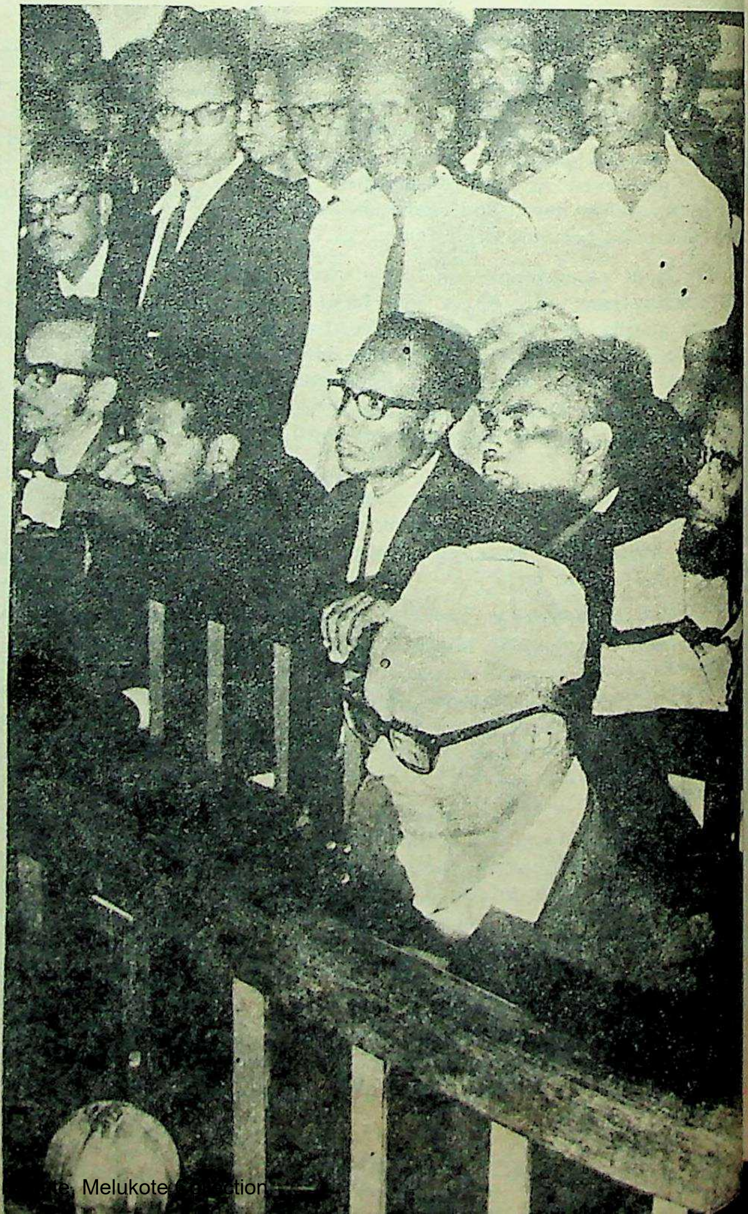
In The News

COLLABORATOR IN THE DOCK. Dr A. M. Malik, Governor of erstwhile East Pakistan, has been released under a general amnesty in Bangladesh. Dr Malik was taken prisoner by the Indo-Bangladesh Joint Command after the Pakistani Army laid down arms. In the subsequent trial (below) he prayed for mercy and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. About 37,000 people are still facing collaboration charges in Bangladesh.



AND THEN THERE WAS ONLY ONE GANDHI. Bapu was assassinated in 1948. Mr Abdus Samad Khan Achakzai, popularly known as the "Baluchi Gandhi", was murdered a few days ago in his Quetta residence. A firm believer in non-violence, Samad Khan played a prominent part with Ghaffar Khan in the freedom struggle against the British. He later took up the cause of the 10 million Pakhtoons.



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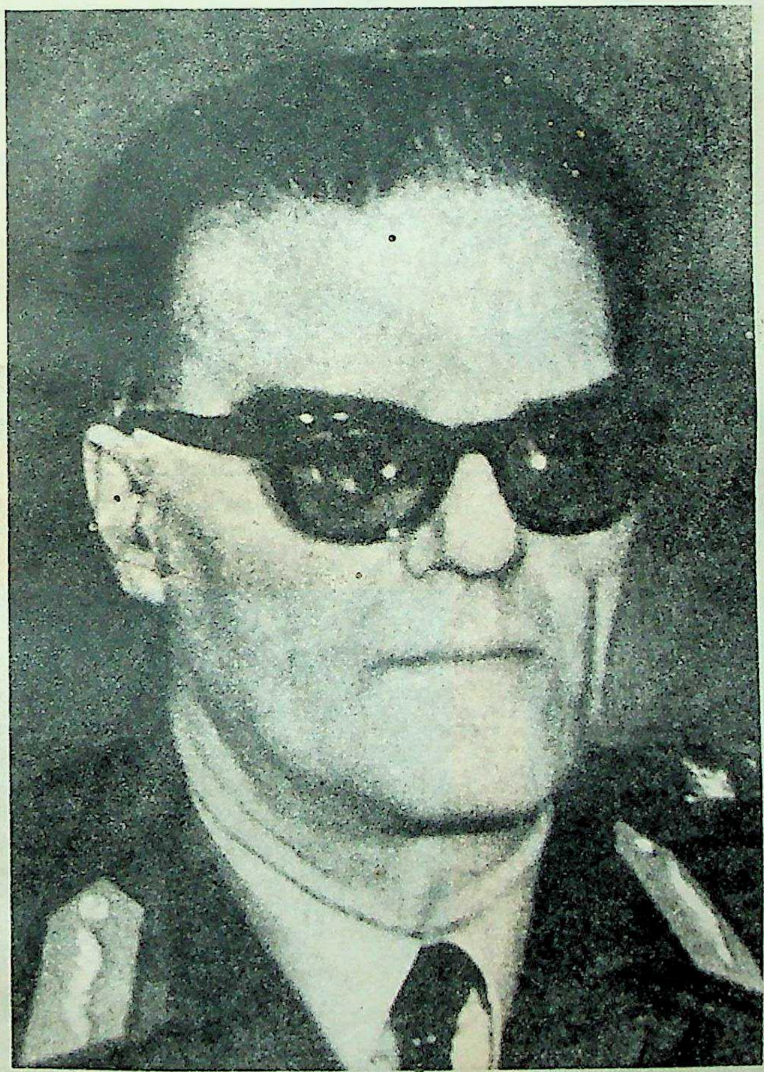
ISRAEL'S GRAND OLD MAN BIDS THE WORLD SHALOM. Mr David Ben-Gurion, architect of the state of Israel and its first Prime Minister, died at the age of 87. Mr Ben-Gurion emigrated from Poland to Palestine in 1905 as David Green. He proclaimed the birth of Israel from the Tel Aviv Museum on May 14, 1948. He conducted the state's first war with the Arabs almost immediately after, and headed the Government for 12 years. He is seen chatting with Israeli soldiers.

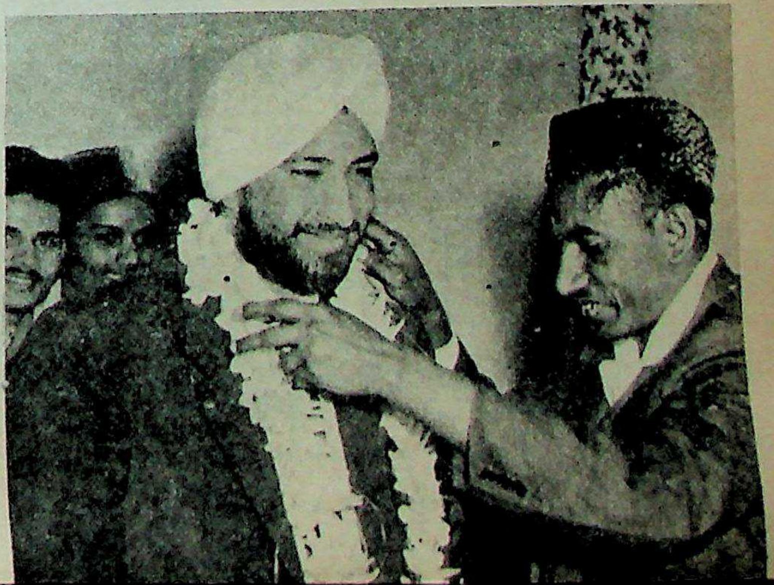
CABBIES DOWN FLAGS AND RAISE BANNERS. Taxi and auto-rickshaw drivers all over the country went on a token strike against the price rise in petrol and lubricants. In Maharashtra, 22,000 taxis and 15,000 auto-rickshaws went off the road and passengers were forced to travel by the already over-crowded buses and trains or by the Victoria (above). In Delhi, on the same day close to 10,000 drivers threatened an indefinite agitation.



A DARK VIEW OF GREECE. Lt Gen Phaedon Gizikis (57) (above) who ousted Col George Papadopoulos and proclaimed himself the new President of Greece following an army coup recently.

EASY LIES HER PRETTY HEAD. Marjorie Wallace of America was crowned Miss World 1973 in London. She is flanked by runners-up, Evangeline Pascual (Philippines) and Patricia Yuen (Jamaica).

SIKH-MUSLIM BHAI BHAI. Mr Tarlok Singh Nandhra (right), → architect and town councillor in Nairobi, was honoured in Kenya for his services to the Muslims. Mr Nandhra has designed many mosques in East Africa.



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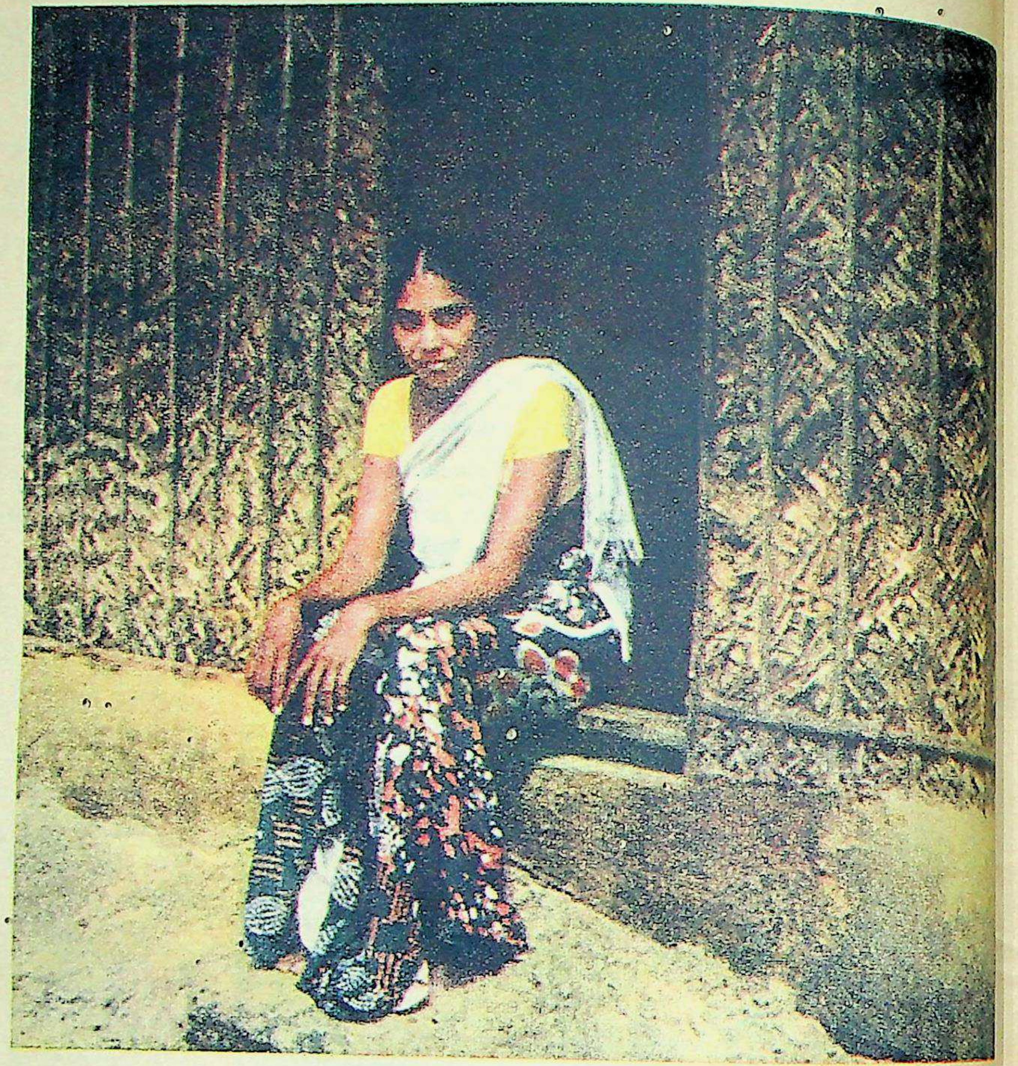
The Cry of Neglect by the Centre

Malayalis are bitter about the neglect of their State by the Centre. They constitute only 4 per cent of the country's population but contribute over 12 per cent of its foreign exchange earnings. They manage to make this contribution by starving themselves—by growing cash crops instead of rice. The least they expect of New Delhi is to make good the State's deficit in food.

Has Kerala's industrial progress been held up by political instability and labour unrest? Local leaders feel that these two factors are highly exaggerated. What then are the real causes of the State's economic stagnation?

by R. G. K.

Photographs by S. N. KULKARNI



HOME SWEET HOME because she owns it. Radhamani at Thottappalli, Alleppey district. Fisherfolk here have built thatched dwellings at a cost of Rs 700.

KERALA ELEPHANTS PREFER RUSSIANS TO NATIVES. The only elephant we saw at the Periyar Game Sanctuary at Thekkady. On the previous day a party of 30 Russians saw a herd of 25. Gaur are another attraction here, besides sambar, black langurs and birds like darters, egrets and herons.

TEAK FOREST at Thekkady. The fame of Kerala teak goes back to pre-historic times. The timber has been found in the ruins of Ur (3500 B.C.).

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THE large-scale emigration of young men and women has to some extent eased the pressure on land in Kerala. But it has also meant a severe brain drain, for among the outflow to other States or countries are the most highly educated Malayalis, the very people who are best equipped to rebuild their State. They spend the most creative years of their lives outside and return only when they feel their aged limbs need to be rubbed with medicated oil prepared by the Ayurvêdic physicians of Kottakkal or Kottarakkara.

The funnelling out of young talent has done incalculable harm to Kerala. This phenomenon may not be peculiar to this State. Emigration, though on a smaller scale, takes place from Tamil Nadu, Karnataka and Bihar. Either due to historical accident or deliberate policy the centres of growth have been confined to a few areas in the country. It is natural—inevitable—for people to gravitate to these places. Like the branches of a tree growing towards sunlight they travel in the direction pointed by opportunities for jobs.

During the 26 years of our freedom we have not succeeded in removing regional imbalances. On the contrary the disparities between States have increased. Central planning has not always proceeded on a rational basis; it has often been determined by various pressures.

"Dilli Dur Ast"

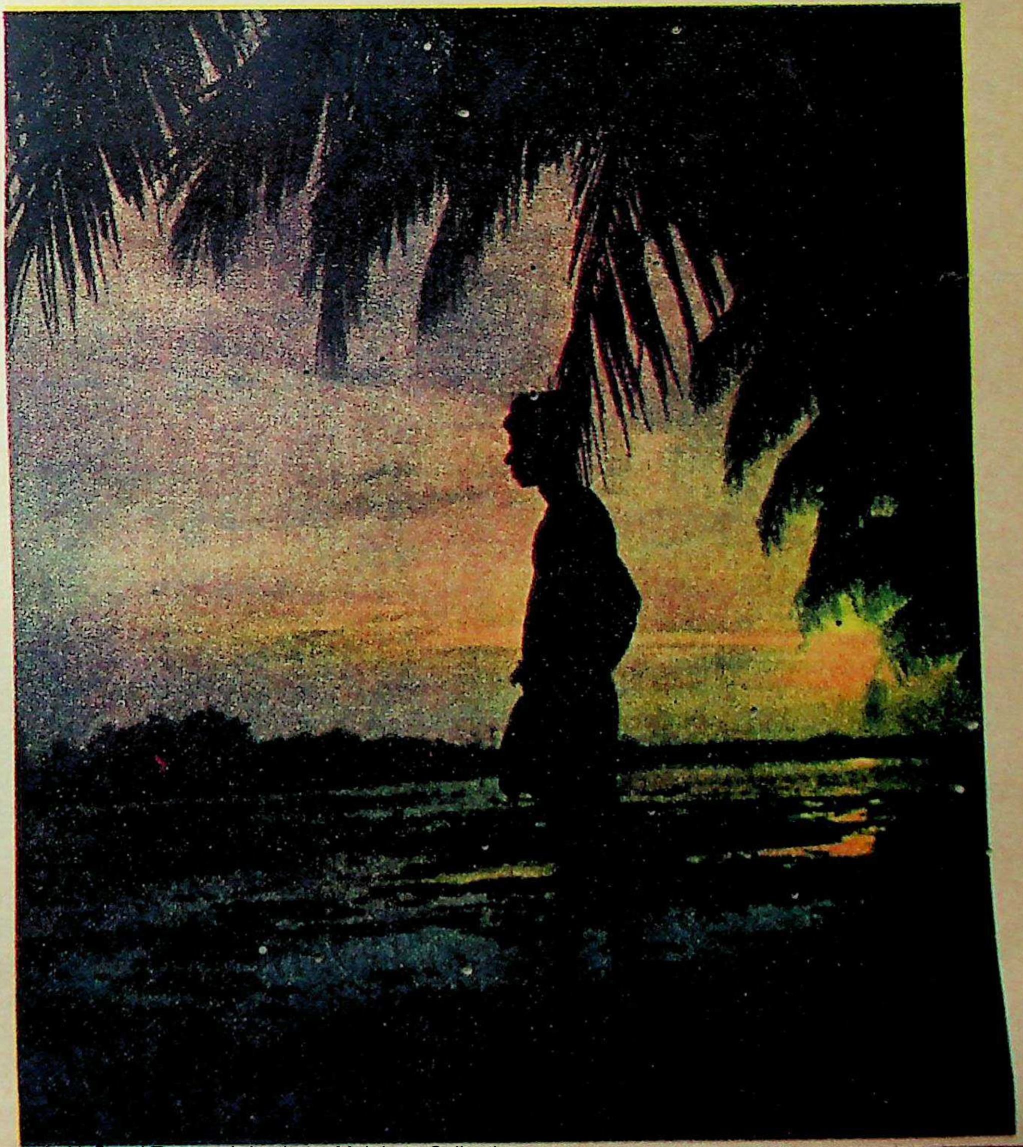
Among the major disadvantages of Kerala is the disadvantage of geography. It is situated far away from the centres where national decisions are made. For centuries this land has lived in isolation, walled off from the rest of India by the Sahyadri. It was outside the domain of all the great imperial dynasties that ruled from the North—Maurya, Gupta or Mughal. There is a general feeling among Malayalis that Kerala is even today treated as an outsider. They have no sense of participation in national affairs. New Delhi means nothing to them—and they mean nothing to New Delhi. (The flying distance between Trivandrum and the capital is over 2,500 km. Cochin, which is developing into Kerala's biggest city, has no jet-landing facilities. It takes more than three days to travel by train from Trivandrum or Cochin to New Delhi.)

Even the Indian National Congress has a tradition of ignoring Kerala. Officially it functioned only in British India and, since a major part of Kerala was constituted by the princely States of Travancore and Cochin, Malayalis were denied the opportunity of participating in national politics. In its history of 88 years, the Congress has had only one Malayali President: Sir C. Sankaran Nair, who presided over the Amaravati session in 1897.

Very few Keralites have been elected to the Congress Working Committee. Those who have been on it have not had much say in the affairs of the organisation. Not once has the Congress held a session in Kerala—the number of AICC meetings held here may not be even two or three. (This neglect has done as much damage to the Congress as it has to Kerala.)

—Continued

SINGING OF PALMY DAYS. An open-air class at the Swati Tirunal College of Music, Trivandrum. The two teachers seen here are Nellai Krishnamoorthy (seated), the Principal, and Pudukode Krishnamurthy (standing), Professor of Vocal Music. The college is named after a ruler of Travancore, Maharaja Swati Tirunal (1813-1846), a leading Carnatic composer who had also Hindustani compositions to his credit. Below: Sunset, Kuttanad.



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"ANARCHY PREVAILS"— M. N. Govindan Nair

Mr M. N. Govindan Nair is more forthright in what he says than his colleague, the Chief Minister. His answer to my question, "Is Kerala economically backward?", was the same as Mr Achutha Menon's. But his "yes" sounded much more emphatic. He repeated it thrice.

Mr Nair traced the industrial backwardness of his State to the days before independence: how certain areas had developed to the exclusion of others and how Kerala had suffered because this trend was not reversed even after the advent of freedom.

"People put all the blame on the working class in Kerala," he said. "This is nonsense. The real problem is lack of managerial talent."

The Minister went on to say that anarchy was prevalent in the State. Of course he didn't mean political chaos. He explained: "The old values have crumbled. We have not yet come to grips with the new values that should take their place." Certain political parties were encouraging this anarchy. It was the responsibility of the progressive forces to counter it. "You must fight the remnants of feudalism, the cultural remnants, the capitalist values and tendencies, together with this anarchy, during this period of transition."

Mr Govindan Nair admitted that planning at the State level in Kerala had not been satisfactory. His Government was taking the first steps towards industrialisation. The primary responsibility of the Government was to stabilise the traditional industries—cashew, coir and handloom.

Mr M. N. GOVINDAN NAIR (b. 1910) is Minister for Transport and Electricity. He is one of India's foremost CPI leaders.

Cashew: *With the starting of a state corporation to process the nuts and with the take-over by the Government of India of the raw nut trade, the industry will be strengthened.*

Coir: *About Rs 60 crores has been sanctioned to reorganise the coir industry. It is to be spent in three years.*

Handloom: *For quite some time Kerala was faced with a scarcity of yarn. With the scheme to make more than 20 spinning mills into viable units by increasing the number of spindles, the weavers will be assured of a better supply.*

The Government, Mr Nair said, was now trying to set up a few engineering units including electronics.

One of the prestige projects of the present Ministry is the one-lakh housing scheme. There were reports that a number of the new houses had collapsed because substandard materials had been used in their construction. Also there were allegations of corruption. Asked about these, Mr Nair admitted that there had been some cases of collapse. But it was wrong to magnify these instances. The construction was in the hands of panchayats and specifications about materials were sometimes not strictly adhered to.

I referred to the pressure on land in Kerala and asked Mr Nair whether it was not better to build multistoreyed tenements instead of the present structures. He agreed with the logic, but wondered whether multistoreyed buildings would fit in with the traditional Malayali living style.

We reverted to the subject of labour. The Minister referred to the skills of the average Kerala worker and said: "A horse may not be as tame as a donkey."

He added: "Our labour can compare in their potential efficiency with workmen in any other part of the world."

He dismissed as "cheap talk" the criticism that the CPI had lost its identity because of its alliance with the Congress. "The outcome of confused thinking," he said. "The CPI is a party with a definite objective and if it enters into a coalition with other parties it will not lose its identity. On the contrary its policies will gain in strength."

Only three Malayalis have so far been members of the Union Cabinet: Dr John Matthai, Mr V. K. Krishna Menon and Mr Panampilly Govinda Menon. Dr Matthai was not a politician—even as an economist he did not carry much weight with the Government. Not only did Mr Krishna Menon have no roots in Kerala, he was far too much preoccupied with big international questions to worry about his little home State. Panampilly was more respected than loved by his people. All he did for them was to increase the number of berths in the Cochin compartment of the Dadar-Madras Express.

There was a time when the upper echelons of the Central Secretariat and the Foreign Service had quite a few Nayars, Menons and Pillais. Their number has very much dwindled today. There is no Kerala lobby worth the name in Parliament. Malayali MPs evince greater loyalty to their respective parties than to their State. They hardly made themselves felt when there was a serious food shortage in Kerala.

After Sankara (8th century), no Malayali has made an impact on the rest of

CHAFF THAT EARNS FOREIGN EXCHANGE. Loading coconut husks into a country-craft in the Ashtamudi backwaters. Coir is one of Kerala's major industries.

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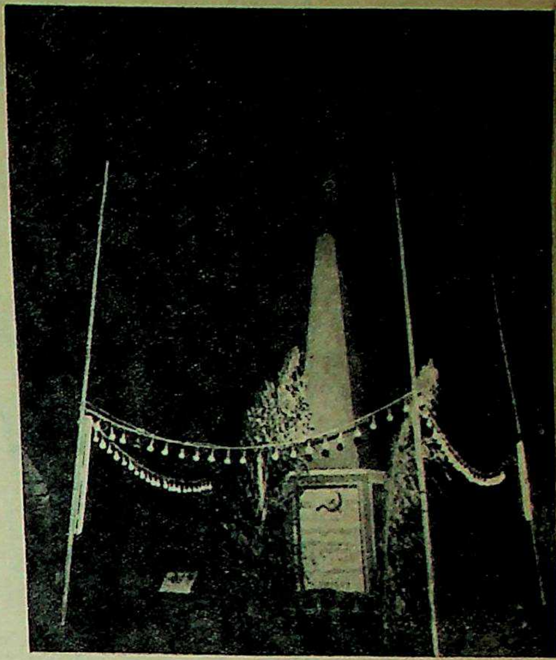
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Indians. When Kerala sneezes a few Tamilians or Kannadigas may get a start. Others will not as much as pull out their handkerchiefs from their pockets.

For centuries Kerala has been treated as a remote outpost. No intensive geological survey has been ordered by the Centre here. The State's only known mineral resources are what everybody can see on the surface—the sands of the southern districts. For a region so educationally advanced as Kerala it is unfair (as Mr Achutha Menon has pointed out) that no national laboratory should be situated there. Nor does it have an IIT college. To learn higher engineering or technology a young Keralite has to go all the way to Madras, Bombay, Kharagpur or Kanpur. The State does not even have a powerful radio station and it will be 50 years before TV is installed there. (Delay in respect of the last-mentioned may be a b l e s s i n g.) The Cochin Shipyard was commissioned after a period of agonising waiting.

Malayalis feel that they are discriminated against in every sphere. But so far their resentment against the Centre's indifference has not taken concrete shape. Unlike in Tamil Nadu nobody talks of a breakaway. Malayalis are on the whole anxious to preserve the oneness of India. They are the most avid learners of Hindi in the South. (While in Trivandrum I visited the office of the Kerala Hindi Prachar Sabha where a panel of linguists was engaged in translating Hindi books into Malayalam and *vice versa*. It is doubtful if there is a similar body doing the same kind of work in Allahabad or Lucknow.)

The neglect of Kerala may partly be attributed to the absence of a strong leader there—a leader whose voice will be heard in Delhi. The Malayali character is such that it does not nourish the growth of strong men. The Keralite is an individualist. [How the Marxist philosophy took root (but has it?) in this land is inexplicable.] He lives all by himself in his "garden house" fenced off from his neighbours. He is suspicious of the next man and would, on second thoughts, decide to withdraw the hand extended to a neighbour. He loves his bit of land so dearly that he would go to any length in defending his right to it. Malayalis are the most litigious people in India.



MEMORIAL TO "RAKTASAKSHIS" OR MARTYRS AT PUNNAPRA. Punnapra and Vayalar are names that will be remembered in the history of I n d i a n Communism. In the forties, when Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar was Dewan of Travancore, there was a Communist upsurge in these two places. Sir C. P. quelled the revolt with an iron hand. Hundreds of reds are believed to have perished in the police firing.

Awakening among Muslims

Muslims have remained educationally the most backward community in Kerala. The Muslim League has found it to the party's advantage to keep them ignorant and unlettered. Today, with the pioneering work of the Muslim Educational Society, the situation is changing. The M.E.S. was started in 1964 at Calicut by a band of young doctors, lawyers and teachers under the leadership of Dr P. K. Abdul Gafoor. Its objective: "To wipe off for all time the stigma of educational, economic and social backwardness of the Muslim community and bring it on a par with sister communities in the country."

The M.E.S. has now grown into such an influential institution that it is dreaded by the Muslim League.

The Society, which is not open to active politicians, has assets worth over Rs 65 lakhs. It has branches in all the districts of Kerala, also in Karnataka, Bombay, the G u l f States, Malaysia, New York and Canada.

The M.E.S. runs four colleges, gives scholarships to deserving students, operates a string of commercial institutes. It has established 13 hospitals in rural areas, organises health camps in villages and distributes free medicines.

Schemes to provide self-employment have been initiated. The Society distributes sewing machines, trollies, bicycles and mobile stalls to the poor. It gives interest-free loans to start small businesses.

The M.E.S. has a students' and youth wing which seeks to direct the energies of young people towards positive and constructive work. Its Mahila Vibhag has succeeded in drawing out many women from seclusion.

The Society's slogan is "Jahalat Hatao" ("Banish Ignorance").

—P. K. RAVINDRANATH

A TOUCH OF GLAMOUR TO REFORM. Film star Dilip Kumar opened a new hospital near Cranganore for the Muslim Education Society. With him are Dr Abdul Gafoor (centre), President of the M.E.S., and Mr P. P. Ummer Haji, President of the Bombay unit, who donated Rs 5 lakhs to the hospital.

The inability of Keralites to act in concert has made them ineffectual in national life. The more Malayalis there are the more disputes and the more disunity.

1 Malayali	=	a poet
2 Malayalis	=	a Kerala Samajam
3 Malayalis	=	the Kerala Samajam disbanded
4 Malayalis	=	5 trade unions
5 Malayalis	=	5 Malayalis

The literate, newspaper-reading workers and peasants of Kerala cannot be led by the nose. They cannot be "swayed" like the masses in Uttar Pradesh or Bihar. Though the growth of a thinking electorate is to be welcomed it has had an unfortunate consequence as far as Kerala is concerned: the absence of political solidarity.

Foreign Exchange

In asking the Centre for a more generous allocation of funds Malayalis feel they are not asking for charity. They are only claiming their right to a share in the fruits of their labour. The area of Kerala is only 1.12 per cent of the country's; the population less than 4 per cent of India's total. Yet the State accounts for about 12% of our entire foreign exchange earnings. (This figure should not be taken as strictly official. Precise statistics of the foreign exchange earned by Kerala and other States are hard to come by. Government Departments at Trivandrum were not helpful. An agency in Bombay gave us approximate figures for some export items of Kerala—cashew, Rs 67 crores; fisheries, Rs 50 crores; etc. We are however assured that the percentage of 12 is a reasonable guess.)

—Continued

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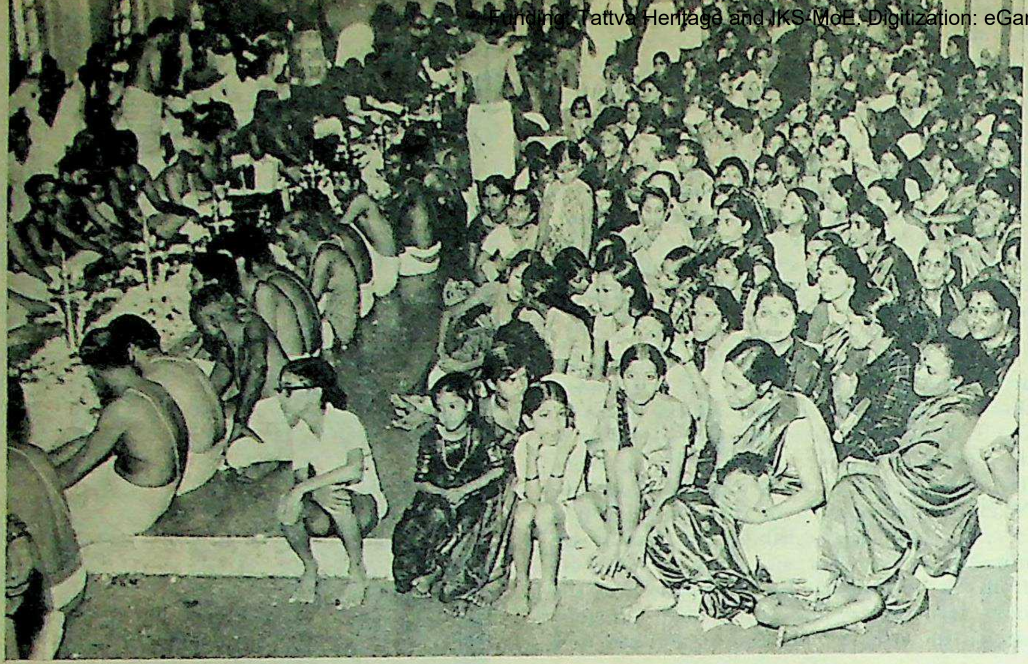


THEY GO TO AYYAPPA FOR REFUGE. Wherever Malayali Hindus go they take their gods with them. The worship of the Lord Ayyappa (the Sanskrit name for this god is S a s t a or Hariharaputra) is special to Kerala. The chief centre of Ayyappa worship is Sabarimala. Devotees cry "Saranam Ayyappa!" when they go on pilgrimage to this mountain temple. Picture shows Ayyappa puja in Bombay under the auspices of the Dharma Sasta Bhakta Samaj.

Kerala spends Rs 100crores every year in procuring rice. In doing so its meagre financial resources are stretched to breaking point. Central investment under the Five-Year Plans has fallen woefully short of the State's needs; also it bears no comparison with the blessings New Delhi has showered on other States. Kerala's share in public sector investment in industries for the First and Second Five-Year Plans was only Rs 79 lakhs out of Rs 920 crores!

Apart from inadequate Central aid what are the other factors inhibiting economic growth in Kerala? It is generally believed both in the State and outside that private enterprise is wary of making investments because of constant labour trouble. Both CPI and CPM leaders stoutly deny that labour disputes are a major hindrance to Kerala's industrial advancement.

Red, Red Everywhere

Workers in Kerala are more aware of their rights and more vocal than their counterparts in the rest of India. When you travel through the State you gain the impression that it is seething with labour trouble. You see red flags, red bunting everywhere. You hear shouts against "bloodthirsty capitalists" in towns and villages. (Oddly enough these cries are sometimes drowned by the loudspeaker blaring out playback singer Jesudas's "*Saranam Ayyappa, Swami Saranam Ayyappa!*") Groups of workers stand in front of factories and offices with clenched fists held up in the air.

If you talk to Communist leaders they ask you to study the statistics of industrial disputes and be convinced that labour is not as much a cause of trouble in Kerala as in the rest of the country. Mr E. Balanandan (CPM), President of the Electricity Workers' Association and an MLA, whom I met at Iddikki said: "When you go back to Bombay tell your readers that people have an exaggerated notion about labour trouble in Kerala. Statistics show that the situation is better here than in other States. Stories about labour unrest in our State are lies." (Mr Balanandan, a mild-mannered man and a persuasive speaker, also made the point that Kerala's progress was retarded because of neglect by the Centre.)

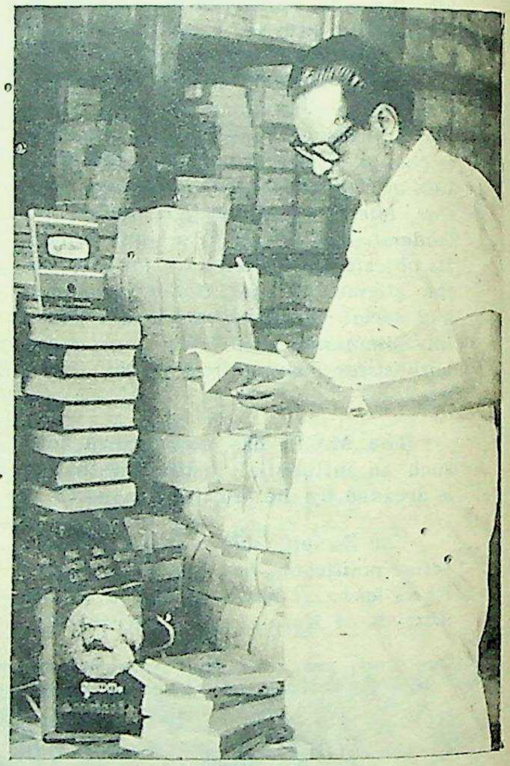
I looked up the official statistics for three years (1970, 1971 and 1972) and for four States (Kerala, Tamil Nadu, Maharashtra and West Bengal). The figures did not help me in coming to definite conclusions. The number of disputes during all the three years was the least in Kerala: more encouraging, the figures also showed a declining trend—283 to 193. But the number of man-days lost in this State in 1972 was very high: 2,151,702. In Maharashtra the figure was 3,421,154 but the labour force involved was twice as much as in Kerala. We cannot draw any inferences from *absolute* figures: we must relate them to the total number of workers and the number of industrial units in the States given for comparison.

The chief difficulty in tackling industrial disputes in Kerala is that workers are split into a number of factions. Every unit has half a dozen unions or more. A further problem is the competition among political parties to gain the support of workers. Today labour is in a position to blackmail the political parties. The latter are obliged to lend their support to employees' demands however unreasonable they might be. The splintering of political parties side by side with the fragmentation of trade unions and the interaction between them constitute a major obstacle to the progress of Kerala.

It must however be noted that, though the agricultural labourer in Kerala earns probably the highest wage in India, industrial workers (except perhaps in the bigger units) are among the most poorly paid in the country. The average respective wages of the two categories: Rs 7 and Rs 3.50. Also labour in this State is generally not prone to violence.

Kerala does not possess some basic raw materials like iron and coal. (Iron ore deposits, though, were recently discovered near Calicut.) This, it is said, limits the possibilities of the State's industrial expansion. Absence of iron and coal has not been a handicap to Maharashtra which is India's most industrially advanced State. Nor is their presence a guarantee of economic growth. Bihar, which contributes so much to the mineral wealth of our country, is one of the poorest States in India, poorer even than Kerala. The important thing is to have a strong industrial nucleus capable of attracting more and more manufacturing units. It was in this way that Maharashtra developed its industries. However that be, there is urgency about setting up a steel plant somewhere in the South, if not necessarily in Kerala. The entire South suffers because steel is geographically beyond its reach.

Even with its available minerals Kerala can fill the gaps in its weak industrial structure. Its resources in the "rare earths" group have yet to be exploited. As Mr Achutha Menon pointed out, its sands can be used to make fibre glass. The State's traditional industries based on agriculture need to be completely reorganised. The coir industry is in a shambles and it is rumoured that a number of cashew units have migrated to Tamil Nadu. But the Achutha Menon Ministry has woken to their needs and is making large-scale investments to put them in order: Rs 60 crores for coir and Rs 75 lakhs for cashew.



THEY CAN'T BUY RICE, but they buy books. Mr D. C. Kizhekkemuri, Secretary of the Sahitya Pravarthaka Sahakarana Sangham. The S.P.S. Sangham is a writers' cooperative, the o n l y one of its kind in India. Started in 1945 with a dozen members, it has now a strength of 500. It pays a royalty of 30 per cent, claimed to be the highest in the world. Among the S.P.S.S.'s prestige publications is Visva Vijnana Kosam, an encyclopaedia in 10 volumes, printed in record time, at a cost of Rs 30 lakhs, without any subsidy. A notable feature of its sales: 60 per cent of the buyers are individuals, not institutions, though the complete set costs Rs 600. The cooperative has also published a Malayalam translation of the Quran in two volumes and another of Das Kapital, the latter for the first time in an Indian language in an unabridged form. The S.P.S.S.'s slogan: One Book A Day. Most of the established writers in Kerala are not economically backward! They even pay income-tax. Among the writers who receive the highest royalties are Kesav Dev, Thakazhi, Parapurathu, Surendran and S. K. Pottekkad.

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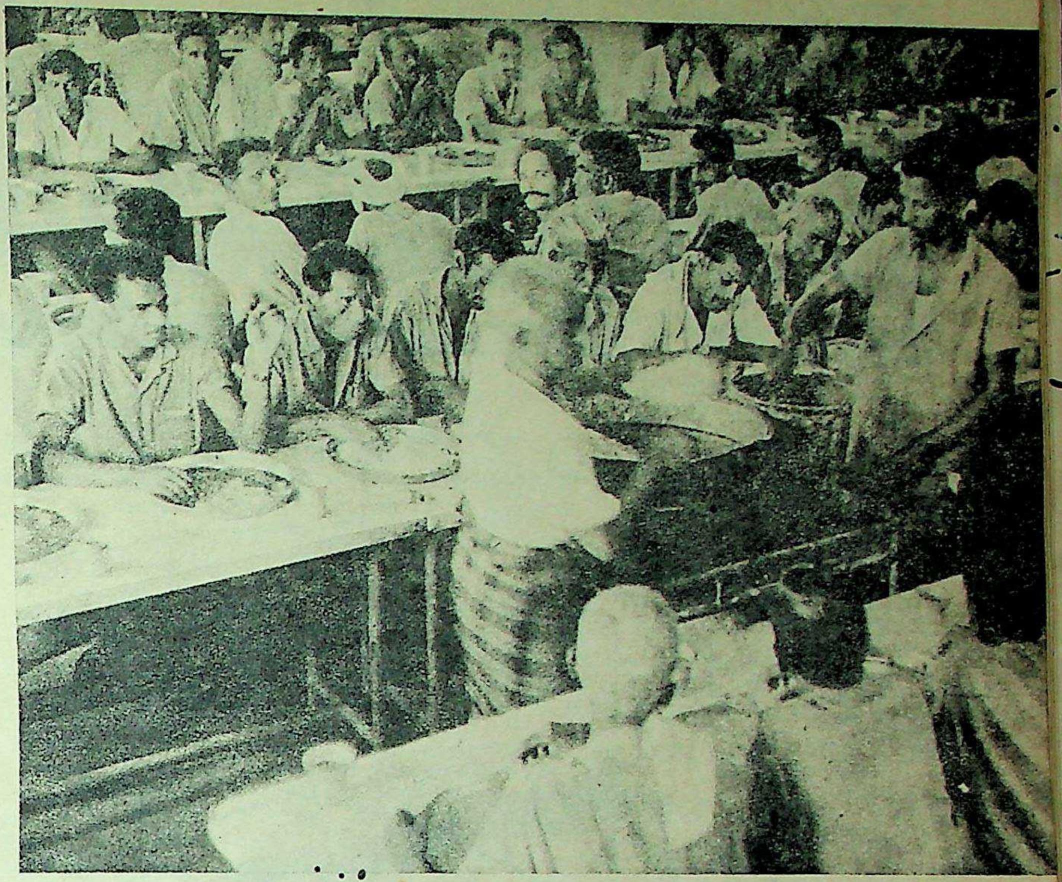
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Coir, however, is faced with the threat of synthetics. The Coir Research Laboratory at Alleppey is trying to introduce improvements. The problems of the industry must be looked into with speed, for if we lose the market for coir it will not only mean a loss in foreign exchange; hundreds of thousands of people will be thrown out of their jobs. The entire business of coconut growing needs to be rationalised and modernised. By adopting scientific methods, Kerala can double its output of coconuts, and thereby achieve self-sufficiency in coconut oil. (The State may profit from the example of Karnataka where the per hectare yield is higher. In arecanut production Kerala has already lost its yield to its neighbour.)

Power

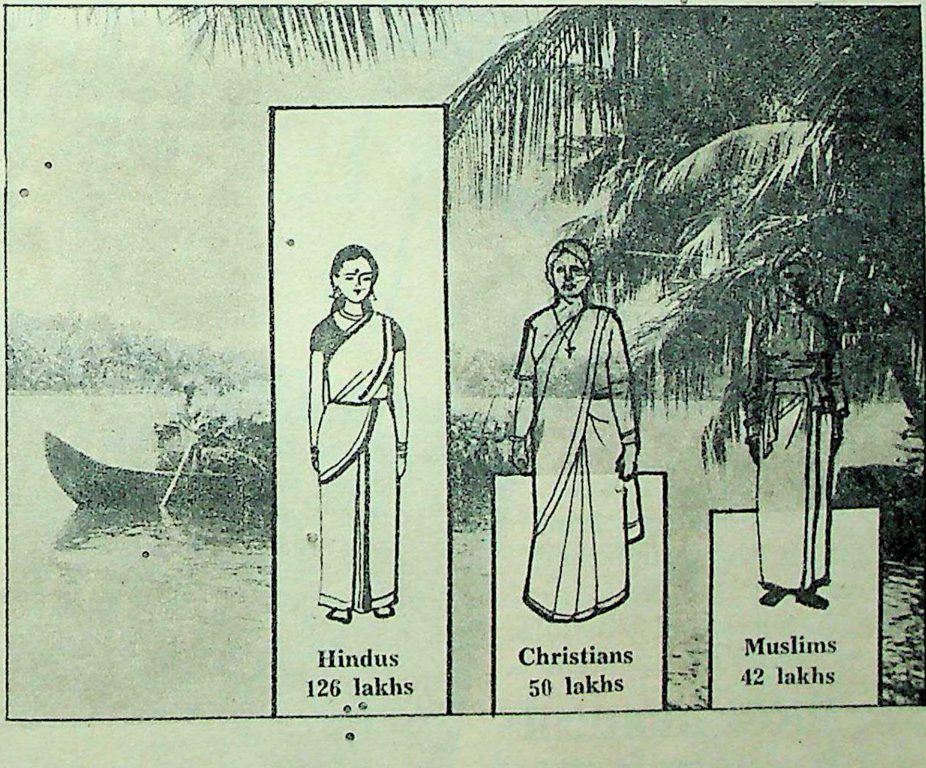
Though Kerala does not have coal and steel, it has a major asset in its resources of water; it is known as the "River State" of India. If all its water is harnessed the State will probably be able to supply power to the entire South. Until some ten years ago Kerala was borrowing power from Tamil Nadu. Now the position has been reversed. It supplies 400 million units per year to that State. Andhra Pradesh, Pondicherry and Goa receive daily 2 lakh units, 1.5 lakh units and 1 lakh units respectively. When the Idikki project is completed Kerala can, it is claimed, earn Rs 12 lakhs extra every day.

The present surplus, it must be noted, is due to the industrial backwardness of the State. The potential however is immense. Kerala holds the key to the energy crisis in India. It is a matter for surprise that the Centre does not take advantage of the possibilities held out by Kerala. If New Delhi makes more investments in starting hydro-electric projects here, it will, while wiping out a huge chunk of Kerala's unemployment, also be serving the entire nation. One should think the intensive harnessing of this State's many rivers would pay better dividends than the pursuit of impractical schemes like the Ganga-Kaveri link-up. But the Centre is apparently taken up by fancy projects like Tarapur rather than down-to-earth schemes. Someone in New Delhi has tripped up.



STILL HUNGRY? Mealtime at FACT. This fertiliser factory employs 3,600 people. 2,000 of them get a subsidised meal (costing only 35 paise), free tea and coffee. FACT has a high school, facilities for sports and a Kathakali troupe. The lowest category of workers are paid Rs 70 + Rs 273 d.a. The monthly wage bill is Rs 15 lakhs.

Major Communities



KERALA CLAIMS the earliest Jewish, Christian and Muslim settlements. It has a record of communal harmony which was broken only once: during the Moplah Revolt of 1921. An offshot of the Khilafat movement and originally a peasant upsurge, it later took a communal turn.

The Kerala Government itself cannot be absolved of the charge of neglect. It cannot be forgiven for its failure to make use of the surplus power the State produces to start small-scale industries in the various districts. While aid from New Delhi is undoubtedly essential, Trivandrum need not wait for the big Marwari or Parsi business houses to set up industries in the State.

The Model is Punjab

Kerala need not—should not—model itself on Maharashtra or West Bengal in its attempt to gain prosperity. The greater part of Maharashtra is in many respects more backward than Kerala despite large-scale industrialisation. It is also pertinent to point out that the per capita income in West Bengal, whose industrial complex is probably 20 times bigger than Kerala's, is Rs 2 less than in the latter State.

If Kerala needs a model, it should be Punjab or Haryana. But the question will be

—Continued

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asked: does the Malayali have the enterprise of the Punjabi or the Haryanvi? Certainly the Malayali Christian has it. Think of the pioneers, who in the face of opposition from whites and even at the risk of their lives, established the rubber plantations. Or of those who went to malarious and inhospitable Wynad in the hills of northern Kerala and built prosperous settlements. Entrepreneurial skill is not lacking in Kerala. But the Government has not created the climate for it to flourish as in Punjab and Haryana.

The immediate salvation for Kerala lies in its fisheries. Ten years ago there was no fishing industry to speak of in the State. Today the seafood export from Kerala earns the country over Rs 50 crores in foreign exchange. Marine exports have almost unlimited possibilities. The development of fisheries will not only greatly ease the unemployment problem, it will also go a long way in meeting the deficit in food. (*We plan to do a special feature on the subject.*)

In the years to come Kerala is going to be faced with a dilemma. If it is to keep pace with modern technology it may have to dispense with its present policy of "labour-intensive" units. *In most of the establishments there are too many hands operating too few machines and turning out too few products.* All the public sector factories (with the exception of Travancore Titanium Products Ltd) are running on a loss. FACT employs 3,600 people. General Manager V. K. Khanna told me he could do with fewer. The same is true of HMT at Kalamassery which has a strength of 2,300.

Don't Retrench

The policy of recruiting workers in excess of the need appears sensible for two reasons: it means jobs to more people (most of them educated) in an economy where the scope for agricultural expansion is nil. The way to rationalise industries in Kerala, at any rate during the present crisis created by unemployment, lies not in retrenchment but in starting more units.

The future of course will depend on political developments. At the moment there is peace. The Naxalites have been crushed; Ajita, Philip M. Prasad, etc., are in gaol. Mr Achutha Menon sagaciously holds the scales even between the various parties. He is something of an Ajatasatru (with no enemy born)—he has opponents but no real *satrus*. There is not a whisper against his character or integrity. His ability is also not questioned. But even he, one suspects, cannot fully address himself to the problems of his State. No Government in Kerala has so far fully devoted itself to constructive work. Managing to stay in power is itself a full-time job.

The Congress and the CPM are the major parties. Though twice as strong in the legislature than the CPI the former does not have the upper hand in the Government. None of its leaders has the stature of, say, Achutha Menon or E.M.S. Even so the Congress hopes to capture power all by itself in the next elections. In this it is relying mainly on the students.

The Kerala Students' Union (K.S.U.) is their student wing. It is the biggest organisation with a strength of 5 lakhs including college and high school students. The K.S.U. is emerging as the Chhatra Parishad of Kerala, although its leaders claim that the C.P. takes inspiration from them. Among other students' organisations are the Students Federation of India (CPM), the Kerala Students Congress (Kerala Congress), the All India Students' Federation (CPI), the Akhila Bharatiya Vidyarthi Parishad (Jana Sangh) and the Progressive Students' Union (RSP).

Elections to students' unions cause more excitement than those to the legislature. Political parties keep an anxious watch on their results. If the 1975 poll in Kerala is going to be decided by students, the Congress is a safe bet. But we must take other factors into account: labour, for example. Both agrarian and industrial workers are largely controlled by the CPM.

* * *

The question still remains. Is Kerala backward?

The points in its favour: it is the cleanest State in India and breathtakingly beautiful; it has the highest literacy; its literature and cinema can compete with Bengal's, its music and dance with Tamil Nadu's; its health and social services are the most advanced; its road mileage is among the highest in the country; it has excellent natural resources and an immense power potential; and it has manpower that is intelligent and skilled.

The points against this otherwise cloud-cuckoo-land: chronic food shortage and unemployment, primitive industries; the curse of caste.

When one's mind goes back to Kerala one does not think of economics. One thinks of its skies and its hills and its sea and all the greenery that is in the world encompassed on the canvas of its narrow littoral.

One is reminded of the children laughing and playing in the coconut groves—and one is sorry for having asked for *Nirodh*. Nubile girls in red and yellow *pavadas* with mocking smiles and burgeoning breasts and sad-faced boys with a touch of dark green on their lips and chins.

Will industrialisation make their smiles and faces harsh? If so let Kerala remain backward. A romantic, reactionary, bourgeois wish.

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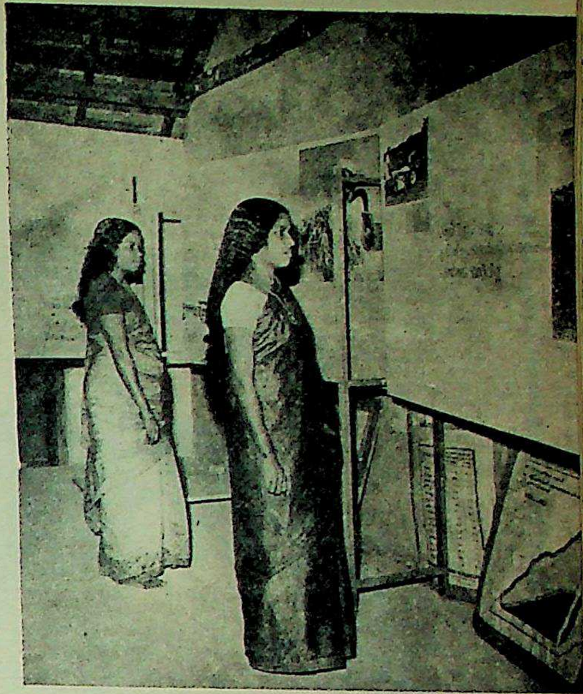
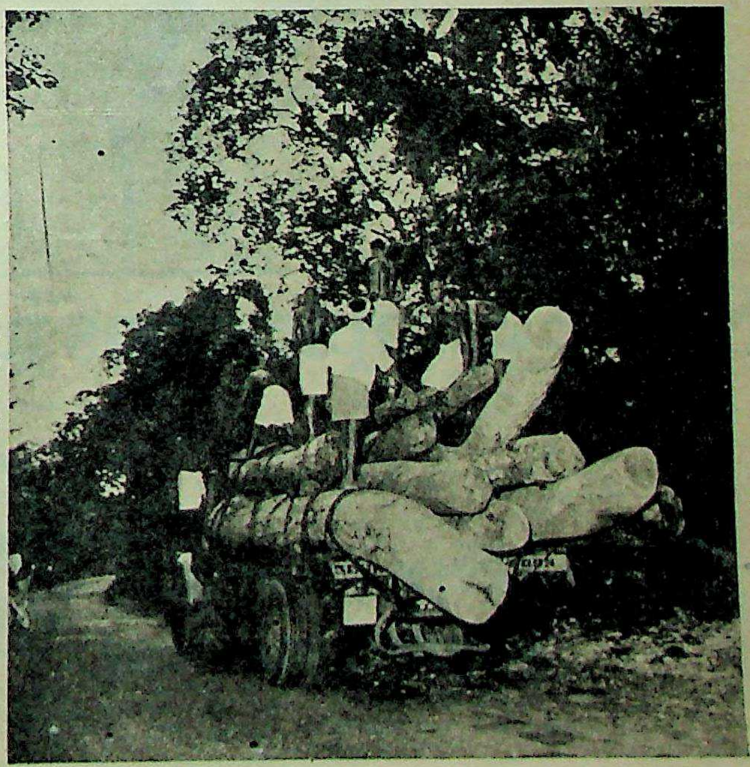


"READ AND GROW." At a literacy exhibition organised in Trivandrum by the Kerala Granthasala Sangham. This association, unique in India, is spearheading the library movement in the state. "Vayichchu Valaruka" ("Read and Grow") is its slogan.



NOT DEAD WOOD. Timber of the jack-tree transported from Kalappara, Idikki district. It is extensively used in building.

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Truth Is A Myth

Every theory is valid till it is refuted. There is no such thing as "pure truth" which is eternal. Even the simplest observation is qualified by in-built inferences and implied hypotheses. When Sir Karl Popper first proposed these ideas in the thirties, he went unheard. Today his influence is comparable to that exercised by some of the greatest minds of this century, like Bertrand Russell and G. E. Moore. The book being reviewed (*Popper* by Bryan Magee, Fontana/Collins, 40 p) aims at making Popper familiar to the common man.

SIR KARL R. POPPER (b. 1902, in Vienna) is Professor Emeritus at the University of London since 1969. His publications include: Logik der Forschung; The Open Society and Its Enemies; The Poverty of Historicism; The Logic of Scientific Discovery; Conjectures and Refutations; The Growth of Scientific Knowledge; Of Clouds and Clocks; and Objective Knowledge: An Evolutionary Approach. Sir Popper is a British citizen of Austrian origin.

by JAGJIT SINGH

THIS charming little book, a delightful exegesis of Karl Popper's philosophy of science, is a reminder that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong... but time and chance happeneth to all. The time and chance that befell Popper is the accident that he came of age in the late twenties when the official philosophy of Western science happened to be that exercise in futility known as logical positivism. It came in the way of the recognition that was his rightful due. He should have become a household name among the educated laity decades ago. But his fame is still confined to the scientific elite even though the elite has in compensation acclaimed him "the greatest philosopher of science that has ever been". Magee's book is aimed at making this philosopher's philosopher the common man's guide as well.

First Book Unpublished

Although logical positivism is now dead as the dodo, thanks largely to Popper's work, it was in full bloom at the time of his youth. Popper found it impossible to get his early books published in the form in which he wrote them. As Magee has pointed out, his first book still remains unpublished; and his first and seminal published work *Logik der Forschung* was a savagely abridged version of a book twice as long.

The rise of logical positivism was due to the mistaken belief that if science is to be a corpus of "certain" knowledge, it must be rooted in mathematics. For mathematics, the so-called "queen of sciences", alone was putatively in possession of a set of infallible principles of reasoning which enabled us to reach truth without going astray. Mathematical reasoning could then pile one certainty upon another in order to scale the heaven of scientific truth. But by the turn of the century, the emergence of a number of paradoxes of the infinite (which were virtually the old paradoxes of Zeno, like Achilles pursuing the tortoise and never overtaking it) in a new guise, showed that if mathematical reasoning is to avoid paradox and contradiction not only here and now but "for ever", then it must be reduced to logic, which is nothing but language, or rather the syntax of a language, made perfect.

But unfortunately no living language, no matter how rich, is so perfect that it allows us to speak with absolute certainty or assurance. The reason is that it does not provide us with a criterion of truth. For as the logician Tarski has proved, if a language is sufficiently rich (as, for example, by including within it arithmetic), then there cannot exist a general criterion of truth. Such a criterion exists only for extremely poor artificial languages. This is really an offshoot of Godel's celebrated theorem that if any logical system that includes arithmetic contained a proof of its own consistency, it would also contain one of its own inconsistency. Consequently it would appear to be fatal to a system if we could find a general proof of its consistency within it. Proofs of consistency of various logical schemes do indeed exist, but only by going outside the frames of the schemes themselves.

Observation Is Impure

Since logical positivists managed to drain language of all meaning and content in order to make "certain" what they did say, the methodology of science had to retreat to only "pure" observation. "Pure" observation then became the basis of empiricism, on which science was to be reared. But here again—as Popper demonstrated with telling effect—there is no such thing as "pure" observation. Popper undermined the Baconian ideal of observation without tacit presuppositions by pointing to the mechanism of observation itself. He showed that our simplest observations are an inextricable web of inferences and implied hypotheses. To look, to listen, to taste means asking *loaded* questions. Pure observations, unalloyed by any prior theorizing, turns out to be pure chimera. It therefore follows that scientific method is not what it is often alleged to be, namely collecting pure observations and then drawing conclusions from them. Indeed, such a method can never be put to use for the simple reason that you cannot collect observations unless you first anchor them to a problem or purpose.

Vain Quest For Certainty

It is a great merit of Popper that he rescued the philosophy of science from the dead end towards which logical positivists in their vain quest for "certainty" on the one hand, and empiricists with their insistence on "pure" observation without a problem or purpose on the other, were driving it. He was right in asserting that scientific knowledge can never be certain, nor free of all implicit or underground theorizing. Even the best established theories may be subverted —as they often are—by the emergence of new facts and observations, or the revelation of untenable assumptions that underlay our earlier observations, or both. It, therefore, follows that scientific endeavour should not be unduly obsessed either with "absolute certainty" or theory or with the "purity" of its supporting observations. Both are unattainable anyway.

It should rather aim at the growth of scientific knowledge in such a way that it continually approaches truth like a curve approaching its asymptote or a function approaching its limit. Both objectives, that is, growth as well as continually closer approximation to truth, are

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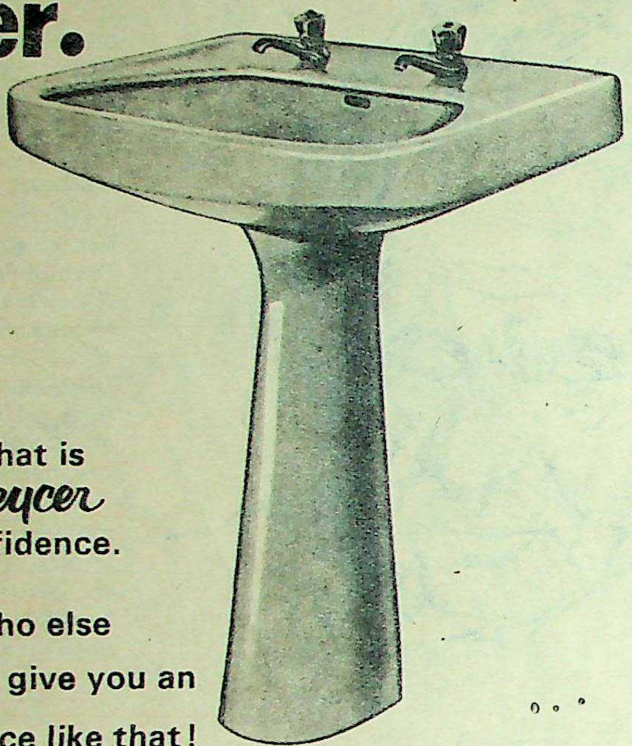

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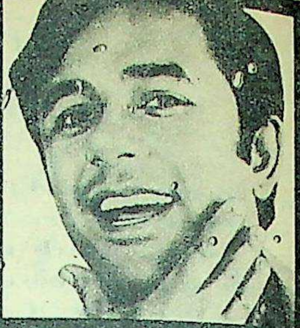

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achieved by continually devising new experiments designed not so much to "confirm" as to "refute" our earlier hypothesis or theory. For if an experiment designed to refute a theory confirms it instead, it is double confirmation. But if, on the other hand, it does refute it, as intended, it is merely an indication that the theory is not at any rate the whole truth and is in need of reformation wholly or in part. The reformulated version must take in its stride the older observations besides taking care of the new.

Popper has neatly condensed the underlying pattern of this process in a formula:

$$P_1 \longrightarrow TT \longrightarrow EE \longrightarrow P_2$$

where P_1 is the initial problem, TT the tentative theory proposed, EE the process of error elimination applied to the tentative theory and P_2 the resulting solution with its attendant new problems. The process is not cyclic but helical as P_2 is always different from P_1, for even a complete failure to solve a problem teaches us something.

Take, for the sake of illustration, the most ubiquitous problem of our daily life—earth's gravity (P_1). Seeing apples fall in orchards, we may formulate the tentative theory (TT) or hypothesis that "all objects when dropped fall to the ground with equal acceleration". We now design an experiment (EE) to *refute* it. This may be done by dropping a feather and a pebble from the roof of, say, Qutab Minar. If we do so, we will find that the pebble falls much quicker thus repudiating our hypothesis. We are, therefore, obliged to amend it to make it truer—by now saying that "all objects when dropped *in vacuum* fall to the ground with equal acceleration" (P_2).

Experimenting

This experiment of dropping a feather and a pebble in a vacuum was in fact performed by Torecelli some three centuries ago and was found to conform to the new hypothesis, now stated. To refute the newly amended hypothesis, we design yet another experiment. We now drop the feather at the equator and the pebble at the North Pole and *vice versa* both in vacuum and from equal height. We then find that the object dropped at the North Pole, be it the feather or the pebble, falls faster. In other words, what counts for greater acceleration is not the object we drop but the location where it is dropped. The new observation entails a further revision of our earlier hypothesis, which now becomes the still truer statement that "all objects when dropped *at any given location on earth* fall, in vacuum, to the ground with equal acceleration". It will be seen how our starting hypothesis became truer with successive refutations. It is true that my illustration is an artificial construct made up merely to illustrate a point. But this is precisely how scientific knowledge grows. We start with a hypothesis or theory. We confront it with observations specially contrived to *refute* it. The more it withstands the attempted refutations either in its original or amended form, the nearer it is likely to be to truth.

Although there is much more to Popper's methodology of science than what may appear from the foregoing account I have given, I am deliberately restraining myself from further exposition of his methodology for two reasons. First, I hope my account of Popperism is like a trailer shot that spurs you to see the film (Magee's book) or better still the whole serial (the complete works of the master himself). Secondly, I must conserve the remainder of my space to explain my reasons for the sole dissent I have with Magee and Popper.

Magee affirms that he "cannot see how any rational man can have read Popper's critique of Marx and still be Marxist". And yet the fact remains that one-third of our world's inhabitants live today under governments which call themselves Marxist. Magee himself concedes as much. But the concession made is intended only to enhance the philosophical stature of Popper's David as the slayer of the Marxist Goliath. It does not seem to occur to him that such a global phenomenon as Marxism cannot be destroyed by mere verbal rapiers even if they are forged by such a Vulcan as Sir Karl Popper. But I will come to it later.

Centralised vs Piecemeal Planning

The core of Popper's critique of Marxism is briefly: The state management of production on the grandiose scale that Marxism entails inevitably leads to centralized planning. The centralized planner must then simplify his problems by eliminating individual differences "by trying to control and stereotype interests and beliefs by education and propaganda" thereby suppressing "free expression of thought, especially critical thought". According to Popper, such an upshot cannot be averted "even assuming the unlimited and unvarying benevolence of the powerful planners".

But it seems to have escaped Popper that if the centralised planning of the benevolent planners has the unintended consequence of installing a Big Brother bureaucracy, the alternative of "piecemeal" planning whereby each private company, business, or corporation plans its own growth in the affluent capitalist countries of the West, has already begun to threaten the exhaustion of our planet's most valuable resources as well as its ecology. As Prof Jay Forrester and others have warned, if the industrialised countries of the affluent West continue to pursue growth—inevitable without the restraint that can only be imposed by centralised planning—the whole thing will come to a horrible end in about a hundred years from now.

Multinational Corporations

It, therefore, follows that centralised planning, which Marxists advocate, far from being diffused into piecemeal planning should on the contrary be magnified to a global scale purely to ensure the survival of the human race. But this is not all. For rise of the massive and ever-growing multinational corporations has virtually transformed "piecemeal" planning of each individual concern into monolithic planning even in capitalist countries. In fact, in the field of agriculture, to cite an instance, there is more monolithic planning in "capitalist" America than in "socialist" India, as Prof Galbraith once quipped. Such monolithic planning by cartels, corporations and other state agencies is subject to precisely the same critique as centralised planning, namely: "It is easy to concentrate power in one hand but impossible to consolidate in one mind the knowledge required to use that power because of its diffusion in many minds."

It must be acknowledged, in fairness to Popper, that some of the tragic consequences of "piecemeal" planning—which he wishes to substitute for centralised planning—were not as obvious at the time he wrote his critique as now. But he could not have been unaware of the conjugate incompatibility of various results of anything we may decide to do. Thus if we set up a legal system designed to save at all costs an innocent from being pronounced guilty, we have to face the unintended consequence that many criminals will also go scot free, thus eroding law and order and possibly causing a virtual breakdown of civilised society. Then again if we design a drug control system rigorous enough to prevent the emergence of poisons such as thalidomide, we shall at the same time stifle the discovery of new panaceas like penicillin.

More generally, as statisticians have proved, if we try to reduce to zero the probability of making one type of error (like *accepting* a hypothesis when it is actually *false*), we will certainly make the conjugate error of *rejecting* it when it is *true*. There is thus inevitably a conflict between what we intend to do and what we actually do. It is this more or less irreconciliable conflict between intent and outcome of our actions that gives rise to the tragedy of philosophy.

Deed And Word

The tragedy is that every philosophy that accords priority to deed over word may be undone by the inevitable incompatibility of the goals of its seeking—like unlimited benevolence with uninterrupted production, or, minority rights and national integration, etc. One can, therefore, always find arguments to subvert such philosophies or ideologies. But the validity of the arguments depends on whether or not the ideology "works" in practice. This is merely to say that proofs of such ideologies or theories are concrete deeds as Mayakovsky said in his celebrated poem *Lenin*. The situation is by no means peculiar to philosophy, and its offshoot, sociology. It arises in a mild form even in relatively complex scientific fields like atomic physics and quantum chemistry. The physicists and quantum chemists meet the situation by continually inventing weird arguments, bizarre reasoning, and even "useful fictions" like the resonating structures of Linus Pauling, not because they are "true" or "rationally" defensible but because they seem to "work" in practice. The practice justifies the weird arguments and even "useful fictions".

I may be mistaken in my Marxist bias. But it seems to me that Marxism has worked well enough in practice. It has, during the past fifty odd years, captured one-third of the globe by providing the peoples of these lands with a credible ideology. It continues to inspire millions of men, and not only those living under Marxist regimes, to shed their last drop of blood in its defence as indeed the practically unarmed peasants of North Vietnam are doing at this very moment. And this brings me to the point to which I promised to revert later. It is simply this. The Marxist conquest of one-third of our globe, to which Magee refers in his book merely to equate Popper to Marx, is a more cogent rebuttal of Popper's critique than any one can produce by purely verbal argumentation. It is the deed refuting the word, like Johnson's demolition of Berkeley's idealism by kicking a stone—only much more telling.

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LINGAYATS

by Dr R. C. HIREMATH

Photographs by G. S. Narayanaswamy

When Mysore (now Karnataka) was enlarged with the inclusion of the Kannada-speaking areas of Madras, Bombay and Hyderabad, the Lingayats emerged as the dominant community, a position held till then by the Vokkaligas. The Lingayats are Virashaivites or militant Shaivites, one of the most well-organised Hindu communities. They have contributed to Sanskrit and Kannada literature, and have played a notable part in the spread of education.

SAINT BASAVESHWARA (1105-1165) who reformed Saivism and preached against caste and untouchability. He served as the chief of treasury at the court of King Bijjala of Karnataka who had conquered the Chalukya Empire. The saint was an ardent devotee of Siva but he clashed with the orthodox king on the question of the reforms.

THOUGH predominantly a community of peasants, there are many Lingayats engaged in trade and industry. Indeed, they play a dominant role in the economic, social and political life of Karnataka.

Their contribution to the religion, philosophy and literature of India is of long standing. Sanskrit, Kannada, Telugu and Marathi are the languages they have enriched. *Siddhantashikhamani*, *Basava Purana*, *Kriyasara* are among the well-known works in Sanskrit; *Basava Puranamu* and *Shivayoga Saramu* in Telugu; and *Leelavishvambhara* in Marathi.

Vachana, a unique form in Kannada literature, has its origin in the *Shivassharanas* of the 12th century. It gives utterance to new values such as dignity of labour, liberty, fraternity and freedom from caste. The *Vachanas* of Basaveshwara Prabhudeva, Akkamahadevi, Siddharameshwara are held in special esteem. The *Sunya Sampadane*, the quintessence of Virashaivism, is comparable to the *Dialogues* of Plato.

Poets like Harihara, Raghavanka and Kereya Padmarasa brought about a renais-

AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL RITES colourful Lingayat ritual centres on the ban

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ON POORNIMA DAY women make sweets and drop a few in a well as a good omen. Lingayat women have always been known for their religious fervour.

NO SACRED FIRE FOR THE WEDDING. In reformed or Lingayat Shaivism the bridegroom merely places the mangala-sutra round the bride's neck, the family and friends throw rice on the couple and the ceremony is over.

sance in Kannada literature. Harihara gave a new turn to Kannada literature through the form called *Ragale*. Out of the five *mahakavyas* (great poetical works) of Raghavanka, the *Harishchandra Kayya* is regarded as one of the best works in the language. The *Prabhulingaleele* of Chamerasa and the *Tripadis* of Sarvajnya are landmarks in the history of Kannada literature. Among mystic poets Nijaguna Shivayogi and Maggeya Mayideva are outstanding.

This rich literary tradition of Virashaivites is kept up today by Halakatti, Basavanal, B. Shivamurthy Shastri, Nandimath, S. S. Bhoosnurmath and L. Basavaraju. Madhura Channa, Ja. Cha. Ni. Siddhayya Puranik, Basavaraj Kattimani, Jayadevitai Ligade, G. S. Shivarudrappa, M. S. Sunkapur, C. S. Kanvi Chandrashekhar Patil are other names that come to mind. The Swamiji of the Nava Kalyan Math has contributed to philosophical literature. Prof. S. S. Malwad and S. S. Bhoosnurmath have laid the foundations of modern criticism. B. Puttaswamiah, H. Tipperudraswamy and S. S. Bhoosnurmath have been winners of the Sahitya Akademi awards.

Over 80 per cent of the educational institutions in Karnataka are patronised by the Lingayats. There are many associations and societies that look after the educational needs of the people, but they are too numerous to be listed here. But mention however must be made of educationists like Dr D. C. Pavate, former Governor of Punjab, Dr S. C. Nandimath, Dr A. S. Adke, A. C. Devegouda and J. B. Mallaradhya. The Lingayat Maths have played a special part in the spread of education. The Swamijis of

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ASTORAL RITES bers of the bride's family pound rice. Most of the entres on the ban ield and the river.

YOUNG BRIDE at a riverside ceremony. (Before a marriage is fixed the priest measures her fingers and arms with a thread: twice the length of the thread should tally with her height.)

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Dharwar Suttur, Siddhaganga, Sirigere and Belgaum look after thousands of students—feeding and teaching them.

As rulers, ministers and soldiers, the Lingayats were the moulders of the political scene in the past. The Kakatiya kings of Andhra Pradesh, the Sangama kings of the Vijayanagar Empire, the rulers of Kaladi Kodagu, Belawadi, etc., were all Lingayats. Lingayat queens like Rudrammadevi, Channamma Kaladi, Mallamma of Belavadi, Channamma of Kittur have made a mark in history by their heroism. Channamma of Kittur fought the British earlier than the Rani of Jhansi. Ministers like Basaveshwara, Kereya Padmarasa and Lakkanna Dandesha were acknowledged as able administrators.

The first four Chief Ministers of the reorganised Mysore State were Lingayats.

The Lingayat community has championed the following principles from the days of Basaveshwaara.

1. **A casteless society.**
2. **Removal of untouchability**
3. **Dignity of labour**
4. **Emancipation of women**

The characteristic socio-religious features of Lingayats are the non-observance of Pancha Sutakas, Sixteen Karmas and their allegiance only to Ishtalinga. Their tradition acknowledges five *Pithas* (seats)—Balehonnur, Kedar, Kashi, Srisaila and Ujjain. All these are of the *Acharya* order. To these we may add the *Pithas* of Chitradurga and Murusaviramath of the *Prabhudeva* order. Besides these, the *Pithas* of Suttur and Sirigere too are important.

Shad-Sthala, the sixfold spiritual heirarcry, Ashta-varanas, the eightfold spiritual aids to Lingayat faith and Pancharas, the fivefold disciplines of life, are the cardinal principles of Lingayat philosophy.

The Lingayat world-view holds that God is real and that the goal of life is to attune oneself to the Divine and bring harmony into life.

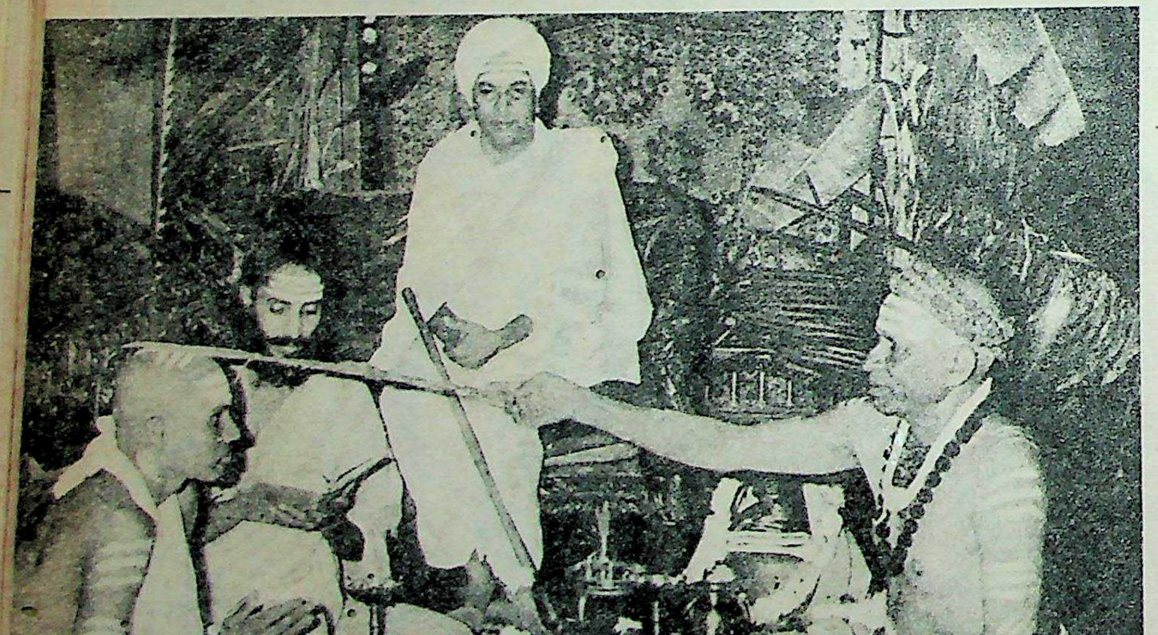
The metaphysical aspect of the Lingayat philosophy is known as *Saktivisishtadvaita*. According to this school the soul has the potential power to become God, as a seed has the potency to become a tree. Religion is the means for the earthly soul to become Divine. **The Lingayat philosophy is not pure Advaita as it holds some distinction between Shiva and Shakti.**

It does not maintain that the phenomenal world and the noumenal world like individual souls are unreal. On the contrary, the phenomenal world has its own importance and role to play in the spiritual evolution or growth of the *atman*. Matter, body and all other related things such as one's daily life, pain and pleasure are meaningful. The body is the temple of the soul. All occupation is a means to worship the Divine. Whatever there is is a gift of God to be used for one's salvation.

Puritan in flavour and democratic, the Lingayat philosophy does not deny spiritual attainments because of caste or sex. Mysticism is brought within the purview of everyday life. Realisation of the ultimate is a process, a becoming, which reaches fulfilment here and now. Lingayatism blends together firmly man's spiritual and social life and teaches the art of right living.

RITES AND CUSTOMS

All Lingayats wear the sacred thread, even womenfolk. They do not cremate their dead, but bury them. These rites distinguish them from other Hindus. But the community observes all major festivals like Vijaya Dashami, Sankrant, Ganesh Chaturthi and Divali. Men and women must wear the linga all their lives.



A BOY IS INITIATED INTO PRIESTHOOD. Looking on is the Swamiji of a math. Lingayat priests are known as ayyanawar.

THE Lingayats acknowledge only one God, Siva, and reject Brahma and Vishnu, the other two of the Hindu Triad. They revere the Vedas, but disregard the later commentaries on which the Brahmins rely. They deny the supremacy of Brahmins, and pretend to be free from caste distinctions, though at the present day caste is in fact observed amongst them. They declare that there is no need for sacrifices, penances, pilgrimages, or fasts.

In the Madras case 'Somasekar vs Mahadeva (1930)' it was held, "Lingayats whose only God is Siva and who acknowledge the authority of the Vedas are bound by Hindu Law except in so far as it is modified by custom." Thus the Lingayats of Madras were apparently not regarded as Sudras. However, in the former Bombay Presidency it was held in 'Gopal vs Hanmant (1879)' and 'Fakirgouda vs Gangi (1898)' that the Lingayats of the Presidency were Sudras and not Vaishyas.

Dissenters

This unfortunate decision was perhaps based on the wide departure of the Lingayats from the recognised Hindu customs in matters of birth, marriage and death.

To Lingayats, marriage is a sacrament. Most of the marriages are arranged though there are stray cases of Lingayat boys marrying Muslim and Christian girls after their initiation into the Lingayat fold. In case the boy chooses to embrace the girl's religion, he is ostracised. Premarital love and courtship are unknown. **Polygamy was widely practised before the Hindu Marriage Act of 1955 was passed. Marriage of a boy to his sister's or his maternal uncle's daughter is prevalent, disregarding the degrees of prohibited relationship and "sapinda" relationship.**

Marriage proposals are made through an intermediary. A group of five including the boy and one or two women members visit the house of the girl. The boy, even if highly educated, is not supposed to talk to the girl during the "interview". Questions are put to the girl by the intermediary.

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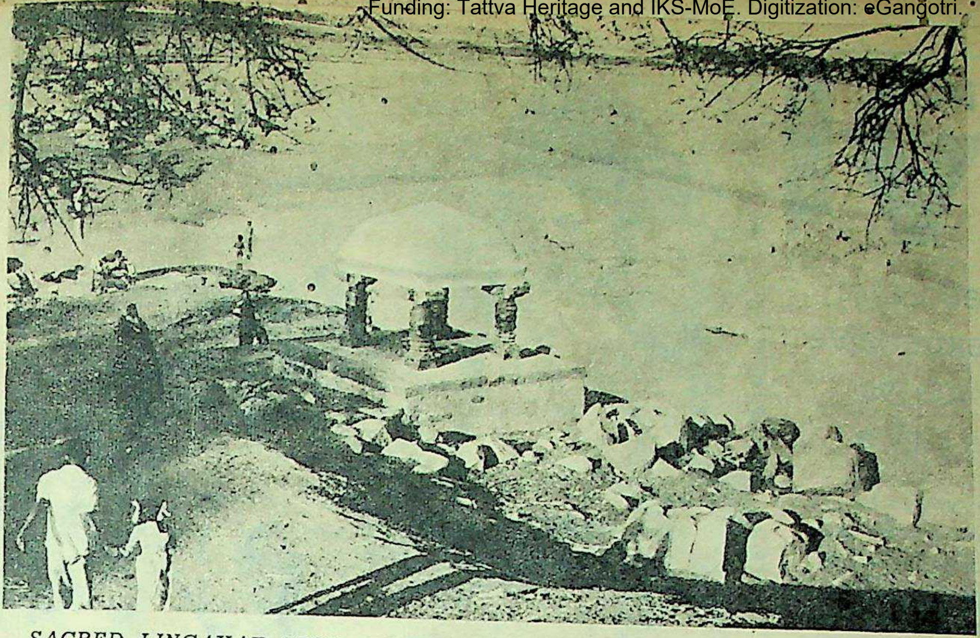
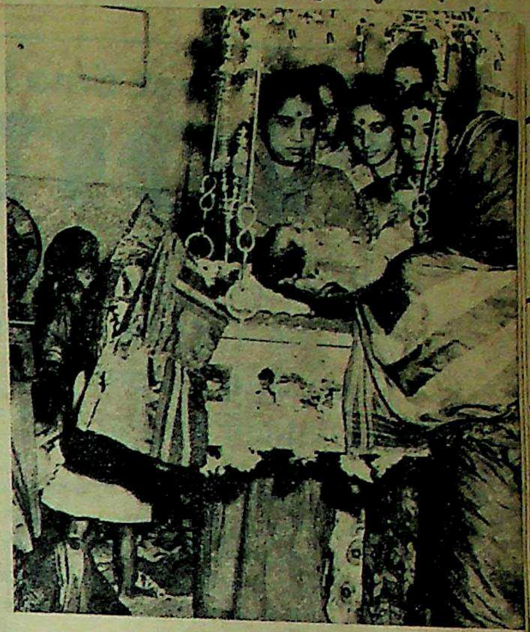


SACRED LINGAYAT SPOT—KOODALASANGAMA. It is the confluence of the Krishna and the Malaprabha. Sri Basaveshwara is believed to have attained his samadhi (lingaikya) here.



NAMAKARANA—naming ceremony. After the rites the child is fussed over by relatives.

Poems of Akka Mahadevi and Basavanna

(Translated by Dr D. C. Pavate)

Of what avail a tree
Unless it offers shade?
Of what avail is wealth
Unless there's charity?
Of what avail a cow
Who yields no milk?.
Of what avail a lovely face
Unless it goes with righteousness?
Of what avail the heaped-up dish
Unless there is the will to serve?

—Akka Mahadevi

What sort of religion can it be
Without compassion?
Compassion needs must be
Towards all living things;
Compassion is the root
Of all religious faiths.

Cry, cry, O goat,
That you're slain
In accordance with the Vedas.
Cry, cry, before them
That read the Vedas!
Cry, cry before them
That hear the Sastras!
Lord Kudalasangama
Will take a fit toll
For what you've wept!

In making a pot
The clay comes first;
In making an ornament
The gold comes first;
In knowing Siva's path
The Guru's path comes first...

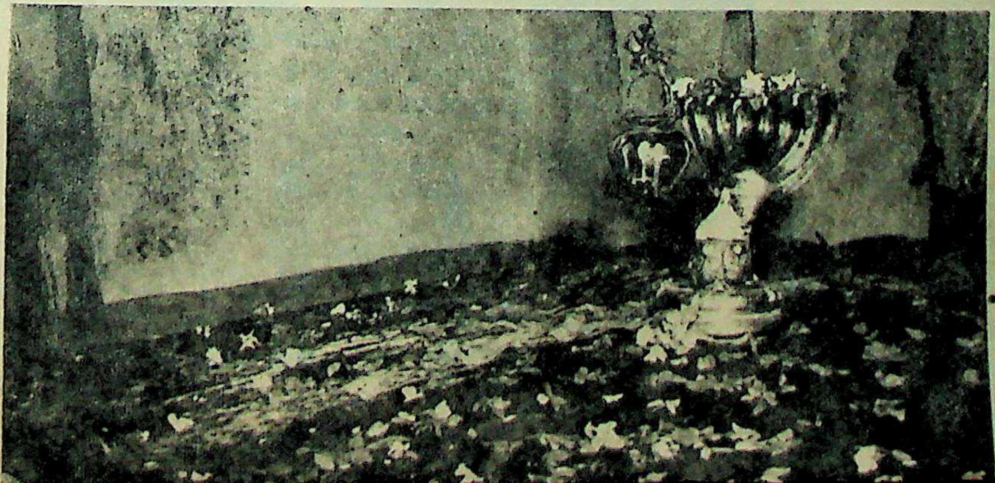
Can there be piety
In words and more words?
Can there be piety
Unless your body is spent,
Unless your heart is spent,
Unless your wealth is spent?

Does not a crow, on seeing a crumb,
Call to its flock?
Does not a hen, on finding a morsel,
Call, clacking, to her brood?
If, being a bhakta, a man lacks loyalty
To his own faith,
He's worse than her or crow...

All worthless persons utter Om,
But even as they recite it, do not know
its meaning...

—Basavanna

SAMADHI OF PRABHUDEVA, *a contemporary of Sri Basaveshwara.*



The marriage ceremony is performed by the *ayyanawar* (priest) chanting *mantras.* There is no custom of the *Saptapadi* in a Lingayat marriage. No consummation takes place on the marriage night. The bride goes to her parents, the bridegroom too spends a day with his relatives leaving his house. The consummation takes place on the following Wednesday or Saturday. In the first year of married life excessive indulgence is prevented: there is a month of abstinence when the girl must go to her parents, which restraint has been prescribed long since by custom. The period of menstruation is not regarded as impure and as a period of seclusion, but sexual intercourse is not permitted.

In the fifth month of the first pregnancy the girl goes to her parents: it is their responsibility to bear all expenses of the confinement. Even after delivery, the girl continues to stay with her parents for about 3 to 5 months, when perforce abstinence is observed. These customs indicate as to how remarkably enlightened were Lingayats of olden times about matters of sex!

Birth of a male is heralded with applause while that of a female is regretted.

Believing in the dicium, "Dust thou art, to dust thou returnest", Lingayats bury their dead, instead of burning them. An "ayyanawar" presides over the burial ceremony. After giving the last bath, the body is anointed with "vibhuti" (ash) and dressed up. It is kept even for a day to await an outstation relative. The body which is placed in a *padmasan* (squatting position) is carried to the burial ground amidst *bhajan* and music of cymbals followed by a procession. It is buried in the grave keeping the squatting posture after removing all the clothes excepting a loin-cloth and the Linga. People chant, "What became of the creation of Siva? It became Linga."

Among Lingayats, there is no mourning period nor are the yearly *sradha* ceremonies performed after a death. Lingayats believe in rebirth.

In the case of death of a pregnant woman her body is burnt since the Lingayats believe that magicians dig out such dead bodies for the skull and forearms which they use in their sorcery.

—JAGDISH G. SAMBRANI

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DECEMBER 1973

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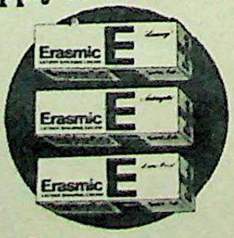

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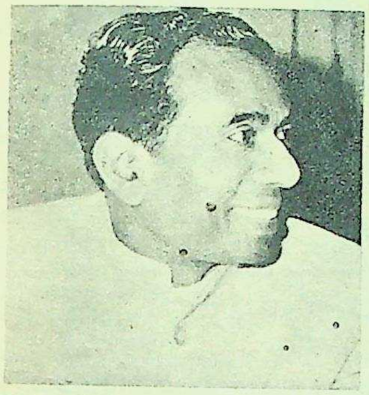
EMINENT LINGAYATS

Mr S. NIJALINGAPPA (b 1902) has the distinction of having been President of two Congresses—the Indian National Congress and Congress (O). One of the few leaders from Karnataka to have attained national stature, he played a notable part in the politics of the post-Nehru era. But how effective it was is a matter of debate. His handling of the crisis in the Congress in 1969 when he was its President is generally regarded as inept. Mr Nijalingappa, who was Chief Minister of Mysore for two successive terms, has ceased to be a political force today.

Mr G. V. HALLIKERI, who was Chairman of the Mysore Legislative Council, was one of the architects of united Karnataka. He took a leading part in the Gandhian programme of rural reconstruction. In 1952 he was elected to the Bombay Assembly. After the reorganisation of States he became a member of the Mysore Legislative Council.



Mr VEERENDRA PATIL (b 1924), a loyal follower of Mr Nijalingappa, succeeded him as Chief Minister in 1968. Prior to that he had held a number of portfolios in the Mysore Cabinet including Public Works. Mr Patil, who is an able administrator, resigned as Chief Minister in April 1971, following the victory of the Congress-R in the elections. He is a gifted speaker in Kannada.

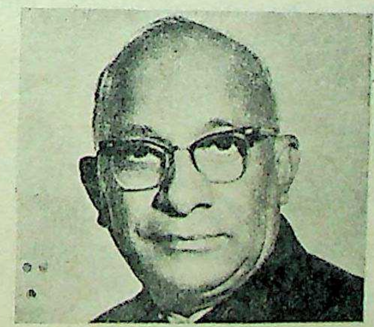
Mr B. D. JATTI (b 1912), who started his political career in the Jamakhandi State, was for some time Parliamentary Secretary to Mr B. G. Kher when the latter was Chief Minister of Bombay. After the general election of 1952 he became Deputy Minister for Health, Bombay, which office he held until the reorganisation of States. He was Chief Minister of Mysore between 1958-62.

In 1968 Mr Jatti was appointed Lt Governor of Pondicherry. Four years later he went to Bhubaneswar as Governor of Orissa.

Mr H. SIDDAVEERAPPA (b 1906), Health Minister of Karnataka, is an able administrator with a reformist zeal. He was chiefly instrumental in establishing the Medical University in his State, the first of its kind in India. He led the Indian delegation to FAO in 1954, and to ECAFE in 1955.

Dr A. S. ADKE is the Vice Chancellor of Karnatak University, Dharwar. Originally belonging to the Bombay Government service, he was appointed Principal of the Karnataka Regional Engineering College, Surathkal, in 1960.

Dr D. C. PAVATE (b 1899) earned a Cambridge Tripos in Mathematics at the age of 28, joined Banaras Hindu University and later the Bombay Educational Service. He retired from the BES in 1954 and was soon after elected Vice-Chancellor of Karnataka University, Dharwar. In 1967 he was appointed Governor of Punjab which office he relinquished recently.



Mr M. S. KANNAMWAR (1900-1963) rose from ticket collector to Chief Minister of Maharashtra. He was one of the most popular leaders of that State and was affectionately called "Dadasaheb". He was the Editor of *Loksenak* and *Nanasandesha*.

Mr GUBBI VEERANNA (1891-1973), the famous stage actor and humorist, was the first man to produce films in Kannada. In 1955 he received the Sangeeta Natak Akademi Award and later a Doctorate of Karnataka University.

Mr BASAVARAJ KATTIMANI (b 1919) is one of the most outstanding Kannada authors. A prodigious writer, he has 37 novels to his credit. He is the first Kannada writer to have been given the Nehru Award.

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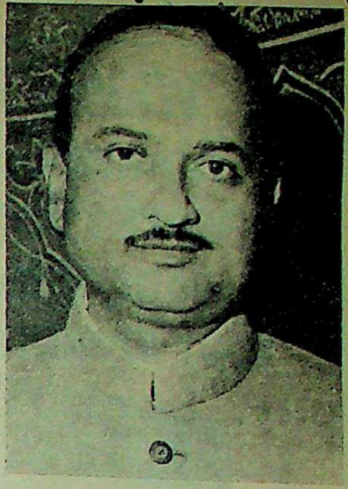
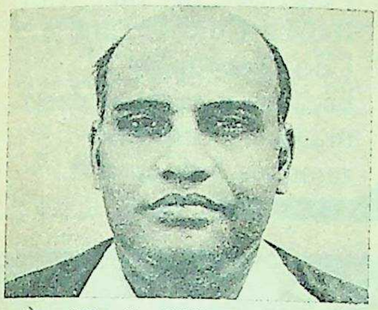
Mr MALLIKARJUN MANSOOR is an outstanding Hindustani musician. He is a disciple of Manji Khan who was a son of the great Alladiya Khan. At present he is an adviser to All India Radio, Dharwar. "Sangeet Ratna" and Padma Shri are the awards he has won. Among Carnatic composers he is an admirer of Muthuswami Dikshitar.

Mr KUMAR GANDHARVA (b. 1925) is one of our most famous Hindustani musicians. His real name is Shivaputra Komakali. When he was eight years old he sang before his father's guru, who gave him the name, Kumar Gandharva. He received his formal training in music from Prof. B. R. Deodhar.

Mr NEELAKANTHARAO A. KALYANI (b. 1928) the well-known industrialist, is Managing Director of Bharat Forge Company. He is also associated with the Kirloskar Pneumatic Co., the Industrial Finance Corporation of India and the Agricultural Finance Corporation of India.



Mr B. BASAVALINGAPPA, Karnataka Minister for Municipal Administration, has resigned following the violent agitation against his alleged disparaging remarks about Kannada literature. He is reported to have compared Kannada books to cattle feed. The trouble took a communal turn and led to clashes between caste Hindus and Harijans. The Minister belongs to a Scheduled Caste. Mr Basavalingappa emphatically denied the remarks attributed to him. He said he had merely advised students to "broaden their vision" by reading the literature of all countries.



Dr M. C. MODI, the well-known eye surgeon, was once described by *Pravda* as "the Cataract king." He has done more than 3,50,000 operations, a world record.

Mr J. B. MALLARADHYA, an educationist of repute and a promoter of sports. He was Vice-President of the All-India Council of Sports. The International Recreation Association, New York, awarded him a medal of merit in 1969.

Mr S. M. PATIL (b. 1919) is the Chairman of H.M.T. He has won the Sir Walter Puckey Prize from London and was a consultant to ECAFE. He was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Science by the Karnataka University.

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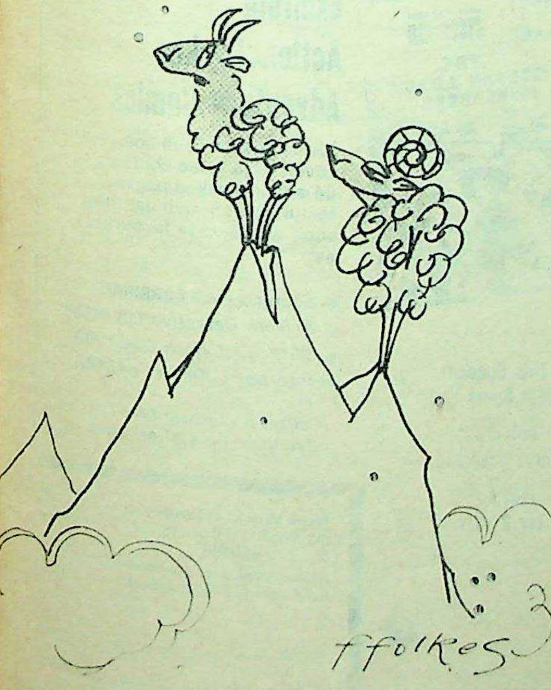
ASKED what the difference was between Time and Eternity, Albert Einstein replied: "If I take the time to explain this to you, you will need an eternity to understand it."

MOSES, standing on the shore of the Red Sea with his press agent, announces: "I am now going to raise my hand and the sea will part so my people can walk across safely. Then I will lower my hand and the sea will come together again."

Elated, his press agent screams: "Baby, you pull that one off and I'll get you two full pages in the Old Testament."

THE preacher's wife had just died, and in consequence he wished to be relieved of his duties for the week-end, so he sent the following message to his bishop:

"I regret to inform you that my wife has just died, and I should be obliged if you could send me a substitute for the week-end."



—from "Punch"

"I'm not in the mood, and if I was in the mood we'd both probably fall off."

THE teacher asked her children's art class to draw on the blackboard their impressions of the most exciting thing they could think of.

One little boy got up and drew a long jagged line.

"What's that?" asked the teacher.

"Lightning," said the boy. "Every time I see lightning, I get so excited I scream!"

"Very good," said the teacher.

Next, a little girl drew a wavy line with the broad side of the chalk. She explained that was her idea of thunder, which always excited her. The teacher thought that excellent too.

Then little Jerry stepped up to the board and made a single dot and sat down.

"What's that?" queried the teacher, a bit perplexed.

"It's a period," replied Jerry.

"Well, Jerry, what's so exciting about a period?"

"I don't know, teacher," the boy replied. "But my sister missed two of 'em and my whole family's excited!"

"SAY, what was all the excitement at Dick's place last night?"

"Oh, a girl was playing the violin in her pajamas and the string broke."

"YOU mean to tell me that, under your system, everybody shares?"

"That is correct."

"You mean if you had two cars, you'd give me one?"

"Yes."

"And if you had six thousand dollars, you'd give me three thousand?"

"Yes."

"And if you had two shirts, you'd give me one?"

"No."

"How come?"

"I have two shirts."

AN old lady kept a parrot which was always swearing. Every Sunday she kept a lid over the cage, removing it on Monday morning, thus preventing the parrot from swearing on the Sabbath.

On a Monday she saw the minister coming towards the house; so she again placed the cover on the cage. As the reverend gentleman was about to step into the parlour, the parrot remarked, "This has been a damned short week!"

WHILE walking to the church for his Sunday morning sermon, the minister came upon a small boy playing in a sand pile and obviously not intending to go to any church services. Not knowing that the boy was the son of the city's most widely known spiritualist and that his father had been dead for some time, the minister stopped to reprove the boy. He said:

"My boy, doesn't your father ever speak to you about going to church?"

"I don't know," promptly replied the lad. "Ma says that Pa seems to be trying to get some kind of a message through, but the noise of the shovelling keeps drowning out his voice."

Telephone Complaint

"Allow! Allow!"

"Nai bhai, wrong number."

"Toba! How I can to get wrong number when I am not dialing any number in phirst place?"

"Agree. Bess to dial 198 and register Complaint."

"198 ujually beejee. When not beejee it is not answering."

"So, what you are doing?"

"Phiring the G.M."

"What he is saying?"

"He is replying there is no such number; it is Miss Print. Try 199."

"Telephone Bhavan seems to be phull oph Miss Prints. Total uzeless."

"Bhai, it is Bahuguna's idea oph solving Unemployment Problem phor Party."

"Agree. Aphter he is mucking up communicashuns portpholio, producing hay and wire in record time, P.M. is despatching him to U.P. phor to produce K. Oss."

"Agree. Will to look more decent to looje U.P. under halph-bake leader like Bahuguna than veteran like Kamalputty Tripathy and Dikshit."

"Agree. We cannot to aphphord to have Allahabad rename Vajpayeenagar or Luddookhana."

"Bhai, lass time my phone is out-oph-order I am reporting to Phault Controller."

"Then what is happening?"

"Phone is disconneckting."

"Toba!"

"But glad to say having no trouble at all till someone reconneckting aphter two-three weeks."

"Bhai, what is swadeshi word phor telephone?"

"Dhwanivayakayantra."

"Jai Hind phor that!"

BOYCOTT BRITISH LANGUAGE

D. F. KARAKA

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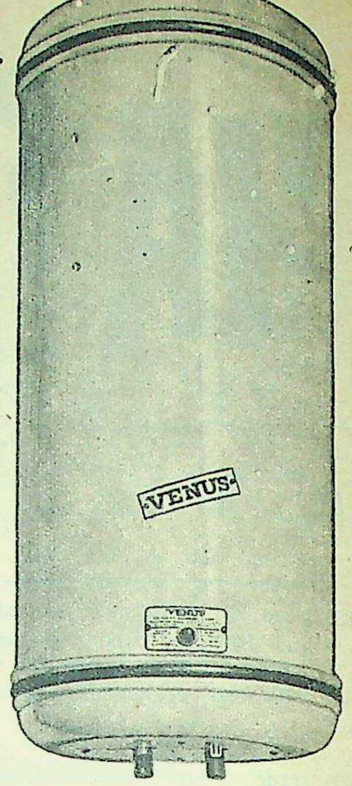

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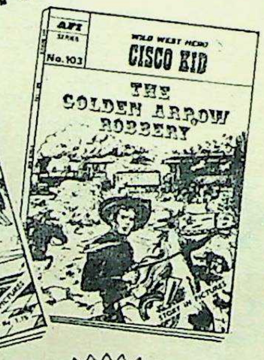

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What The Stars Foretell

by S. K. KELKAR

Sunday, December 16

For luck today, wear or use: Deep yellow, 5, onyx.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: This year the stars warn you to curb haste and impatience to avoid losses in business. Those in employment should bide their time and not ventilate their grievances till December or early January. From February onwards, definite improvement is indicated. A good year from the financial angle. Domestic life is under favourable stars.

Monday, December 17

For luck today, wear or use: Royal purple, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: You can look forward to a auspicious year. After an initial set-back or two, business prospers well. In working life too, some embarrassing situations threaten in the beginning of the year but, later your expectations will be fulfilled. There are no worries on the money side. On the family front, a bereavement is likely in early January.

Tuesday, December 18

For luck today, wear or use: Pastel blue, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Some dramatic events are likely to occur, and some of them may not be in your favour. It would therefore be wise to restrain your emotions and take a practical approach. Though you need not be pessimistic, cautious handling of business matters is necessary. In working life do not underestimate superiors as they are likely to harm your prospects. Female friends or spouses will come forward with sound advice.

Wednesday, December 19

For luck today, wear or use: Pale yellow, 5, onyx.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A busy year full of varied experiences and you are going to be kept on the go, both in the mental and physical sense. The stars are going to bring you luck in various ways. Investments in the recent past in land or agriculture will bring more than expected gain. Speculators could mint money. At home, all is well. The middleaged will enjoy an extra romantic relationship.

Thursday, December 20

For luck today, wear or use: Royal blue, 4, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Not a year when you can take things easy. Some disappointment in business and personal life cannot be ruled out. Unexpected losses due to your over-ambitious nature are possible, so conserve financial resources. This situation will slowly improve from March. Be careful in love life as someone may drop you suddenly, but it is going to prove a blessing in disguise.

Friday, December 21

For luck today, wear or use: Orange, 1, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A quiet and uneventful year is presaged. Business activities will run smoothly. Working life will be easy without any ups and downs. Transfers may disrupt your domestic life initially in July-August. In the case of sportsmen and Army personnel, a love life will end in happy marriage. Youngsters in the family will be a source of happiness.

Saturday, December 22

For luck today, wear or use: Light brown, 5, topaz.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: This is a year when you are boing to learn some important lessons in life. May-June may bring unexpected change or loss, but you will be able to tide over this crisis. A bereavement in the family may bring gain, but not without causing a void till July. Youngsters should make attempts to become self-reliant and give their full attention to studies and their career.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

(December 21 to January 19)

Capricorn (Makara)

Things are going to improve rapidly from the week-end, so resist the temptation to enter competitions or throw challenges. Business however will be slack. Try not to get irritated on Sunday. On Monday attend to official work.

(January 20 to February 18)

Aquarius (Kumbha)

A good week from the business and career angle. Old arrears will be realised after a lot of argument. Finalise financial deals before the weekend to avoid indefinite postponement. Monday is going to be exciting.

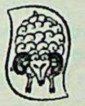
(February 19 to March 20)

Pisces (Mina)

Make it a point this week to get rid of pending issues with determination and put your affairs in order. Social activities though thrilling at the moment, may make you face stiff opposition. Wednesday may bring exciting mail.

(March 21 to April 20)

Aries (Mesha)



Much depends on your combining business and pleasure in a skillful manner. A new relationship may develop on Friday but you will be suspicious about its genuineness. To the unemployed the weekend may bring news of transfer.

(April 21 to May 20)

Taurus (Vrishabha)

A clear and practical outlook is necessary this week, and do not be influenced by rumours and gossip. Business will be good on Wednesday. From Friday evening however, doubts and suspicions may cloud your mind.

(May 21 to June 20)

Gemini (Mithuna)

All sorts of people are going to assemble round you this week. It is necessary to sift them properly to avoid scandals. Till midweek business will prosper, but after that minor difficulties may crop up.

(June 21 to July 20)

Cancer (Kataka)

Besides the routine, this week you are going to be quite busy with extra activities, including meeting friends and relatives. Thursday is good for business and money gains. From Saturday be vigilant regarding matters concerning subordinates.

(July 21 to August 21)

Leo (Simha)

Quite a busy week in the social sense. You will be snowed under invitations for parties and religious functions. Make it a point to attend them punctually to make a good impression. A short journey on Tuesday will refresh you.

(August 22 to September 23)

Virgo (Kanya)

Early in the week you may become a little stiff and uncompromising. But later you will change your attitude from Tuesday onwards and hanker after reconciliation. Wednesday is good for exchange of views.

(September 24 to October 23)

Libra (Tula)

An auspicious week for business deals. A new technique introduced in the recent past will bring good dividends. Monday will be exciting. Financial gains are likely on Wednesday. Friday is good for negotiations.

(October 24 to November 22)

Scorpio (Vrischika)

Efforts to recover arrears and old dues will be partially successful. The emphasis will be on domestic matters including a visit to your parents. On Sunday, remain cool in public life. Get rid of assignments on hand on Monday.

(November 23 to December 20)

Sagittarius (Dhanu)

Do not be too egoistic or self-willed as this may harm your popularity. Inspiration or intuition will come to your aid on Monday and you will put through a creative job which will bring you good renown.

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CHAITRA-BIPIN-1

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An episode from the author's novel which is being published by Orient Longman Ltd, New Delhi, next month. "Pratidwandi" was filmed by Satyajit Ray in 1970.

A BROWN-PAPER envelope arrived, addressed to Siddhartha. It was from the Geological Survey of India, asking him to appear at an interview for the post of a Field Assistant for which he had applied four months before. The interview was on the following day. Siddhartha shuddered to think that the letter might have arrived a day late!

Whenever he received any such letter, Siddhartha could at once begin to imagine that he had already got the job. The last time he had applied for the post of Assistant Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens at Darjeeling, Siddhartha had visualised clearly what his living quarters would look like. When the interview letter came, he had worried about how to acquire a set of winter clothes. However, the interview never took place. For some unknown reason, it was postponed—as he was informed in a letter the next day.

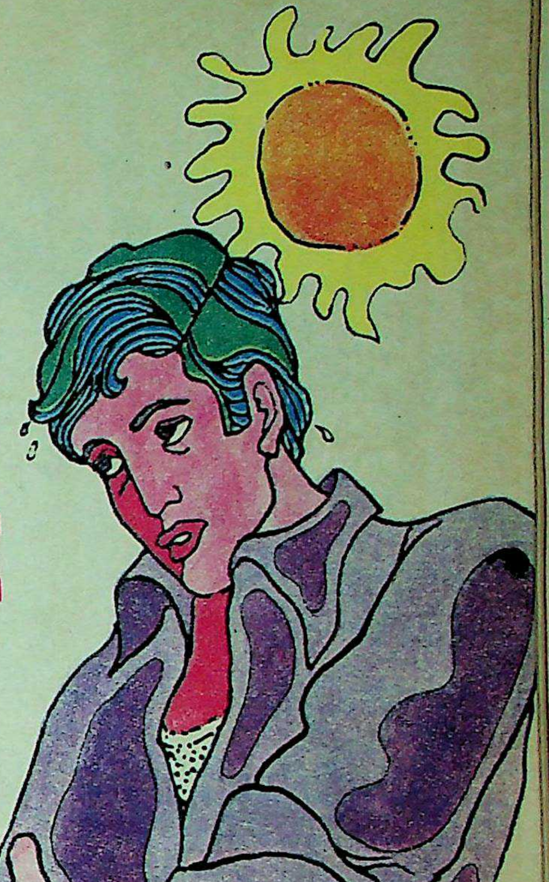
In the same way, he had lived in Purulia as an officer, had worked in places like Barrackpore, Dalhousie and New Alipore, although he never got a letter of appointment from any of these places. But he had never been told why he was found unsuitable. He had fairly good health, had got high marks in Mathematics in his Higher Secondary Examination and a Second Class Honours in his B.Sc. These did not seem to impress the people who interviewed him. They never went beyond asking him just a few ordinary questions.

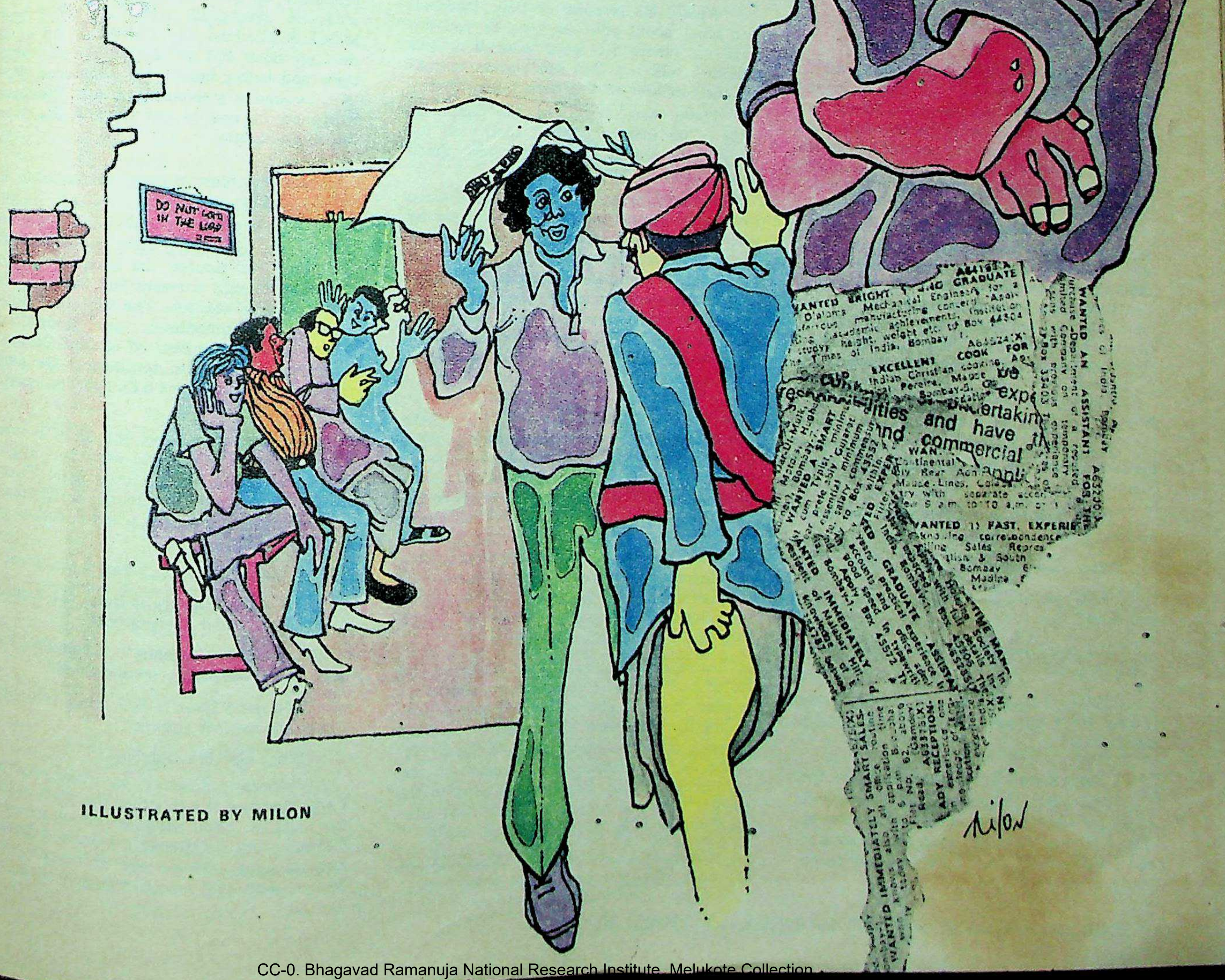
This letter somehow convinced him that he was getting the job. He had waited long enough—a year and a half. There was no reason why he should not get a job now. It would solve a lot of problems too. He was positive that he was going to get it. He saw himself in a raincoat and gumboots, wading through muddy fields all over the Bengal

—*Continued*

PRATIDWANDI

by SUNIL GANGOPADHYAY





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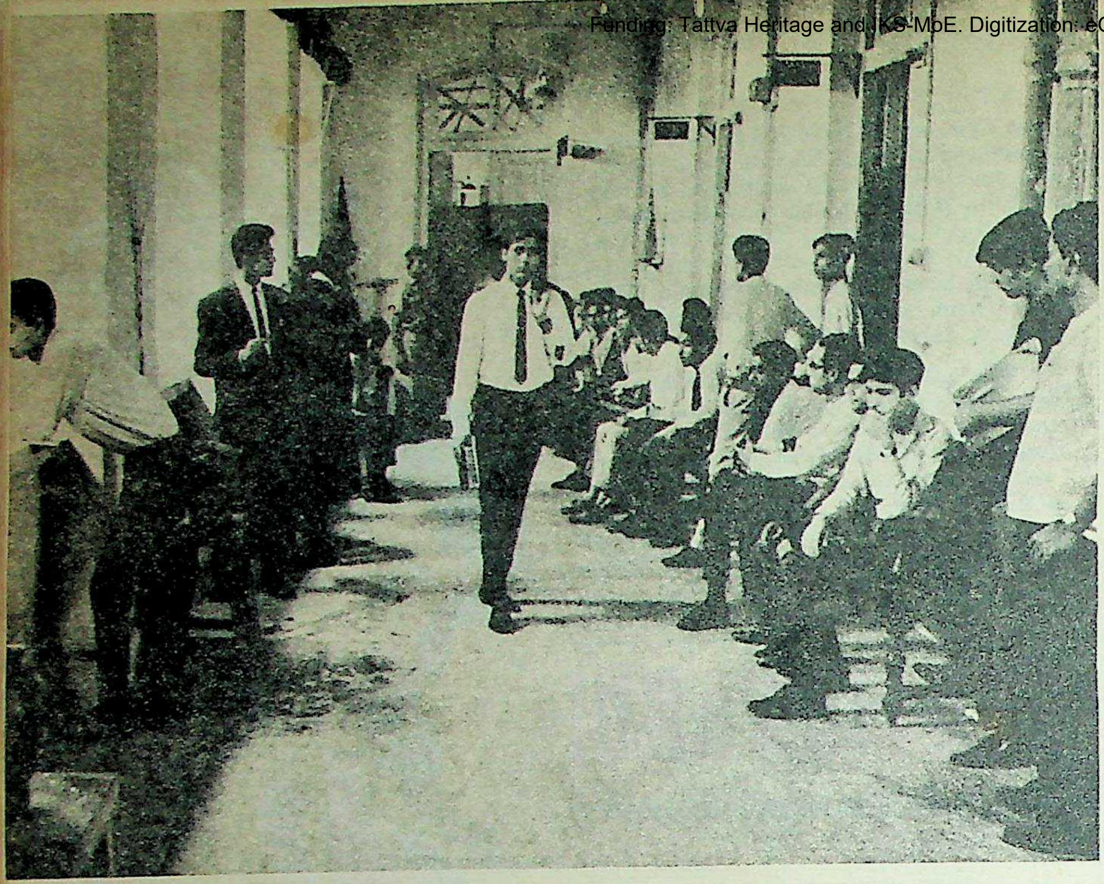

—**photographs, courtesy, Feroze Rangoonwalla**

"Each interview took three to four minutes. How were they going to interview everybody at this rate? Siddhartha wondered. How were they going to pick out from so many? Those who were through with being interviewed returned one by one looking confused." (A scene from Satyajit Ray's film Pratidwandi)

countryside. The starting pay was only Rs 210 but he did not mind.

The interview was due to begin at half-past nine, which meant he had to leave home by a quarter-to-nine at the latest. As there was no time for a proper meal, he quickly ate some puris that mother had fried for him. He did not have a single clean shirt, so he had to borrow one of Tunu's. His brother did not care about clothes. He could wear the same shirt, printed with red and black checks, for seven days at a stretch. He seemed to dislike wearing clean white shirts. Siddhartha discovered one of these which had been lying in Tunu's drawer for a long time. Tunu asked with a faint jeer: "What's the matter, Dada? You look very cheerful. If it hadn't been such a mean job, though..."

"Come on, it's more than enough for most."

"If I were in your shoes, I would never agree to work for this reactionary government."

"What would you do instead for food and clothes?"

"Who cares for food and clothes?"

"We'll see, we'll see. Get through college first!"

"If I do, I bet I won't turn into a wet rag like you!"

"That's enough. You're getting too cheeky for your age—unless you're asking for a slap."

BUT Tunu wasn't in the least scared by the threat and began laughing instead. "Don't get upset. I was only quoting friends. They say your brother used to be such a good Party worker—it's a pity he has faded away completely."

"What I do is none of their business! And what about you? As long as you depend on others for your education, you shouldn't talk big. You don't seem to realise the condition of this household..."

"There, there, don't lose your temper so early in the morning. You'll spoil your interview. It's almost eight-thirty now. You'd better hurry up."

Mother insisted on putting some dried flowers and leaves—an offering to the family idol—into his pocket for good luck. Siddhartha was not a believer, but he had no time to argue. He could keep them in his pocket now and throw them away later. In an effort to please his mother, he bent down and touched her feet. Chhotokaka was talking to someone outside, so he could not do the same to him.

HE reached the place of interview some ten minutes before nine-thirty and found it already crowded. About three hundred well-turned-out young men milled around. Some twenty or so sat on the three benches in the verandah. The rest stood. Several were standing in the little lawn, which with its puddles of water from the previous night's rain afforded no place to sit. All these people had come here seeking a job, but from their looks and dress, it seemed as though they had come to attend a party.

Around ten-thirty, a clerk appeared and called out names to check how many were present. Only 17 out of the 291 persons called for the interview had failed to turn up. It was Siddhartha's misfortune to have "173" as his serial number, which meant a long period of waiting. Someone shouted to the clerk: "You are appointing only four people, brother. Why bother to call so many?"

The man smiled smugly. "Why ask me, brother? We are here only to obey orders!"

Another candidate said: "Tell us something—some inside information. Have they already selected their men? Just let's know and we won't waste any more time here..."

The man looked up at the sky and thought it over. After a while, he confided: "As far as I know, they haven't. The boss is very strict. I had a candidate myself but didn't dare put in a word."

Above the din of the crowd, a jolly voice was heard: "We know all your tricks! Why don't you start the game now?"

The office staff began to arrive. They cast patronising glances at the crowd and walked in, talking confidentially among themselves. There were a few bashful women too. The interviews began at eleven.

The sun was unbearably hot. Most of the candidates had brought newspaper sheets, which they held up for shade. Siddhartha had taken no such precaution. He did not mind the heat so much, but he was worried that his clothes would get soaked with perspiration and he wouldn't appear to be smartly dressed at the interview. He *had* to get this job at any cost. His legs ached as he stood there and he shifted his weight from one foot to the other continually.

Each interview took three to four minutes. How were they going to interview everybody at this rate? Siddhartha wondered. Besides, how were they going to pick out four from so many? These were all Science graduates, all quite smart and healthy. From what he overheard, some of them were M.Sc.s. Siddhartha was a little proud of his own physique but at least a dozen among them had better builds. He wondered whether he had any chance at all. Whatever happened, he had to get the job. He stood waiting patiently.

THOSE who were through with being interviewed returned, one by one, looking confused. They tried to hide their inner apprehensions by putting on a superior smile, as if they had floored the Interview Board with such prompt answers that they couldn't but be offered the job. The first few candidates were immediately surrounded and showered with queries: What did they ask you? Something from textbooks? Or general knowledge? Anything from current news?

The candidate, who for that moment was the centre of general attention, replied disdainfully: "Such silly questions! There's a Madrasi fellow on the Board—he thinks he is very smart. You can't even follow his English properly..."

"What did they ask? Tell us, tell us!"

" 'Of which country is Bonn the capital?' they asked. I said 'Germany.' "

"You said 'Germany'! It should have been West Germany, shouldn't it?"

"You don't have to tell me. I told them. I gave the correct answer."

"What else did they ask?"

" 'Where is Raigunj? In which district?' I was figuring it out when the Madrasi fellow cuts in: 'You seem to know all about Germany but not Bengal!' I gave it back to him straight: 'There are three places in Bengal with that name. Which one do you

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have in mind? Do you konw there is a Raigunj even in Hooghly district?'

"Was all this in English? We are supposed to be posted in a village in Bengal. What good would English be to us there?"

Siddhartha felt his hands and feet grow cold. Not because of the English—he could carry on a conversation in English fairly well. But where on earth was Raigunj? He had heard the name but he could not place it. Bankura, West Dinajpur or Maldah? Should he ask someone? But they might not ask him about Raigunj... What a mess! He had read about these places in School Geography in the lower classes but since then... Yet, why should they expect him to know? If the job required him to find out, he could easily consult a map, couldn't he?

As the day wore on, the interviews began getting more and more brief. The candidates went in and came out in a minute or even less and they hurried away. Was the selection already made? It couldn't be. Siddhartha would go in and convince them of how much he needed the job. He had to have it! He had all the qualifications and he would work very hard. There were others too just as well qualified but *his* need was the greatest!

The sun grew so hot that he couldn't stand any more. They should have made arrangements for seating all these people they had called. He always felt hungry when he stayed away from home for long. He had smoked a number of cigarettes because others were smoking. It made him feel light and empty inside. He felt that his stomach had disappeared, leaving behind a void.

At one o'clock, a half-hour break was announced. The members of the Board were to have their lunch. Siddhartha crossed over to the other side of the road and went to a street vendor for a snack. He was tempted to go away for a couple of hours but he did not dare. He had a faint hope that he might be called even before his turn. His application would so impress them that they might want to give him the job right away.

A YOUNG man, who stammered slightly, had also come to the snack vendor. Siddhartha had a word with him, suppressing an impulse to laugh at the other's speech defect. He took it for granted that this boy wouldn't get the job. With his stammer, he hardly stood a chance among so many others.

But as he talked to the boy, Siddhartha felt sympathetic towards him. He looked very innocent and rather sad. Why should he not get a job? Just because he stammered? That was most unfair. Then Siddhartha heard about the boy's family and he felt worse. The fellow had enrolled for the M.Sc. classes but gave up because the family could not afford it. They were seven brothers and sisters. Their father was ill and one sister was a widow with two children. They had not been able to pay the house rent for five months.

He had taken up private tuitions but it was not very successful because his pupils couldn't help laughing. He had even tried getting a school-teaching job. Siddhartha felt that this boy needed a job more than he did. After all, his own family didn't have to pay house rent. Apart from what his sister earned, they got some royalties from Father's old company. But this boy had nothing...

Dritiman Chatterji as the unemployed youth Siddhartha with Sefali who works as a nurse by day and callgirl by night in Satyajit Ray's film based on the novel Pratidwandi.

In spite of his condition, the boy offered to pay for the snacks. This moved Siddhartha deeply. He stopped the other boy from paying and paid for both of them himself. He wondered whether, if he did get the job after all, should he let this boy have it? But that wasn't possible under the circumstances. "Have you ever appeared for an interview like this before?" he asked.

The young man smiled. "Haven't I? The number of app..ap..applications I have sent! You know what a fr..fr..friend tells me! Get three hundred applications pri..pri..printed, instead of getting them ty..ty..typed every time, keeping a little spa..spa..space on top."

"What do they ask you at an interview?"

"What can they ask? Nobody wants to tell a fellow who stam..stam..stammers that he is a stam..stam..stammerer to his face. But its all lu..lu..luck, you know."

A car whizzed past and Siddhartha's heart gave a lurch. Wasn't it Tultul? Yes, it was—along with a few other girls: Chotomashi and, yes, there was Keya too. Tultul waved but the car did not stop. She said something to Keya and Keya turned around to look. Could she see him? Siddhartha pretended that he was waiting for a bus.

A HUM of discontent rose from the crowd in the afternoon. It was three o'clock already and only about a hundred interviews had taken place. It would be eight or nine in the evening before they would all be done. They had been standing from nine in the morning. All those lively faces seen in the morning had lost their sparkle through the hot perspiring day. It was impossible to stand on the grass strip out in the open and everybody had crowded into the corridor. But there were no fans there.

With so many young people present, whenever the noise grew in volume, there was a constant buzz of conversation. A bell clanged and two Bhojpuri *darwans* appeared: *"Aap log aisa chillane sey saheb bolta sab band ho jaayega! Ekdam chup kijiyey! Munh mat kholna!"* they warned.

There was a crowd in front of the room in which the interviews were being held. The two *darwans* pushed them away from time to time. They were getting impatient, these young men—they were becoming increasingly aware of the fact that there were only four vacancies to be filled.

SIDDHARTHA exercised patience with great effort but his face was like that of a person who has been profoundly humiliated. He heard indignant voices around him: "What do the bastards think they are doing? Five rupees they took in postal orders from all of us! No travelling allowance and we have to eat lunch at our own expense! And not even a place to sit..."

"While we are roasting, they are having a nice time under the fan!"

"How much longer now?"

"I know their sort—after five, they'll ask the rest of us to come tomorrow!"

"Not again! And spend good money in coming all the way! They won't pay for the transport either, the bloodsuckers!"

"Why don't they tell us that they've got their own men for the posts?"

"They are just going in and coming out. What kind of interview is this?"

"Probably they're looking at faces. Are they homos?"

"A lottery would have been the best thing."

"One should chuck a bomb at them!"

—Continued

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Siddhartha did not join them but, as he listened to them, his inner agitation steadily grew. In spite of himself, the familiar symptoms appeared—quickened breathing, hair on end, eyes smarting at the corners... At such times, his body was the only weapon he could hurl against any obstacle. He had a strong desire to kick the door open, break off an arm from a chair and square up for a fight. This kind of thought was painful to him, for he badly wanted the job —though the chances now seemed very slim indeed.

The growing resentment reached critical point as another break was announced. A bearer carried in a tea-tray for the bosses. By now it was unbearably hot outside. Everybody's carefully washed and ironed shirts were soaking wet. Most of them unbuttoned them and fanned themselves with their handkerchiefs.

The first explosion occurred over the right to occupy the few benches in the corridor. There were three benches on which 18 boys were squeezed. Another batch went up to them and demanded: "You have rested long enough—it's our turn now." Forty others rushed up to the benches but those who were in occupation refused to vacate. Angry words first, then some mutual pushing, but, before actual blows were exchanged, someone had the good sense to cry out: "Why fight among ourselves? There are only three benches, after all! Let us ask them to provide for more seats. They've got to!"

Some backed away, others came forward, Siddhartha among them. He went up to the interview room, opened the door and asked politely: "May we come in, Sir?"

THREE elderly gentlemen wearing suits and ties were sitting around a large circular table, chatting amiably over cups of tea. All of them looked up in great surprise at the intruders and stared at them for a while. Then one member of the Interview Board said: "Not just now, a little later—you'll be called."

Siddhartha said: "It's something else we came to see you about, Sir."

"Not now, not now! Later!"

None of the three moved his hands but probably pressed a foot button, for the bell buzzed again. At once the two darwans entered and began pushing the boys out of the room. The boys drew back at first but one of the taller fellows protested: "What's this, treating us like cats and dogs! Being pushed around by *darwans*! Let's go back and give them a bit of our minds..."

A fat chap agreed: "Of course they're obliged to give us seats. We sent good money with our applications. If these darwans misbehave again..."

They surged forward, pushed the *darwans* out of the way and entered again: "Sir, we have been standing for the last six hours. Couldn't we get some place to sit down?"

One of the three interviewing members got up and came towards them. Siddhartha looked at him straight in the face. The gentleman asked: "What's it?"

"Sir, we've been standing for hours, there's no place to sit..."

The gentleman smiled sweetly: "You have to prepare for much worse in this job. If you can't bear this, well, then, I'm sorry for you, young man..."

"Sir, we can do some work standing, but we can't just stand around doing nothing."

"Didn't I say: If you can't bear this, you're free to..."

"I'm speaking for all of us..."

Just as he said this, Siddhartha realised that the rest of the boys had fled, leaving him alone to face the gentleman. He was the only rebel. The gentleman beamed at him: "All right, let me have your serial number. If you find this too inconvenient, we can send for you earlier."

Siddhartha felt scared, because he realised that his own chances of getting the job were receding. But out of this fear came a defiance with which he replied: "I'm not speaking for myself, Sir. I don't want any special favour..."

THE gentleman spoke with abrupt sharpness and change of tone: "Then get back and await your turn quietly! Don't make any more trouble!"

He banged the door in Siddhartha's face. Useless anger welled up within Siddhartha and he began to feel a vague pain in his chest.

The crowd, subdued for the time being, now began to hum again. The young man who stammered came up to Siddhartha and said in a sympathetic tone: "Why did you volunteer, brother? They will remember your face." Others said: "You've ruined your chances. What's the sense in going in for your interview now? If you can speak back to them like this even before getting the job, they're bound to think you will start organising unions and protests when you get the job. You were right, of course, in protesting, but when you *have* to work under them, you must suck up to them."

Siddhartha looked about him wildly. The tall fellow and the fat chap were nowhere around. He shouted in an unnatural voice: "To hell with your job! I piss on it! You think I'll starve if I don't get this job?"

He rushed to the door and showed it open. Standing there, in a defiant posture, he shouted: "You can't get away with these rotten tricks much longer! Keeping all these decent fellows out in the heat and yourself—you fat-bellied swine, you sons of bitches..."

The bell screeched desperately. Before the *darwans* could lay their hands on him, Siddhartha pushed one of them to the ground and ran. He cleared his way through the crowd and ran like mad past the corridor, across the lawn, out in to the street. On the other side, he stopped and looked back to see if anyone had followed. Nobody had. Panting, he glared at the building, mumbling to himself: "I'll come back here! You bet I will! I'll come and get you all—every bloody son of a bitch! See if I don't!"

CHOWRINGHEE was full of the afternoon bustle. Trams, buses, motor-cars rushed along. Some people crossed the street idly. Nobody bothered to notice Siddhartha. He stood still for some time in the flames of his futile anger. The corners of his eyes smarted, his finger-tips burned, his breath seemed to be on fire, his face felt as if blood would burst from it any moment. He was unable to think of what he should do next. Oh, if he could lay his hands on a machine-gun! He would kneel down and open fire—rat-tat-tat—destroying everything, blow that building to bits, shoot each one of them like cattle...

But no, there was nothing he could do except stare at the building. There were so many people on the street but no one cared to know what had happened to Siddhartha...

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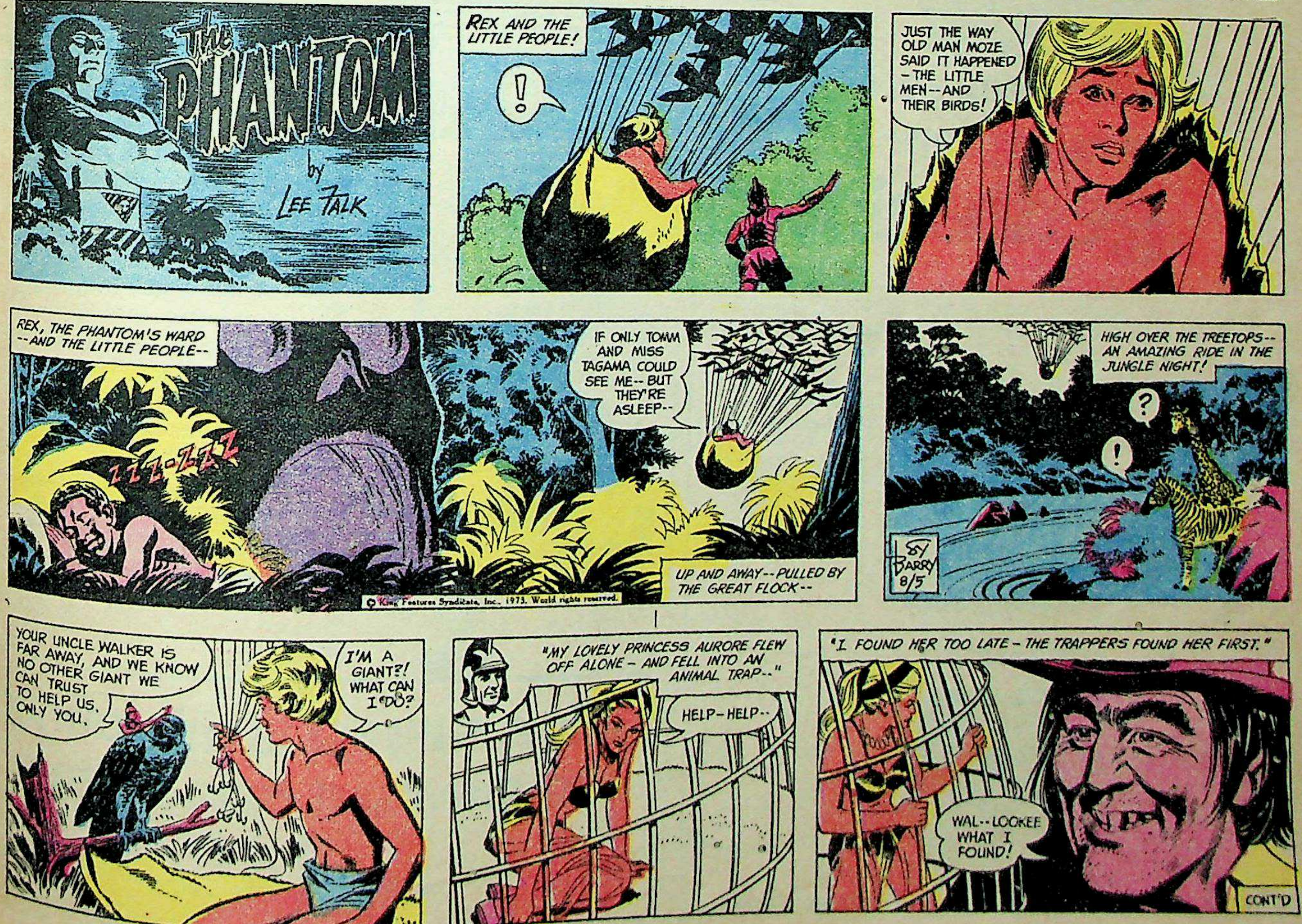

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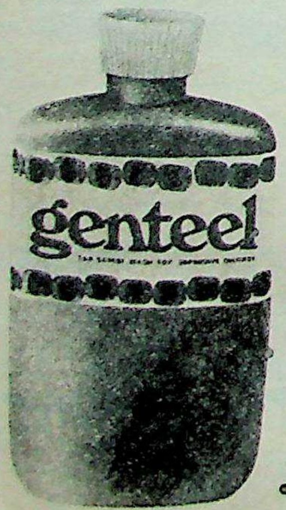

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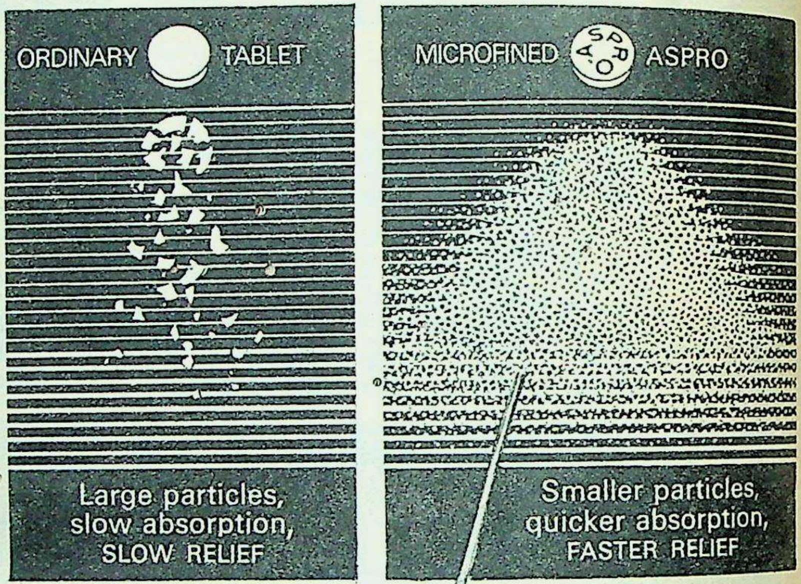

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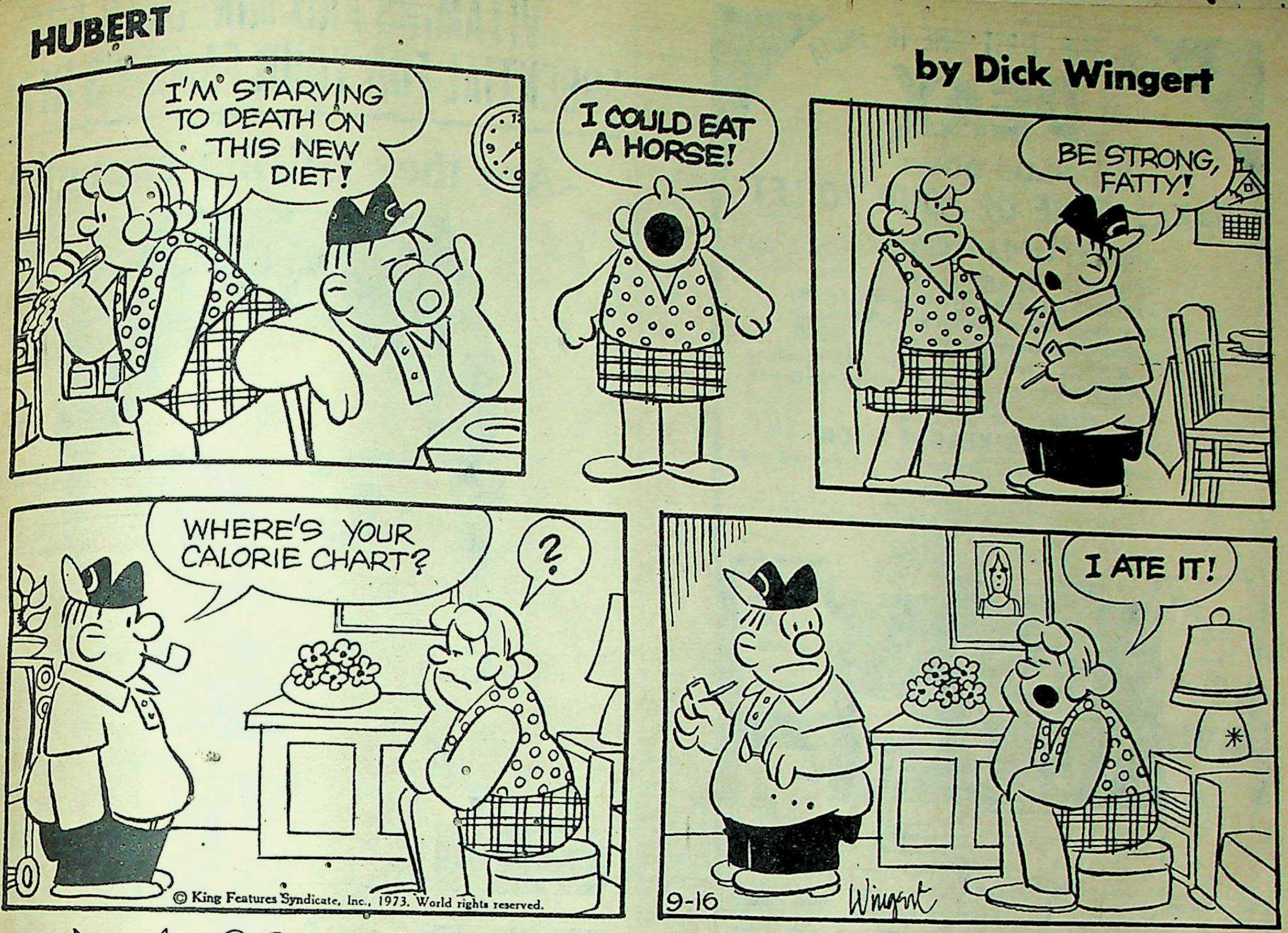

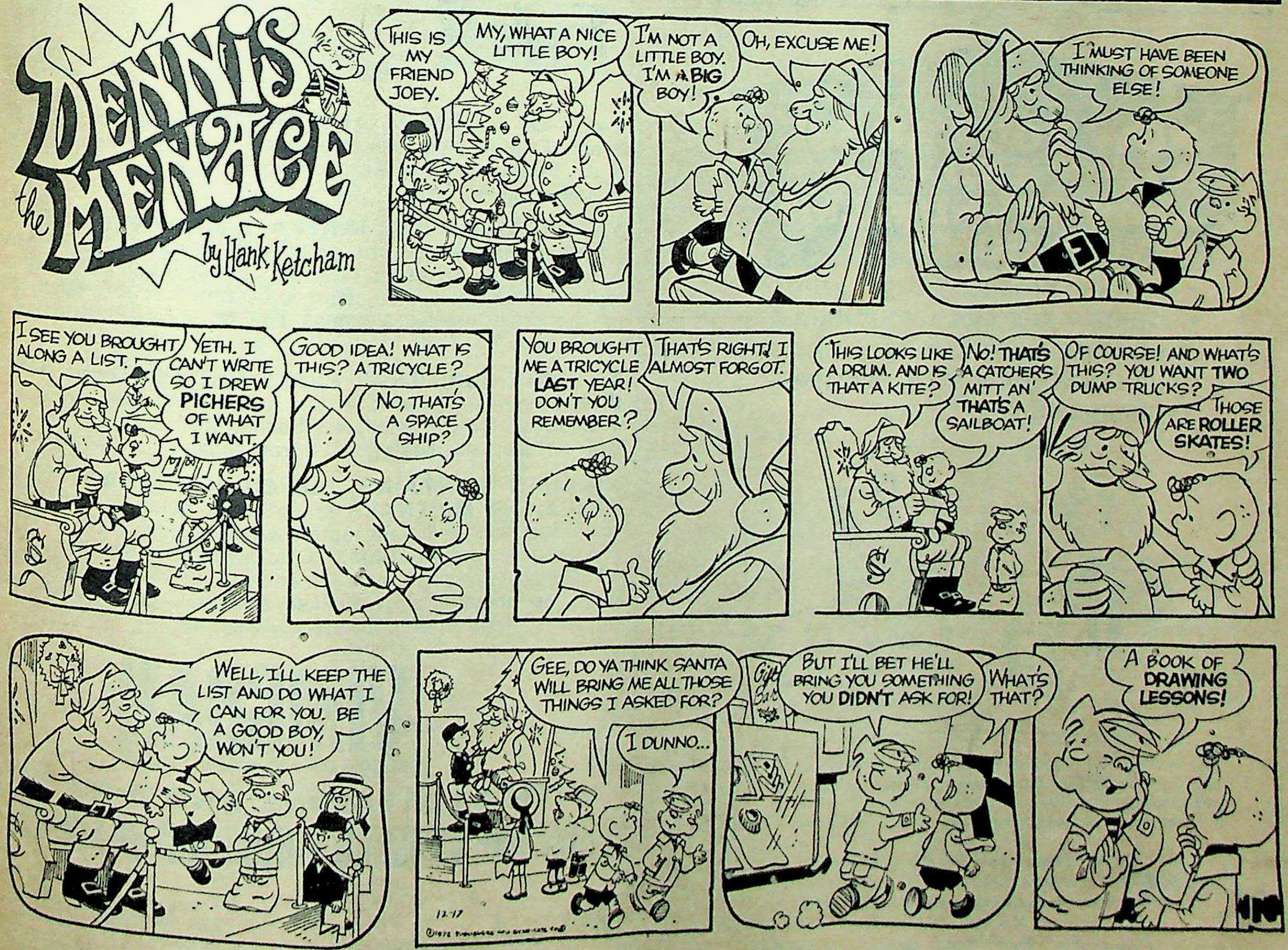

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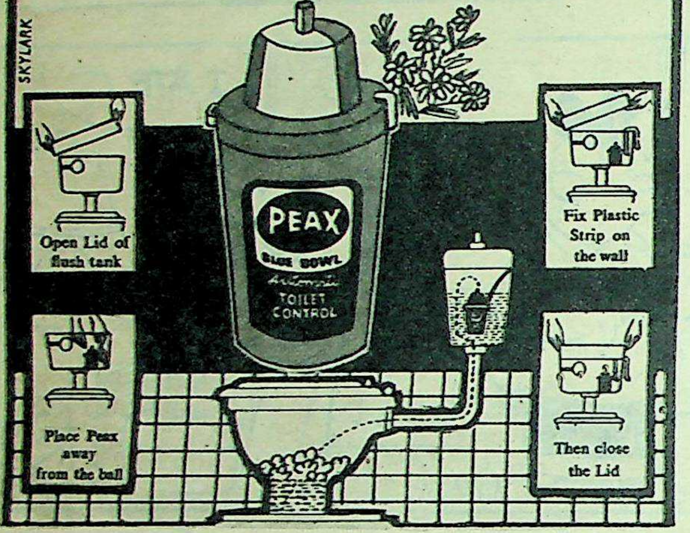

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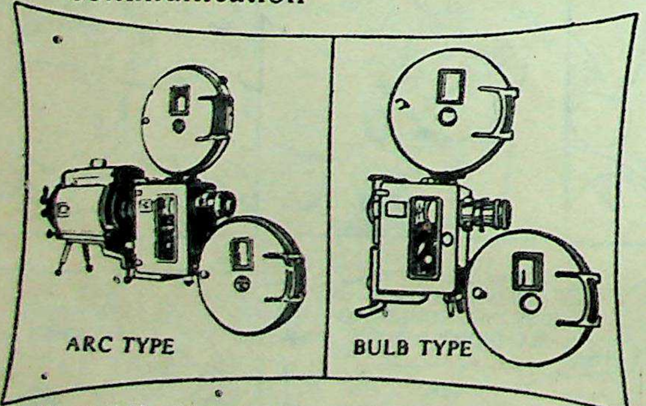

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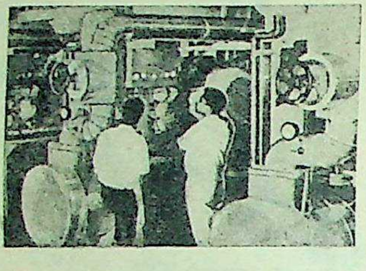

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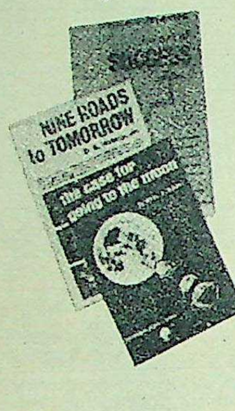

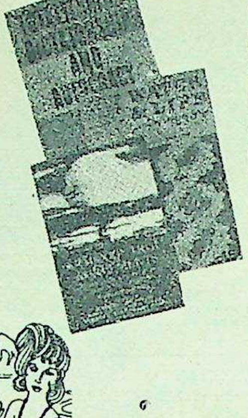

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CLUES ACROSS

1 When you have to get out from under the ——, life has a purpose. (STACK|STICK)

2 Then he suddenly changed his ——. He snatched off his horn-rimmed spectacles, which he had secured around his suddenly enlarged head by means of a rubber band. (TONE|TUNE)

4 I know it sounds materialistic, but, ——, man, life is materialistic. You ever try to eat soul? (HELL|WELL)

9 She said, "No, you shall not —— it. There are more important things." (HAVE|SAVE)

10 "He could just —— over when I needed him, otherwise he could stay with you." (CHANGE|CHARGE)

11 He tried once to feel them out, but they would not talk this ——. They did not talk about these feelings. (DAY|WAY)

12 If you ever so much as look at her sideways again, I'll clean you like a ——. Got it? (DISH|FISH)

13 You will generally find it a safe rule to —— a disappointed, ambitious politician. (DISTRUST|MISTRUST)

CLUES DOWN

1 Just like that. "—— all your troubles away." Was it possible? (SLEPT|SWEPT)

3 Flaunting —— differences dissolved inhibition far more efficiently than trying to ignore them. (NATIONAL|NOTIONAL)

5 War kills the lover, but not the need of love. I ——, but I am dead. (LIVE|LOVE)

6 Beyond it the desert stretched into rainbow distances. The bright new copper penny of the sun spun in its —— against a flat painted sky. (BEAT|HEAT)

7 "You can't —— me," I repeated. "Hand it over." (BUY|GUY)

8 She broke off sharply, covering her mouth with her hand while the tears —— from her eyes unrestrained. (GUSHED|RUSHED)

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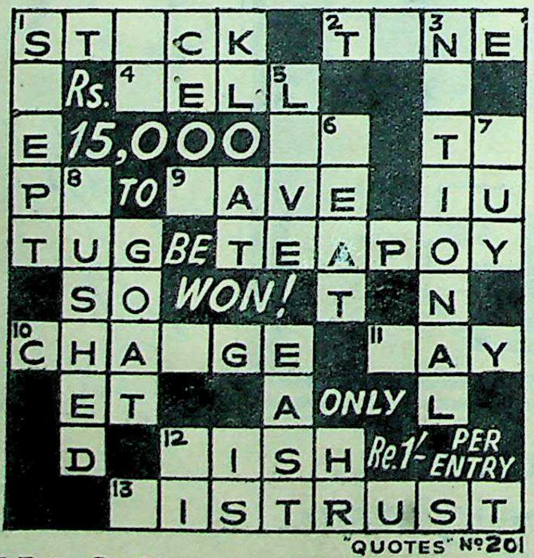

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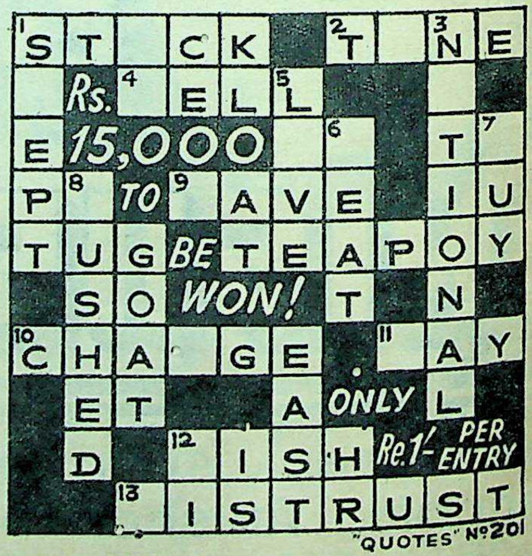

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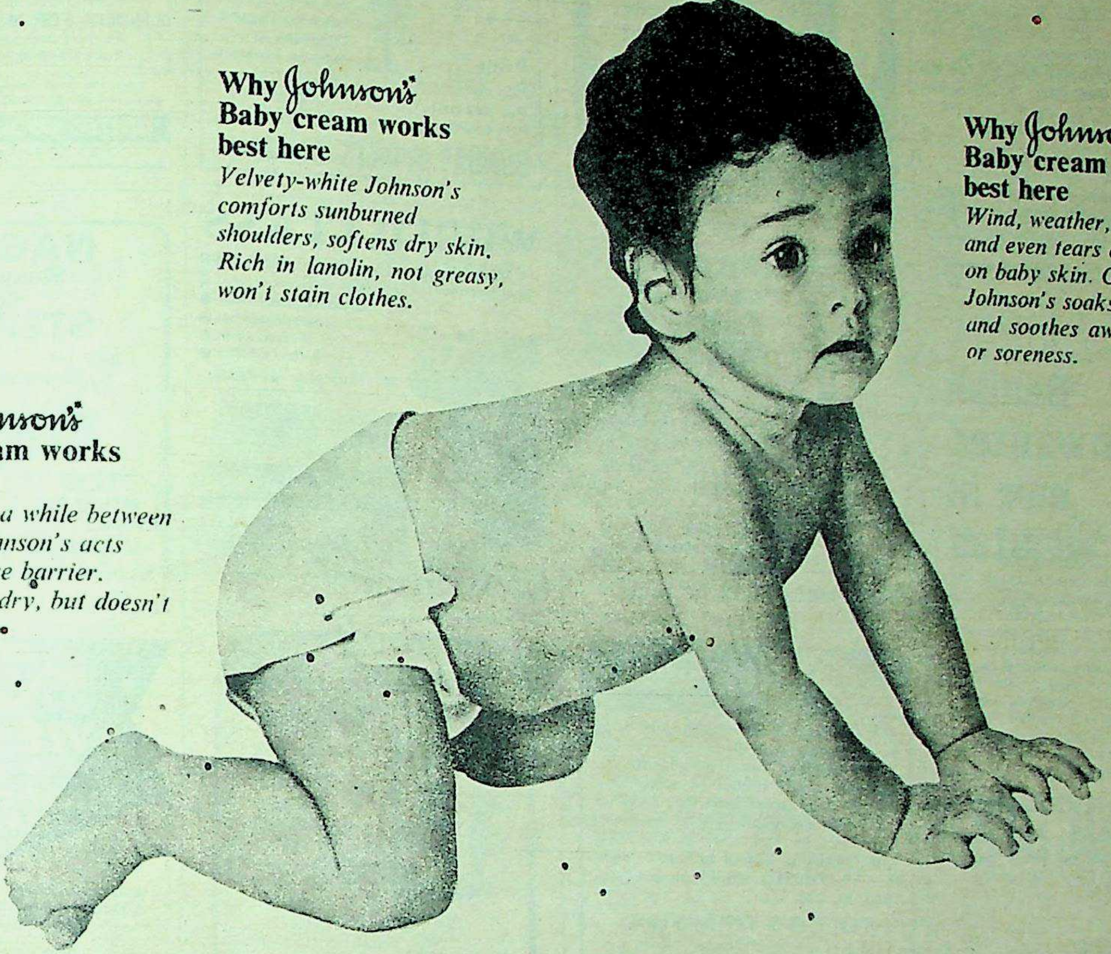

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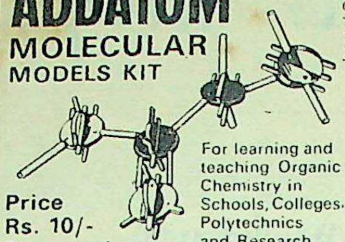

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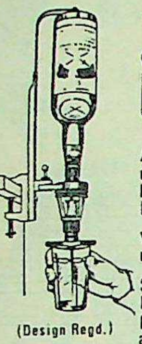

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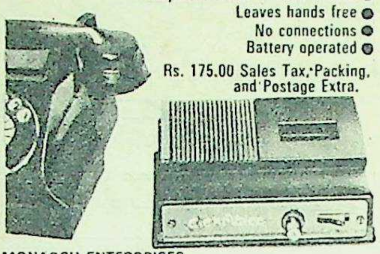

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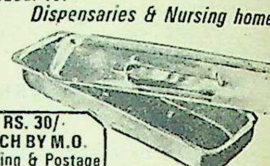

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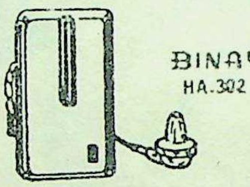

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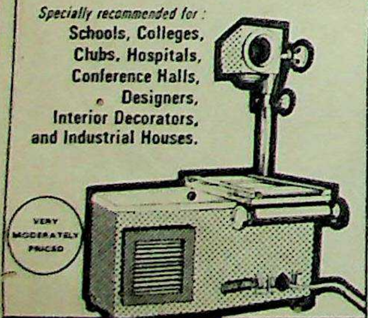

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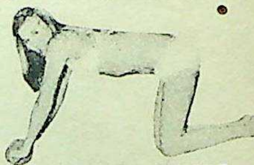

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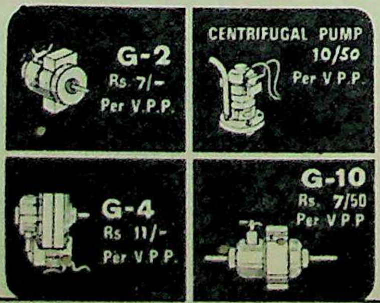

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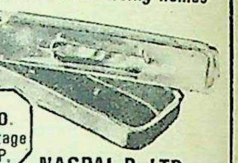

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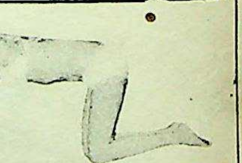

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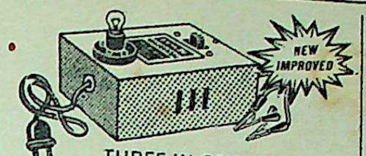

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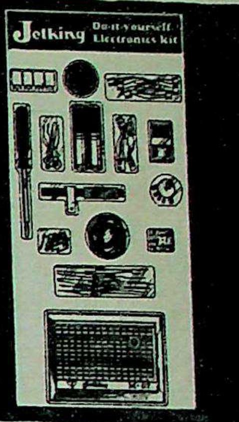

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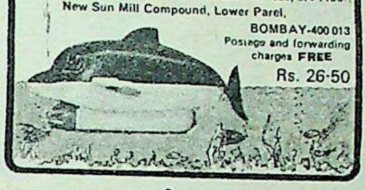

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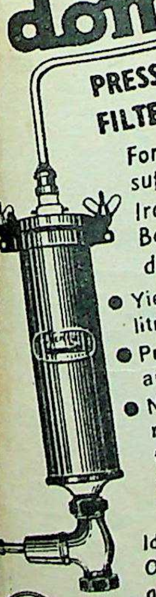

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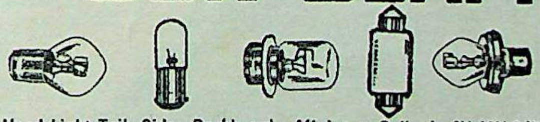

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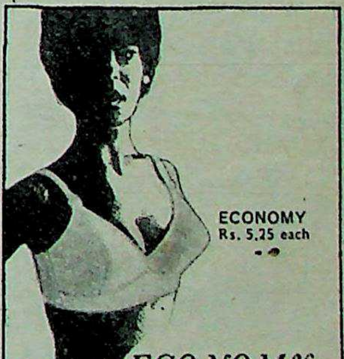

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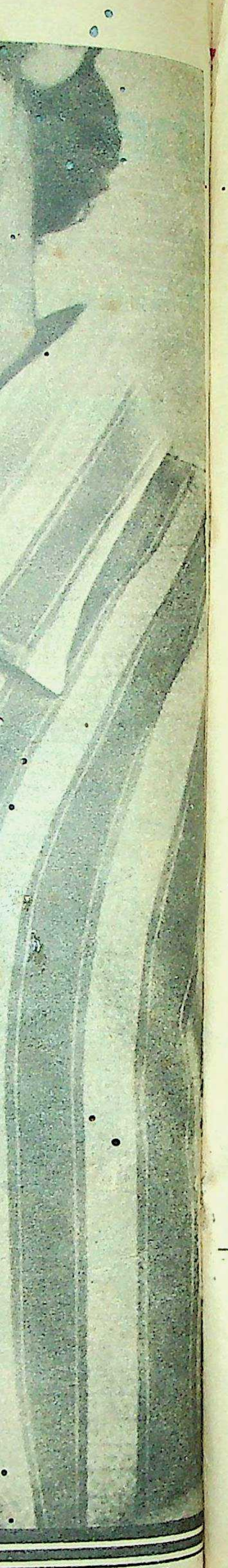

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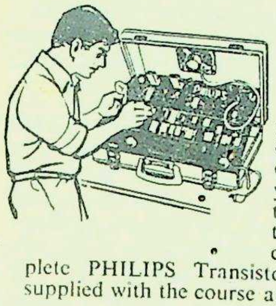

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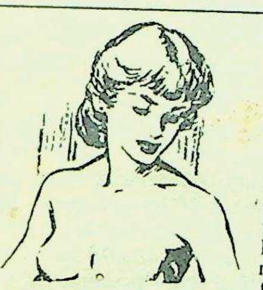

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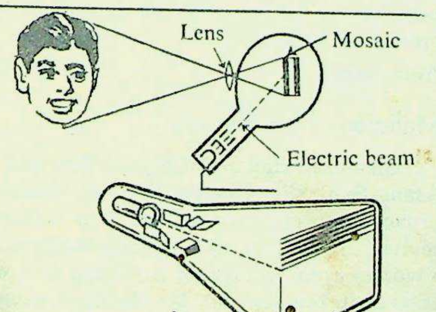

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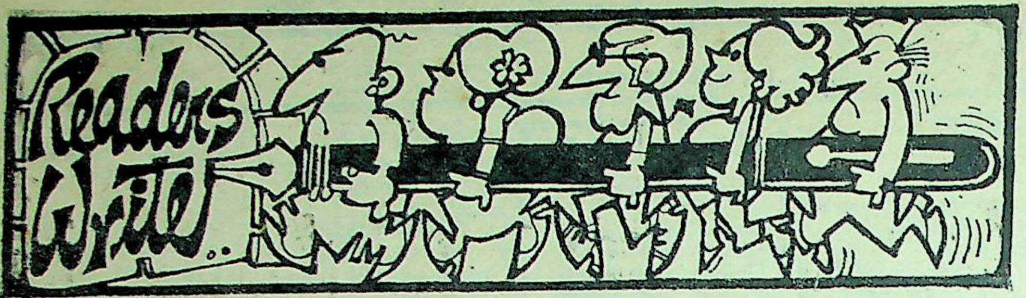

Jat Sikhs In The Forefront

Sir—The article on "Jat Sikhs" by S. Amarjit Singh (11 November) is partial. Every one knows that a Punjabi, be he a Jat, Brahmin, a Harijan or of any other caste and born on the fertile land of Punjab, possesses all the qualities that the author has attributed to a Jat Sikh. The author has possibly not kept in mind that only non-Jats and persons of low caste came forward to offer their heads to Guru Gobind Singh when he created Khalsa and not the "brave" Jats. Moreover, such prejudicial articles only give a false sense of superiority.

New Delhi — H. S. BERWAL

Sir—What a true picture of the Sikh Jats of Punjab has been drawn by S. Amarjit Singh! Energetic, hard working, brave, athletic, sturdy, patriotic, very religious, finest soldiers in the world and the best farmers in India. I had a chance to work with Lt General Sir Edward Lock Elliot, Military Advisor to Indian forces in France during World War I. He was all praise for the Sikh Jat regiments. In fact they were the ones who halted the German advance in France.

If Madhya Pradesh or any other State wishes to enjoy the real fruits of the green revolution, then they better import some Sikh Jats from the Punjab.

New Delhi — TEK SINGH BAHL

Sir—Mr Amarjit Singh has not mentioned important Jat Sikh clans. They are as follows:

Johals (Jauhals), Toors (Turs), Takhars, Purewals, Sanghas, Sangheras, Gurams (related to Aulakhs and Deols), Tiwanas (mainly found in District Sangrur and Patiala), Samras, Dullats, Baidwans and perhaps many more.

Kanpur — M. P. S. JOHAL

Sir—Amarjit Singh would have been judicious had he branded the Jat Sikhs as enterprising rather than adventurous.

It was not because of their adventurous nature that the Jat Sikhs went abroad and settled there. The Jat Sikhs of Punjab went abroad as labourers for better earnings. It is significant to note that after World War II there was a general shortage of workers in England, Canada, U.S.A. and Australia. The Jat Sikhs made full use of this opportunity.

Bulandshahr — VINOD SHARMA

Sir—How can Dara Singh or Randhawa be called Jat Sikhs? Those who are clean shaven are not real Sikhs.

New Delhi — PARMINDER SINGH GILL

Sir—The writer has nowhere mentioned the name of great revolutionaries like S. Bhagat Singh and Udham Singh who belonged to this community. They were in the forefront of the freedom struggle.

New Delhi — H. S. HEER

Sir—From the excerpts the author has quoted from Mr Khushwant Singh's book it would appear that the Jat Sikh is a superman. I suppose Mr Khushwant Singh is also a Jat Sikh. I wonder who the ordinary simple Sikhs are? How can we identify them? Who are those who committed all the atrocities described by Mr Khushwant Singh in his book *Train to Pakistan?*

Ranchi — P. P. NARAYAN

Sir—There are some glaring omissions. S. Partap Singh Kairon (a Dhillon) and film star Dharmender, Mohinder and writer-director Gulzar should have found a place in the issue to give a wider and better picture of this virile community.

You have only emphasised their physical prowess, courage and lust for life. But they are pushing ahead in the educational and business fields as well. There is a fair sprinkling of Jat Sikh lecturers in the colleges and universities of the Punjab. Incidentally, the Vice-Chancellors of Agriculture University and Guru Nanak University, Mr M. S. Randhawa and Mr Bishan Singh Samundri, are Jat Sikhs.

Muktsar — BASANT SINGH BRAR

Sir—The Sardarji is looming large in the pages of the WEEKLY ever since you assumed charge. His valour, intelligence, courage, self-respect, personality and what not are portrayed in the issue of November 11; but alas! none of the jokes for which he is better known.

Madras — G. K. NAIR

Sir—The article on the Jat Sikhs is poor, biased and disappointing. The author has given a step-motherly treatment to the womenfolk among the Jat Sikhs. One wonders how he could overlook a renowned artist like Amrita Sher-Gil, the Asian gold medallist Kamaljit Sandhu and the glamorous film star Simi Grewal.

Pilani — J. S. GILL

Sir—In "Jat Sikhs in the Forefront", while referring to Mohinder Singh Gill as the only Indian triple jumper of world class, you forgot about the former Asian champion Mohinder Singh Rai (Services).

Amritsar — (Dr) AMARJIT SINGH GILL

Sir—Nine Jats in the forefront! Don't you think that is a rather meagre allowance? What happened to G. S. Dhillon, our Speaker of the Lok Sabha?

Kapurthala — DEEPIKA PADDA

The Insurance Agent

Sir—Vidyadhar Date ("If Only The Service Were Better", November 4) exposes his ignorance when he states that "it is compulsory for an agent to insure himself". Nowhere in the regulations of the L.I.C. does such a rule exist. An agent's moral duty to insure himself is quite a different matter.

He further states that "they (agents) offer absolutely no after-sales service, though they are obliged to do so under the rules". There are numerous agents who are rendering their policy-holders conscientious service and are regarded as family friends akin to family physicians. But they are not obliged to do so.

His most intemperate, libellous and detestable remark is that "invariably they (agents) pay the first two or three premiums to attract customers". The abuse of "rebating" or "commission" (or "under-cutting", as one Development Officer likes to call it) is widespread no doubt, but to place all agents in the same category is like branding all government servants as corrupt and labelling all businessmen as dishonest.

Calcutta — VIJAY PRATAP SINGH

Sir—The tragic case of Nautamal Jethalal Shah makes sad reading. As is well known, diabetes is an insidious disease and few patients are aware of its presence. The medical examination conducted prior to giving a life insurance policy should have revealed the disease if it were present. As the sum assured was very considerable, perhaps a panel of two senior examiners should have been appointed. If any one is to be punished it must not be the poor widow but those who accepted the late Mr Shah's life policy both in the clinics and the air-conditioned offices of L.I.C.

Ahmedabad — K. U. RAO

Malicious Film Review

Sir—Jimi Hafizji's "Satyajit Ray and His Asani Sanket" (October 28) is malicious, provocative and purposeless. It is neither a review of the 1973 Berlin Film Festival nor a worthy commentary on the films that were entered in this festival. Mr Hafizji contended that since there was no worthy film having award-winning qualities, *Asani Sanket* came out as the "best" amongst the worst. Further, Satyajit Ray's image has certainly not sagged in recent years, and did not need the boost of the "Golden Bear" award, as the author has asserted.

Calcutta — K. S. BASURAY

Meagre Fare

Sir—Don't you have anything better to offer than wine, women and movie stars?

Bombay — N. S. BALAJI

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Mulk Raj's Envy

Sir—It is amazing how a man of Dr Anand's learning and enlightenment should have said, "hypocritically striking the bell morning and evening in the temple to awaken God to one's personal predicament. . . . The bribe of flowers was placed on the *lingam*, etc. . ." To my mind, striking the bells and offering the flowers are simple means adopted by devotees to concentrate upon prayers in this world of noise and din. Every devotee is well aware that the stone god he worships can neither hear nor smell. It is foolish to challenge God and promise him a *puja* or an offering if your wish is fulfilled.

Bombay — J. G. SAMBRANI

Muslim Taxes

Sir—Dr Rafiq Zakaria deserves congratulations for writing an educative article ("Is Islam Secular?", October 28). It was removed a lot of misunderstanding which has crept into the minds of people of other communities. But he has not touched on the point of imposition of *jazia* and "pilgrimage tax" on Hindus during the Muslim rule in India. Does the Quran sanction these taxes?

Ghaziabad. — P. S. BHATTI

(Jaziya was imposed on non-Muslims in lieu of compulsory military service from which they were exempted.—R. Z.)

Ban The "Weekly"

Sir—The entry into India of a recent issue of the *Time* magazine was banned because it carried a picture of Prophet Mohammed leading the Arabs in their war against the Israelis. How is it that your issue of September 23 was not similarly banned for the publication of the article "She And He" in which the writer not only ridicules the resurrection of Christ but also describes Him as one of "those most exalted demons of recorded history"? Why did not Sasthi Brata choose to denigrate Prophet Mohammed or Guru Nanak or the Buddha instead of Christ in his article? Was he afraid that the WEEKLY building would have been ransacked and that you would be left without an office?

Bombay — CAMILO T. GOMES AND 25 OTHERS

South Is One Community

Sir—In an age when there is an all-round effort to rouse a sense of national integration—one nation, one world—the trivial matter of Telugu or Tamil being superior (Readers Write, November 17) has assumed such importance! Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and Kannada—these four are known as 'South Indian Languages' in the North. What a pity! There is no sense of oneness even within the South Indian community.

New Delhi — M. MEYYAPPAN

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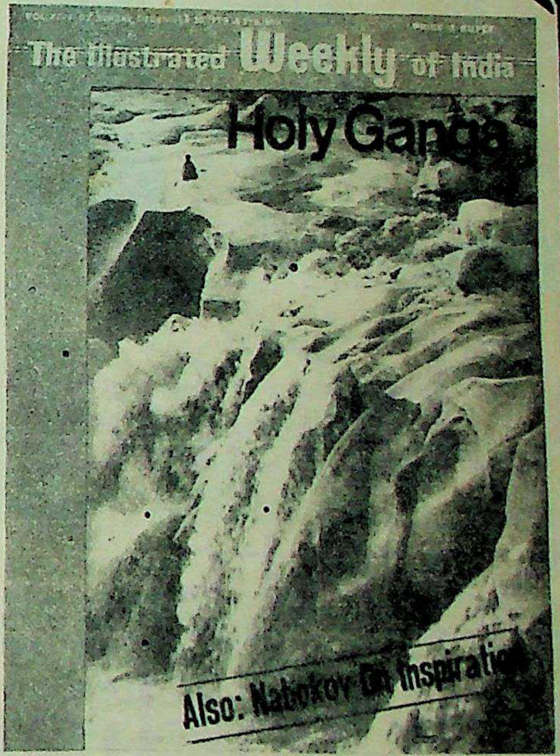
NEXT WEEK



HOLY GANGA: The story of a relatively small river made great by the intense devotion it inspires in the minds of over 400 million people in India. Illustrated in superb colour by Raghubir Singh.

NABOKOV ON INSPIRATION: The famous author of "Lolita" and other novels, Vladimir Nabokov, writes on the nature of literary inspiration.

1973 IN PICTURES: A pictorial review in colour and black and white of the major events of the year.

VIKRAM SARABHAI: On the occasion of the second death anniversary of the great scientist and patron of culture, the reminiscences of his colleagues. By V. Gangadhar.

BEST BOOKS OF THE YEAR: Suniti Kumar Chatterji, Manohar Malgonkar, Kamala Das, Padma Perera and G. D. Khosla write about the three books they enjoyed reading most in 1973.

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

ST FRANCIS XAVIER calling the children of Manapada for instruction in Catechism, 1544. He abandoned an academic career of great promise and the gay life of a courtier when he came under the influence of Ignatius Loyola. He joined the Society of Jesus and became one of the world's greatest missionaries in the East. Below: Loyola persuading Xavier to renounce the world with the words from the Bible: "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Christian Saints Of India

by P. THOMAS

The earliest saint of the Indian Christian community was St Thomas, one of the twelve disciples of Jesus Christ who is believed to have come to India in the 1st century. St Francis Xavier was the greatest saint of the Portuguese period, followed by St John de Britto, another Portuguese. The first and only Indian to be canonised by the Catholic Church is St Gonsalo Garcia. But many others, both Catholic and Protestant, foreign and Indian, are venerated as saints for their zeal in preaching the Gospel and bringing succour to the poor, the old and the infirm.

National Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

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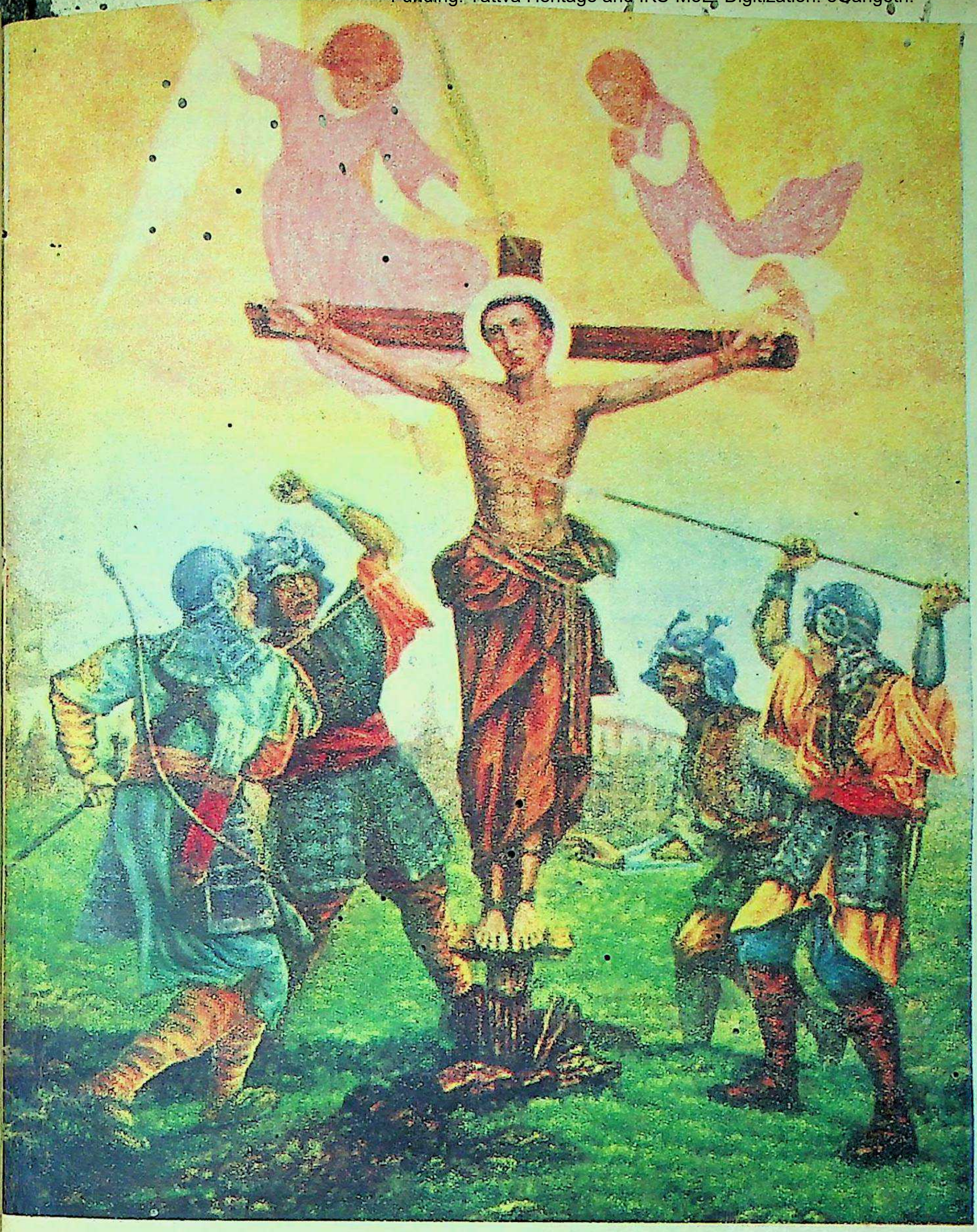
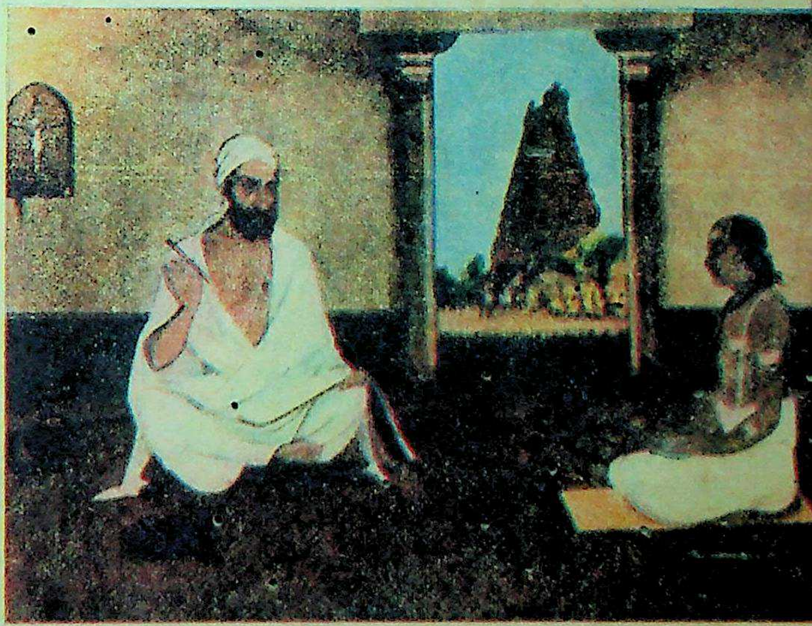


THE MARTYRDOM OF St GONSALO GARCIA near Nagasaki in 1597 at the age of 40. He was born in Bassein. After working in the Jesuit mission there he went to preach in Japan and the Philippines. Below: St John de Britto, known as Pandaraswami, a wandering mendicant. His work was mainly confined to the Tamil country. He died a martyr in Ramanad in 1693.

FATHER AGNEL of Pilar, Goa. Known for his charity, he is seen here giving money to a woman for the dowry of her daughter, at right. Even today thousands of letters seeking his intercession for favours are received from all over the world at Agnel Ashram, Bombay and at Pilar. (Painting by Francis Freitas)



ROBERTO DE NOBILI (left), the saint who donned saffron robes, studied Sanskrit and Hindu lore to win brahmins to Christianity. He believed that Christians in India should adopt the Indian way of life. He was censured for introducing caste concepts into Christian society. (Drawing, courtesy: Historical Research Institute, Bombay)

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ST THOMAS as depicted in a bas relief found in the Apostle's Tomb at Mylapore, Madras. He is believed to have landed in Kerala in 52 A.D. and after establishing seven churches there went to preach to the Tamilians. He is said to have been martyred in Madras. The Kerala Christians trace their origin to this missionary from Palestine whose zeal and saintliness won so many converts, especially among the higher classes.

INDIA is particularly rich in holy men, and Christianity has produced many saints, both from the sons and daughters of the soil and persons of foreign extraction who made the country their own.

A yardstick to measure holiness is, however, difficult to find except among Catholics who have a regular system of canonisation. But even among Catholics popular veneration precedes official proceedings, and a man may become a saint by a sort of common consent and his intercession may be sought, though official recognition may never materialise. Further, human nature being what it is, none is to be considered a saint before death, as even devout individuals may lapse into sin in advanced age.

The oldest Christian saint of India is also the greatest: Apostle Thomas. He came, like most of the other disciples of Jesus, from tough Galilean fisherfolk. He appears, in the New Testament, as a man difficult to convince but capable of great exertions when convinced. We have no authentic, contemporary accounts of his activities in India. The earliest extant work is *The Acts of the Holy Apostle Thomas* written in Syriac in the 2nd-3rd century.

The author dearly loved the miraculous, and the book is full of the wonders the Apostle wrought in the kingdom of the Indo-Parthian King Gondopheres relieved by lengthy sermons on the evils of sex, in and out of wedlock, and the superior merits of celibacy.

But as the wildest exaggeration may have an element of truth and, as independent sources would also indicate, it is probable that the Apostle preached the Gospel in the north-west regions of India. The congregations he established might have perished in the political convulsions which periodically engulfed this region.

St Thomas In Kerala

We are on firmer ground in the living traditions of Kerala Christians who trace their origin to the Apostle. The belief that Apostle Thomas landed in Kerala in the year 52 A.D., established seven churches, then went to the Tamil country and was martyred at Mylapore (where his shrine stands even today) is almost an article of faith with Kerala Christians (also known as St Thomas Christians). Practically all scholars who have studied the origins of Christianity in India accept this tradition as authentic.

There are legendary accounts—apart from folklore—about the Apostle's life and work in Kerala. The fact that he was able to claim for Christ a large section of the higher classes in the land speaks abundantly for

Canonisation

In early times a Catholic saint was canonised by popular acclamation. This procedure led to many abuses, hence the Church introduced strict rules to regulate the procedure.

The ladder of ascent to sainthood is tedious and expensive. It has taken as much as 300 years to complete some proceedings.

The process is initiated in the diocese where a person who has been the object of veneration during his life is suggested for sainthood. It is the bishop who minutely investigates the life, works and writings of the candidate and records the testimony of witnesses. Simultaneously Rome appoints a commission to assist the bishop. The candidate must have one or two authenticated miracles to his credit. These miracles usually mean cures for which doctors must verify that no medical explanation was possible.

The evidence is submitted to Rome and the would-be saint is given the title of Venerable, or Servant of God.

The Congregation of Rites is the body which scrutinises and verifies the information. Throughout the proceedings the candidate should be able to withstand the scrutiny of the "Devil's Advocate" who is appointed to unearth his weaker points.

The venerated person is now Beatified. But he is still subject to further scrutiny and at least two more miracles must be credited to him.

Finally he is ready for canonisation, which takes place in the Basilica of St Peter's, Rome.

The Protestants do not elevate any person to sainthood.

E. R.

National Research Institute, Melukote Collection.

Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE; Digitization: eGangotri.

BEGUM SAMRU (1751-1836) *was a remarkably wise and able woman who ruled her principality of Sardhana after the death of her German husband. She became a Christian and towards the latter part of her life led a pious and saintly life.*

Dr IDA SCUDDER (1870-1960), *an American medical missionary who founded the Christian Medical College Hospital, Vellore. It was the first medical college for women run by women. Her indefatigable spirit and humanitarianism are a byword in S. India.*

PANDITA RAMABAI (1858-1922), *a Maharashtrian Hindu who was widowed at an early age. She became a Christian and devoted her life to missionary work. Her Mukti Mission at Poona is a living testimony to her pioneering work for the uplift of women.*

the zeal, spiritual powers and saintliness of the man. European missionaries with the support of rulers in and outside India and almost unlimited financial resources did not make as appreciable an impression on the higher classes of India as this lone missionary from Palestine who built a community which ranked, down the centuries, with the high castes of Kerala.

From St Thomas to St Francis Xavier, the second Apostle to India, is a big jump. In between we have stray accounts, but little authentic information, of saints. There is some reference, for instance, to St Bartholomew and a congregation he founded in India. In Roman martyrology, again, there is an entry under the date, August 2 (452), of St Severus, an Indian missionary who participated in the conversion of the Northern Barbarians of Europe and died in Italy.

The Kerala Church too has preserved the names of a few Western Asian immigrants held in high esteem: Canai Thoma, revered by the Syrian Christians as the Father of the Nation, and Sabr Iso, the builed of Quilon, are the most important.

More interesting, even intriguing, is the royal Indian saint Josaphat, whose name appears in the hagiology of both Rome and the Eastern Church. The only record now available about him is a romance, *Barlaam and Josaphat*, ascribed to St John of Damascus (7th-8th century). Because of the striking resemblance of parts of the story to the life of Prince Siddhartha, some authorities maintain that Josaphat is none other than the Buddha. While this possibility cannot be ruled out, as ancient churches were rather careless in compiling lists of saints, it is also probable that Josaphat was an Indian Christian saint with whose romantic biography the Siddhartha legend got mixed up.

Nor was India a completely closed region to European missions before the Portuguese period. The Franciscans, Thomas of Tolentino, James of Padua and Peter of Siena and the Georgian lay brother Demetrius landed in India in 1321, under the French Dominican Friar Jordanus and were martyred at Thana for preaching against Prophet Mohammad. Jordanus, however, was not involved; he returned to Europe but came again in 1331 as the Bishop of Quilon.

St Francis Xavier

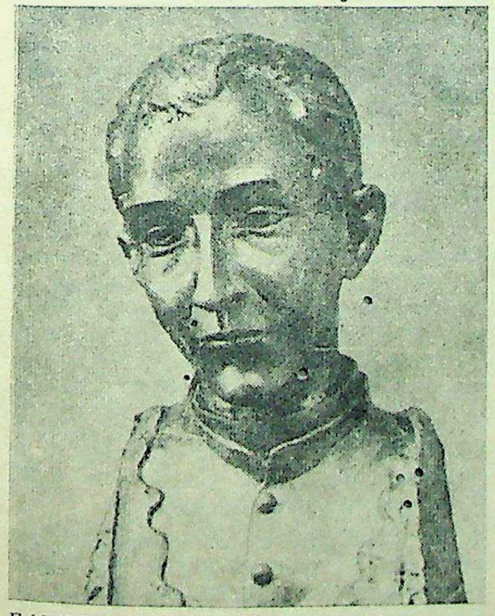
With the arrival of the Portuguese, towards the close of the 15th century, the history of Christianity in India enters a new phase. The greatest saint of the Portuguese period was Francis Xavier.

Xavier started life as a gay courtier in Navarre. After a brilliant academic career, he came under the influence of Ignatius Loyola, who was then planning the Counter Reformation, and joined the newly-formed Society of Jesus and plunged into the turbulent field of missionary work in the East.

Xavier landed in Goa on May 6, 1542. His fame had preceded him and all Goa turned out at the wharf to receive him. Xavier got down the gangway, dismissed the gaily-decorated palanquin that was waiting for him and walked barefoot to the hospital, with all the grandees of Goa walking behind him. On reaching the hospital, Xavier started washing the sores of the lepers.

Such was the man who spent ten crowded years of his life in India and the Far East. In Japan he made a deep impression and established Christianity on a firm footing. It was his intention to preach the Gospel in China. Entry of Europeans into China was forbidden at the time, and against official advice, he started from India on a memorable voyage to China. Not getting permission to enter the mainland he disembarked on the island of Sancian. And as he was absorbed in plans to cross over, the Master called His tired worker from the field of labour and, on December 2, 1552, this courtier, scholar, mystic and arch-missionary breathed his last. His body was brought to Goa and to this day remains in a remarkable state of preservation, a lasting symbol

—Continued



FATHER JOSEPH VAZ (1651-1711) *came from a Konkani Christian family and worked tirelessly for the propagation of the faith and the relief of the poor and the sick, first in Karnataka and then in Ceylon.*

BISHOP V. S. AZARIAH of Dornakal (d. 1940) *was the first Indian to be consecrated a bishop of the Anglican Church. He was one of the leaders of the movement for a national church.*

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of his immortal labours. The body is periodically exposed to the public.

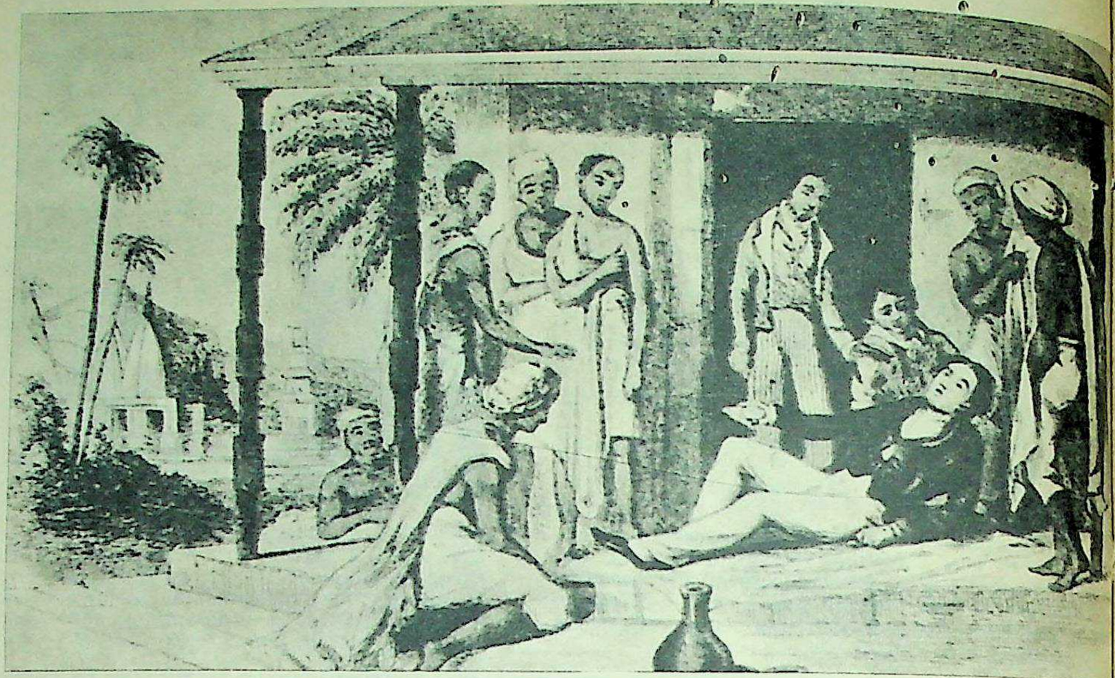
Xavier's work inspired many men, and Goa became the most important mission base in the East. An East Indian missionary saint who followed in Xavier's footsteps was Gonsalo Garcia. Born in Bassein, he joined the Jesuits at a young age but was not ordained. With the Jesuits Gonsalo went to Japan and from there to Manila where he joined the Franciscan Order. This was the time when Japan cast covetous eyes on the Philippines, which was then under Spain, and there was a good deal of diplomatic activity between Japan and the Philippines. Gonsalo was detailed to accompany an embassy of Franciscans to Japan. The embassy was suspected of political intrigue—the fathers actively preached Christianity against imperial orders. They were imprisoned and sentenced to death. Gonsalo was crucified in Nagaya, near Nagasaki, in 1597 at the age of 40. He was beatified in 1627 and canonised in 1862.

"Angelic Priest"

Another important missionary saint from Goa was the venerable Joseph Vaz, known as the Apostle to Ceylon. He came of a Konkani brahmin Christian family. After working for some time in Kanara, Fr Vaz was called to Ceylon where he worked tirelessly for the propagation of the faith and the relief of the poor and the sick. He died in Kandy in 1711, at the age of 60, and is revered in Ceylon as Sammanasu Swami or the Angelic Priest.

A more recent Goan follower of St Xavier was Fr Agnel DeSouza of the Xavierian Mission, Pilar. Though not famous for spectacular mission work like Xavier or Vaz, Fr Agnel was a devout, saintly individual. He died in 1927 at the age of 58. His tomb at Pilar is visited by pilgrims and miraculous cures are ascribed to him.

While the religious zeal of the Portuguese has given India many saints, their political and ecclesiastical ambitions led to their dominance over the Syrian Christians of Kerala. The Portuguese claimed ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the Syrians who were them receiving their bishops from western Asia. By deporting Syrian bishops, preventing prelates from reaching Kerala by sea and by bringing political pressure on the rulers of Kerala the Portuguese, in the heyday of their power, held a synod at Diamper, Kerala, in 1599 and brought the Syrians under Goa. The Syrians threw off the Portuguese yoke in 1653 by the Revolt of the Coonen Cross, and it was due to the stiff resistance put up by their Archdeacon George Pakalomattom that the Syrians were able to regain their independence. Archdeacon George died in 1640, and is remembered by the Syrian Christians of Kerala as the saviour of the independence of their church.



GORDON HALL dying of cholera in Nasik in 1826 at the age of 49. He is considered the Father of American Missions. The East India Company was opposed to missionary work because it created resentment among Hindus and Muslims and because the lives of the Company employees were hardly exemplary and would invite censure by the priests. But in 1814 the company changed its policy with the result that there was an influx of missionaries from Europe and America. Among them was the saintly Hall.

Another dissenter against the Portuguese, but of a different type, was the Italian Jesuit, Roberto de Nobili. The Portuguese were generally hostile to Hinduism, and their mission field was among the low castes, the disinherited of Hinduism. This was leading to a feeling in India that Christianity was good enough for barbarians and outcastes, but not for the high castes. De Nobili, therefore, decided to claim for Christ brahmin strongholds. He studied Sanskrit and Tamil, delved deep into Hindu lore and found caste a social convenience, the Vedas "almost as good" as the Old Testament, and Christ a saviour promised as much to ancient Hindu seers as to Hebrew Prophets.

De Nobili, with his disciple Fr Vico, appeared in Madura in the saffron robe of a sanyasi, with sandal paste on his forehead, and a sacred thread on his body, claiming to be a Roman brahmin, meaning a Roman priest. He attracted a good deal of attention and collected a large number of disciples, mostly brahmins, who were allowed to retain their caste and its symbols.

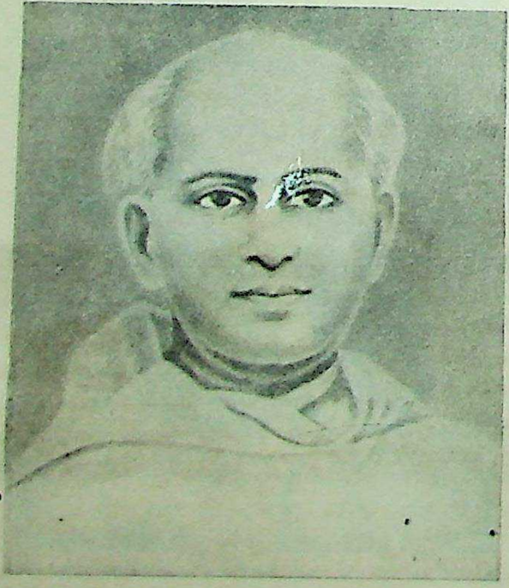
Indianising Christianity

De Nobili was the originator of the "accommodation theory" which created a storm in his time, but was later coopted by Christians both Indian and Western. The idea is that Christians in India, even Europeans and Americans, should adopt the Indian way of life, and present Christ in the framework of Hindu traditions and usages.

De Nobili died at the age of 80, at the shrine of St Thomas in Mylapore, in 1656. Up to the last, in spite of opposition from his own colleagues, he lived the life of the Indian sanyasi, respected by all.

De Nobili was followed by two brilliant missionaries: John de Britto (known as *Pandaraswami* or wandering mendicant) of Portuguese extraction, who was martyred in Ramanad in 1693, and the Italian Beschi, a brilliant Tamil scholar and saint. After Beschi's death in 1742, the affairs of the Madura Mission fell into a bad way, mainly because of political disturbances.

FATHER BESCHI (d. 1742) an Italian turned sanyasi who was a Tamil scholar. His poem, "Tembavani", is a Tamil classic. He also complied a Tamil-Latin dictionary. He worked in the Madura Mission.



Fr CHOWRA ELIAS KURIAKOSE (1805-71), founder of the order of Carmelites in Kerala, is regarded as a saint by the Catholics of that State. Proceedings for his beatification were begun in 1958.

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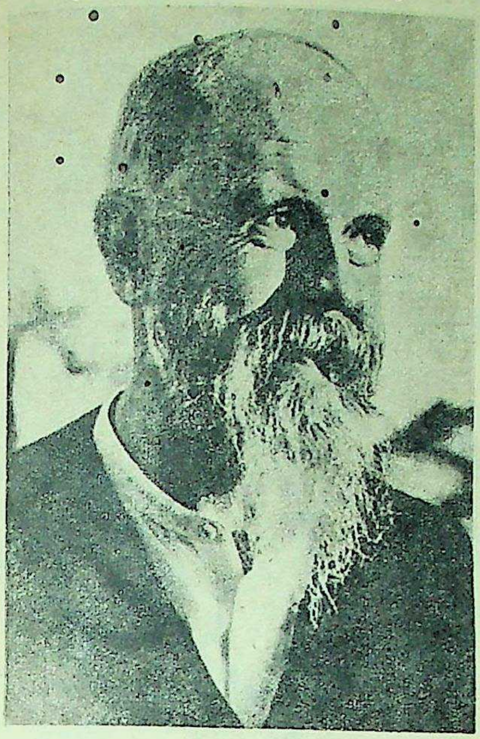
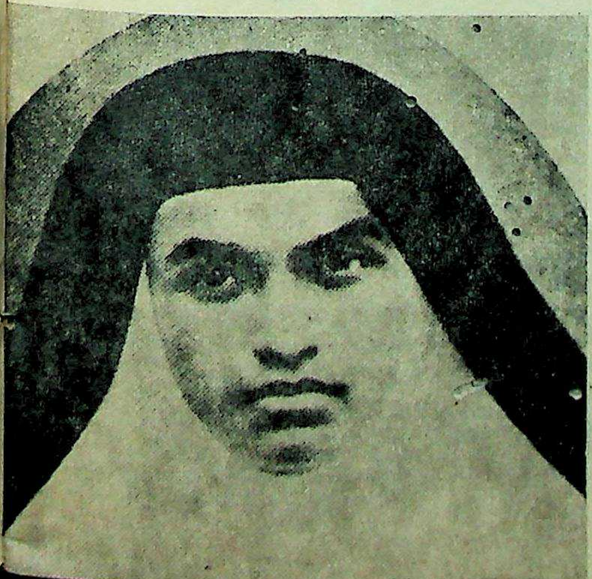


C. F. ANDREWS (1871-1940) *earned the title of* Deenabandhu *for his compassionate service to the needy. Gandhiji's life and teaching drew Andrews close to him and he worked with him both in India and Africa.*

METROPOLITAN MAR GREGORIOS *of* Parumala (1848-1903) *is recognised as a saint by the Orthodox Church of Kerala. His tomb is a place of pilgrimage. Metropolitan Mar Themothus is also venerated.*

With the rise of British power in India, the age of Protestant missions started. Yet the early British were hostile to gospel work in India; apart from the resentment it created among Hindus and Muslims, the lives of the servants of the East India Company at the time were not such as to deserve high praise from the missionaries. There was a clause in the Charter of the Company which empowered it to deport any undesirable foreign national, which was freely used against the missionaries. Hence early Protestant missionaries like Ziegenbalg, William Carey and others had to work in the Danish settlements of Tranquebar and Serampore. Some chaplains of the Company, for instance Henry Martin, David Brown and Buchanan, did, however, some evangelical work on the sly. A saintly European Christian of the period was Frederick Schwatz, whom Hyder Ali described as the only Christian in India.

SISTER ALPHONSA (1910-46) *of Kerala was known for her mystic and spiritual powers. Many miraculous cures are attributed to her intercession. Diocesan proceedings for her beatification are complete.*



With the removal of the obnoxious "Missionary Clause" from the Company's Charter in 1814, there was an influx of missionaries to India from Europe and America. Gordon Hall, revered as the Father of American Missions, deserves particular mention here; he died of cholera in Nasik in the year 1826 at the age of 49; while engaged in relief work.

A remarkable personality of this period was Begum Samru of Sardhana. During the disruption of the Moghul Empire, a German adventurer, Samru, carved out for himself the principality of Sardhana. On his death, his Muslim wife Zebunissa became its ruler. Attracted to Christianity she was, on May 7, 1782, baptised at Agra. A wise and able ruler, the Begum, towards the end of her life, became deeply religious and led a saintly life. She died in 1836 at the age of 85. The church she built at Sardhana stands as a living shrine, a lasting tribute to her piety.

Social Reformer

Perhaps the best known Indian Christian lady of the 19th-20th century was Pandita Ramabai. She came of a poor but devout family of Hindus in Maharashtra. Widowed at an early age, she was attracted by the preachings of Fr Gore, a Maharashtrian Christian of brahmin extraction. Ramabai went to England where, in the company of the Wantage Sisters, she found the solution to her many spiritual problems and was baptised in 1883. From England she went to America and on her return to India took to religious and social activities. In 1889 she founded the Sarada Sadan in Bombay for the education of women. Later the Sadan was transferred to Poona. Her Home of Salvation (Mukti) had, by 1900, two thousand inmates, all engaged in educational and Gospel work. She worked indefatigably in this field till her death in 1922, in spite of stiff opposition from many quarters.

Another Maharashtrian Christian saint of a different mould was Vaman Narayan Tilak (1862-1919), a *bhakta* in the tradition of Ramdas and Tukaram. The Christian hymns and *kirtans* he composed are reckoned as classics in Marathi literature.

The national struggle for Indian independence was marked by the spirit of Indianisation among Christians. Gandhiji's Christ-like life attracted to him many missionaries, of whom the Englishman C. F. Andrews is perhaps the best known. Both in Africa and India he worked with Gandhiji. A close friend of Tagore's, he taught in Santiniketan. He died in 1940 and his body, according to his will, was buried in Calcutta. Andrews' compassion for the suffering earned for him the epithet "Deenabandhu".

The spirit of Indianisation had its effect on the religious front as well. The dependence on foreign missions for finance and personnel was considered undesirable and many Indian Christians, notably the Y.M.C.A. leader K. T. Paul, and the devout, saintly V. S. Azariah of Dornakal (d. 1940), the first Indian to be consecrated a Bishop of the Anglican Church, took a leading part in the struggle for a national church.

On the religious side, the traditional Indian ideal of the sadhu found a new appeal, and de Nobili's "accommodation theory" was revived both by Protestants and Catholics. Of the sadhus of the period the most important was Sunder Singh who became a legend in his lifetime. Born of a Sikh zamindar family in the Punjab, he had a vision of Christ, like St Paul's on the road to Damascus, and was baptised in the Anglican Church in 1905 at the age of 16.

—Continued

Saints In The Bible

He will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness, because no man shall prevail by his own strength.

1 Kings ii 9.

For the Lord loveth judgement, and will not forsake his saints: they shall be preserved for ever.

Psalms xxxvi 28.

That the Grace of God, and his mercy is with his saints and that he hath respect to his chosen.

Wis iv 14, 15.

Let all thy works, O Lord, praise thee: and let thy saints bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom: and shall tell of thy power:

To make thy might known to the sons of men: and the glory of the magnificence of thy kingdom.

—Psalms cxliv 10-12.

God is wonderful in his saints: the God of Israel is he who will give power and strength to his people. Blessed be God.

Psalms lxvii 36.

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Sunder Singh, with the American, S. E. Stokes, formed a "Brotherhood of Service". He visited England and America where he made a striking impression. Organisations, however, did not appeal to him and he preferred the life of the sanyasi and wandered in the Punjab and the Himalayan regions. Tibet had an irresistible attraction for him. In 1929 he made his last journey to this mysterious land, and what happened to him is not known to this day.

The traditional Indian ashram life now comes into prominence. Gandhiji's Sabarmati Ashram had its influence too; this was possibly the inspiring force for the Sat Tal Ashram, founded in the foothills of the Himalayas, by the American Stanley Jones (d. January, 1973), a close friend of Gandhiji and a tireless preacher of Christ of the Indian road. A Christian Yoga Ashram was founded in Puri by the Bengali Yogi, B.C. Sircar.

The Ashram Spirit

The Ashram spirit is still very much with us and there are numerous ashrams of practically all Christian denominations in various parts of India. The movement produced some rare individuals of whom mention may be made of the French Fr Jules Monchanin (d. 1957), the scholar and mystic, who took the picturesque Indian name of Swami Parama Arupi Anandam.

More prosaic than ashrams but better suited to the humanitarian needs of India is the work of the medical missions. An outstanding missionary worker in this field was the American, Dr Miss Ida S. Scudder, founder of the Christian Medical College Hospital of Vellore, one of the biggest in Asia. Dr Scudder died at Vellore in 1960 at the age of 90, and her child-like simplicity is a byword in South India.

It may seem strange that the Kerala Church, which has a history of more than nineteen centuries, has not produced a single canonised Catholic saint. The difficulty of contact with Rome before the Portuguese period and the hostility of the Portuguese to the Syrian Christians after had probably something to do with this. The Orthodox denomination, however, recognises as saint the Keralite Metropolitan Mar Gregorios (1848-1903). His tomb at Parumala, Kerala, is a centre of pilgrimage. In the Church of the East, the Metropolitan Mar Themothus, of western Asian origin, who died in Kerala in 1945, is venerated as a saintly individual.

The Catholics of Kerala consider Dr Fr Chowra Elias Kuriakose (1805-71), founder of the Order of Carmelites in Kerala, a saint, and diocesan proceedings for his beatification were instituted in 1958.

Better known in Kerala, and even outside, is Sister Alphonsa (1910-46), a nun of the Clarist Order, known in her lifetime for rare mystic and spiritual powers. Her tomb at Bharananganam, Kerala, has become a centre of pilgrimage and many miraculous cures are claimed through her favours. Diocesan proceedings for her beatification are now complete.

Another Kerala nun, Sr Miriam Theresa (1876-1926), founder of the Holy Family Order, Puthenchira, was known for her spiritual trials and tribulations; she was the only Christian in Kerala reputed to have been favoured with the Stigmata, the mysterious wounds resembling Christ's. Proceedings for her beatification are being instituted.

SADHU SUNDER SINGH (b. 1889), son of a Sikh landlord, was deeply concerned with religious beliefs even as a small boy. At the age of sixteen Christ appeared to him in a vision and he was converted. His wanderings in the Himalayas and in Tibet and his mystic experiences made him a legend in his lifetime. Wherever he went he won many followers. In 1929 he went for the last time to Tibet and was not heard of again. With the American, S. E. Stokes, he formed a "Brotherhood of Service".

MOTHER TERESA

"SHE looks nothing, is nothing except a saint." This is how one writer has described Mother Teresa, the Albanian-born nun who has become a legendary figure for her work among the destitute and dying, not only in India but all over the world. This "Angel of mercy", "Guardian Angel of the poor", "Saint of the gutters" has, during the last 25 years, served suffering humanity, without narrow considerations of nationality, caste or creed, through 150 centres in 25 cities of India which she set up. She has picked up 27,000 destitutes from the streets, brought hope to 35,000 lepers and extended her helping hand to the needy in Bangladesh, Venezuela, Ceylon, Italy, Tanzania, Australia, Jordan, England and Ireland. She has been awarded the Magsaysay Award, the Bharat Bhushan, the Padma Sri, the Templeton Foundation (England) Award, the Joseph Kennedy Jr. Foundation Award, the Pope John XXIII Peace Prize and the Nehru Award for international understanding.

This distinguished "lady of the slums" came to India in 1929 as an 18-year-old novitiate. For nearly 20 years she was a teacher at Loretto Convent, Calcutta. But it was her growing concern for the sub-human conditions of slum dwellers and the utter indignity suffered by the destitute and the dying which led her to her real vocation.

Leaving the cloistered life of the convent in 1948, she went out into the world to succour the unwanted. With the Pope's permission she established her own Order, the Missionaries of Charity. She added a fourth vow—to serve the poor in the slums and the streets—to the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience taken by a Catholic nun. Her habit was a white sari edged with blue and a cross pinned at the shoulder. With her little band of sisters, she would go out on the streets, pick up the dying, the destitute and the orphaned, take them to the first available shelter and clean, feed and care for them, bringing them compassion and a soothing touch. She believes that more than food and shelter a person needs to feel wanted and cared for.

In 1952 she established the first home for the Dying Destitute—Nirmal Hriday—in an unused dharamshala given by the Calcutta Municipality near the Kalighat temple. Shishu Bhawans were set up to care for the unwanted physically and mentally disabled children and orphans. For lepers a leprosarium was started. Within a few years Mother Teresa's name became almost a household word among Calcutta's poor.

Irrespective of religion, caste or creed, a person is nurtured in Mother Teresa's institutions. Newspapers refer to her as the "champion of the poor" and "the Apostle of the unwanted". She has been called "one of the most impressive manifestations of charity throughout the world".

But titles and awards mean little to the quiet, "gentle Mother" who refers to her uplift of the poorest of the poor as something beautiful for God. In the words of Malcolm Muggeridge, she is "a woman of God who embodies Christian love in action... which gives her homely face a noticeable luminosity, a shining quality".

E. R.

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The New Jesuits

***The New Jesuits* (Little, Brown & Co) is a candid and searching exploration of the Society of Jesus in America by ex-Jesuit George Riemer. The book carries interviews with eleven Jesuits. They discuss abortion, contraception, morality and violence, priestly marriage, the vows and other controversial subjects.**

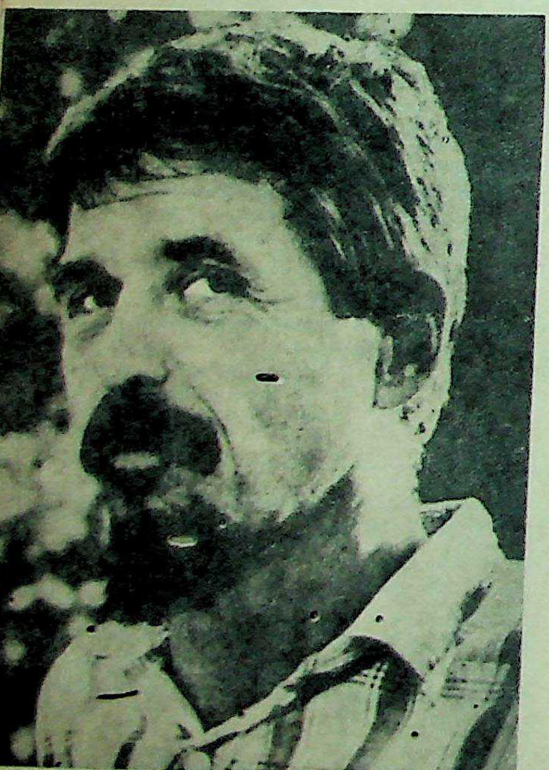
by Rev. T. AMBROSE, S.J.

"SOME Jesuits say that the glory years of the Society were those that brought on their suppression and banishment. Will the Society of Jesus die of deflation this time rather than suppression? Will it be abandoned rather than banished?

"The Society of Jesus is supposed to serve where there is need. Is there any greater need in this time than the need for credibility? Doesn't the world need a model for love and dialogue?

"The Roman Catholic Church today is confronted by its second massive Protestant revolution, a bloodless one this time since the Pope has no army. The Society of Jesus succeeded in turning back and containing the Protestant revolution four hundred years ago. Will today's Jesuits be the new Protestants?"

These are some of the penetrating insights which George Riemer records in his book of interviews, *The New Jesuits*, which examines the credentials of eleven representative American Jesuits including Dan Berrigan, Walter Ong, John Walsh and others who make up the highlights of this fascinating story. George Riemer, who still belonged to the Society thirty years after he had left it, weaves his experiences of that fabulous Jesuit myth with the imperceptible touch of a skilled craftsman. He brings to reality revolutionaries of tomorrow like Ken Feit who "give you the feeling of a strong concern for man, for the human. The human black. The human poor. The suffering, war-hurt human. The urban, polluted, violent human. The searching and learning human. The unborn human. The insensitive human. The communicating human. The young and future human."



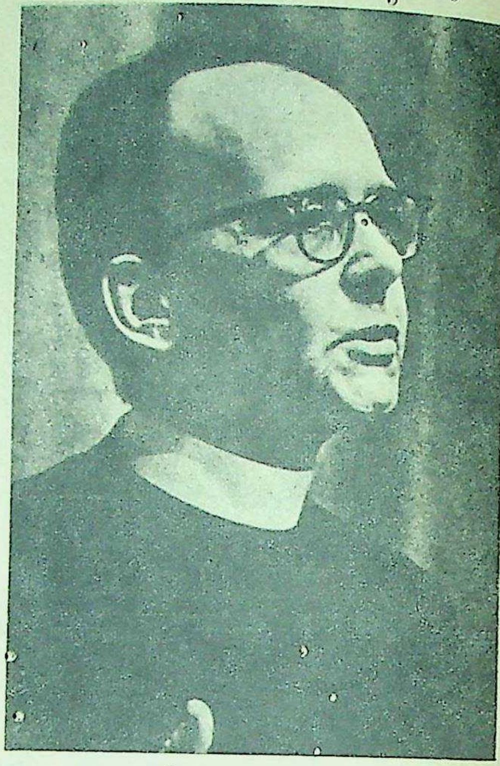
DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J., a Federal prisoner serving a three-year term in the penitentiary at Danbury, Connecticut, from August 12, 1970. He destroyed draft records with home-made napalm. Berrigan's work consisted of writing books, teaching, counselling, opposing the war and the draft, demonstrating and "suffering arrest".

The tapestry reveals a wide spectrum of characters both young and old, all of whom add variety and colour to the manifold Jesuit histrionics of art and culture, religion and science, history and hagiography. John Walsh summarises this well when he says: "I do believe in the Society and in the future of the Society, and I love it very much. Jacques Brel's song to his homeland, Belgium, fits perfectly what I feel: 'It may be the kind of landscape that nobody else would be attracted to—it's so foggy that the birds get lost when they fly over it, but it's my country and I love it.' "

Jesuit Life-Style

The salient features of Jesuit life-style which have been in vogue for the past decades and which account for centuries-old tradition are certainly being radically resolved to echo present needs. They speak a common language in the idiom of today's encounter. Therefore, the difficulty which George Riemer raises, about Jesuits wearing institutional harnesses or labouring to strike the golden mean between charism and continuity inherited from previous commitments, is no longer a point of issue. Jesuits themselves will agree that both aspects are integral dimensions of the same reality.

Peter Arrupe defined it well as follows: "Charism must animate the institution but the institution will channelize charism." This is the experience of life itself which originates through an evolutive and painful process of charism, vitalises itself and eventually grows to stability. If this organism of the Society is to arrive at any meaningful dialectic of renewal, it must become spirited into new wine skins through a life-and-death process. This is the task of the XXXII General Congregation which Arrupe has



WALTER ONG, S.J., author of The Barbarian Within *which received rave reviews in the States, says: "Scholarly writers need encouragement. It can be a lonely business."*

summoned in December 1974, to deliberate upon matters affecting Jesuit commitment and unity.

This is the problem which the Church itself has constantly encountered in her role of mission and mediatrix to the people of God. Ever since John XXXII walked right into this cenacle, maybe it was time to open more windows. And when he did so, then the sights and sounds of a different world, crippled and divided, mutilated and torn by love and hate, emerged from that window. It was no scenic beauty of a picturesque globe lilting into orbit but, rather, the harsh reality of a God-is-dead society that kept moving along with the assurance that it would never stop; and that the face of the man on the other side of this jigsaw puzzle never really mattered as long as it was only a puzzle. But John heard those agonizing cries, saw those pathetic faces and recognised those voices of the poor, suffering and insensitive human—voices in the wilderness.

With the election of Peter Arrupe as the Order's twenty-eighth General emerged the XXXI General Congregation which began the process of renewal and adaptation—"the aggiornamento" as it is sometimes called. This experimentative process of introspection and discernment, characteristic of her life-style, is also the norm of conduct for her members scattered through diverse avenues of apostolate. Arrupe characterised this identity of the Jesuit as "a man who is always in a state of election (in the Ignatian sense of the word)".

The problems affecting the Society today are as numerous as the men themselves.

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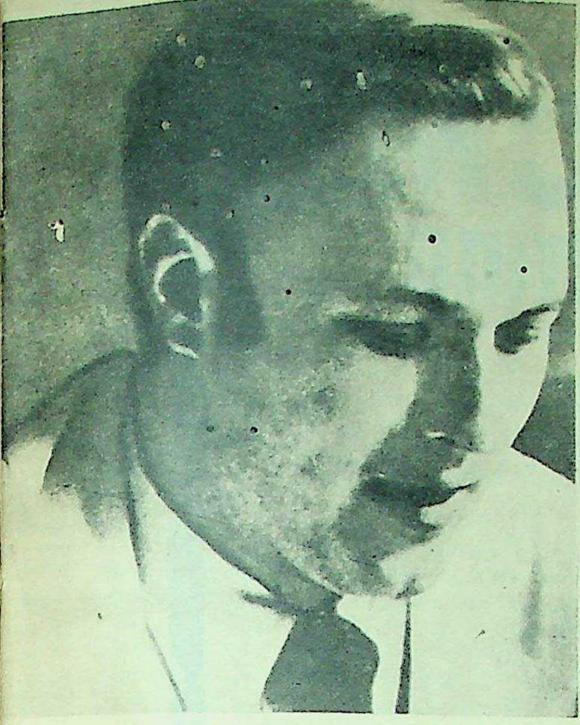
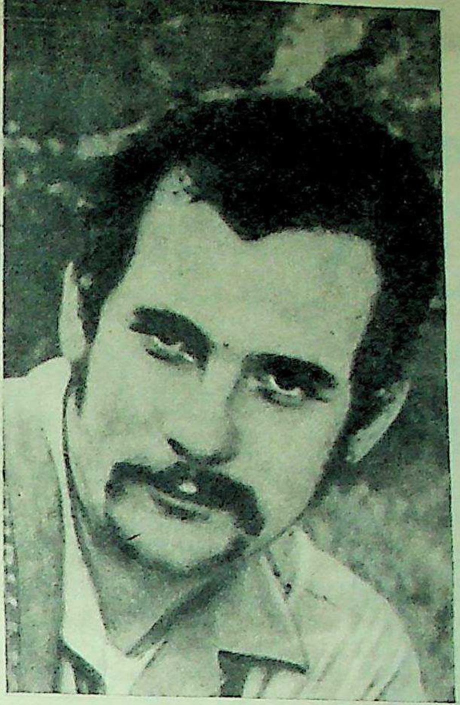


GEORGE SHOUP, S.J., the Kennedy Foundation's first medical ethics scholar, has a doctorate in Cell Biology. Says George Riemer about Shoup: "Some of his paragraphs are word-jams. It must be because there are so many George Shoups—Shoup the doctor, Shoup the political humanist, Shoup the Jesuit priest, all trying to talk at once."



KEN FEIT, S.J., thirty years old, is a "Young Jesuit". Some older Jesuits are hopeful, some disgusted, at the thought that Ken Feit may be the Jesuit of tomorrow: "I'm part of this wave, shaping things. I don't feel that I'm watching a parade."

compassionate servant, more Christ-like. The questions I ask myself are: 'What kind of a Society of Jesus do we want to create?' 'What kind of persons do we want to be?' 'How do I see institutional expressions, like the family, the Church, the school, the corporation conducting or resisting the future direction.

"I regard the Society as a corporation, as an academic multiversity, as a unity of tremendous political activism, as a family and a spiritual force, as many things. As many, many things. The Society today is in conflict with itself, sensing change and unable to contend with it, experiencing commitments made by others in the past, yet hearing prophetic voices urging it to seize the future. Not knowing quite what to do.

"We are creating a new Society now, with new questions to be asked. A new Jesuit style is emerging, of which I feel I'm a part, a style that is mobile, communal, de-institutionalised and poor."

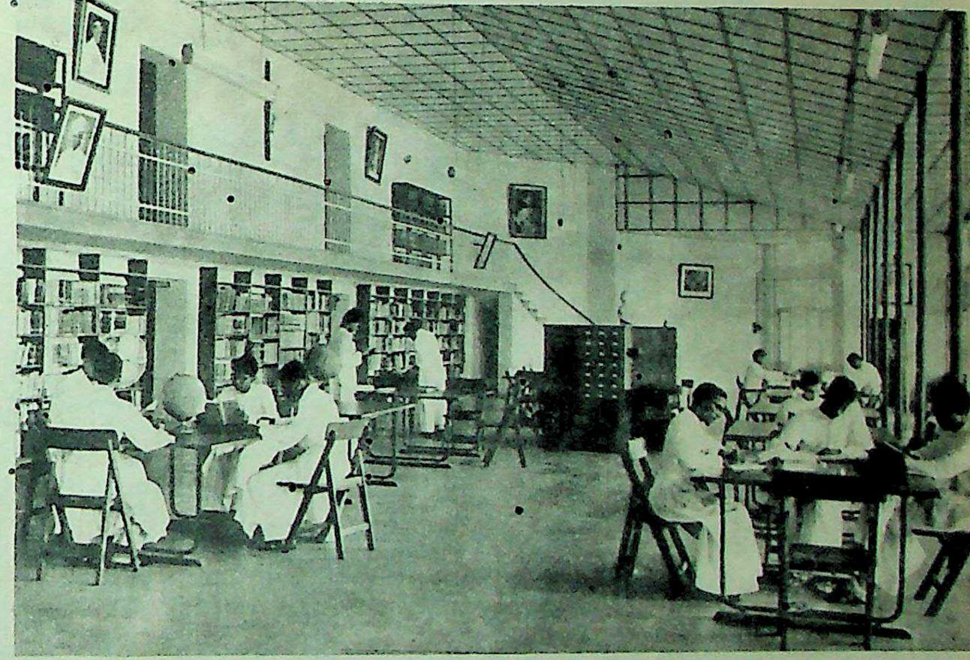
Daniel Berrigan, the federal prisoner, says that his job is to help young people grow an honest conscience by opposing what is death-oriented, false, corrupt, irrelevant and anti-human in the establishment. His comment on the subject of the Society's survival index: "The best things I find happening in the Society are the small communities of Jesuits who have totally disestablished and are living in the middle of the real world.

—Continued

To highlight a few would be as inadequate as to attempt to answer them. The crux of it all seems to be in the direction of Jesuit identity, the relevance of the Society to modern man and contemporary problems, celibacy in the context of ecumenism and apostolate, the challenge of world poverty (but, more precisely, Jesuit poverty) which seems to frustrate the ideals of such an establishment or the vision of its founder. Also overhauling the entire Jesuit machinery to train its men in the context of current values while integrating them to the world of tomorrow. Can the Jesuit locate himself in the city of man and yet herald the good news of the kingdom or will he abandon it to seek a newer world in the citadel of a mistaken identity far, far away from that mad, mad world?

The answers to some of these questions are as ambiguous as their ambivalence. But listen to what the men interviewed by George Riemer have to say. Ken Feit, an "action poet" who loves words not as a reader but as a minstrel, says: "I think that our spirituality has to be grounded in the art of asking questions—full-bodied questions, not amputated ones. Like in the past whenever we planned something new, we asked: 'Is there enough money?' 'Are there enough men?' 'Is there enough time?' 'What will people think?' 'Can we get permission?' All these qualifiers that choked the question in the throat of the asker. Wow! How many unborn ideas? Real abortions and you know what the Pope says about that. Instead, I think, we should ask whole questions like: 'What kind of world do we want to create?' 'What kind of persons do we want to be?' 'What kind of values do we want to see alive?' And then see where the questions take us—what language develops, what institutions form.

"It is important to me that I grow more human, that I become a more sensitive and



Jesuits In India And Ceylon: 1972-73

	Priests	Scholastics	Brothers	Total
BOMBAY	200	90	58	348
CALCUTTA	197	54	40	291
GOA-POONA	121	94	36	251
GUJARAT	125	76	39	240
JAMSHEDPUR	49	36	8	93
KARNATAKA	113	59	35	207
KERALA	97	62	40	[illegible]
MADURAI	265	189	107	561
PATNA	166	87	34	287
RANCHI	222	128	84	434
CEYLON	75	17	13	105
	1630	892	494	3016

This information is from Supplementum Catalogorum Societatis Jesu 1973, *published by the Curia of the Society of Jesus, Italy.*

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This is being tolerated by the Society as an experiment."

John Walsh, a theatrical director, says: "Take Sartre's definition of man, man is freedom. With you being a freedom and me being a freedom, love is impossible. Sartre says hell is other people. Two freedoms can't get together without one having to sacrifice his freedom to the other. For Sartre, love can only be some kind of a battle. Look at his chapter: *Love and Masochism.*

"So love disappears from the picture and we end up with the big in-words describing our times. Waiting for Godot—waiting for some kind of an answer. Saul Bellow's 'dangling man'.

"Tillich says *waiting* is the big descriptive word for our time. The other big word is 'alienation'... I owe a great deal to people like Sartre and especially to Ionesco, Nabokov and Samuel Becket. They show us the world without the resurrection, a world without hope, without love—you can't find love in Sartre. There's no love in these books. They don't really believe in love. I mean this quite literally. There are no love scenes in their books.

Poetry of Cliches

"It seems to me that the artist today has to opt either for mystery or absurdity. The absurdist tries to create poetry by stringing cliches together, as Warhol and Ionesco have done. Since he's taken God and the spirits out of life, he has no mystery. He resorts to ambiguity and other devices. A priest with his interest in mystery, in the spiritual, comes much, much closer to reality than the man who doesn't believe there is any mystery in life."

James Arenz, Los Angeles assistant professor of mechanical engineering and consultant at Cal Tech's Jet Propulsion Lab, says: "It seems to me that I have to look at my vocation as a technically oriented Jesuit in a rather long-range way. Many of the things I do, both as a priest and an engineer, will not see any visible effect until perhaps after my lifetime.

"My long-term goals, I think, are even more important than my direct and immediate activities for others, such as counselling or teaching, say, one hundred students a year. Through activities with people, through correspondence and research, I should—at least this is the faith I work on —I should have some ultimate effect in them who know me both as a priest dedicated to the spiritual and an engineer and researcher committed wholeheartedly to science and technology. They will eventually see these two commitments coming together in one individual. This is my own long-range picture. Over a period of time the hundreds and perhaps thousands of technically involved people around the world who come to know me may be prompted to search for the material-spiritual unity within themselves."

Black Jesuits

The black Jesuits Ted Cunningham and Bart Rousseve say: "The Church is caught up in an identity crisis in this matter. The Church and the Society of Jesus, too, should make a public apology for being racist institutions. They could make clear that their racist actions come from being in a racist situation. Their confession would not only be a great service, but it would give them a chance to act as Christians.

"I really don't care whether they apologise or not but Church and Jesuit institutions and individuals, if they are honest about believing Jesus, must begin *now* to change themselves first and then institutions, so that the Papal Social Doctrine, all seventy years of it, gets off the paper and onto the streets and, especially, into the hearts of men and women."

George Shoup, a medical ethicist from Philadelphia, argues:

"Who's going to live and who's going to die?

"Who should be allowed to conceive and give birth to children and who should not?

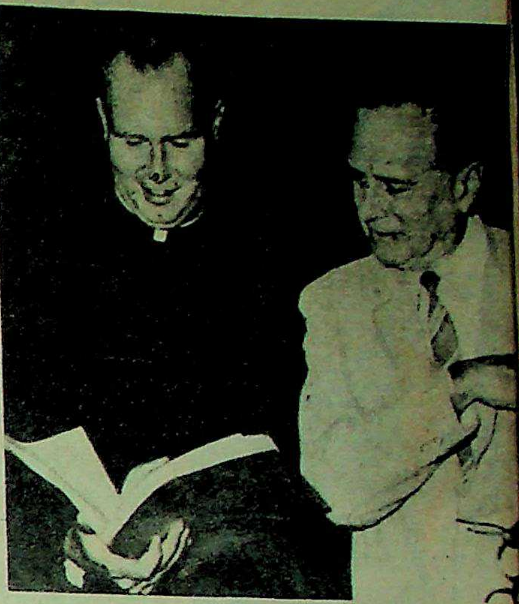
"What kind of human being should we let scientists make in their laboratories?

"These are the big moral decisions that will confront the conscience of the next quarter century. The pressure to solve them will come from the population squeeze. The decisions should not be made by scientists alone, nor by lawyers alone, nor moral theologians alone, nor cost accountants alone. They are such complicated decisions that it takes a community of disciplines to handle them. But time is running out. They must be discussed now. They are not being discussed because the medical, moral and legal professions today can't or don't want to communicate with each other.

"So this is what a medical ethicist is: it's somebody trained to deal with both the ethical and biological considerations of life and death. I'm a medical ethicist."

Well, how do these problems affect the Society of Jesus in India today? What answers have the prophets for our times? We are confronted with issues, a wave of dilemmas which seems to rock the boat. The fact that a new hope has emerged, a dynamic opportunism has arisen in the midst of this future shock makes us think that the springs of Indian patriotism have not run dry even when the hour is darkest before dawn. Perhaps, the questions that George Riemer raises are not our problems just now, nor his answers our solutions. Jesuits are convinced that social concern will eventually integrate them into the mainstream of national and political life. Their theology is the presence of God, yet obscure as faith itself. This is the theology of His coming—the message of freedom from oppression, of liberation from servitude and the forces of injustice in one form or another. It is a conviction that He is present already, even when we don't see His face. But there is only one face of God: the face of man. And there is only one presence, that of the least of men. And there is only one body: the human community gathered in His name.

He is in the midst of us, in the midst of life. We can see His face in every human face, we can hear His voice in every tongue, we can touch His heart in every sign of hope and love. We ourselves are His presence when we keep alive the message that God is dwelling in our hearts. And then, from time to time, there will be a beloved disciple in the midst of us who says: "It is the Lord."



JOHN CULKIN, S.J. (with Marshall McLuhan). Culkin, who has a Ph.D. in Education from Harvard University, is called "The Elmer Gantry of Film Media Studies". In 1969 Culkin started an independent organisation in New York City called the Center for Understanding Media. Culkin is 41 years old and describes himself as "a clerical error".

Jesuit Institutions In India: 1972-73

The Society of Jesus has committed itself to the educational apostolate in India with the largest network of Jesuit institutions to be found anywhere in the world. Students of every denomination patronise these institutions and, generally, Jesuits cater to boys only in schools. The following information is taken from the "Directory of Jesuit Schools and Colleges 1972-73", published by the Jesuit Educational Association of India, Delhi.

Colleges (Post Matriculation Institutions)	19
Schools (Including Technical & Agricultural)	91
Total Number of Students in Colleges	119,483
Total Number of Pupils in Schools	93,411
Total Number of Teachers in Jesuit Institutions ...	5,439
Total Number of Jesuit Teachers	656 (15%)

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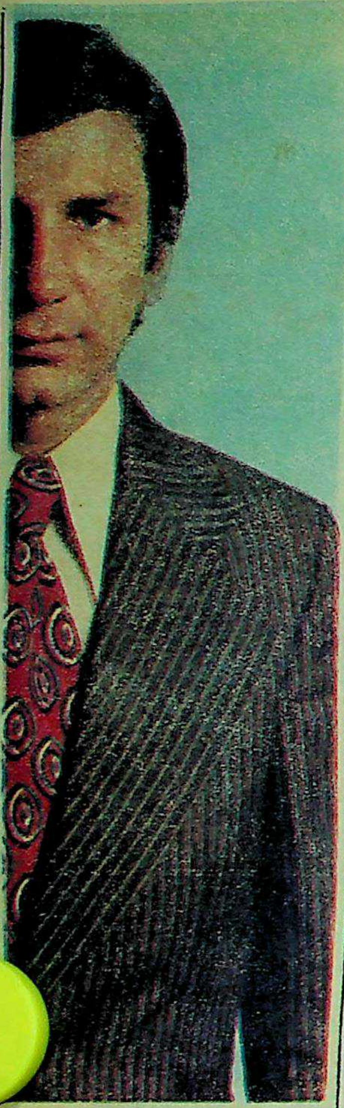

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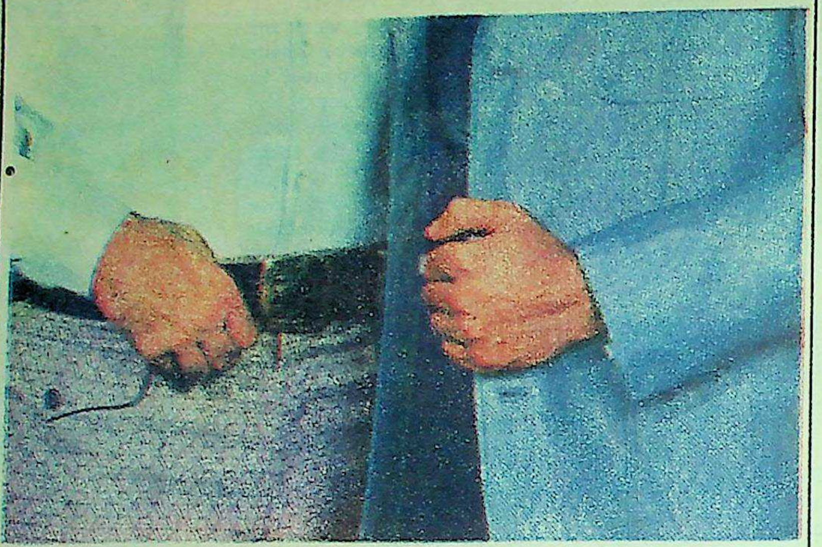

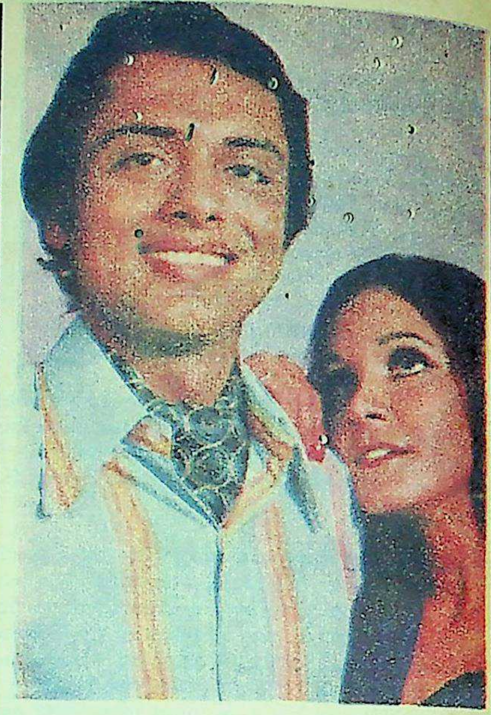

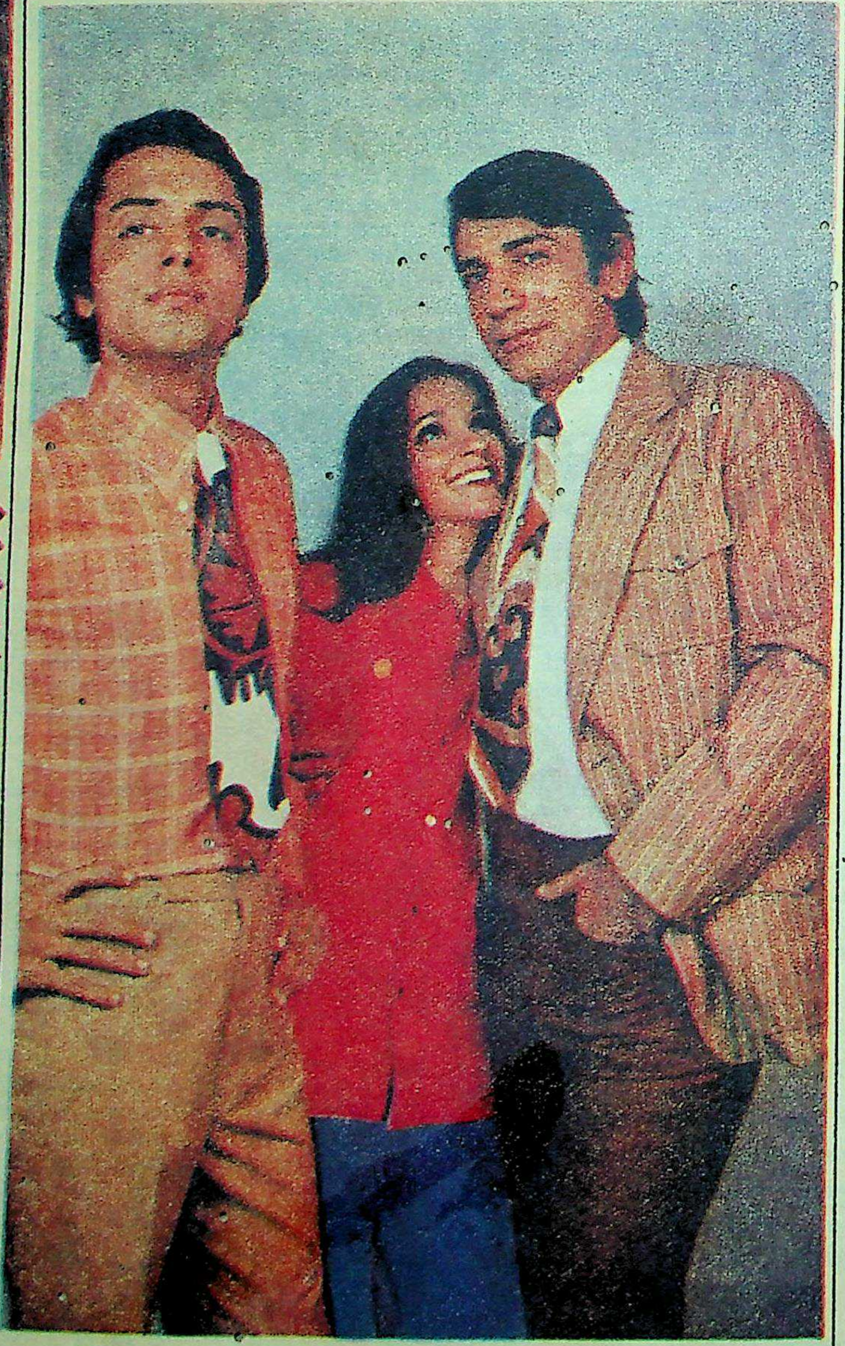

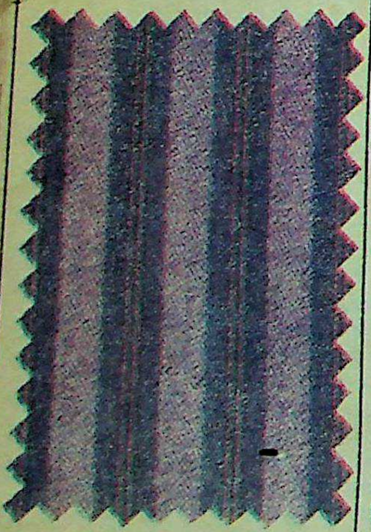

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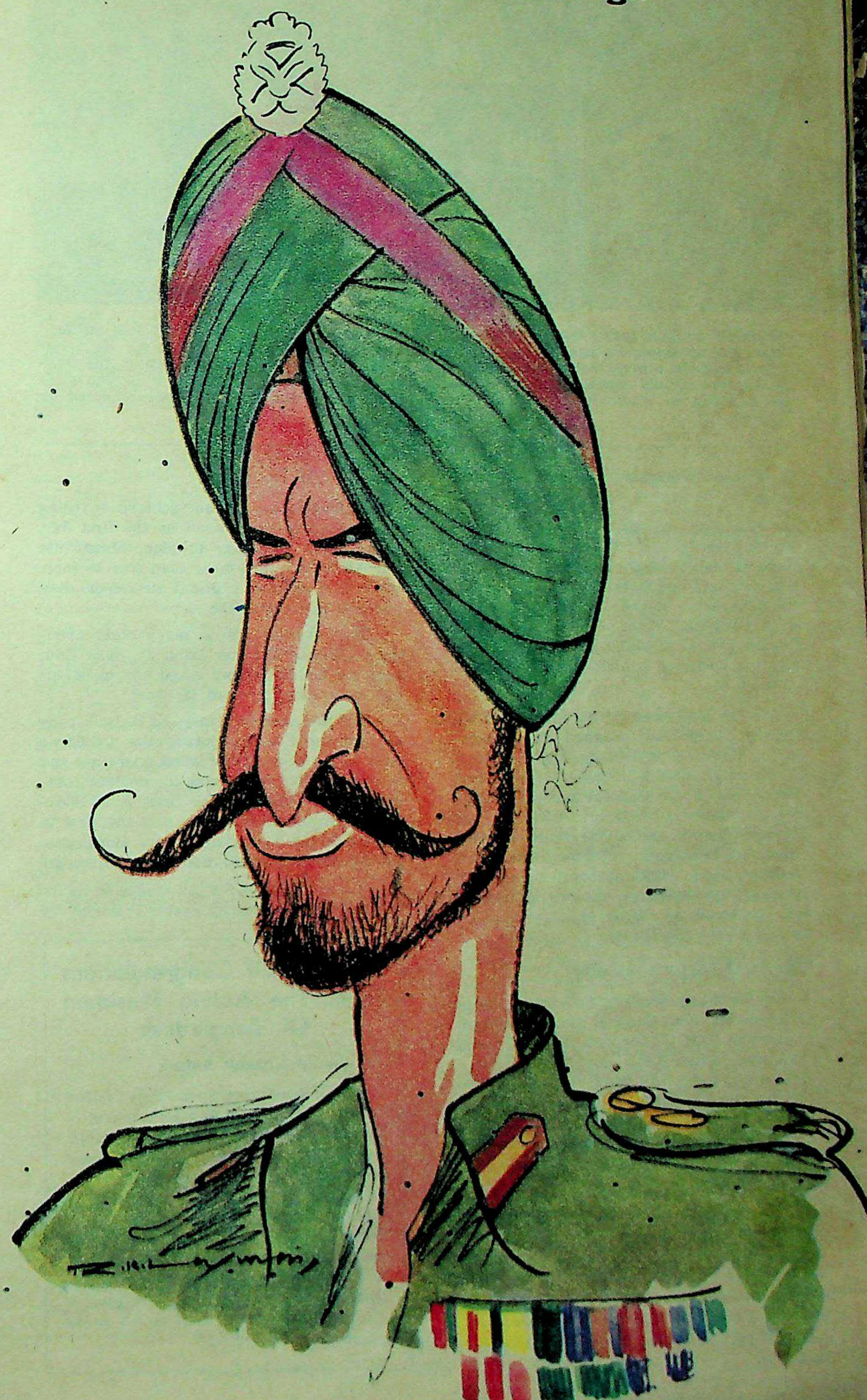
Untold Inside Story—2

The Fall Of Dacca

by Lt Gen Jagjit Singh Aurora as told to Khushwant Singh

President Yahya Khan declared war on India on December 3, 1971, by bombing our airfields. Next day the Indian Army, Navy and Air Force went into action. General Aurora explains how within 12 days he and his men brought a well-equipped modern army of 90,000 men to its knees. After the surrender, his adversary, General Niazi, asked him, "Did I fight well?"



WE were now at war with Pakistan. Having talked to the Prime Minister (since she was in Calcutta) I returned to my office in Fort William. My Chief of Staff General Jacob had got a bottle of Black Dog from the mess. The whisky was passed round the table to the staff officers and advisers present. We raised our glasses and drank a toast to victory in Bangladesh. I also proposed a toast to Yahya Khan for starting the war exactly at the time most suitable to us. We got down to business. The first thing I did was to send the Order of the Day to the troops under my command.

The Attack Begins

I rang up my field commanders and checked on their readiness. I stressed the need for speed and told them that I expected them to be attacking the enemy with full fury by the next morning.

I returned home, shifted my bed to my study where I had a large map of Bangladesh and a telephone and slept soundly till dawn.

Early next morning (December 4) I checked the movements undertaken by the field commanders and after a quick breakfast went to Fort William for a staff conference. After issuing the necessary instructions for the day, I went to the office of my Chief Press Liaison Officer for a Press briefing.

Over 200 foreign and Indian journalists were present. At their request I first made a statement explaining how the war had been forced on India and why my country had decided to help the people of Bangladesh to liberate their country.

I told them that my main aim was to get the Pakistani army in Bangladesh to surrender as quickly as possible. I had set in motion several thrusts from all directions. But I could not tell them how I intended to go about the task. I also refused to answer questions on the role of the Mukti Bahini. I promised to permit the accredited war correspondents to go forward with our advancing troops.

I spent most of the first day of the war in the Operations Room receiving reports

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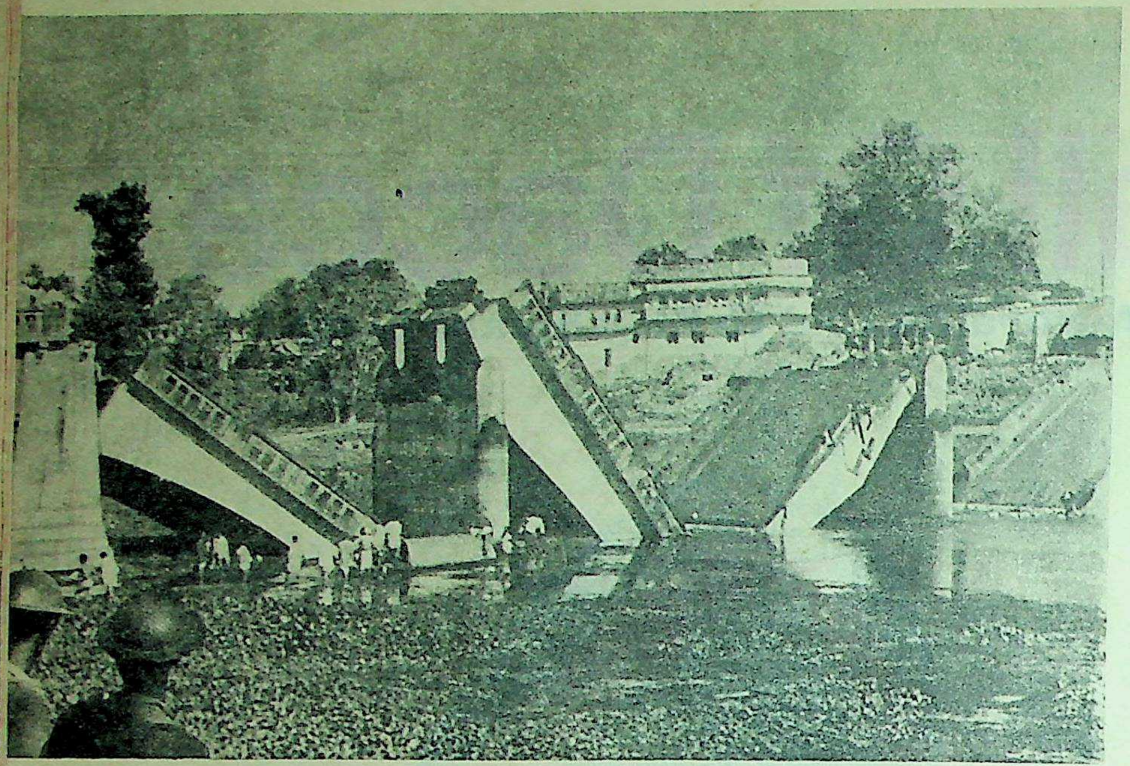

JESSORE FALLS. Indian troops arrive on the outskirts of the most important Pak military base. The retreating Pakistani forces blew up bridges as they fled. For the first two days, our efforts to make a breakthrough in Jessore met stubborn and determined opposition. The Pakistanis were deeply entrenched and inflicted heavy casualties on us. Brigadier J. S. Gharaya's leg was shot up. However he continued to direct the attack and the town was occupied by December 7.

from field commanders on how things were going.

Our first success was on the Eastern Sector where IV Corps under Lieut General Sagat Singh had advanced from Agartala and had isolated Akhaura (a vital communication centre), three miles inside East Pakistan. Major General Gonsalves, Commander, 57 Mountain Division, was leading this operation against the Pakistani 14 Division.

In the south-west, II Corps under Lieut General Raina had launched an offensive against Jessore and Jhenida. Major General Dalbir Singh, GOC 9 Division, was attacking Jessore and Major General Mahinder Singh Brar commanding the famous 4 Division had already liberated Jiban Nagar and had engaged the Pakistanis at Darsana. The Pak 9 Division under Major General Ansari was resisting the attack on Jessore stubbornly but appeared to have been unbalanced by our 4 Division thrust.

Our First Major Casualty

In the North-Western Sector, the Corps Commander, Lieut General Thapan, informed me that GOC 20 Division, Major General Lachhman Singh Lehl, was engaged in a regular dog-fight with the Pakistani 16 Division for the liberation of Hilli. However, in the north our 71 Mountain Brigade under Brigadier Kathpalia had wrested Pachagarh from the Pakistanis and was advancing towards Dinajpur.

Our first major casualty was in the Central Sector where Major General Gurbaksh Singh commanding this Sector sustained a serious leg injury when his jeep ran over a Pakistani mine after our troops had secured Kamalpur. Brigadier Hardev Kler however was continuing the advance towards Jamalpur.

Master Of The Skies

Although we did not achieve anything spectacular on the ground on the first day, things went according to plan. Meanwhile our Air Force were more than true to their word. In a series of brilliant air actions they assumed mastery of the skies.

That evening (as on many other evenings) Defence Minister Babu Jagjivan Ram rang me up. He seldom asked any questions but always had a word of cheer.

The Defence Secretary, K. B. Lall, rang me up three times during the twelve days to get news of the latest operation and to congratulate me. I was in constant communication with General (now Field Marshal) Sam Manekshaw. He was the first to call me in the early hours every morning to get details of the progress of the campaign.

It will be easier for the reader to follow the campaign Sector by Sector than day by day. I will, therefore, take him with me to our troops at the front.

Message Of Congratulations From The Acting President Of Bangladesh

For Lt General Aurora

"His Excellency Syed Nazrul Islam, Acting President of the Government of the People's Republic of Bangladesh, has asked me to convey his warmest felicitations to all ranks of Indian Armed Forces for their magnificent performance. On behalf of the People of Bangladesh he expresses their sympathy and appreciation for those who have been killed and wounded while fighting for Bangladesh. Grateful if this message is conveyed to all ranks under your command."

THE SOUTH-WESTERN SECTOR

II Corps under Lt General Raina was responsible for the Sector. 9 Division under Major General Dalbir Singh was to capture Jessore and Khulna while 4 Division under Major General M. S. Brar was to capture Jhenida and Magura and advance to Faridpur.

Our initial plan was to attack Jessore from the north and the south, but as a result of the Bayara operations (21-23 November 1971) the 9 Division had to be committed in that Sector. This had given the Pak Commander time to reorganise his defence. Consequently, for the first two days, our efforts to make a breakthrough met stubborn and determined opposition. The Pakistanis were deeply entrenched and inflicted casualties on us. Brigadier J. S. Gharaya's leg was shot up. However on December 6 the Brigadier personally directed an attack from the north-west and achieved a breakthrough. He was seriously wounded but we had outflanked the enemy's northern defences and the town was occupied by the 7th.

The Pakistanis divided their retreating force, some pulling back to Khulna and others to Faridpur. Our troops chasing them to Khulna were slowed down by the narrowness of the road along which the Pakistanis had raised many blocks. We could not get off the road because of the river on one side and a swamp on the other. The slow advance continued till we contacted the main defences on December 11. **After this the operation for the capture of Khulna turned into a hard "slogging match" and our progress was slow and costly.**

Jhenida Captured

After taking Darsana and Chandpur on the 5th we changed our plan of going on to Kaliganj and instead made a dash to Jhenida which, being poorly defended, was taken by 4 Mountain Division on the afternoon of the 7th. This was a brilliant move carried out by Brigadier Michigan facilitating the advance to Magura which we took next day, and a day later (9th) the Division was on the banks of the Madhumati.

We were anxious to take Kushtia and, if possible, secure Hardinge Bridge (rail) intact. In our keenness we lost five tanks as our vanguard was mauled by the Pakistanis at Kushtia. It was on the 12th that we were able to reach this bridge—only to discover that the Pakistanis had destroyed the last two spans and had pulled out north towards Pabna. They had left behind most of their equipment and heavy vehicles. One of their tanks was abandoned on the bridge itself.

We now diverted our attention towards Faridpur. On the night of December 14/15 two brigades crossed the river Madhumati which had a water gap of over 1,300 feet by country-boats and dealt with the enemy on the other side by a pincer movement. **All enemy efforts to break out were foiled and by the morning of December 15, 1971, Major General Ansari with the remnant of his forces surrendered. Within 24 hours our engineers had put a bridge across the river which was an engineering feat.**

NORTH-WESTERN SECTOR

XXXIII Corps under General Thapan was responsible for operations in this Sector.

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SECTOR

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LT GEN J. S. AURORA, GOC-in-C, Eastern Command, inspecting a guard of honour presented by Pak soldiers who surrendered in Dacca on December 16, 1971. The Mukti Bahini and the local population helped immensely in bringing the Pakistani Army to its knees within 12 days. "The crowds that gathered to witness the surrender were ready to go for General Niazi and his men," recalls Gen Aurora. "'Beast, beast,' they yelled as they saw Niazi". The Indian Army therefore decided not to disarm the Pak officers and men right away.

While 71 Mountain Brigade was to advance from north to south on to Dinajpur, 20 Mountain Division, under Major General Lachhman Singh Lehl, was to conduct the main operations of securing Bogra. The progress of 71 Mountain Brigade was rapid. Pachagarh fell on the first day, Pirganj on the next and we reached Kantanagar bridge on the Dhepa river on December 6—only to find that the Pakistanis had blown it up. After this the Brigade carried out various thrusts towards Saidpur and Dinajpur, but owing to its limited strength did not succeed in capturing either. However, it performed the task of tying up large enemy forces admirably and indirectly helped the 20 Division's operations.

20 Mountain Division opened their main thrust by attacking Hilli where we encountered very stiff and determined resistance. **The initial attack was spearheaded by 8 Guards who fought valiantly and, in spite of very heavy casaulties and repeated counter-attacks by the enemy, did not give up.**

Incidentally a few days earlier when I had visited the battalion I gave them a pep talk exhorting them to fight well and to remember that if this time we failed to achieve complete victory our own people would disdain to spit on us. **They fought indomitably. There were heavy casualties on both sides and Hilli fell to our troops on the 11th.**

Bloodiest Battles

While the battle at Hilli was raging unabated 20 Division launched its 66 Brigade through the gap between Dinajpur and Hilli on to Goraghat behind Hilli. This thrust was supplemented by 340 Brigade with the objective of securing Pirganj and then turning south to secure Palasbari, Gobindganj and Bogra. 66 Brigade met very stiff resistance at Bhaduria on the way to Goraghat. One of the bloodiest battles was fought here. It was primarily an infantry encounter fought on our side by 17 Kumaon. **We suffered 55 dead and 27 wounded while we counted 88 Pakistanis dead on the battlefield.**

Meanwhile the 340 Mountain Brigade captured Pirganj on the 7th, Palasbari on the 9th and proceeded to Gaibanda by the 10th. By this move we took the East Pakistan "waistline" and severed the north from the rest of the country. On the 11th we captured at Gobindganj a complete Pakistani battalion with three tanks and five 105 mm guns.

Pakistani resistance became disorganised. They held on to Bogra till the 15th when Brigadier J. S. Bakshi by a daring action pounced on them and took 20 officers and 500 men prisoner. He was awarded the Mahavir Chakra for bravery.

We came pretty close to capturing General Nazar Hussain Shah, commanding the 16th Pakistani Division, and one of his Brigade Commanders on December 7. Apparently he had a conference at Rangpur with his Commanders and was returning to his headquarters in a convoy of jeeps. Our men who had just crossed a river and reached the road laid a quick ambush for them but opened fire too soon. All we could get was the General's jeep and orderly with their plan of operations.

EASTERN SECTOR

IV Corps consisting of three divisions under Lt General Sagat Singh was deployed in this Sector. In the north, 8 Mountain Division under Major General Krishna Rao had the task of securing Maulvi Bazar, a communication centre, and Shamsher Nagar airfield and to isolate Sylhet. All the objectives were achieved by a series of brilliant moves and sharp offensive actions by December 10 when Sylhet was completely isolated.

TRIPURA SECTOR

The 57 Mountain Division under Major General Gonsalves had taken Akhaura on the 5th. Lt Colonel Himmat Singh made a dash and got behind the bridge on the Titas which fell intact. The opposing Pakistani 311 Infantry Brigade fell back on Sylhet. We changed our plans and decided to go to Ashuganj and on the 7th made a three-pronged attack on Brahman Baria. The Pakistanis slipped out of our trap and when we got to Ashuganj on the 9th we discovered that they had blown up the only rail bridge there and had pulled back to Bhairab Bazar on the other side of the Meghna.

Further south, the third Brigade of the Division under Brigadier Pandey crossed the river north of Comilla and with one infantry battalion and three tanks dashed upto Daudkandi river-port and occupied it by December 9 with other forces in the Mainamati fortress. En route he trapped and captured 1,500 men.

At the same time Major General Hira, who had won the Mahavir Chakra in 1965, commanding 23 Division moved from south of Comilla towards Chandpur, isolated Laksham, bypassed Lalmai Hill and went for the Chandpur ferry. It was a very good move as he captured a battalion of Pakistanis at Hajiganj and was able to get to Chandpur by December 9. Quite a few Pakistanis escaped to Mainamati.

However, by the 9th the approaches to Dacca lay open to us.

—Continued

Special Order Of The Day

Message to all ranks of Eastern Command on December 16, 1971, through General Officers Commanding from Jagjit Singh Aurora.

"I want to congratulate you for the excellent job you, your staff, the commanders and your troops have done so that the surrender of the Pakistan Armed Forces in Bangladesh was made possible today.

"I am proud of your achievements and the achievements of the troops under your command. Will you please convey my congratulations and thanks to all your Officers and Men in a special Order of the Day.

"COAS who is never lavish in his praise has asked me to convey his congratulations to you, your staff, commanders and all ranks for the excellent job they have done.

"Now that the fighting is over your new task, that is maintaining law and order and putting Bangladesh back on its feet, will be much more taxing. I know that you and your formations will carry out this new task diligently and with the same zeal as you have displayed before."

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Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

The Mainamati fortress was strongly defended with three lines of defence works and an anti-tank ditch skirting the defences all round. The Pakistanis had 4,000 troops, four tanks and a battery of artillery. We decided not to try to force it by frontal assault but encircle it. **The tactics paid dividends for on December 15 the entire force of 86 officers, 175 JCOs and 4,000 jawans surrendered to us.**

We did not give Chittagong high priority in our operations. Nevertheless Brigadier Anand Swarup, commanding a mixed force of Indian and Bangladesh troops, called "Kilo Force", liberated Feni on the 6th, took Karehat on the 8th and were on the outskirts of Chittagong on the 15th when the war ended.

DACCA

The drive from the Central Sector now under the command of Major General Gandharv Nagra (Major General Gurbux Singh had been wounded) started on December 5 and after securing Kamalpur reached the silverline Brahmaputra opposite Jamalpur on the 7th. There was no bridge on the Brahmaputra and a direct assault was possible. 1 Marathas crossed the river in country-craft upstream and surrounded the Pakistanis who were strongly entrenched on the other side. The Pakistanis fought desperately to get out of the Maratha noose. On December 11, the town was in our hands, so was most of the garrison. Only a small number were able to slip through.

Pak Morale Sags

I sent another brigade to shore up the action in this Sector and at the same time arranged a paradrop north of Tangail on the 11th. All we dropped were 700 men led by Colonel Kalwant Pannu. Fortunately for us the BBC from London announced that we had dropped 5,000 parachutists. This exaggeration broke the Pakistani morale. The parachutists went into action as soon as they were dropped and killed or captured 300 of the enemy. Colonel Pannu was awarded the Mahavir Chakra for bravery in this action. He had cleared the road to Dacca from the north.

Major General Nagra now proceeded towards the capital with full speed. After fighting a series of small actions he had reached Dacca on the 15th. His troops were the first to enter Dacca.

To reach Dacca by a small force from the north was not enough. While Gandharv Nagra was capturing Jamalpur, IV Corps had the onerous task of crossing the Meghna and putting a sizeable force across it so that Dacca could be wrested from the north and the east. I had already allotted all the helicopters to General Sagat Singh for this task. As soon as the Meghna was reached we decided to contain the Pakistanis at Bhairab Bazar and cross the river 6 miles south of it.

The first lift was organised on December 9 and, working non-stop for 18 hours, a couple of battalions with 14 helicopters and a few heavy mortars were put across the river. The Pakistanis at Bhairab did nothing to dislodge us. We followed up the helicopters by sending the rest of the brigade by country-boats and our assault-craft. On December 11 another helicopter lift was organised and more troops were flown in. By the 13th two brigades had managed to get across. We screened Bhairab Bazar and started the advance on to Dacca. By the 14th our troops crossed the Lakhya River which is immediately east of Dacca. The next day, the 15th, most of 57 Division was closing in on Dacca from the east. Meanwhile 23 Mountain Division had crossed over a brigade by boats at Daudkandi and had secured Narayanganj, the industrial complex, east of Dacca.

Role Of The Mukti Bahini

Our move to Dacca was greatly helped by the local population and the Mukti Bahini who operated river-craft, bullock-carts, cycle-rickshaws and muscle power and above all valuable information to enable us to continue our advance on to Dacca.

It is incredible that after twelve days of fighting, although the majority of Pakistani forces were still intact, we had successfully marooned them in scattered pockets at Dinajpur, Saidpur, Rangpur, Rajshahi, Pabna, Khulna, Sylhet, Bhairab Bazar, Mainamati and Chittagong. Dacca lay undefended when our troops reached there on 15 December.

Our strategy had paid off and succeeded beyond our expectations.

On the morning of the 15th, precisely at 10 a.m. I was rung up by a senior member of the Consular Corps in Calcutta and asked if I had been approached by the Pakistani Commander to discuss the terms of a ceasefire. I replied that I knew nothing about it. I immediately rang up General Manekshaw who also had no information of such a move. An hour later the same diplomat rang me up and asked me to ignore his earlier call.

At 2.30 p.m. that afternoon General Manekshaw rang me up and told me that a message from Niazi had been received and he had replied to it calling on him to surrender immediately. As a gesture we were to stop bombing Dacca till 9 a.m. next morning. Now I knew the end was near.

We got down to studying how surrenders were organised. The usual custom was for the defeated Commander to come up to the victor's headquarters and offer submission. Even General MacArthur, although he went to Japan for the purpose, ordered the Japanese Commander to come to his ship. Here the circumstances were different. I had to go to the defeated General in Dacca and accept his surrender.

The War Is Won

It was suggested that General Niazi should await my arrival at Dacca airport and sign the surrender there. I overruled this suggestion and decided that the occasion would be historic and therefore the surrender should be witnessed by as many people as possible. I chose the Ramana Race Course as the venue.

On December 16 just before 9 a.m. I received a message from Niazi requesting that the bombing halt be extended to 3 p.m. and a staff officer may be sent to Dacca to arrange the modalities of the surrender. My

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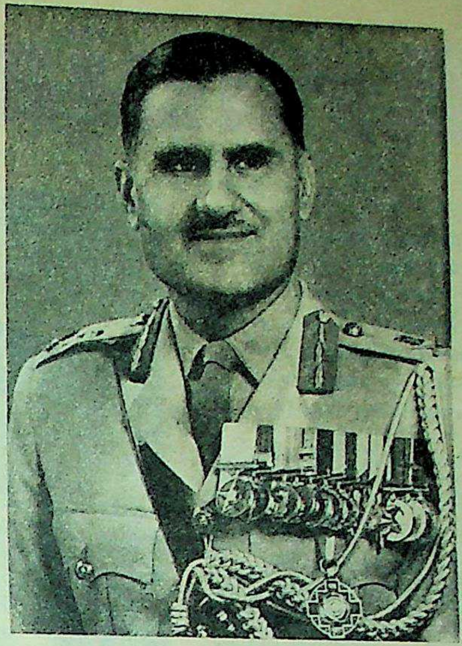
LT GEN M. L. THAPAN was responsible for operations in the North-Western Sector. Divisions under his command captured Hilli, Pirganj, Palasbari, Gaibanda and Gobindganj. He is now Vice Chief of Army Staff.



LT GEN T. N. RAINA, MVC, commanded the South-Western Sector. Jessore, Jhenida, Faridpur, Jiban Nagar, Darsana and Chandpur all fell to his troops. He was recently appointed GOC-in-C, Western Command.

LT GEN SAGAT SINGH, PVSM, was given charge of the Eastern Sector where he scored our first success with the capture of Akhaura. He was awarded the Param Vishisht Seva Medal.

staff conference was in session. I took the message to the conference and told my officers that the war had been won. I thanked them for their devotion, hard work and valuable help. I informed the COAS in Delhi who asked me to send him a draft of the terms of surrender.

We drafted the terms of surrender and telexed it to Delhi for approval. When the finally approved draft was received we had many copies made out.

I sent an officer to the bazar to get the stoutest fountain pen with the thickest nib loaded with the blackest of black inks he could find. He brought back a Shaeffer. I then sent Major General Jacob to Dacca to settle the details of the surrender.

I had some anxious moments as I did not hear of Jacob's arrival long after he was due in Dacca. I sent a message to Niazi to find out his whereabouts. His reply was reassuring: "Your Staff Officer is having lunch with us. Many salaams."

My next problem was to get to Dacca. The air-strip had been badly bombed and was unsafe for landing the smallest aircraft. However, I took my opposite numbers from the Navy and Air Force, Vice Admiral Krishnan and Air Marshal M. C. Dewan, and my wife, and a representative from the Bangladesh Forces headquarters—unfortunately the C-in-C, Colonel (now General) Osmany, was away—and flew across liberated Bangladesh to Agartala. From there we were transferred to helicopters and flew in a convoy of eleven to land at Dacca airfield soon after 4 p.m.

Joy Bangla, Joy Bharat

General Niazi, accompanied by General Jacob, awaited us at the airfield. There was an enormous crowd—amongst them dozens of pressmen. One asked me quite bluntly whether I'd had any trouble with Niazi about the issue of surrender. I replied good-humouredly that they had not given me time to exchange even a word with him.

My wife and I got into General Niazi's car with him and were driven by his chauffeur. The crowd surged to the car and thumped on the windows yelling "Beast, Beast" in English. I thought it best to let them see me instead of the Pakistani General. The mood changed at once. The crowd began to chant "Joy Bangla! Indira Gandhi Zindabad! Indian Army Zindabad! General Aurora Zindabad!"

The ceremony of surrender took place as scheduled at the Ramana Race Course in full view of a huge crowd including many ladies. My wife was told that it was after some months that a lady had dared to come out. **General Niazi read the terms of surrender and signed it. I countersigned. Then he stood up, unstrapped his revolver and handed it over to me.**

The crowd again tried to go for General Niazi. We put a cordon round him for his protection. I told him that for their own safety we would not disarm their officers and men right away. This would be done under Lt General Sagat Singh's orders and Niazi would thereafter take orders from him.

General Niazi saw us off at Dacca airport. From Agartala I talked to General

—Continued On Page 35

MAJ GEN (now Lt Gen) J. F. R. JACOB, PVSM, Chief of Staff Eastern Command, was responsible for detailed planning and execution of administrative and logistic support. He was awarded the Param Vishisht Seva Medal. He is now GOC XVI Corps.

MAJ GEN GURBAKSH SINGH, PVSM, took charge of the Central Sector. He sustained a serious leg injury when his jeep ran over a Pakistani mine after our troops had captured Kamalpur. He was awarded the Param Vishisht Seva Medal.

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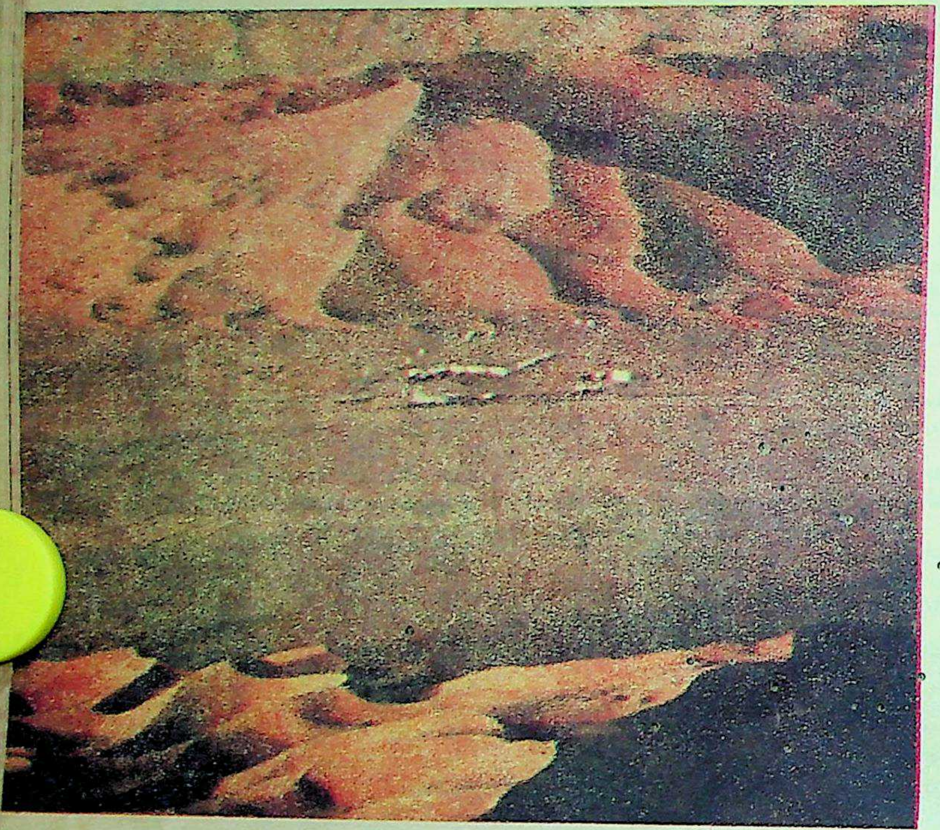
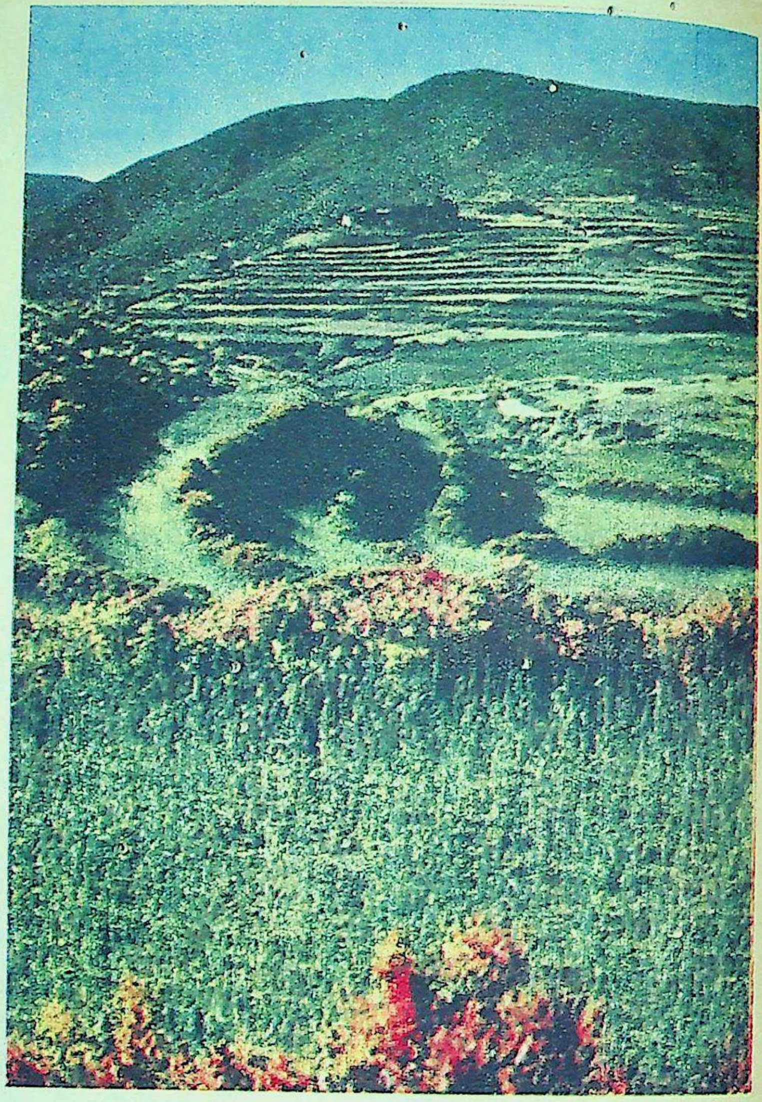
Funding: Tattva Heritage and IKS-MoE. Digitization: eGangotri.

Saudi Arabia Today

Saudi Arabia's embargo on oil against countries that ignored the Palestinian case and the U.N.'s repeated demands that Israel vacate Arab lands occupied in 1967 has created a worldwide crisis of energy and economic recession. Saudi Arabia has 4 million people. Although it observes the rigid moral laws of Islam, it is also modernising itself.



HOMELAND OF LAILA AND MAJNU. This exploration camp is in the midst of romantic desert wastes which inspired many love tales and passionate Arab poetry which through Moorish Spain influenced the medieval European ballads.



TERRACED FARMLANDS IN THE SOUTH-WEST. Agriculture and animal husbandry are important occupations. Goverment provides free agricultural services, free drilling of water, cheap credit and has launched extensive water desalinsation projects.

THE road to Riyadh, the Saudi capital, could well be the road to Eternity. 500 odd kilometres long, this ribbon of smooth, shining asphalt, laid on the flat chest of a barren and unkind desert, links Dhahran, the headquarters of the Arabian American Oil Company, near the Arabian Gulf, to Riyadh, the royal capital of Saudi Arabia, in the heart of the Inner Desert.

It is a lonely road: lonely, interminable, monotonous. There is hardly anything to break the monotony as you start from Dhahran in the tiny hours of early dawn—the time to choose if you hope to reach Riyadh for a quick wash-up before lunch, provided your automobile suffers no mechanical breakdown. Only the huge orange glows, where unclean gases from gas and oil separator plants (known generally as GOSP in the oil industry linge), are burnt in an endless flare, dot the horizon with a kind of synthetic dawn.

Nearby, atop the complicated criss-cross of a web of pipes, appear, like bloated ghosts, the dim contours of steel domes. These are the tanks in which crude oil is stored before it is siphoned off through hundreds of miles of pipeline to the refinery at Ras Tanura, on the Arabian Gulf coast. These GOSPs sit on perhaps the most productive oil lake in the world: the famous Ghawar field of Eastern Saudi Arabia.

As we drive past the domes of the GOSPs, a sudden expectancy fills the air. There is no dawn chorus of birds or crickets, nor crowing of cocks to herald the day. Apart from the hum of the engine and the whirr of tyres everything is hushed, peaceful, benumbed by the chilling nothingness which fills space. Slowly, imperceptibly, the dawn breaks. Streaks of gold and orange appear on the eastern horizon, creeping up until the sky is flushed with a mellowing richness of gold and crimson. Never is sunrise full of such glory and splendour, you decide impulsively, as in a desert. No wonder poets have been inspired by it and writers have enshrined its enchantment in glittering prose.

The desert now gradually comes to sight: its vastness, its emptiness canopied by a clear, turquoise sky with only a few feathery clouds besmearing its innocence. The surface of the land itself gives incentive to your imagination. Now it is the rugged chest of a man lying on his back, spotted by stunted copses and camel thorn. These valiant bushes brave the scorching summer sun, the lashing winter wind and blistering cold. They wait for the rain, which comes only for a rare spell lasting no more than a day or two.

Beduin Encampent

When the rain does come down, the desert enlivens. Patches of green grass, bush and thorn sprout up and the desert is filled with tiny flowery vegetation. The wandering Beduin rushes to collect truffles, a desert delicacy, which he will sell to the rich traders and emirs of the townships. Droves of camels and sheep appear as though from nowhere, to graze and fill a whole area with life and hope. Stretches of camel-hair tents line the foot of the dunes. Here and there tiny shepherdesses goad the camels with a date-palm cudgel, while noisy dogs bark an erring ram back to its flock. With the steady encroachment of modernity such pastoral scenes are becoming fewer and far between.

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by SHARF MUKADDAM

The sun has already begun its upward journey. We pause for a roadside breakfast beside a GOSP. The silver of the dome-like tank blinks prosperously against the sun. A howling cold wind is fanning the nearby row of flames into tongues of varied shape and size. The entire spectacle appears incongruous, strange and foreign, like our breakfast, which is an assortment of commodities imported from world markets: eggs from Australia, bananas from Somalia, bread from USA:, coffee from Denmark. "We produce nothing, everything has to be imported," laments the driver sulkily, as though he had read my thoughts. "Our cars, clothes, our electrical appliances, our food...everything." As a diversion he clicks the car radio on.

"That isn't exactly true," I protest. "Your Government has given enough incentive to public enterprise. Why, industries are mushrooming in towns where none existed. The fertiliser plant in Al-Khobar, near Dhahran, the glass factory, the...the..." I trail off as the radio yelps. "As for food, a local dairy has started in Al-Khobar and poultry farming has already made its appearance. Besides, with your oil exports you can afford to import anything. Perhaps it's cheaper that way than to go into expensive production of commodities you need."

"THAT'S true," he comments after a reflective pause, his long fingers keeping time on the wheel with the melodious bursts of notes of Umm Kulsum's song. "Riyadh is about three Umm Kulsum songs away. She'll still be singing by the time we reach the gates of the city," he concludes admiringly.

"How do you stand such a strenuous singing session?" I hazard delicately.

"Strenuous?" he replies in a shocked tone. "I feel like breaking the radio to bits when the announcer says 'finish'." I couldn't agree more. I had witnessed, in a Beirut charity show, how she had hypnotised a whole audience to hysterics. They threw flowers at her; they stood up in frenzy and offered her their eyes—the supreme gift in an Arab land. They whistled and yelled and shrieked and swore their life was hers for the asking. "Just sing that couplet again, just repeat that line... O Nightingale of the East!" Even a foreigner cannot help being affected by the haunting depth of Umm Kulsum's rendering.

Umm Kulsum, who as a young girl started out reciting verses from the Quran outside a mosque in Cairo, is easily the richest woman in the Arab world and perhaps among the wealthiest in the world. As for popularity, only the late Nasser could surpass her. Now on the wrong side of fifty, formidable and given to fat, the moment she starts a song the entire Arab world from Tangier to Oman and Algiers to Aden freezes to attentiveness. In palaces and Beduin tents, air-cooled restaurants and arid wastes, on rooftops of summer villas and in dhows rocking on the humid Arabian Gulf waters, people cluster round transistors, television sets, savouring the rich, magical melody of the Nightingale of the East.

I toss the paper cup away to the twittering group of sand sparrows which have

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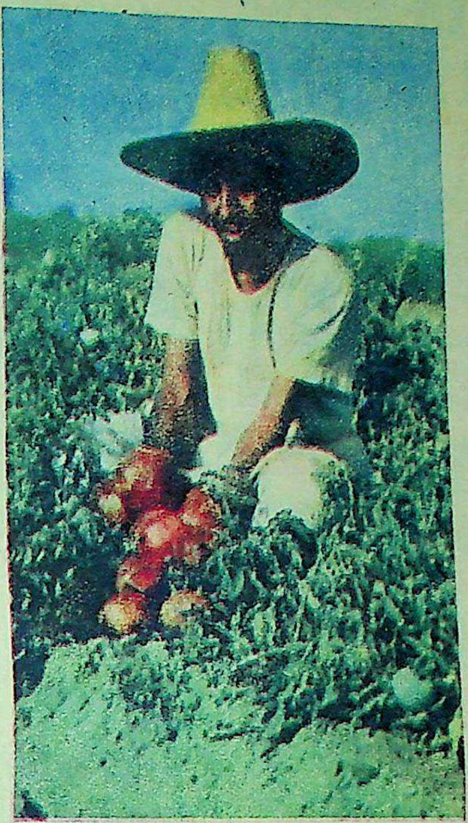
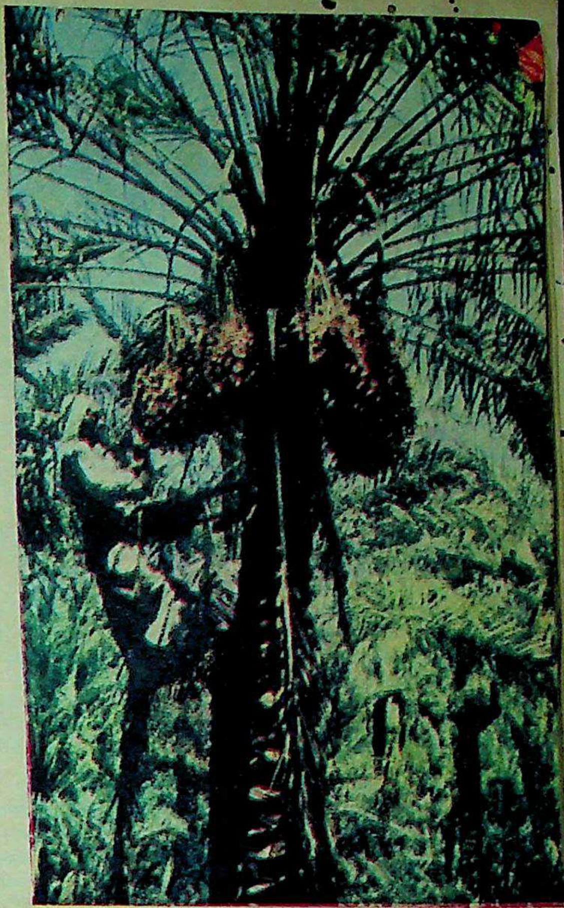


SAUDI FARMER IN ASIR PROVINCE. The other three provinces are Hejaz (where the holy cities of Mecca and Medina are situated), Nejd and the Eastern Province.



DATE-PALM HARVESTING IN QATIF. Saudi Arabia is a major producer of dates. Before the discovery of oil it was a poor country dependent mostly on Haj revenue.

BEDUIN ENCAMPMENT. The desert people followed their flocks in search of pasture. Most of them have now been settled. One must travel into the interior to find an encampment. Their women have always enjoyed greater freedom and shared the responsibilities with their men.

RIYADH, THE ADMINISTRATIVE CAPITAL OF SAUDI ARABIA, is a fast developing modern city. Jeddah is the diplomatic capital. It has no night life and has a strictly puritan atmosphere. Saudi Arabia provides lucrative employment to many Indians.

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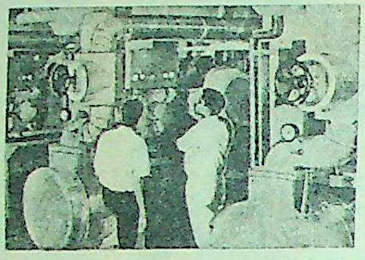

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gathered to peck away at the remnants of our breakfast. The road now enters into what seems to be the most barren region: the Dahana Desert and, beyond it, the limitless folds of the Ruba-al-Khali, or the Empty Quarter, an endless expanse of sand which runs right down to the rim of the Arabian Sea. The Dahana Desert is vast and harsh and empty. And yet how much history is crammed in its far-reaching confines! It was here, across these very creases of dunes, that some sixty-eight years ago a young prince had emerged from his restless exile in Kuwait to gallop his determined way towards Riyadh.

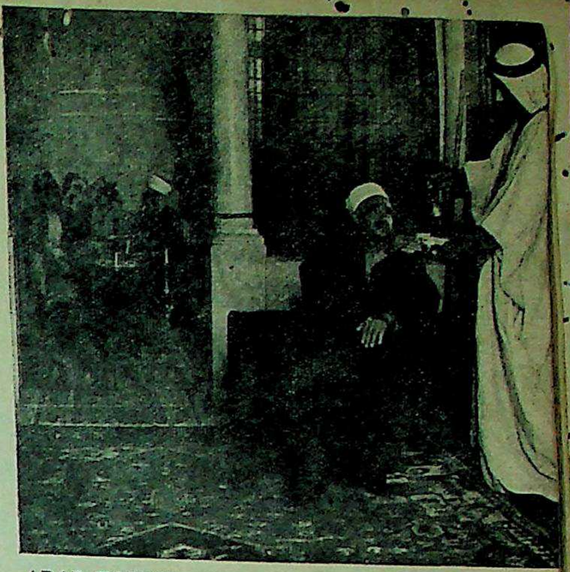
The young exile was Abdul Aziz II Ibn Saud, the founder of modern Saudi Arabia. Full of fire and spunk, the stout-hearted prince, a penniless pauper, had collected forty swaggering followers to ride across the Dahana and to storm into the palace at Riyadh. Slaying Ajlan, the Governor of Riyadh, Ibn Saud set out to establish his suzerainty over the land. Never in the history of mankind had so few conquered so vast a land.

It was across this ocean of sand that he had come down riding on the fertile oasis of Al-Hasa. It was over these sand mountains that he had fought many a pitched battle to conquer the many Beduin tribes who had refused to accept him as their ruler. For the Beduin will heed no hollow show of strength except by personal example. To him the only strength and personality of the man is law.

Inspired by the firm belief that God had entrusted him the sacred task of unifying the Arabs and to further the cause of Islam, Ibn Saud had set out to tame the wily Beduin into a law-abiding citizen; to unite the many warring tribes into one nation, solidly behind him.

Umm Kulsum has obviously entered into the intoxicating phase of her song. She pauses on every word, repeating it, singing it in a plaintive whirl. The wailing of the violin and the strumming of the *oud* heighten her rich, resonant plaints. "Ya Koukab-us-Sharq! (O Nightingale of the East!) Ya Hayati! (O my very life)," the driver cries out unrestrainedly. A fleet of giant fifty-five-ton lorries, filled to bursting capacity with crates of fruit and vegetables from Beirut and Amman, grunt their angry way from the opposite direction. Most of these monsters are Mercedeses, grey in colour, fancy couplets in Arabic expounding freaks of philosophy painted on their rear.

Much blood has spilled over these dunes. Tribal feuding was the order of the day during Ibn Saud's time. The Beduin is a nomadic, restless creature. To him fighting was life. Looting, raiding, pillaging was his principal occupation, his only means of income. With his intimate knowledge of the



ARAB HOSPITALITY AT A RADIO STATION thirty years ago. Today the Arabs operate a network of radio and TV. These media are ideally suited to Arab rhetoric.

Beduin, Ibn Saud cajoled these people into giving up their old ways. He punished the lecher, the thief and the law-breaker with an iron hand. He ruled by the word of the Quran with justice and exemplary punishment. A hand lopped off for stealing, an erring couple stoned for adultery (a punishment which goes back to Biblical times, and the phrase "who will cast the first stone?") a killer beheaded in public. With such sternness did he enforce the law that none dared raid the many pilgrim caravans which crossed the desert during the Haj season. Today, shopkeepers leave their shops unlocked during a prayer break and still find their wares untouched. Cheating, pick-pocketing, stealing are virtually extinct and adultery all but unknown.

The Saudi Regime

Conquering the Nejd, heart of the desert territory, he wrenched the Hejaz from Hussein, Sherif of Mecca; captured Mecca and Medina. He brought the once-powerful Turkish Sultan to his knees and contained Emir Abdullah of Transjordania (modern Jordan) and King Feisal of Iraq, and played politics with the British until he was sure the British lion suffered a tooth-ache trying to bite off Ibn Saud's territory. He had indeed fulfilled the dream of his life: he had unified the Arabian peninsula and brought law and order to the land, and a strict adherence to the word of the Quran. Few instances matching his feats can be found in the annals of history. To rope down the turbulent Beduin into a settled entity is in itself a unique achievement.

The great Dahana Desert now presents itself in all its glorious harshness: wave upon wave of sand dunes of staggering proportions. The average thickness of a dune might reach one hundred feet. The larger ones reach a diameter of half a mile, yet the lashing winds may build up a dune here, efface one from there and the desert changes its surface as constantly as the wind changes its direction. Laying a road through such difficult region is in itself a marvel of engineering; to guard it the year round against the encroaching claws of the desert is a maintenance crew's nightmare. Only men used to the arduous desert life can do it.

The Beduin is a lean, leathery, hardy wanderer. His passion for freedom and the

—Continued

"THE INCENSE OF ARABY"

Arabia is the cradle of the Semitic races and is called the land of Prophets. Once it served as the trade route between the West and the East. The earliest Arab kingdom was that of Saba, once ruled over by Queen Bilqis who married the prophet-king Sulaiman (10th century B.C.). Northern Arabia was influenced by Syrio-Greek culture. The Roman Emperor Philip (244-249 A.D.) was a northern Arab. The Arabian kingdom of Palmyra was governed by the famous queen Zainab (Zenobia) who was defeated by the Romans in 273 A.D. Arabic is a sister language of Hebrew. The deity's Arabic name Allah is of the same root as Hebrew Eloi, El and Elohi (from which are derived such common Christian names as Elizabeth, Elias, Elijah, etc.)

Before the birth of Mohammed in 570 A.D., a few people (Hanifs) still followed the monotheism taught by Abraham. Mohammed called his religion the Faith of Abraham. There were also some Jews and Christians. The rest of Arabia indulged in polytheism. Mohammed revolutionised Arab society.

Election of Sheikhs

The tradition of an elected tribal leader or Sheikh-in-Council acting as judge over an egalitarian society came to characterise Islam. The system is still followed by the Saudi Arabian monarchs.

The Arabs discovered Chinese paper in 751 A.D. They set up paper mills all over the Muslim world including Spain. This gave impetus to the rapid spread of the new Arab learning and civilisation. Soon the Arab centre of power shifted from Hejaz to Syria to Iraq to Egypt to Spain.

The Arab Empire fell in 1258 at the hands of the Mongols and Turks who later accepted Islam and became the dominant world power. Arabia was then governed by Egypt's Turkish Memluk Sultans of European origin. In 1517 it became a province of the Ottoman Empire.

Mohammad Abdul Wahab (1703-91) launched the movement of "back to pure Islam". He was helped by a tribal chief, Mohammed Ibn Saud. The chief's grandson Abdul Aziz captured Hejaz in 1804. At the behest of the Imperial Turkish Government, Mohammed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, subdued the Wahabi revolt. But Arab nationalism had begun. In 1902 Abdul Aziz II captured Riyadh and proclaimed himself the ruler of Nejd. In World War I the British allied themselves with the Arabs against Turkey. But after the Turkish defeat the former Ottoman provinces including Palestine were made British or French protectorates. The Arabs felt cheated: They had merely changed masters.

In 1926 Abdul Aziz II became King, and enforced Wahabi puritan rules. Saudi Arabia became the most conservative regime in a rapidly modernising Middle East.

Saudi Arabia has no written constitution except the Quran. Every citizen has direct access to the King. Before the discovery of oil the country mainly subsisted on revenue derived from the international Haj pilgrims and on the 2.5% poor tax which every Muslim man and woman must pay according to Quranic Law, but which only the Saudi Arabian Government enforces officially.

With its immense oil revenues Saudi Arabia now has ultramodern hospitals, social welfare organisations colleges and schools. Women are still in purdah but over one lakh girls are attending 260 schools.

There are modern universities at Mecca and Riyadh and also a College of Petroleum and Minerals. A large number of Indian engineers, doctors and teachers are employed in Saudi Arabia.

R. J.

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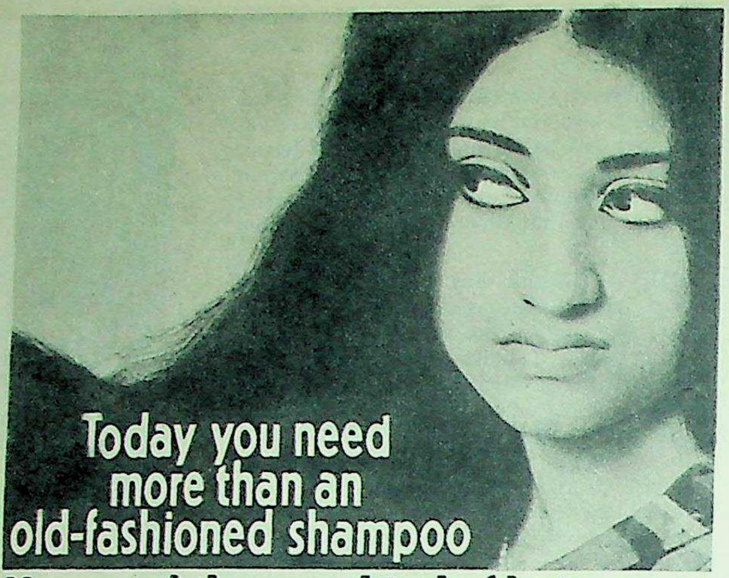

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open air outdoor life is next only to his religious zeal. Tall and lanky, he enjoys good health and is known to be impervious to fatigue. Proud and upright, he disdains manual work and is generally suspicious of the city-dweller. His excellent health is something of an enigma to the health expert, especially when one considers that the Beduin subsits on nothing more than a handful of dates, camel's milk and cardamom-flavoured coffee, which he relishes immensely. His ability to find his way across the desert, his knowledge of the desert itself has to be seen to be believed. An expert in the field will tell from a foot-print if the traveller was a man or a woman, lean or stout, young or old. Even now the Saudi Ministry of the Interior frequently employs Beduin scouts to track down a fugitive or identify a theif from the foot-print.

The empty space before us suddenly gives way to some greenery. A minor oasis boasting no more perhaps than a water-hole or two glimmers in the distance. A brisk wind has started and swirls of dust rise skywards to momentarily conceal the cluster of squat plywood-and-tin shacks. Umm Kulsum's pangs of love have to be throttled down abruptly: the check post of Khurais, half way to Riyadh, is already near.

We pull up in front of a khaki canvas tent, its sides flapping in the strong wind. We show travel papers. The guard scans the documents with a set face, then peremptorily bids us to proceed. We pass by the concrete building of the Red Crescent Organisation—Saudi Arabia's counterpart of the Red Cross Society. It bears generous testimony to the Government's many projects for public welfare. Housed in the handsome building are a clinic and emergency hospital with facilities for sick and injured travellers. A fleet of American-made ambulances stands at the porch in elegant readiness.

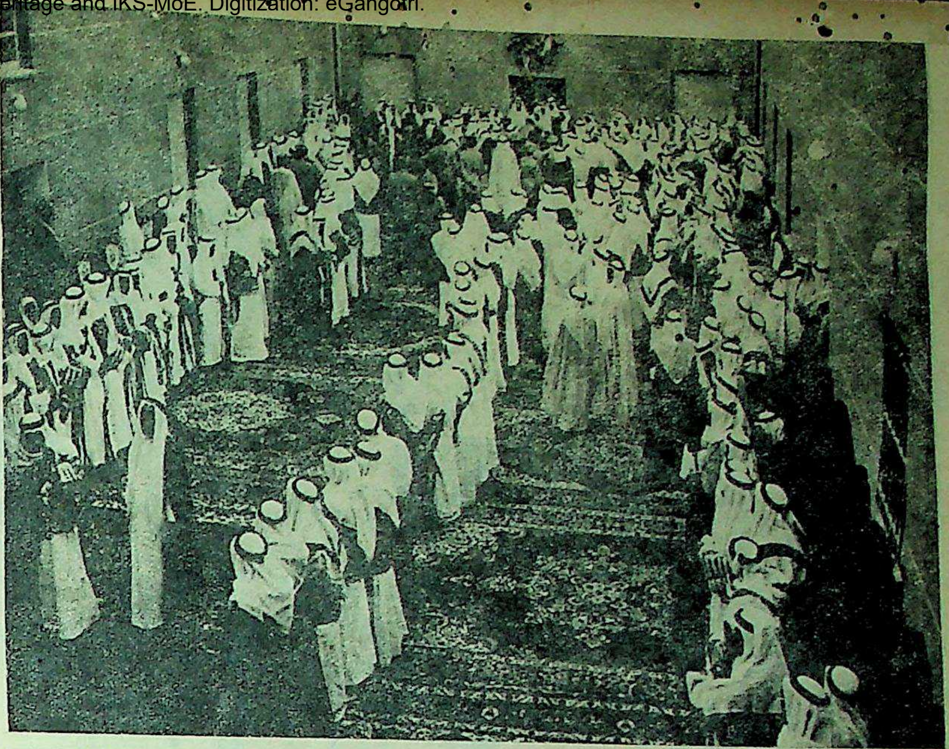
Coffee Break

Umm Kulsum must have struck a popular note of her next song: a crash of applause drowns the background music. The driver steers the car to the right and parks it on a rectangular apron on the shoulder of the road. (These paved aprons, a unique feature of the Riyadh road, where a car may pause, out of the mainstream of traffic, for repairs or for the occupants for a rest or snacks, are located every five kilometres.) We enjoy a coffee break. A huge sand dune rises like a giant scimitar. "Looks like some animals are living nearby" I remark, looking at a trail of droppings.

"Don't think the desert is all emptiness," the knowledgeable driver obliges. "There are any number of lizards and vipers, like the Wural and the Dubb. And the desert rats. The Beduin especially loves the Dubb as a delicacy. But the Wural is a poisonous lizard. Actually it is half lizard, half snake, with a body of a crocodile and the head of a serpent."

Yes, it is indeed a living desert. Reptiles like the horned viper, which is very poisonous, and the *suliman*, the harmless grey snake, are common inhabitants of the Dahana. Even birds like desert larks, ravens, buzzards, hawks and bustards find the Dahana Desert an agreeable land to live in.

"Have you ever tasted fried locusts?" the driver's unexpected query causes a coffee-spill on my shirtfront. "They're so delicious, tasting more like fried egg-plant."



KING SAUD IBN ABDUL AZIZ dispensing justice in the ancient Arab tribal manner. Every Saudi citizen has free access to the monarch in the tradition made famous by Caliph Haroun El Rashid of The Arabian Nights. King Saud succeeded Abdul Aziz II in 1953 and abdicated in 1964 in favour of his younger brother, the present King Feisal.

I start an exaggerated tattoo on the dashboard to Umm Kulsum's descant.

The Dahana Desert is also a favourite breeding place for locusts. For centuries dense locust armies have risen from these desert wastelands on their devastating flight across the Arabian Desert to invade and obliterate green fields in Iran, Afghanistan and as far as the southern tip of the Indian subcontinent. Efforts to exterminate this live menace to agriculture have not borne much fruit, certainly not those of the FAO missions. For once they could rarely locate the exact positions of the breeding grounds. The only guides who could help locate them were the Beduin. But they simply refused. "They considered us meddlesome interlopers," Dr Kohli, the Indian leader of the mission, once complained. "The famed Beduin hospitality was instantly denied to us the moment they realised we were locust-killers." In recent years, however, the Saudi Government has achieved a measure of success in waging a chemical war against this pest.

The Beduin's hostility to locust-extermination is understandable. For, despite the twitch the prospect of a locust dinner would cause to a city-dweller's civilised nose, renowned agronomists consider that insect as an excellent article of food. To the desert-dweller it supplies the necessary substitute for vegetables. Locusts also form excellent feed for camels and horses and the sleek *saluki*, the desert thoroughbred, loves to snap after them all day long.

We end the little roadside session of refreshments. The wailing violins are warming up Umm Kulsum up for the next number. The *qanoon* strums up tingling, expectant notes. We take to the road again.

"We're nearing the desert in the vicinity of Riyadh," the driver announces, becoming somewhat alert and set.

The desert we enter now has a rich, reddish hue supporting stubs of harsh green vegetation. Suddenly, across the bend, a file of sturdy camels comes to view. We stir in our seats, gather our gear. With a sudden complaint from the tyres the car grinds to a halt. We get down gingerly. The camels are huge specimens, dark brown in colour. They crane their long, curving necks disdainfully away from the eager photographers' shining contraptions. They take to a brisk trot, kicking up clouds of dust. "Maybe they're afraid of the foreigner. After all it's only recently that they're seeing your kind," the driver says.

"Don't forget it's your modern vehicle which is putting the camel out of use."

"As long as there's desert there'll be camel." He flashed a grin full of gold-filled teeth. "The Beduin is rightly called the parasite of the camel, for without this hardy 'ship of the desert' the desert-dweller will perish. The camel is the nomad's transport, his food. The Beduin drinks its milk, eats its flesh, weaves its hair for winter clothing and for tents, uses its dung as fuel. Even now camels are given as a bride's dowry..."

The ability of the camel to go without water for as many as two weeks makes it the most ideal transport animal in the desert. The camel's stomach has three parts. It has a capacity to store over sixty gallons of water and food juices. Beduin, threatened with death by thirst in the desert, kill the camel and tap the desert-tank inside its belly. "Modern vehicles will never be able to push the camel out of the desert," the driver maintains emphatically. As a mild consolation, he increases the volume of the radio. Umm Kulsum's full-throated melody drowns any likely argument.

The wind has by now gained in intensity. A long line of cars passes by towards destinations west of Riyadh. A pair of ravens swoop on some unseen offal in the distance. The desert is thickly spotted with thorns and cactus-like bush. Steep needles of television towers and a network of radar installations suddenly shows up in the distance. The driver clicks off Umm Kulsum's mellifluous singing, explaining that the guards at the city gates consider music bad taste.

We enter the puritanical capital of Saudi Arabia.

Colour photographs: courtesy, Z. A. Amin and ARAMCO

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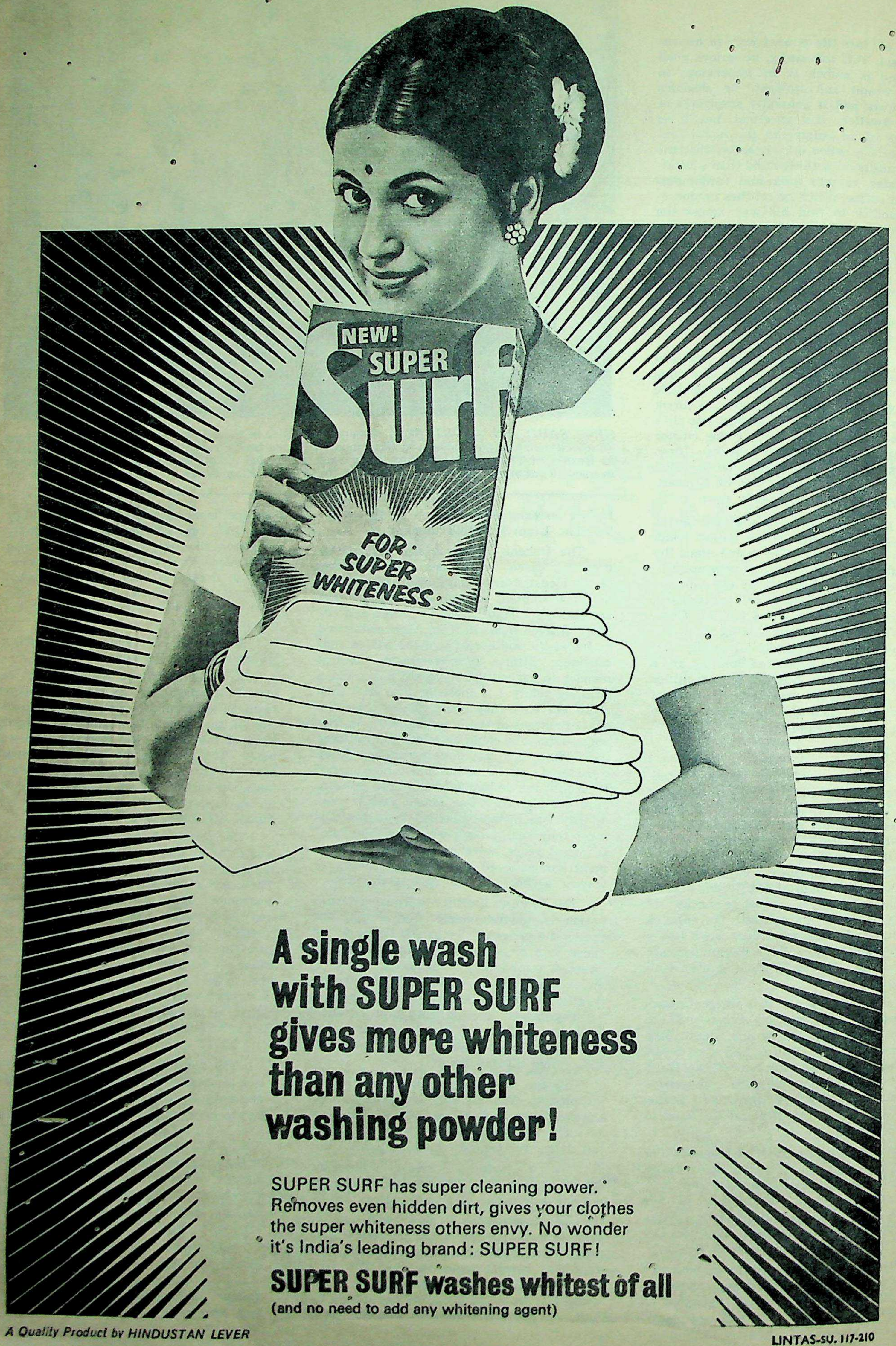

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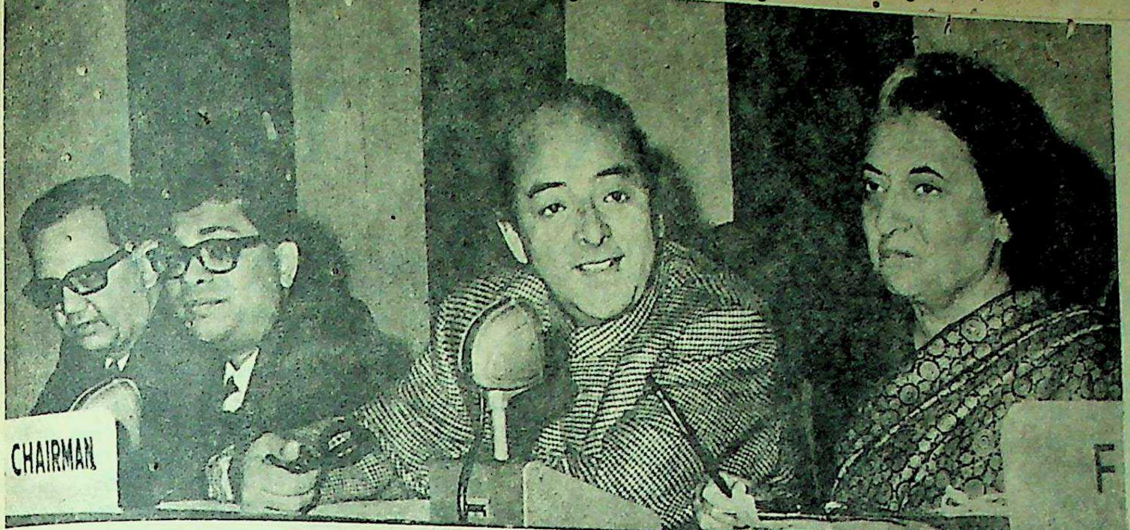


WHAT GROWTH RATE SHALL I PUT IN? *The Chief Ministers endorsed the Rs 53,411-crore Fifth Plan, with minor reservations, at a two-day meeting of the National Development Council held in New Delhi. The Prime Minister called for "faith in ourselves" while attacking critics of the Plan. Mr D. P. Dhar, Planning Minister, admitted the possibility of inflation subverting the planned increase in investments. Above: Dr B. S. Minhas resigned from the Planning Commission one day before the NDC met, because he felt that the PM had "ignored" a note of dissent by him in which he had suggested that the figures incorporated in the Plan draft had been "dishonestly doctored", making them "wildly unrealistic".*

IN THE NEWS

DELHI MURDER

—B. S. Gosain

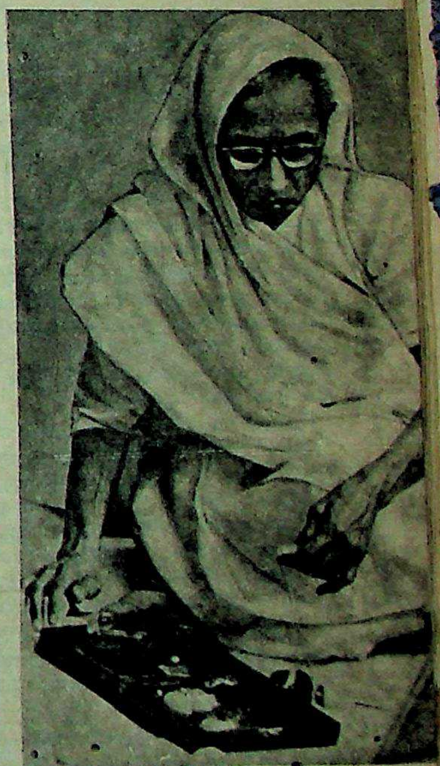
CHANDRESH SHARMA, 36 (above, with face covered)—*the other woman. Described as meek and self-effacing by her neighbours in the bazar, she is of humbler origin than the Jains. Her husband, a clerk, died suddenly, leaving her with a son—now 14 years old. She was employed by Dr Jain as his secretary but was sacked by Mrs Jain. She became the doctor's mistress. "We are both born under the sign of Saturn and should make an ideal couple," she is reported to have said.*

—B. S. Gosain

Dr **NARENDRA SINGH JAIN** *(54), the only son of a family with six daughters of a Professor in Banaras Hindu University. Young Narendra was educated on stipends granted by wealthy Jain patrons. He amassed the largest optical practice in Delhi and was very popular with his patients. Gentle, soft-spoken and with a repertoire of Urdu poetry which he quoted with effect on female clientele, he is said to have admitted to liaisons with several women but rated widow Chandresh Sharma as the best lover.*

VIDYA JAIN, 45 (below)—*vivacious, attractive and somewhat of a flirt. The Jains who gave the appearance of a happily married couple were said to have indulged in extra-marital affairs—the latest before her murder being an architect and a building contractor. The Jains' two sons were educated in Delhi's prestigious Modern School. Her body bore 14 stab wounds and a broken arm. The post-mortem revealed that the arm had been fractured after she was dead.*

—N. K. Doval



NO YARN, THIS. Miss Maniben Patel (Congress O), daughter of Sardar Patel, defeated her nearest rival, Mr Shantubai Patel (Congress), by almost 14,000 votes in the by-election to the Lok Sabha from the Sabarkantha constituency, Gujarat. Mr Morarji Desai has interpreted the victory as expressive of the people's "widespread anger" against rising prices. He has predicted that the Congress will lose in the forthcoming elections in UP.

117-210

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With Rajaji in New York

In 1962, when he was 84 years old, Rajaji who, till then, had never left the shores of India, went to New York to plead with President Kennedy for a ban on nuclear tests. That was the first time that the author, as his host, was "exposed" to the irrepressible octogenarian. Rajaji's 95th birth anniversary was celebrated recently.

by K. NATWAR SINGH

I RECALL Rajaji's affection and many kindnesses with no ordinary warmth of feeling. He was in his 85th year when I first met him in New York. He was leading the Gandhi Peace Foundation delegation to press for a total ban on nuclear tests. The other members were Mr B. Shiva Rao and Mr R. R. Diwakar. The combined ages of the three added up to an impressive 223 years. Being young and irreverent I thought: "Fancy sending three stretcher cases to meet President Kennedy." But this was before I was exposed to Rajaji and his phenomenal energy.

He arrived in New York on a cool autumn afternoon in October, 1962. Rajaji's political relations with Pandit Nehru at the time were strained but their personal relationship remained unimpaired. The P.M. had instructed the concerned Embassies to extend all facilities to Rajaji.

In New York, Ambassador B. N. Chakravarti (now Governor of Haryana) should have been his host but he had recently taken up his assignment and was living in a hotel. I was asked if I could put up Rajaji in my apartment. This I willingly agreed to do and Rajaji, Shri Diwakar and Rajaji's personal physician, spent nearly a week at 404 East 66th Street.

This was the great man's first ever visit outside India. I was curious to see how this sage of the Old World would cope with the pace and *mores* of the New World. He arrived wearing a woollen brown achkan and to my great surprise woollen *trousers*. But the trousers he discarded the next day. He found them too uncomfortable.

Another member of the Embassy had kindly agreed to cook South Indian food for Rajaji in my kitchen. This was the only demand Rajaji made.

I saw much of him at close quarters. In one week he demonstrated with effortless ease and grace how the *rishis* in ancient India must have lived. He never put on an act. His manners were exquisite; his speech gentle and soft, neither patronising nor condescending. He was not given to fog-making generalities or to verbal overkill; language and thought had not undergone a process of dehydration. His conversation was invariably interesting and mercifully free of jargon.

Like Pandit Nehru, he was always punctual and in matters of personal hygiene a model of tidiness. The bedroom and bathroom were kept spotlessly clean. His mind was complex but orderly. His intellect sharp, his curiosity childlike, his wit somewhat flinty and unexpected.

HE COULD LAUGH AT HIMSELF. Until he died in 1972, at the age of 94, Rajaji was in full possession of his faculties; he corresponded regularly with his friends, took walks and did a good amount of reading, besides writing for Swarajya. This cartoon, with C.R.'s remark on it, is by Ranganath.

Here I am not concerned with his political philosophy (I could never work up any enthusiasm for the latter-day brand which he preached after his break with Nehru, although his vision in which friendship with Pakistan was given a key position was eminently sound) or his career but recall my association with him to show a side of him which is perhaps less known.

Except for my stay in China, I have never kept a regular diary but from time to time I jot down interesting incidents and conversations. I kept notes of my talks with Rajaji. Here are a few excerpts.

9th OCTOBER, 1962

Rajaji in relaxed and communicative mood. I implore him to write his autobiography or dictate his reminiscences.

Rajaji: I know we have no sense of history, but does that really matter in the ultimate sense? After all we do not know what Kalidasa said to anyone. What he did and what he wrote are important.

Natwar: If everyone took that view there would be no history. You have played such an active, at times decisive, though controversial, role in recent Indian history that you owe it to the nation to leave behind your account of what happened. After all Gandhiji and Pandit Nehru wrote autobiographies.

Rajaji: Well, I had no time.

N: Presumably your modesty prevents you from writing.

Rajaji: No. I am not modest that way. I really have had no time. I keep myself busy in so many ways.

N: You must have had plenty of time when you were Governor-General.

Rajaji (smiling): Yes, I did. But all my time was taken up in patching up daily quarrels between the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister. Pt Nehru wanted me to continue in Delhi. The rest is well known.

N: In 1953, I was Secretary of the Indian Majlis at Cambridge and invited Lord Pethick-Lawrence to address the Majlis. Later I asked him "which Indian leader impressed you most" and without hesitation he named you.

Rajaji: Did he? I am glad to hear that. He was an excellent man. He wrote to me explaining why he had married again. Cripps was a very impressive man but in the Cabinet Mission he played Number Two to Pethick-Lawrence who used to put him down firmly: "Stafford, let us listen to him, don't interrupt." When did you meet Pethick-Lawrence?

N: 1953.

Rajaji: Long after the Cabinet Mission.

The conversation then turned to the partition of India. To provoke him I said, "Lord Mountbatten sold partition to Panditji and Sardar Patel."

Author Of Partition

Rajaji: Now, let me tell you, Natwar Singh, I sold partition to Mountbatten. The Attlee Government had already made up their mind in that direction but did not know how to put it across in a concrete manner. Mountbatten asked me what he should do to break the impasse. I said partition was the only answer. He first talked to Nehru and then to Patel. They both had seen what was going on and accepted reality.

N: But Gandhiji was against it and he held out till the very end. Why did he suddenly give in? It came as a great shock even to the young like me.

Rajaji: Gandhiji was a very great man but he too saw what was going on. He was a very disillusioned man. When he realised that we all accepted partition he said, "If you all agree I will go along with you" and after that he left Delhi.

At this stage Vincent Sheean (author of *Lead Kindly Light; Nehru: The Years in Power*) came in for his appointment. Towering over Rajaji he said, "I am so glad Panditji has sent you here. You should have come to Washington in 1950 as Ambassador. I told the Prime Minister to send you as Ambassador."

Rajaji: I did not know that. In any case I was not well and could not leave India, I did not even stay in Delhi. I am not cut out to be an Ambassador.

10th OCTOBER, 1962.

Rajaji: You should have come with me to the Columbia University meeting. The boys and girls were very intelligent and

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asked meaningful questions as to what is Dharma and what is Karma. I told them Dharma was universal duty plus natural order. They said then it was socialism. I said, 'Yes, if it was voluntary but not the Indian Government's socialism.' It was not a public meeting so I said it. I do not want to do anything to embarrass you or the Government here.

I asked him whether in 1931, at the Karachi Congress, he had been a party to the resolution on linguistic provinces. He was very forthright: "For political and propaganda reasons I was in favour of it in 1931 but when I became the Home Minister I was opposed to it for administrative reasons. In 1931 there was no question of our getting power and politically it made sense. But even then I was not happy about it and Gandhiji did not like my reservations. You see, either we are logical and go all the way or should not give in to pressure. **The problem in India is not socialism or capitalism (these are derivative concepts and un-Indian). It is one of giving the country a strong and efficient Government at the local level.** Once having given in in Andhra you can't tell others not to make similar demands. I was opposed to the formation of the States Reorganisation Commission but no one listened to me."

I asked him about his asthma and how he had got over it. After explaining how he cured himself he made a biting comment on our drug manufacturers: "We should ban manufacture of all medicines in India. We can't be trusted with such things."

A large number of people including Dr Robert Oppenheimer, Louis Fischer and Norman Cousins called on him. He, of course, saw President Kennedy, U Thant, Adlai Stevenson, Sir Zafarullah Khan who was President of the UN General Assembly that year. **The only time we had an argument was on Goa. Rajaji strongly condemned our action and being India's delegate on the Decolonisation Committee I vigorously defended it. We did not convert each other and he did not hold it against me.**

A little sightseeing was also included in New York. He took the hustle and bustle of that fantastic city in his stride. He kept his own pace. The bulk of *The New York Times* bowled him over. The culture of the affluent society did not produce moral indignation. It didn't attract him either. He did no shopping. He probably bought a book or two.

When he got to Kennedy airport I was with him. He stopped and admonished me for walking too fast. "We should not rush. Shiva Rao is not well." It was touching to see a man of 85 anxious about one 14 years younger.

After he left I thought he would forget me. There was no reason for him to keep track of me or my activities. But I was mistaken. He kept in constant touch with me till the last years of his life. I have a number of his letters, many written in his own hand.

Sometimes he wrote three times in a day. He used words with care and precision. Our love of literature was a common bond. His style was archaic but free of prolixity or pugnacity. He took his literary work most seriously. An adverse comment by an American reviewer regarding his short story "Arddhanari" which I included in my anthology, *Tales From Modern India* (Macmillan, N.Y. 1966) bothered him for a long time. But when I sent him a favourable comment from *The New York Times* he felt better.

Grandfatherly To Mrs Gandhi

When I wrote him of my transfer to Delhi he replied: "Your last letter was very pleasant reading. My best wishes to you. I feel you should settle down and become an American, with fond memories of India, unless the Government of India knows how to utilise your gifts and offer you a good place." The letter was dated April 1, 1966!

A few days later I informed him of my new assignment. He wrote, "I am glad you are with the P.M. (Mrs Indira Gandhi). I am getting to have a very good opinion of her. I feel like a father—or grandfather-like to her."

In the same letter he referred to Ved Mehta, the blind expatriate Indian writer, who lived in New York and claimed to write authentic Indiana for *The New Yorker*.

About this time the Italian edition of *Tales from Modern India* reached him and he referred to this and an aspect of *A Passage to India* in his next letter. "It is interesting to note your collection of stories going round the world. No. Italy showed no interest in me except that good Pope John met me and I felt blessed. He was so kind to me in 1962. So he died soon after!

"I finished 89 in December 1967 and I am running 90. About the ICS people—my experience was that the Englishmen were on the whole better than brown people who suffered from an inferiority complex and overdid their arrogance". He might have added that some of them after 1947, to ingratiate themselves with the Prime Minister, even began to write and talk what can best be described as *pidgin Nehru*. On January 20, 1968, he wrote "in spite of my very deteriorating eyesight . . . because you wrote about E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*, I read his short stories and his *Passage* and completed the latter book today.

On E. M. Forster

"I have a feeling Forster is one of De Quincey's tribe, an opium-eater genius. This is my fancy or notion based on the extremely subjective manner of his writing. This is the first time I read this eminent writer. Of his short stories I liked two. *A Passage to India* I ploughed through though the book has quite a lot of heavy idealised natural descriptions which with the writer is a mannerism. E.M. Forster is a liberal, one of the many British liberals who hold that the mistakes of the British regime were only the arrogance of the officials. In Forster's book the English men and women come off best. The Mussalman next best. The Hindu who is really detested—his social customs and his religious practices—all included, comes off worst. Without the English men, India under the Hindus will go to rack and ruin, that was what E.M. Forster, his hero Fielding and his English men were sure of. Perhaps it has proved true?"

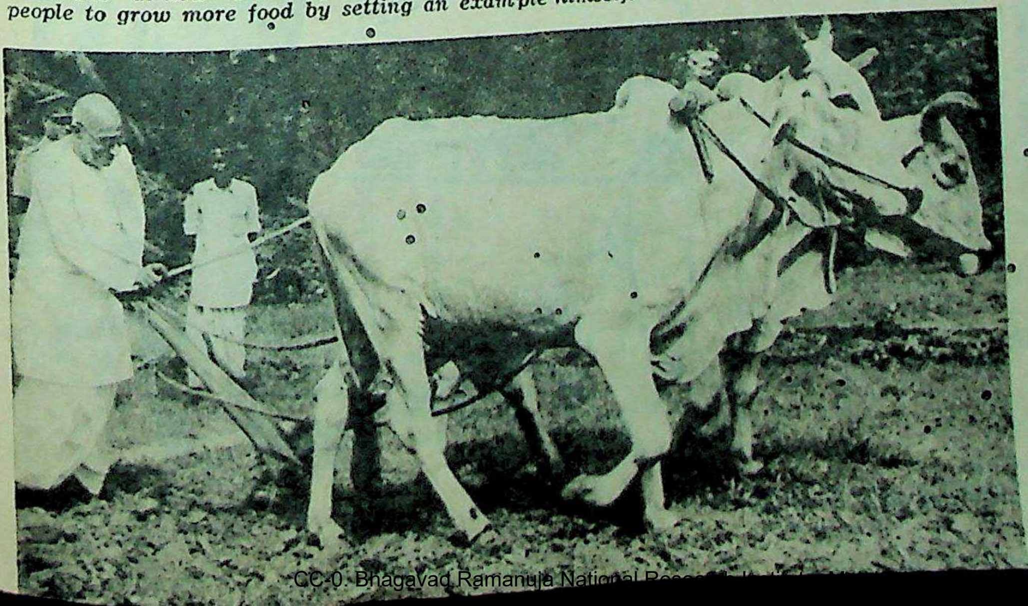
Rajaji used to read a number of foreign magazines. In January 1970, ever so gently he took me to task in a front page article in "Swarajya". I reviewed Robert Payne's book on Gandhiji for the "Saturday Review" of New York and used a phrase which displeased Rajaji. I had written: "Was Mahatma Gandhi a saint among politicians or a politician among saints?" This was not original, as words to this effect had been used in some British paper at the time of Gandhiji's assassination.

Rajaji's article in *Swarajya* was devoted to disproving and demolishing this sentence and he wrote a letter to the *Saturday Review* also and sent me a copy, adding a footnote, "I am sending you this copy of my letter to the Editor, *Saturday Review*. I congratulate you on your continuing literary efforts."

I last met him in Delhi towards the end of 1967. My wife was also with me and he received us in the apartment of Mrs Devadas Gandhi above the *Hindustan Times* building in Connaught Circus. To my wife he said, "Your father (Maharaja of Patiala) played a very helpful and patriotic role in 1947. Please give him my regards." And with tongue in cheek added, "You should join the Swatantra Party and defeat your mother in the next elections." And he seemed to enjoy the joke enormously. My wife did not take this distinguished but mistaken advice and joined the Congress (R)!

When the news of Rajaji's death reached me in Warsaw last December, I was very moved. He lived longer than most men do and he enriched many lives. As I prefer remembering to mourning, I shed no tears—though my lachrymal glands are not too robust. Mourning was for those who knew him better, longer, for those closer and dearer to him than I was. I felt sad and empty at the passing of an authentic man of character and integrity.

NOT PLOUGHING THE CONGRESS FURROW. In 1949 when he was Governor-General there was—as now—a shortage of food in the country. Rajaji followed up his exhortation to people to grow more food by setting an example himself.



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ART-767 Model-Courtesy Air-India

The Fall Of Dacca

—Continued From Page 23

Manekshaw and gave details of the surrender.

The end of the war did not end my responsibilities in Bangladesh. I had to see that 10 million refugees got back to their homes, that law and order was re-established and the Bangladesh civilian administration was in the saddle. Major General Sarkar, my principal staff officer for civil liaison duties, was moved to Dacca with a small HQ.

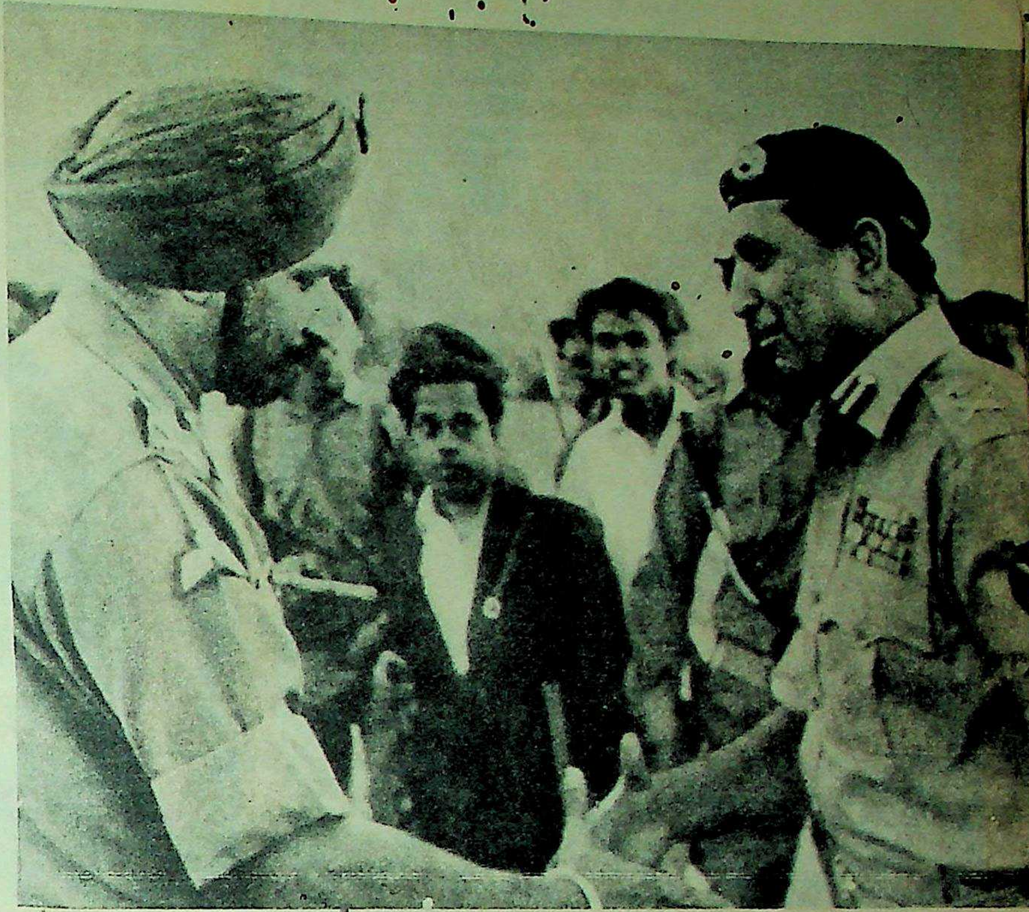
In the next three months we were able to complete our peace-time assignments. All the 10 million refugees were back in their homes. 91,000 Pakistani prisoners were safely lodged in POW camps in India. Our proudest day was March 12, 1973, when we held our farewell parade. Shaikh Mujibur Rehman took the farewell salute and paid handsome tribute to the splendid task performed by the Indian Armed Forces.

The Defeated General

I had one more meeting with General Niazi. This was in my office at Fort William in the first week of January 1972. My aim was to find out how he had seen the battle for the liberation of Bangladesh. Our Intelligence officer, Colonel Khera, was with me. We talked for over two hours.

It transpired that the General had known nothing of the pre-emptive air strike ordered by President Yahya Khan and only came to know of it later over the radio. He was therefore not sure when the real action would begin. His last contact with his Chief of Army Staff General Abdul Hamid was in October. Thereafter he had been left entirely on his own without much direction from General Headquarters.

It also appeared that he was under the impression that India would not launch an attack on East Pakistan; and if it did it would limit its operation to taking a chunk of territory to give the Government of Bangladesh a pied a terre and never envisaged our liberating the entire country. And he did not have a clue about the tactics we would employ against him. He had planned that when we would attack he would let us advance and then attack us in our flanks. When I asked him how he proposed to do that without any support from the air, he had no reply. Apparently, he had reckoned on keeping up the resistance till other nations came to their aid by demanding a cease-fire.



THE SURRENDER. "They had many good Captains but no good Generals," commented the French General Beaufre on the debacle of the Pak Army.

At the end of our session General Niazi asked to speak to me alone. I asked Colonel Khera to leave. The General leaned over the table and asked me: "Tell me, Sir, did I fight well?"

It is easy to be wise after the event. I was eager to know more of what had gone wrong with the Pakistani Army before passing judgment on it. A French General, Beaufre, who had been in Pakistan and had clearance from our Army Headquarters to discuss the campaign with me, made a cryptic remark: "They have many good Captains but no good Generals." **That may have been so because my own experience did confirm the fact that the Pakistanis had plenty of guts but not enough imagination.**

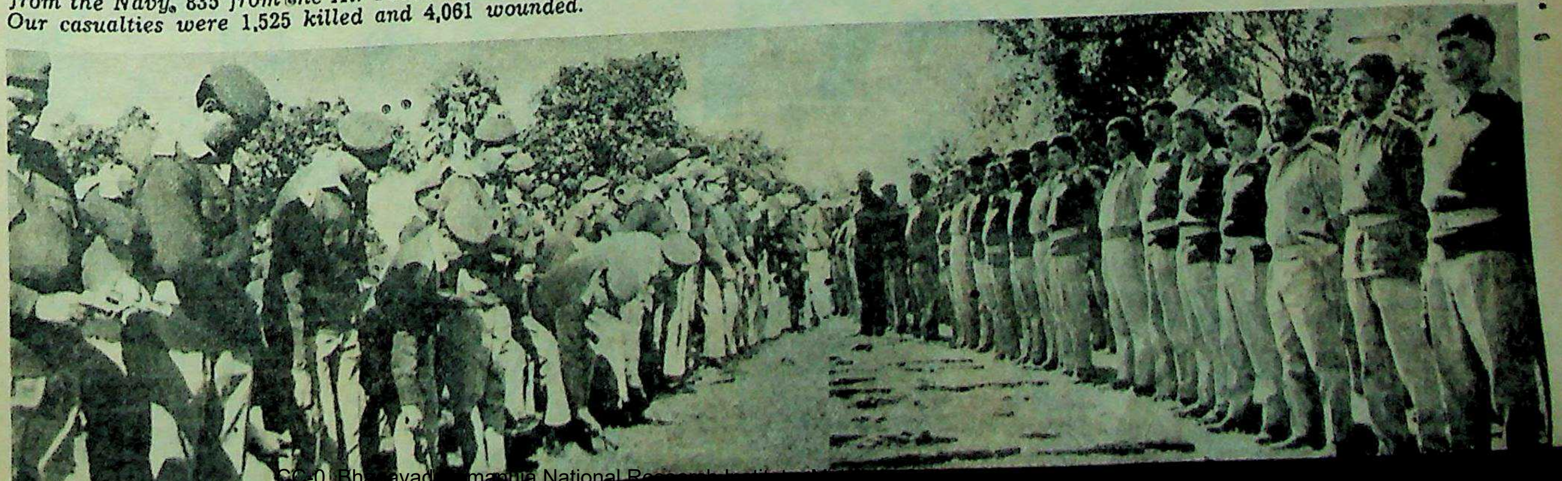
Cost Of War

What did this War of Liberation cost in terms of lives and armour? By our reckoning even before the hostilities began on December 3, the Pakistanis had suffered approximately 8,000 casualties at the hands of the Mukti Bahini and other patriotic forces. In the 14-day war against us they lost another 2,261 soldiers and had approximately 4,000 wounded. In addition to these from their para-military personnel 719 were killed and 314 wounded. Of the 91,000 who fell prisoners in our hands, 54,450 belonged to the Army, 1,409 to the Navy, 835 to the Air Force and 12,192 to para-military forces. Pakistani loss of armour was considerable: 69 Chaffee, 5 PT 76 and 3 Sherman tanks lost or destroyed: 50 guns and heavy mortar; 104 recoilless guns. They lost all their 20 aircraft in Bangladesh.

Our losses were 1,478 killed and 47 missing (presumed killed), making a total of 1,525 killed and 4061 wounded. We lost between 10-14 of our aircraft.

We owe our success to the brilliant and valiant fighting qualities of our men and field commanders and to the extremely valuable part played by the Indian Navy and Air Force.

ARMS LAID DOWN. Pakistani troops lay down their arms after the surrender. Of the 91,000 prisoners of war, 54,450 were from the Army, 1,409 from the Navy, 835 from the Air Force and 12,192 from the para-military forces. Pakistan lost in all 10,661 of their men in the Eastern Sector. Our casualties were 1,525 killed and 4,061 wounded.



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"THE FOOLISH OLD MAN WHO REMOVED THE MOUNTAINS." Recounting a Chinese fable of the same name, Mao once called upon his people to remove the two mountains of "Imperialism and Feudalism" that were obstructing China's progress. He is seen here at a rally celebrating the anniversary of this "removal", the birth of the People's Republic on October 1, 1949. Right: Through the "Gate of Heavenly Peace" a younger Mao looks on—at the China that he rebuilt.

MAO: The Long Marc

THE EAST IS RED. Red Guards of both sexes flourish the Thoughts of the "Great Leader and Teacher", Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Extraordinary powers have been attributed to the Red Book, including the increase in the size of pumpkins grown by people who read it diligently.

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...lled upon his
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March To 80

It took sixty years of hard uphill struggle for the son of a poor peasant, to be honoured by 600 million cries of "Mao Chu-hsi, Wan Sui Wan Wan Sui!" (Long Live Chairman Mao! A Long Long Life To Him!).

by ANIKENDRA NATH SEN

"I WAS born in the village of Shao Shan... Hunan province in 1893 (December 26). My father's name was Mao Jen-sheng, and my mother's maiden name was Wen Chi-mei. My father was a poor peasant and, while still young, was obliged to join the army because of heavy debts. He was a soldier for many years. Later on he returned to the village where I was born, and by saving carefully and gathering together a little money through small trading and other enterprises he managed to buy back his land." This is how Mao began recounting his life to author Edgar Snow.

—Continued

"A SINGLE SPARK CAN START A PRAIRIE FIRE." Fireworks light up the Chinese night sky during celebrations of the October Revolution.

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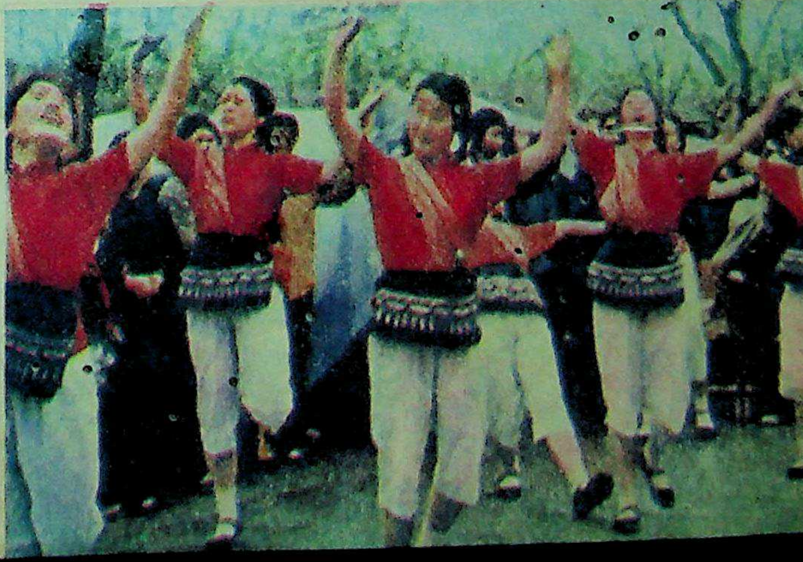
...diligently.

NO MORE OPIATES FOR THE PEOPLE. In pre-Revolution China, opium was freely available in bazars such as this. Now the cities are among the cleanest in the world.

WAR AND PEACE. Great stress is laid on military training (above). About operas (below) Mao said in 1963: "Operas should develop what is new from what is old, rather than what is old from what is old."



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At eight, Mao joined the local primary school and studied there for five years. During this period he read the Confucian Analects and the Four Classics. "I was the family 'scholar'. I knew the Classics but disliked them." He preferred the romances of old China, especially stories of rebellion, reading them tucked inside the Classics.

Mao's father was a heavy-handed patriarch who hated to see his sons idle. "He was a hot-tempered man and frequently beat both me and my brother. He gave us no money whatever and the most meagre food." As the work and beatings grew, so did the "old man's savings" which reached the princely sum of $3,000. Mao humorously recalled the dialectical struggle between the "Ruling Power" (his father) and the "Opposition" (his mother, his brother, an occassional farm hand and himself). One lesson Mao learnt early was the power of active protest. After threatening to leap into a pond, the beatings grew less frequent. Further, by quoting the Classics he was able to consolidate his position. "I quoted in exchange passages from the Classics saying that elders must be kind and affectionate."

At the age of 16 he joined a more "advanced" school in nearby Hsiang Hsiang to study natural science courses, after convincing his father that this would "increase my earning power". Five months' boarding, lodging and materials necessary for study—1,400 coppers.

In 1911, to the provincial capital at Changsha, graduating in 1918 from the First Normal School of Hunan. These were the turbulent years. Mao read his first newspaper, *People's Strength,* and wrote his first political article in 1911. "It was my first expression of a political opinion and it was somewhat muddled," advocating the replacement of the Manchu dynasty with a motley cabinet of Republicans and Monarchists.

Mao religiously attended the Provincial Library and in six months read Adam Smith (*The Wealth of Nations*), Darwin (*Origin of the Species*), John Stuart Mill, Rousseau (*Social Contract*) and Spencer (*Logic*). He saw a map of the world here for the first time and mixed history with geography, romance and poetry.

In 1918, he helped found the New Citizens' Society, a discussion group of young activists, discussed the turmoil that was China and enthusiastically supported Sun Yat-sen. They were also energetic physical culturists. "In the winter holidays we tramped through the fields up and down mountains, along city walls and across streams and rivers. If it rained we took off our clothes and called it a rain bath. When the sun was hot we also doffed shirts and called it a sun bath. In the spring we shouted that this was a new sport called 'wind bathing.' We slept in the open when the frost was already falling and even this went under the title of 'body training.' Perhaps it helped much to build the physique which I was to need so badly in the many marches back and forth across Southern China and on the Long March."

In 1918, after graduating at the age of 25, Mao went to Peking where he buried himself in the library and involved himself in the huge students' movements that were changing the political life of China. Through the intervention of Li Ta-chao, a professor of political economy, he obtained a menial position in the newspaper room of the University Library. "My position was so low that people avoided me. I knew then that there was something wrong. For hundreds of years the scholars had moved away from the people, and I began to dream of a time when the scholars would teach the coolies..."

After reading Kropotkin and Bakunin, Mao proclaimed himself an anarchist. He also fell in love with and eventually married Yang Kai-hui, the daughter of a professor of philosophy. Talking about life in Peking: "My own living conditions were quite miserable and in contrast the beauty of the old capital was a vivid and living compensation." He shared a little room with seven others and also shared a Kang (earthen bed heated from underneath). "There was scarcely enough room for any of us to breathe. I used to have to warn people on each side of me when I wanted to turn over."

Mao returned to Changsha in March 1918 and took a more direct role in politics. He became the editor of the *Hsiang River Review,* wrote essays, organised discussion groups and taught at the Hsiu-yeh Primary School. By the time of the May Fourth Movement in Peking, which shook the National Government, Mao had already begun to read Marx and to consider himself a Marxist.

In April 1920 Mao went to Shanghai, having sold his fur coat for the fare. He worked as a laundryman, spending most of his earnings in tram fares to deliver the laundry. He continued reading and organising groups in the city and in late June 1921 was one of 12 members who attended the First Congress of the Communist Party of China (CPC) in Shanghai. But the main revolutionary party was the Kuomintang (KMT) under Sun Yat-sen a loose political grouping of left- and right-wing forces.

Mao joined the KMT, was a delegate at its first Congress in 1924 and a member of the Central Executive Committee. He headed the Propaganda Bureau. He also edited its publication, *Political Weekly.*

Miners' Unions

Mao set about organising miners' and peasants' unions in Shanghai, Canton and Hunan. His hopes lay in the peasantry whom he saw as the basis of revolutionary change in China. In 1927, he wrote his famous "Report on an Investigation into the Peasant Movement in Hunan".

In 1925, Sun Yat-sen died. Chiang Kai-shek's coup in Shanghai on April 20, 1927, gave him effective control of the KMT and the government. Chiang ordered the massacre of Communists and Socialists in the city. In July the same year, he ordered the arrest of the "Red Bandit" Mao Tse-tung.

By September 1927, Mao had grouped peasant unions and the Hanyang miners into the First Workers and Peasants Army and had organised the Autumn Harvest Uprising in Hunan and Kiangsi provinces. Some small cities were captured for brief periods but, due to lack of support from Changsha, the movement failed. Mao was taken prisoner. "I was ordered to be taken to the min-t'uan (militia) headquarters, where I was to be killed. Borrowing several tens of dollars from a comrade, however, I attempted to bribe the escort to free me". The ordinary soldiers were mercenaries and did not care one way or the other—so they agreed to release Mao but the subaltern in charge refused. Mao however managed to escape when about 200 yards from headquarters. He was able to hide in the tall grass nearby till dark. "...Somehow I escaped discovery, although half-a-dozen times I gave up hope, feeling certain I would be recaptured."

After this, he gathered together the remnants of four regiments (about 1,000 men) and in October led them to establish the first Communist base in the high mountain area called Chingkangshan in Kiangsi province. There the future Red Army was formed and Mao wrote his three rules and six articles by which guerilla warfare was to be fought. Volunteers swelled the ranks to more than 11,000 by January 1928.

IT'S THE HEAD THAT COUNTS. In 1966, Mao Tse-tung took a dip in the Yangtse River. The move was to prove to the world, against rumours of his death, that the Chinese leader was alive and well in Peking. Ever since then, soldiers of the Red Army have religiously celebrated the anniversary of the event by a mass swimming rally.

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In December 1930, the KMT began its five Encirclement and Annihilation campaigns and by 1934 the Red Army had repulsed four of them. It faced the fifth one where the KMT had nearly a million men and 400 planes. Mao wrote:

Wind and clouds suddenly rip the sky
and warlords clash.
War again.
Rancour rains down on men who dream
of a Pillow
of Yellow Barley.
Yet our red banners leap over the calm
Tang River
on our way
to Shanghang and to Lungyen the dragon cliff.
The golden vase of China is shattered.
We mend it,
Happy as we give away its meadows.

Chiang Kai-shek introduced the new strategy of surrounding the Red Army in Kiangsi and Fukien provinces with a ring of blockades. In October 1934 the Red Army found itself trapped. Mao wrote: "It was a serious mistake to meet the vastly superior Nanking forces in positional warfare at which the Red Army was neither technically nor spiritually at its best... We panicked and we fought stupidly."

The Long March

On October 16, 1934, Mao decided to break through the encirclement and with 85,000 men he set off on the epic Long March. The march, more than 6,000 miles long, took over a year and brought them to Shensi in northern China. They wandered over much of China reaching Tibet in the south-west, crossing the desert, Tartar steppes, lofty snow mountains and forbidding grasslands where there was no food to be found. Mao carried on his back a knapsack from which he directed Red China with maps, books, and paper. "He possessed a sun helmet, a torn umbrella, two uniforms, a cotton sheet, two blankets, a lantern, a water jug, a special bowl to hold cakes of three-layer rice and a silver grey woollen sweater."

Malraux wrote: "On October 20, 1935, at the foot of the Great Wall, Mao's horsemen wearing hats of leaves and mounted on little shaggy ponies... joined up with three Communist armies of Shensi of which Mao took command. He had 20,000 men left, of whom 7,000 had been with him throughout the March. They had covered six and a half thousand miles. Almost all the women had died and the children had been left along the way. The Long March was at an end."

Mao commemorated the event in a poem:

The Red Army is not afraid of hardship
on the march,
the long march.
Ten thousand waters and a thousand
mountains are nothing.
The five Sierras meander like small
waves,
The summits of Wumeng
pour on the plain like balls of clay.
Cliffs under clouds are warm and
washed below by the River Gold
Sand.
Iron chains are cold, reaching over the
Tatu River.
The far snows of Minshan only make
us happy
and when the army pushes through,
we all laugh.

FUTURE CHINA. A youngster performs in a theatrical production in one of the numerous workers' nurseries near Canton.

In Shensi the Red Army consolidated and increased its strength. In Pao An, Mao worked and slept in a cave outside the city. Here he wrote his five best known essays: *On Protracted War, On New Democracy, Strategic Problems of China's Revolutionary War, The Chinese Revolution and the Communist Party of China,* and *On Coalition Governments.*

On December 12, 1936, the "Young Marshal", Chang Hsueh-liang, arrested Chiang Kai-shek at Sian. Realising that the execution of Chiang would create confusion and help the Japanese to enter Manchuria, Mao sent Chou En-lai to negotiate with Chiang and the "Young Marshal." By spring, an accord was reached and the KMT and CPC forged their Second United Front. The two armies agreed to join forces against a common enemy—the Japanese. On July 15, 1937, the Japanese invaded China.

With the Japanese surrender in 1945, there was a pause—a lull before a stormy civil war. The Soviet Union suggested the formation of a coalition government and the dispersal of the army. In an attempt to end hostilities, Mao and Chiang met, with the US acting as mediator. Mao flew into Chungking (his first trip by air) on August 28, 1945, to attend the meeting and spent a month and a half in unsuccessful negotiations. The night before Mao was due to leave, his aide was killed in his car while he watched an opera. Then, despite Chou En-lai's signature on a non-aggression agreement, Chiang Kai-shek launched an attack in Manchuria, Kiangsi and Anhwei. Japanese troops were asked by the US and Chiang not to surrender to the Communists and continue their resistance till they could be reached by one or both (American and KMT forces).

In the meantime, President Truman sent General Marshall with the aim of "unifying China." There was initial success, both Mao and Chiang ordering a ceasefire on January 10, 1946, but as soon as Marshall left hostilities started afresh. A US proposal of a five-man committee (representing both sides) to govern China was rejected by Chiang Kai-shek.

The US resumed its lend-lease military aid to the KMT. Though American material continued to pour in, the KMT forces were too dispirited and demoralised to fight and the arms were promptly sold or surrendered to the PLA, "making the enemy's arsenal their own." Provincial capitals fell thick and fast. The civil war which Mao had thought would last long was coming to an end.

In January 1949, the Communists captured Peking. Nanking fell in April, Hangchow and Shanghai in May.

Red China Is Born

On October 1, 1949, Mao Tse-tung accompanied by Chu Teh and Chou En-lai stood facing an immense crowd from a balcony of the "Gate of Heavenly Peace", the palace from which emperors had ruled China. There, in his drab cloth cap and plain clothes, he proclaimed the foundation of the People's Republic of China and became the leader of a quarter of mankind, of more people than any leader in the history of the world. Malraux has an apt name for him: "The Old Man of the Mountains."

Going deeper into the writings of Mao Tse-tung than the capsulated Quotations of Chairman Mao (bound in a red plastic cover and flourished by the millions) one finds the pre-revolution writings on military strategy and tactics, *Class Analysis of Chinese Society* and of course, most important, *New Democracy*. The post-1949 writings on the *Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People* and the Cultural Revolution pronouncements are important.

On the form of revolution, Mao is explicit: "Experience in the class struggle in the era of imperialism teaches us that it is

—Continued

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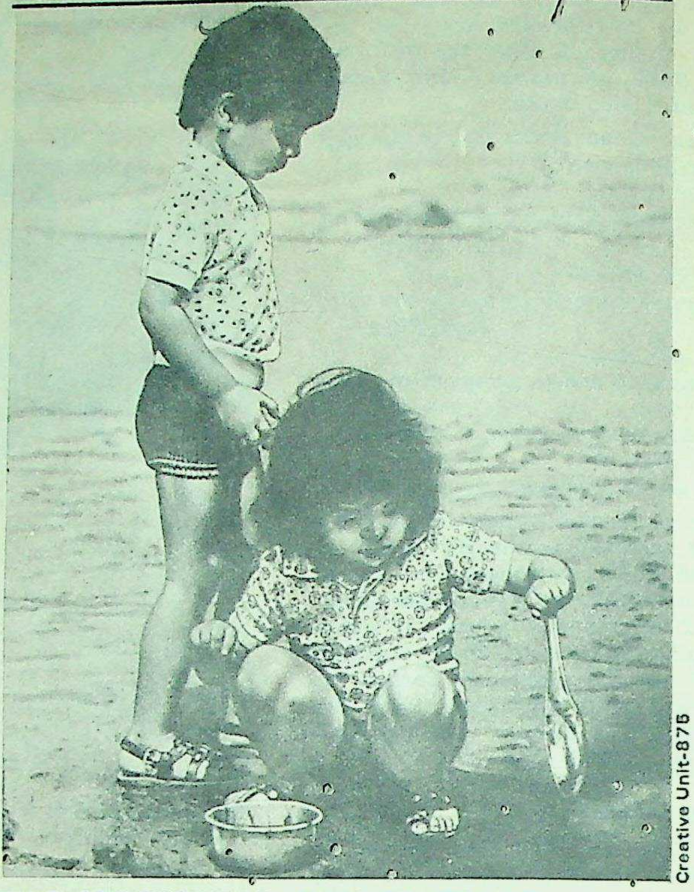

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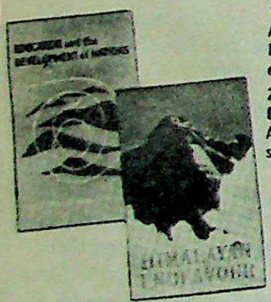

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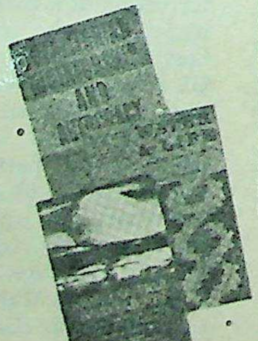

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only by the power of the gun that the working class and the labouring masses can defeat the armed bourgeoisie and landlords; in this sense we may say that only with guns can the whole world be transformed." (Problems of War and Strategy, 1938).

Mao defined guerilla tactics: 1. Attack dispersed, isolated enemy forces first; attack concentrated, strong enemy forces later.

2. Take small and medium cities and extensive rural areas first, big cities later.

3. In enemy battle concentrate an absolutely superior force (two, three, four or sometimes even five or six times the enemy's strength), encircle the enemy forces completely, strive to wipe them out thoroughly and do not let any escape from the net...

4. Fight no battle unprepared, fight no battle you are not sure of winning...

5. The enemy advances, we retreat; the enemy camps, we harass; the enemy tires, we attack; the enemy retreats, we pursue.

As a result, the Red Army acquired such a reputation of invincibility that Kuomintang forces, often vastly larger, either retreated in confusion or deserted to the Communists rather than fight.

Class Analysis

A major reason for the success of the Chinese Revolution was Mao's correct identification of the classes that could be tapped for support and those that should be isolated as enemies. He spells this out in his "Chinese Revolution and the Chinese Communist Party" (1939), "Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society" (1926) and "On the Question of the National Bourgeoisie and the Enlightened Gentry" (1948).

Concluding his "Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society", he says: "...it can be seen that our enemies are all those in league with imperialism—the warlords, the bureaucrats, the comprador class, the big landlord class, and the reactionary section of the intelligentsia attached to them. The leading force in our revolution is the industrial proletariat. Our closest friends are the semi-proletariat and petty bourgeoisie. As for the vacillating middle bourgeoisie, their right-wing may become our enemy and their left-wing may become our friends."

Having concluded that China was colonial in parts (occupied by the Japanese) and semi-colonial in others, Mao Tse-tung felt that the Chinese revolution would have to go through two stages: the democratic revolution and the socialist revolution. The first step would be to replace the colonial, semi-colonial, feudal and semi-feudal system with an independent democratic society.

Since the bulk of the revolutionary forces was the peasantry whose land hunger had to be satisfied, ("Land to Tillers"), it was not possible to have a Socialist revolution (which presupposes majority participation by workers) and immediate communisation (owned and run by the people) of land and industry. For a time at least, individual land holdings would have to continue. Similarly, small traders and industrialists would continue to run their business. "In the new democratic republic under the leadership of the proletariat, the state enterprises will be of a socialist character and will constitute the leading force in the whole national economy, but the republic will neither confiscate capitalist private property in general nor forbid such capitalist production as does not dominate the livelihood of the people, for China's economy is still very backward." It is clear that Mao had no illusions about establishing a Socialist state immediately.

This is the Republic that Mao proclaimed on October 1, 1949. This was the period when the two main enemies, imperialism and feudalism were effectively wiped out and China made tremendous strides in industry and agriculture, despite the fact that according to the US and the UN, the nation did not exist! Then, in mid-1956, Mao gave the call: "Let a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend."

The feeling was that many contradictions that existed among the people could be resolved by debate. The movement was aimed at the intellectuals. "It is estimated that there are about five million of all kinds, including higher and ordinary intellectuals. Of these five million the overwhelming majority are patriotic, love our People's Republic and are willing to serve the people and the socialist state. A small number do not quite like Socialism and are not very happy. They are still sceptical about socialism, but they are patriotic when it comes to facing imperialism. The number of intellectuals who are hostile to our state is very small... ... The number who strongly oppose Marxism, or are hostile to it, is very small... There will be people of this sort for a long time to come, and we should allow them to disagree."

Western observers are highly critical of the Great Leap (1958-60). Thousands of backyard furnaces and other medium and small industries were established in rural China. The official policy of "Walking on Two Legs" introduced indigenous methods of production in labour-intensive projects. Thus there was a dualism in technology: both modern techniques with large-scale investment projects and indigenous labour-intensive low-capital investment plants.

According to Prof. Kang Chao of the Department of Economics, University of Wisconsin: "The most obvious consequence of the Great Leap was the enormous waste involved. Indigenous production methods often proved too costly.... or capable of producing only low-quality goods."

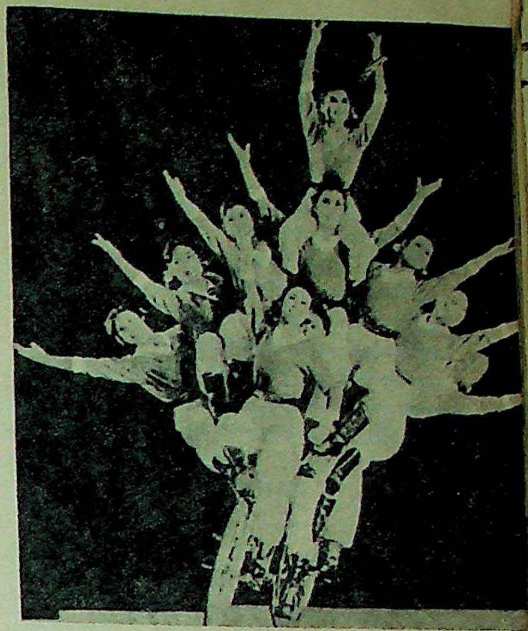
Cultural Revolution

What was important to Mao however: "The social and economic system has been changed, individual economy and private capitalist ownership is being transformed into socialist public ownership."

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has been variously interpreted as a power struggle between Lin Piao and Liu Shao-chi over succession to the aging Mao, the conflict over the course that China should take in domestic and foreign policy, struggle over domestic issues with the Vietnam war and the Sino-Soviet split playing a decisive role, a continuation of the Chinese tradition as evidenced by the cult of Mao's personality and, the result of Mao having turned "insane."

According to official pronouncements, the GPCR was directed against certain "Capitalist roaders" who had infiltrated the Party. This was part of the same process of fighting "revisionism" of the Soviet type in the world revolutionary movement.

In the GPCR, Mao made particular use of the Red Guards and among them the students. "It is anti-Marxist for the Communist Party to be afraid of student movements." "For our youth the major subject of study is class struggle." To mobilise them, he put up a "Big Character Poster"—much in fashion then—in Peking University which read: "Bombard The Headquarters."



ACROBATIC DIPLOMATS. Ten girls of the Shenyang acrobatic troupe perform feats on a bicycle in Chicago. This was part of the cultural exchange with the US which began with Mao's gift of two giant pandas to Mr Nixon.

On the cultural front, Mao had for years been railing against the education system. He told a group of visiting Nepalese educationists in 1964: "Our education is fraught with problems, the most prominent of which is dogmatism... the school years are too long, courses too many... The children study textbooks and concepts which remain textbooks and concepts... They do not use their four limbs... nor can they tell the difference between rice, canary seeds, maize, wheat, millet and sorghum... the method of examination is to treat the candidates as enemies and ambush them."

It was therefore quite consistent for the man who said: "Students should be permitted to doze off when a lecturer is teaching. Instead of listening to nonsense they do much better taking a nap to freshen themselves up. Why listen to gibberish anyway", to call the Red Guards into action when he felt that the Party had to be rectified.

The eclipse of Lin Piao under inexplicable circumstances and the detente with the US has however not only confused Western observers but Maoist movements in many countries. Lin Piao's "Long Live The Victory Of The People's War" was at one time read almost as avidly as the book of "Quotations" and "Five Articles" of Chairman Mao. Now, China is in the UN and Kissinger, the erstwhile "arch enemy", dashes in and out of Peking between conferences with Golda Meir and Lon Nol. Lin Piao is supposed to have died in an air crash.

Mao once wrote: "From now on, when anyone in our ranks who has done some useful work dies, be he a soldier or a cook, we should have a funeral ceremony and a memorial meeting in his honour... In this way we express our mourning for the dead..." There was no funeral or memorial service for Lin Piao.

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AUBREY MENEN'S RELATIVES

One uncle was a libertine who used to torture and harass any young girl who refused his advances. Another was a mild-mannered man addicted to aspirin and the *Illustrated Weekly's* crossword puzzle. Aubrey Menen, the author's husband's first cousin, disliked her. Nostalgic memories of a decadent feudal family in Malabar.

by KAMALA DAS

AT one time not so long ago my only claim to distinction was that I was married to Aubrey Menen's first cousin.

I used to drop Aubrey Menen's name as a trump card in the company of intellectuals and miscellaneous pretenders. This was most effective when the Americans were around because Aubrey was famous in America then as a satirist. If a particularly goofy American had not heard of Aubrey or even of the *Holiday* of which he was some kind of a roving editor he or she would anyway pretend knowledge and show interest.

This asset then endeared me to the intellectual and other varieties of snobs who readily forgave me my not so fashionable clothes, the not so BBC accent and my dark skin. I was invited to many a grand dinner, most of which I avoided because I lacked clothes which were not torn or faded. Once at a Calcutta lunch given by an old man we were fond of, a Bengali socialite could not suppress her girlish laughter at seeing me in a striped sari that my husband had bought for about ten rupees.

Cruel Laughter

My husband was an ill-paid Government official and at our home there were ony three things we were rather proud of: his honesty, my heavy tresses and the brilliance of our two sons. We were too proud to take help from his mother or my father both of whom were wealthy and affectionate. The lady's laughter, in which the sober men too joined in, hiding their yellowed teeth behind gnarled fingers, hurt me terribly, and I returned home to weep.

My husband said, you ought not to have gone there to expose yourself to such cruelty. I was like Sati, humiliated at the *havan* of King Daksha. If there was a sacrificial fire at the crude party I would have thrown myself into it, striped sari, tresses and all...

The family I married into at the age of fifteen was called the Ambazheth family, and in the year 1949 it had, not counting the 13 servants, 23 adult members and several children. The eldest uncle, who by law should have been the head or the *karanavan*, was in England, living in West Wickham with his Irish wife, Alice. The second uncle, who was the *karanavan*, was Kesava Das, a mild-mannered man addicted to aspirin tablets and the *Illustrated Weekly's* crosswords. I am only a figurehead, he would mutter, seated birdlike on a Victorian couch, nobody ever listens to me...

I used to help him out with the words and hand him the aspirin bottle when his migraine came on. This will be the death of me, he would say, holding up the bottle of pills, this will eat away my insides but I cannot live without them. The pain will otherwise drive me mad.... The choice was between lunacy and slow death. He chose the latter. I was very fond of him.

The Ambazheth family lived in a dark sprawling mansion. My mother-in-law, being the eldest lady, ruled over the family like a queen. She held her court on the shaded western portico seated on a wide divan, wearing the most expensive muslins and a string of corals round her fair neck. She had been widowed early in life, but did not believe in wearing widow's weeds or in lifelong mourning. On the western porch she shone like the sun. In her turbulent youth she was a famous beauty. Crowds used to collect near the Guruvayur temple on the Ekadasi day when she made her annual trip to worship Lord Krishna.

The Colour Complex

She had left her first husband to marry the man of her choice, an educationist who was thirty years her senior. The family did not approve of this move. He was a dark man and there was every likelihood of his producing dark-skinned children to discredit the illustrious Ambazheth clan. He produced a brown-skinned son and died a few years later, leaving his widow very rich. His sins were therefore easily forgiven. One of the sisters married a rich playboy, a *zamindar*, who in the course of ten years ran through his fortune and turned into a poor playboy. Whenever he came to visit his wife, which was very seldom, his brothers-in-law scoffed at his new-found poverty. One day after an absence of months he came in the evening lugging a heavy trunk which he pushed under his wife's bed before going to the pond for a bath. The brothers-in-law broke open the lock and found the box full of rocks. They ridiculed him, jeered at him.

Soon after that incident he vanished, never to be seen again. By and by, his wife turned into a lunatic. My last memory of her was the sight of her, nude, going round and round in her room, pacing like a caged animal, fast, faster, faster...I wonder where she is going, muttered her son-in-law, I wonder which is her destination. Destination, death. Destination, sheer escape. She was at that time thin and scraggy. There was an old-mother-belly covering half her pubis, a quilted brocade evening bag of a belly that wobbled while she walked...

The youngest of my husband's uncles was a libertine. He slept all through the day lying coiled like a serpent on the couch in the darkened hall. At about seven, he would take a perfumed bath and leave the house carrying with him the rich fragrance of *otto dil bahar*, a fat wallet and a flashlight. No poor girl could escape his amorous clutches. We had a young maidservant in our house who used to tell me harrowing tales of the man's tortures. If any girl refused his advances, her hut would be set on fire.

One day I heard a commotion behind the house and found there a dark labourer tied with ropes to a jackfruit tree and a crowd around him. The young uncle was whipping him. The man screamed out now and then but no one came forward to release him. I shall kill you, you thief, you good-for-nothing dog, shouted my uncle. After a few more minutes of the beating he went limp against the tree. Then the other labourers untied him and carried him away to his hut while his head lolled this way, that way, and the deep weals on his back filled with purple blood.

And yet I grew fond of that uncle. He had built for himself a small outhouse to the northern side of the main house where he had all the privacy that he wanted for his Ayurvedic treatment. The doctor had first shaved his head and erected on it a circular fence with cowdung. In this well he poured an unguent that was supposed to cure our uncle's ailments. He had at that time divorced his wife and the family were reproaching him.

Kamala, sit down and hear what I have to say, he said, calling out to me when I was passing that way in the afternoon. You are an intelligent girl, you will understand my position. He said that he could never stand the kind of nagging the lady was addicted to, and that she took a bath at midnight if ever he so much as touched her. Marriage is for fools, he said. I don't know why I agreed to it in the first place....

AUBREY MENEN'S PARENTS, K. N. Menon and Alice, an Irishwoman. They lived in West Wickham. Aubrey grew up there. "He was predisposed to dislike me. He talked about my obesity. He gave me a whole bunch of new complexes..." says the author about her famous relative.

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When Aubrey's father, the eldest uncle and the handsomest of them all, came to supervise the partitioning of the joint family of Ambazheth, I was a new bride, living with my husband at Santa Cruz in Bombay. He stayed at the Cricket Club of India for a few days before proceeding to Malabar. To catch my breath, he said. My husband and I used to visit him every evening. Sometimes, while we ate our supper, the club's cat would come and rub his back against Uncle's legs. He would immediately order a full three-course dinner for the cat and shock the elite of the club. He wore soft felt hats and expensive clothes. He had the handsomest smile in the world.

Quiet Charity

It was only three years after my marriage that my husband told me that Uncle had given him a thousand rupees to buy furniture and set up house. Do not tell her about it, he had said, she is a proud girl and will not like it. He used to refer to my father as V.M. One day he said, I envy V.M. for only one thing. He has this daughter. I wish she were mine. How lucky I would have been with a brave daughter like this girl.

He used to take us to see films. He had sensed that I was lonely and more or less disillusioned with my marriage. So he said: Don't mope. If Das does not hold your hand at movies, turn to the man to the right of you and give him your hand, he will appreciate it. After movies we walked along the street leading to the Churchgate Station passing the bluish lights of confectioneries and wayside cafes and the women smelling of jasmine and Chanel 5 and then Bombay seemed so much like Paradise...

One day, stroking my head, he said, Aubrey dislikes India. I wish he meets you. Then he will not be able to hate India... How wrong he was! In 1963 or so Aubrey flew into India looking all white and silver like a migrating bird and I invited him home for lunch. This was in Calcutta when I was sick and tired of the staleness of my life. I was gross and ungainly from overeating. My husband was all the time away on his long official tours and together with my little boys I whiled away the evenings playing ping pong on the wide verandah of our house at New Road, Alipore.

Aubrey said, climbing the stairs, unconsciously sharpening his voice—So this is the face that launched a thousand letters from my father's pen!

I did not know what he meant. All I knew was that Aubrey was predisposed to dislike me. He talked about my obesity. He gave me a whole bunch of new complexes before he left. The meeting was a disaster. But I did not write to his father about it.

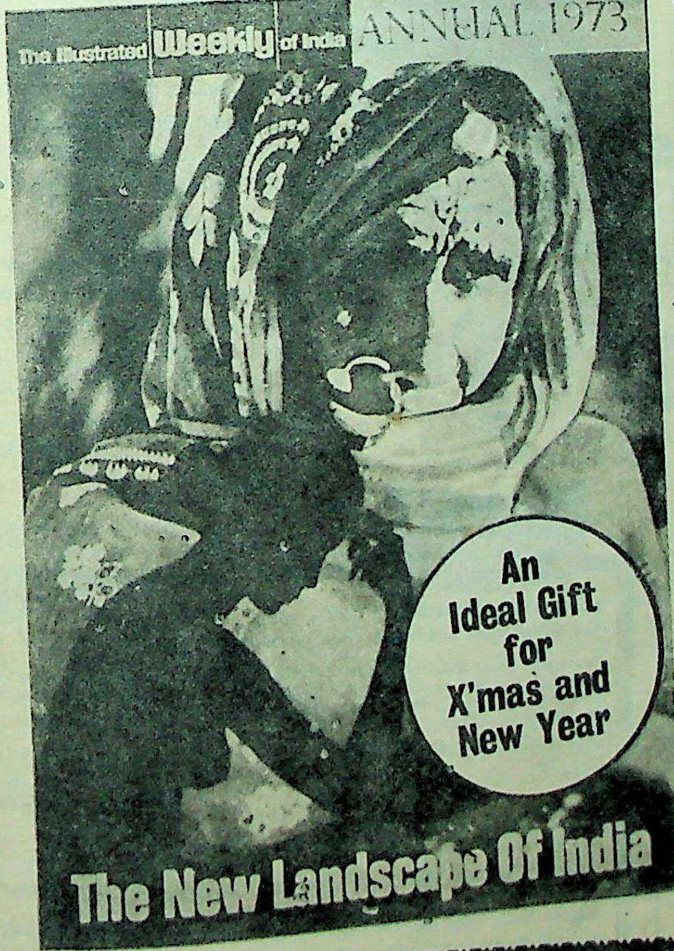
Aubrey's father used to write me long letters in which he described even the dreams he saw in sleep. One of them was of his wife being eaten by crocodiles in the family pond at Ambazheth. He believed that each dream was a kind of warning. I do not think I shall ever be able to see you again, he wrote in 1965. One day soon after that letter arrived, Aubrey wrote to inform us that his father was dead. I bathed early in the morning and fed the crows, praying for the peace of his soul. I did not know any other funeral rite.'

POET KAMALA DAS (b. March 31, 1934) has written 13 books in Malayalam and three in English. Her latest, The Old Playhouse, *was published by Orient Longman this year.*

During one of our several house-moves I came upon Uncle's letters and in a fit of cynicism I tore them into shreds. I did not even want to recollect that there was in my life such a time of kindness. I did not want to believe in dreams any longer.

Last year when I met Aubrey again I remembered his father. But we only discussed politics.

—To Be Concluded



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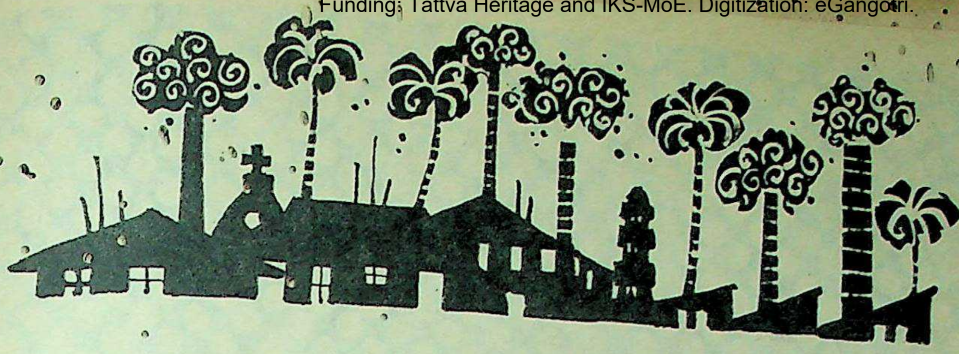
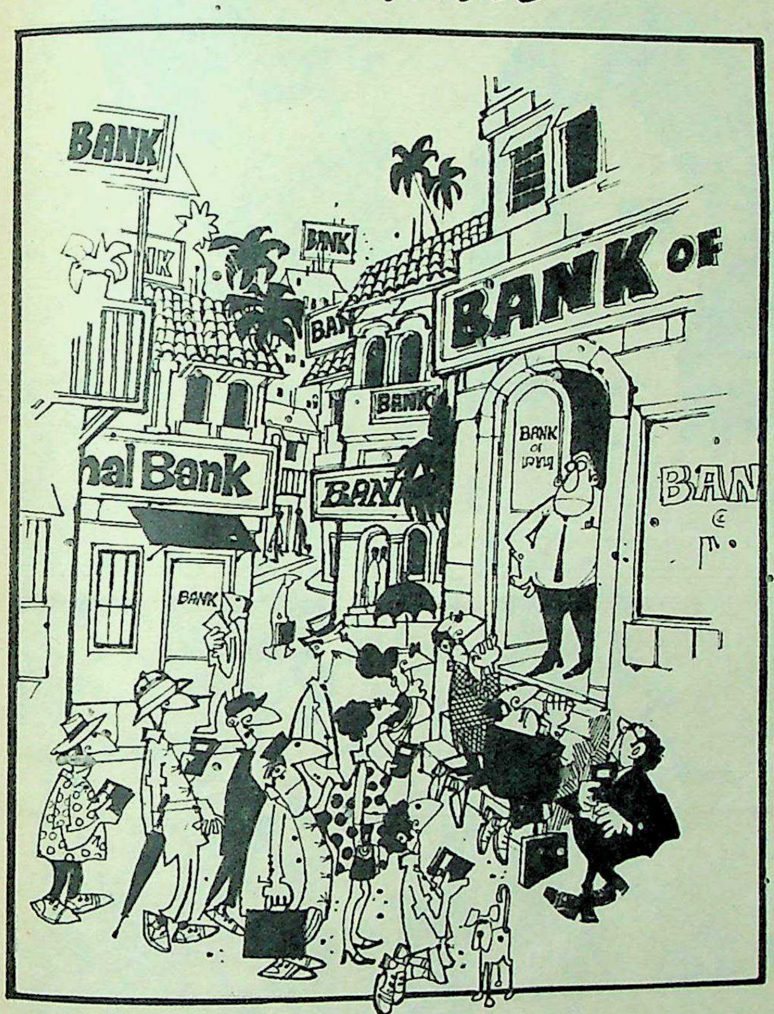


GOA – The New LANDSCAPE

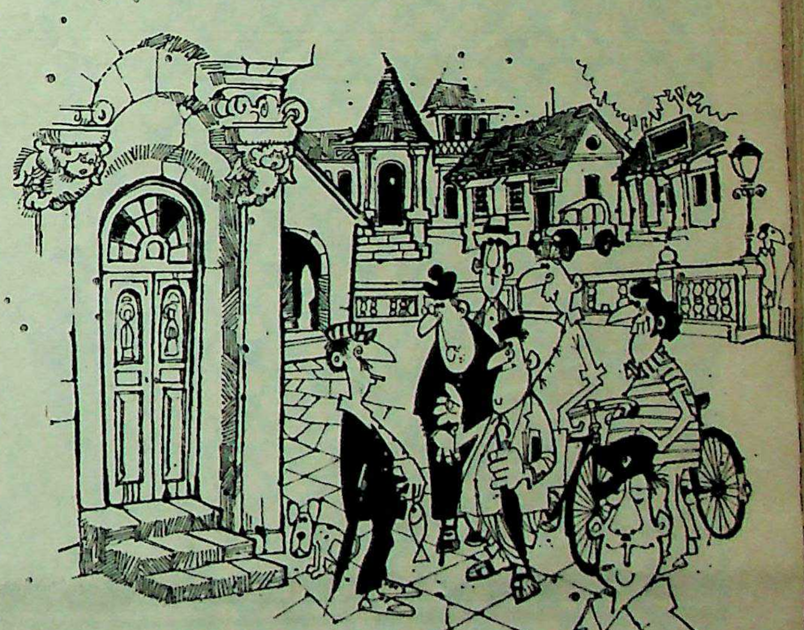
Swaying palms and smoking chimneys, Goa is mainly all 'mine' today; there's iron in its soil. Let us dig into the current scene and take a peep into some of the other happenings.

MÁRIO



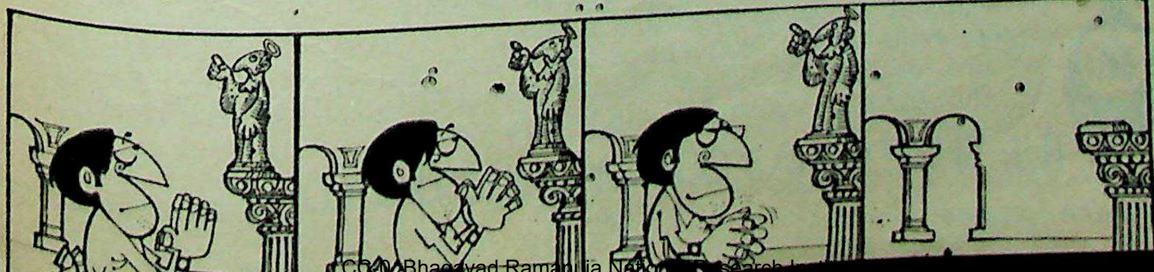
GIVE US THIS DAY OUR HALF-YEARLY INTEREST. Devout Goans, pass-book in hand, flock to the new shrines (the Nationalised Banks) that are fast replacing the magnificent churches and elegant temples as popular places of worship.

THE BEAUTIES OF GOA are found mainly on the beaches, much to the delight of Indian tourists with an eye for exposed charms ...



THE VILLAGE SQUARES (one can see them in towns too) exist around the main church or in the vicinity of the market-place. Most of them are decrepit ruins of an archaic past. They form an essential part of the Goan way of life.

WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING OUT. Goans (as well as non-Goans) have suddenly started resurrecting their Saints. Saints are more popular than ever. The IVORY ones in particular...they fetch larger blessings.



BUT THE SPIRIT OF GOA—bottled and ready for export—still exists. Let us drink to that!

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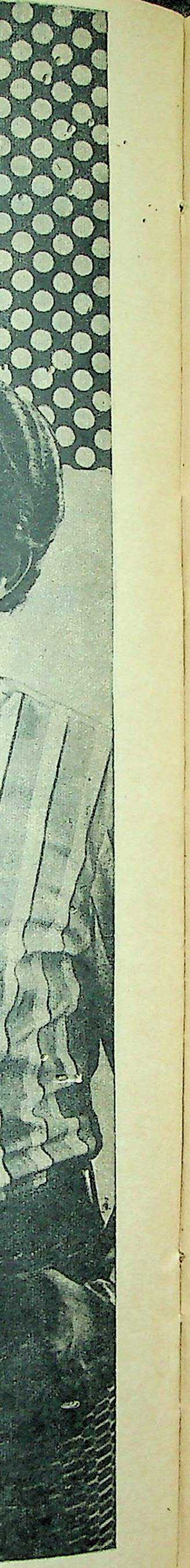


Film Review

NAMAK HARAAM

WHILE *I ate out of the King's dish, to become servant of God was never my wish,* says Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, after he defies Henry II. Sir Donald Wolfit played Becket in Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* on the stage. The film *Becket* starring Peter O'Toole as the violent-tempered King Henry and Richard Burton as the martyr Thomas are of more recent memory.

Namak Haram is the Indian version of *Becket* in which Amitabh Bachchan is a volatile Peter O'Toole, Rajesh Khanna a splendid Richard Burton. The story is credited to director Hrishikesh Mukherjee. Dialogue in powerful Urdu is by Gulzar. The film is intelligently adapted and is of contemporary relevance. It is a good example of creative plagiarism.

Amitabh Bachchan is the quick-tempered son of an industrialist. Rajesh Khanna, who is his closest firend, is middle-class and poor. The rich Amitabh supports the poor Rajesh and his family. The young men dote on each other (at times they look like a pair of queers). Amitabh, when he takes over his father's industrial empire, becomes callous and arrogant towards his workers. He plants his friend among the workers as a black-leg to wreck their trade union.

Karim, a millhand, loses his arm at the machine. Rajesh gets him the compensation due to him. Karim's grateful old mother and *burqa*-clad wife bring him a humble dish of food. Rajesh is touched and begins to have a conscience about his role.

Eventually he makes his decision. He gives up his friend to become a genuine trade-union leader. His friend calls him a *namak haraam*, and orders him to get lost.

Rajesh organises strikes and identifies himself with the workers. The film has some lovely touches. An old worker buying a little *chana* from a vendor as he has no money to buy food during the month-long strike. The angry, hopeful, bitter, happy faces of the millhands. Holi festivities in the *mazdoor bustee*. Workers rushing to the factory as the siren announces an accident.

Amitabh's father had warned him about Rajesh. ("He may be *our* man but he can be a traitor. He can join *them* in the class war. He belongs to the middle class. They aspire to reach the top, failing which they try to bring *us* down." Again, "We millowners used to create Hindu-Muslim rift among the labourers in order to break their unity. The rascals got wise to our game. Now we must arouse their regional feelings. Turn them against workers from other States employed in our factory..."

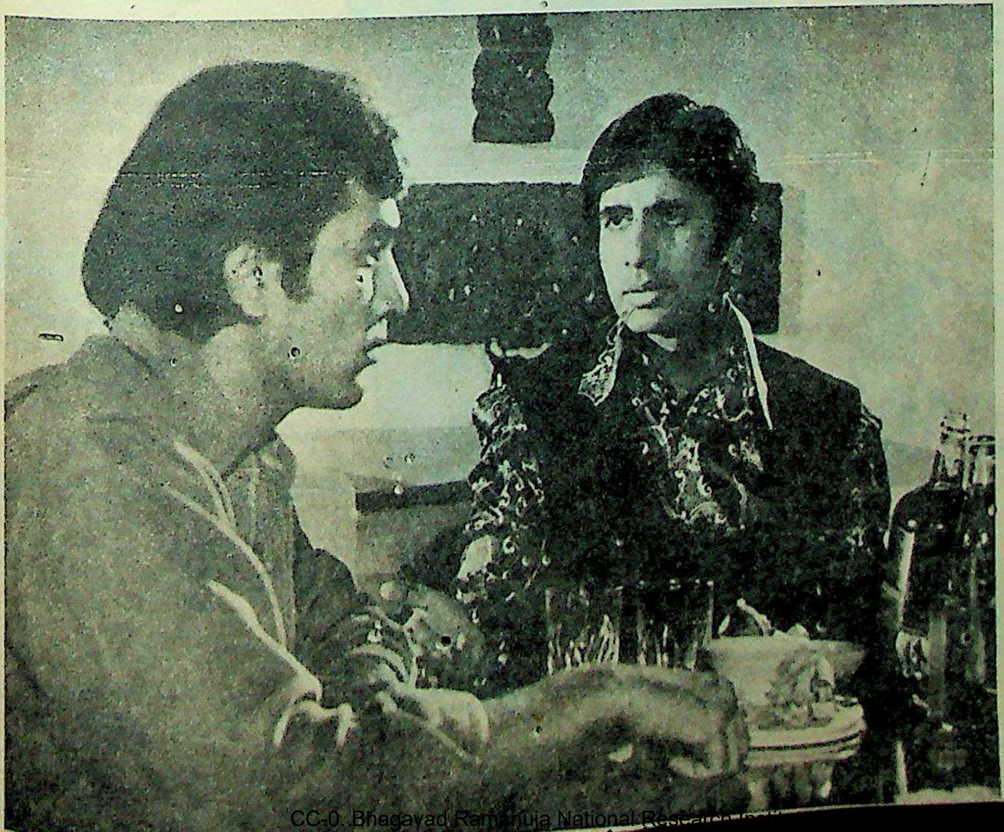
As Rajesh gets more popular in the factory Amitabh's father has him murdered.

King Henry had done penance after the Murder in the Cathedral. Amitabh Bachchan takes the blame of the murder on himself and is sentenced for life—in order to punish his father. It is a somewhat unconvincing end to the film.

Namak Haraam has no moralising which has become the bane of films with a socialist message. Gulzar has considerable intellectual sophistication. The Hrishikesh-Gulzar team has earlier produced *Anand* based on a Polish film. Gulzar's *Koshish* was based on a Japanese film. His *Parichay* was like *Sound of Music*. It is a pity that they no longer apply their talent to original themes. Anyway, *Namak Haraam* is good. Go and see it.

QURRATULAIN HYDER

RAJESH KHANNA AND AMITABH BACHCHAN in Namak Haraam. *Amitabh Bachchan is cast in the mould of Peter O'Toole. He easily outshines Rajesh Khanna.*



RITA BHADURI IN "GOPA". She is a graduate of the Film and Television Institute of India, Poona.

Diploma Films

IF the diploma films made by this year's graduates of the Film and Television Institute (Poona) are an indication, there seems little danger of any real talent erupting in the Indian film industry in the near future. Without exception they were bad. After three years of training and the facilities of a very good film library, these novices remained novices with little notion of the medium through which they expect to earn their livelihood. No one expected masterpieces; but crass stupidity is unforgivable. Their films were either puerile or pretentious, redeemed all too rarely by a dab of sense. These young people cannot plead that they were constrained by considerations of the box office.

Take for example the film which won its director a gold medal: *The C Major*. The film is as pretentious as its title. Mr Paulose, the director, should have known better than to tackle the heavy subject of Life studded with existentialist knobs. The lines in his script are inane; the hero's alienation succeeds in raising little more than a hollow laugh.

Every director was eager to display his inventive eye behind the camera. The net result was that every film was at least double or treble the size that the theme could sustain. However, in some the landscape was well photographed, for instance in *A December Evening*.

The last film on the two-day programme was the one called *Kal Hamara Hai*. You are not likely to see a film as bad as that in a long while. Two orphans go through the entire gamut of Hindi film cliches, from cruel foster-parents (during their oppressed childhood) to the Vices of City Life. They find salvation in Hindi-film socialism, which is a shot of a hundred labourers digging a canal and singing *Kal Hamara Hai*. Incidentally, the rural scenes are shown to the incongruous notes of Santana's *Black Magic Woman!*

One last question: must Shabana Azmi and Rita Bhaduri appear in every alternate film? But honourable mentions to them.

Finally a small pat on the back to the makers of *The Red Truck*, *Neend*, ... *And Again* and *Munshiji*.

M. J. AKBAR

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A Story for Father Rego

by EUNICE COTTRELL-BRANDT

There is a roll of thunder which usually accompanies God and/or the rainy season. Jesus Christ looks around. He says the rains are early this year.

No, says God, it's me, your old man, only I'm up here and you're down there...

JEAN PIERRE said I should tell about Kabul, because Afghanistan is really where it's at. I can tell about a set-up in Mazar-i-Sharif, about business deals in the money bazar, and about Pushto sex. When I feel like it.

Right now I feel like writing a sermon, because I have got invited to speak to St Joseph's Home at Calangute, and on Sunday. I want to be carefully prepared, because the Vatican and a bunch of other rich Catholics may be planning some donations. I wouldn't want to blow it for them, because as the grandmother of a bastard, little old G. E. born November 9, 1972, weighing 8 pounds, I know we need more and more homes for wayward boys.

What about the orphan girls, I asked Father Rego, suddenly realising that orphan is polite Portuguese for bastard. The convents take care of them, he said. We need houseparents, but we should have ladies past 40. We have pretty big boys. It's an idea if any of you want to winter in Goa.

Father Rego's layout is on the beach at Calangute under the palm trees. The new cottages he said will be up towards Cansaulim, by the Intercontinental, which isn't built yet. It may give the boys some ideas when it comes. But for now you can always be a martyr when dealing with the religious, and volunteer for hardship duty.

In fact I've some idea about exploiting the situation and suggesting he turn the old home into a staff house for the h.p. to retreat to after taps. We could have bingo games and wheel-chair races just like in the Senior Citizens' Retirement homes where I come from. We could skid our walkers right over the sand dune and have physiotherapy in the whirlpool waters of the Arabian Sea.

Back to the sex part. Homeless boys. Boys, I'm going to say, you are not homeless, but if you keep on breaking up the furniture here you soon may be houseless. Home is where you love. If you love the warm water to swim in, your home is in the sea. If you can't swim, please write the National Recreation and Park Association on Lafayette Avenue in Washington, D.C. and ask them to advertise in their magazine for a free swimming instructor. He can teach you to teach swimming, and you can pass it on.

Same with lots of things.

You do not have to believe the sign on Calangute School:

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—Continued

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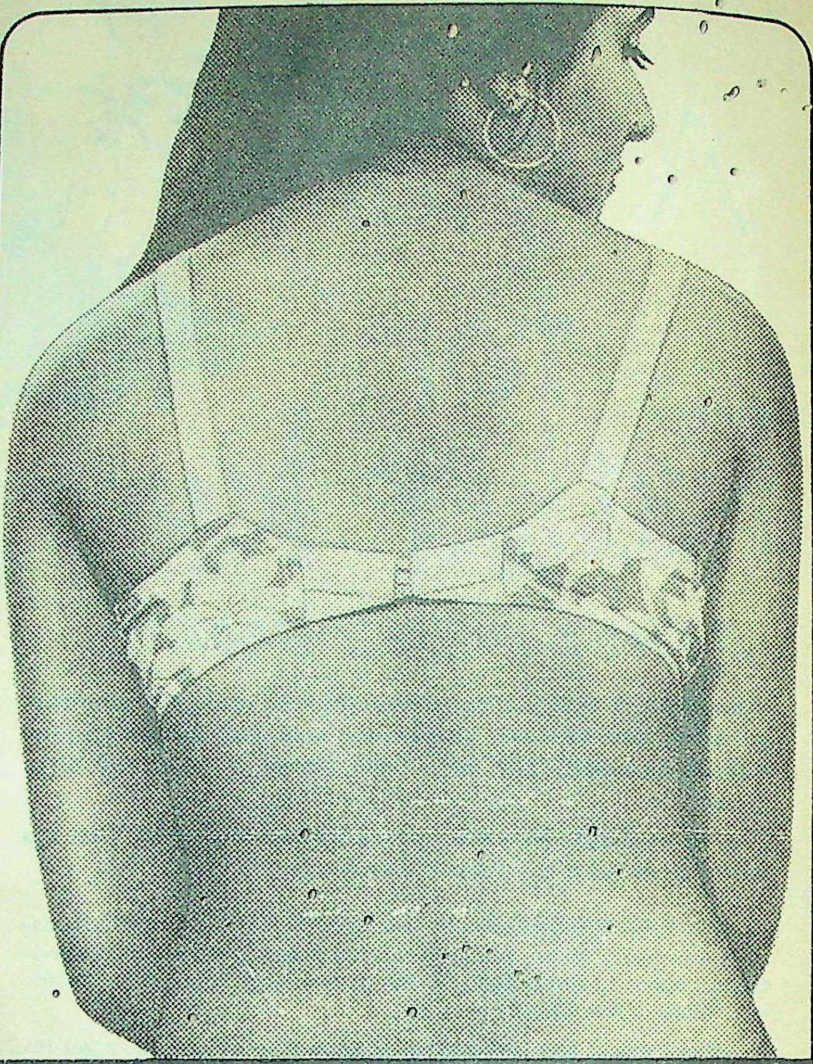

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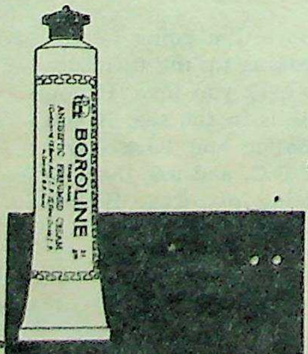

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The sign is sort of covered by bushes. Suppose you love to talk. Suppose you are so happy when you are talking you always interrupt Father or Mrs de Souza. Then you should get into the films. They need people to hold the script and interrupt when the actors can't remember the words.

To get started on this kind of love you can get a little play going here among yourselves without a teacher. For instance that is the stage.

You are the audience. One big boy is the hero. One of the little boys is another hero. Jesus Christ is played by Father Rego, if he can't find a blue-eyed blond freak with a beard and looking all spaced out. Now here are the lines, but first I must explain it is not an original play. Mine are all too long, I got this one from some Toastmasters Club. I used to get a lot of good films from going to church. Now every day is Sunday and my communion is rapping with all sorts of strangers who wander into my church.

Now this is a corny play. It is trite. I am ashamed of the plot. I wouldn't use it, except I can't seem to get rid of it.

The scene is night. The two heroes are walking across that canal ditch north of the kitchen. The lights are single beams, and they show the figures across the ditch, walking towards you, the audience.

The big hero is packing something like the freaks carry, but as he comes closer the beam shows it is not a Kelty pack and down sleeping bag. It is not a guitar. Actually he is carrying another boy. The other hero is riding piggy back, although why this term is used is somewhat obscure. I've positively never, ever seen one pig carrying another. Or anything else for that matter. Except in the US some pigs carry guns.

SO they approach the centre stage. Jesus Christ groans a little, but of course, he can take it. Nevertheless, he permits an escape of emotional ventilation.

Not two more boys, he says, we've got 64 already. At this point we cut into tapes. There is a roll of thunder which usually accompanies God and/or the rainy season. Jesus looks around. He says the rains are early this year.

No, says God, it's me, your old man, only I'm up here and you're down there.

You see Jesus and his old man don't live together. So Jesus says, okay, whaddya want, Holy Father? And God says I've told you in about six versions, including *Vulgate*, *Douilly-Rheims*, *St James*, *Das Kapital*, and *Goa Monitor* my name is not Holy Father. That's the Pope.

Okay, Pop, what is it?

It's Love, says God.

I forgot, said Jesus.

Well, you're tired, son, and a little overworked it's okay. So they break and meanwhile the boys are just standing there, one on top of the other, the big one is digging a hole in the sand with his left big toe.

Hi! says Jesus.

Hi! says the big boy.

Hey, says Jesus, didn't I just now see you hauling that kid across the canal ditch?

Yeh, says the older boy.

Jesus is beginning to get a little suspicious, but he remembers his God is love, and figures, maybe, some tourist whose god is Money will donate a little bread for the kid. But he's a hard loser and he tries to wiggle out of the whole deal once more. Maybe they'll go right on up the beach and stay at Sousa Lobo Hotel.

How come you got no shoes on your feet? asks Jesus. The old boy sort of shifts up the kid on his back and says, Well, I was feeling kind of sorry for myself carrying this kid, then I say a man who had no shoes. So I gave him my shoes. He was from Bihar.

Then I hit my big toe, the left one, the one which I am digging this hole into the sand with on a broken beer bottle. It was Kingfisher Beer, but it hurt.

Yeh, said Jesus lovingly, whadja do?

Just then I saw a man who had no feet. He was from Bengal. Yeh, said Jesus. Whadjado?

Well, I gave him the kid's shoes and told him to sell them and get some bread.

God would like that, said Jesus, thinking of his father who was in heaven. God runs the whole show on the power of love, and you did a loving thing there.

Aw, said the boy, he'd outgrown them, anyway.

It's the intention, said Jesus.

My old man says the road to hell is paved with good intentions said the boy.

Isn't it, said Jesus.

Then he remembered that he was very impolite. He was sitting comfortably on the porch of St Joseph's Home on the shore of the world's most hospitable beach where the lovely warm water was full of fishes and swimming lessons to come, and he said, Well, you're here, so why don't you dump the kid?

And the boy shifted the kid to his hip, he wasn't sure yet, you know, and he said, Aw, he ain't heavy, he's my brother.

And he dumped him on the sand and pulled his hair, and punched him up a little just to show Jesus he really was. . .

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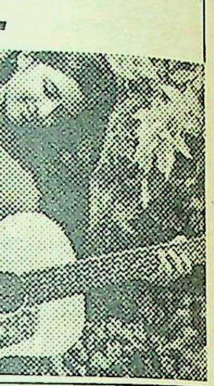

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HUBERT

by Dick Wingert

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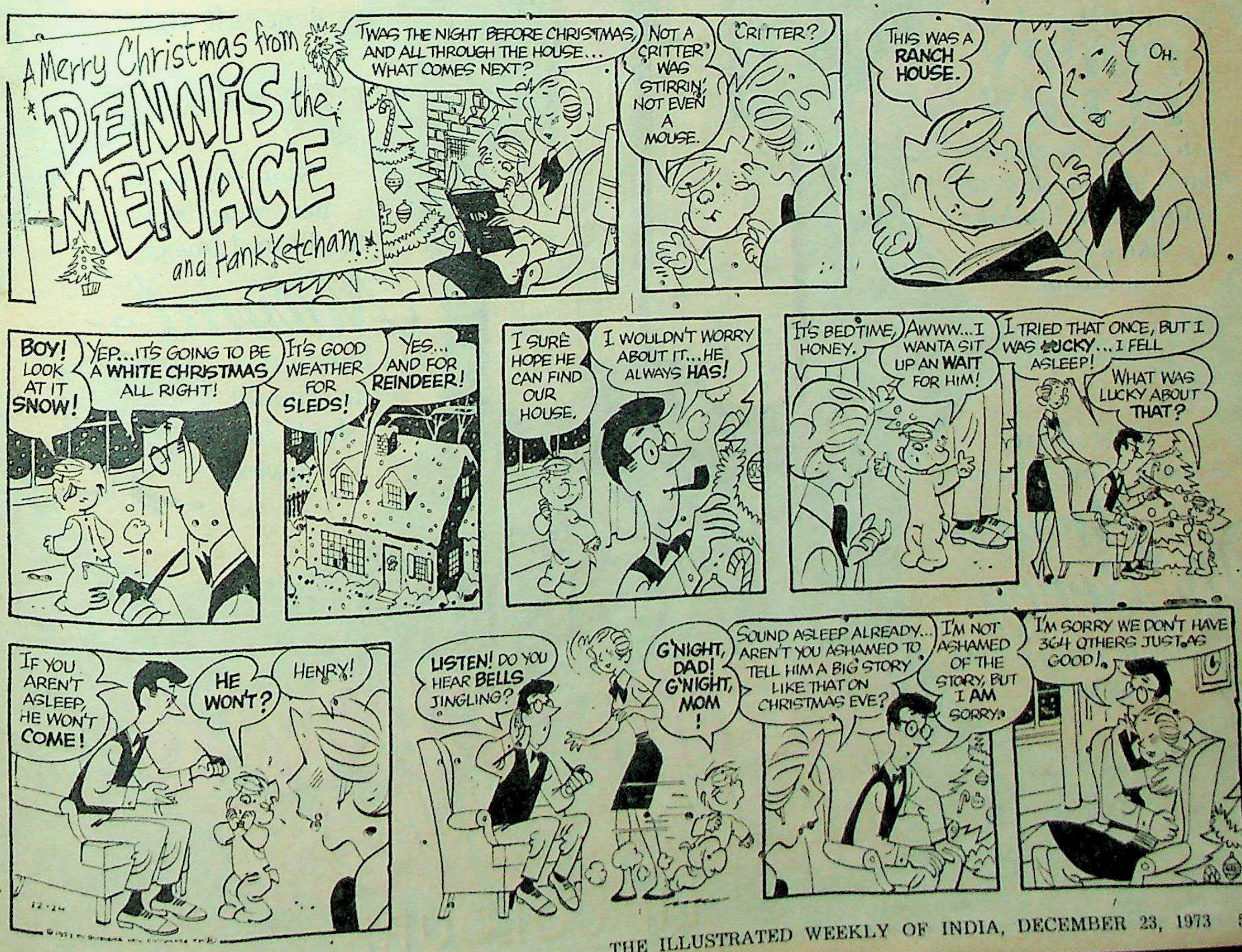

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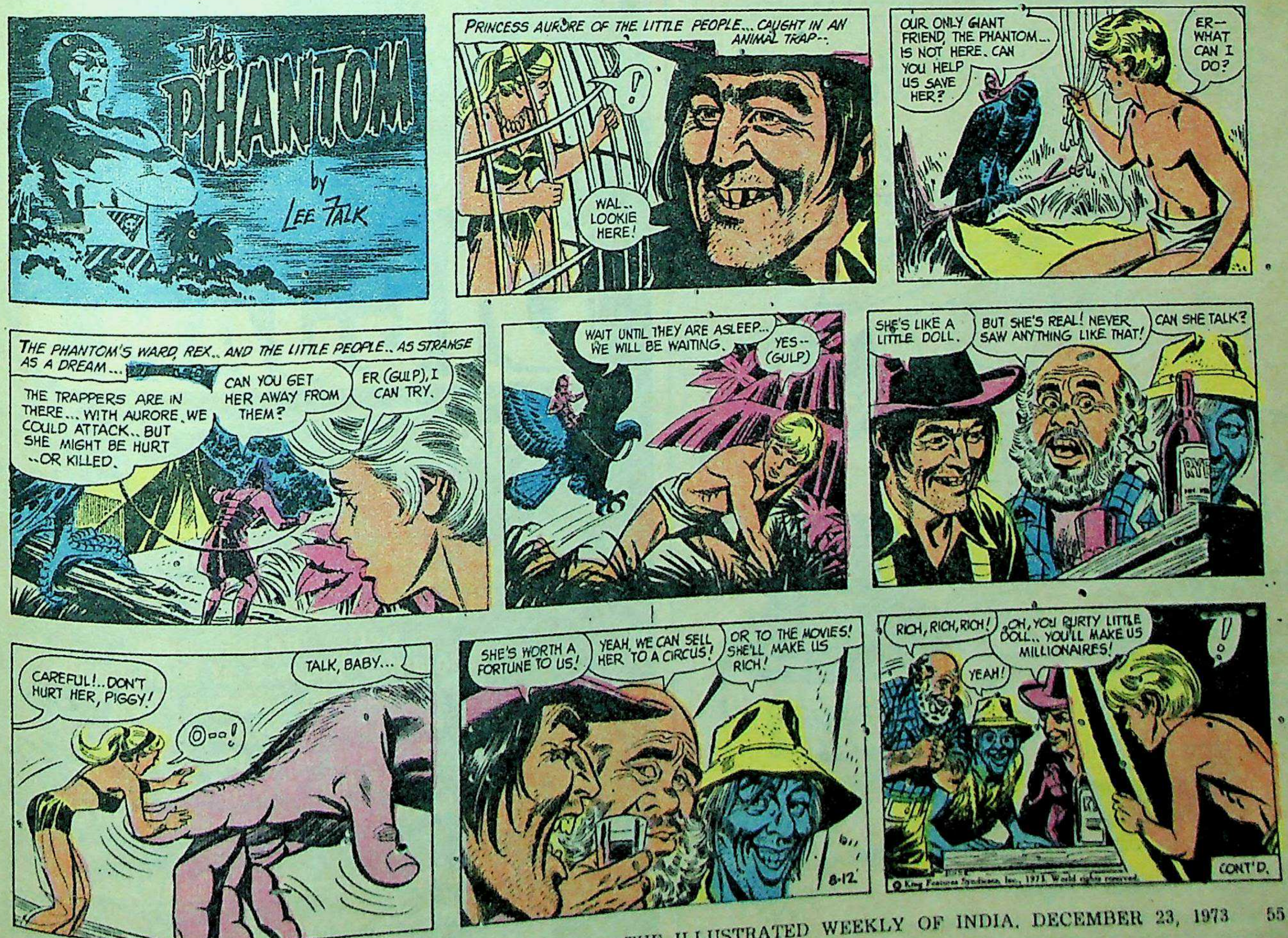

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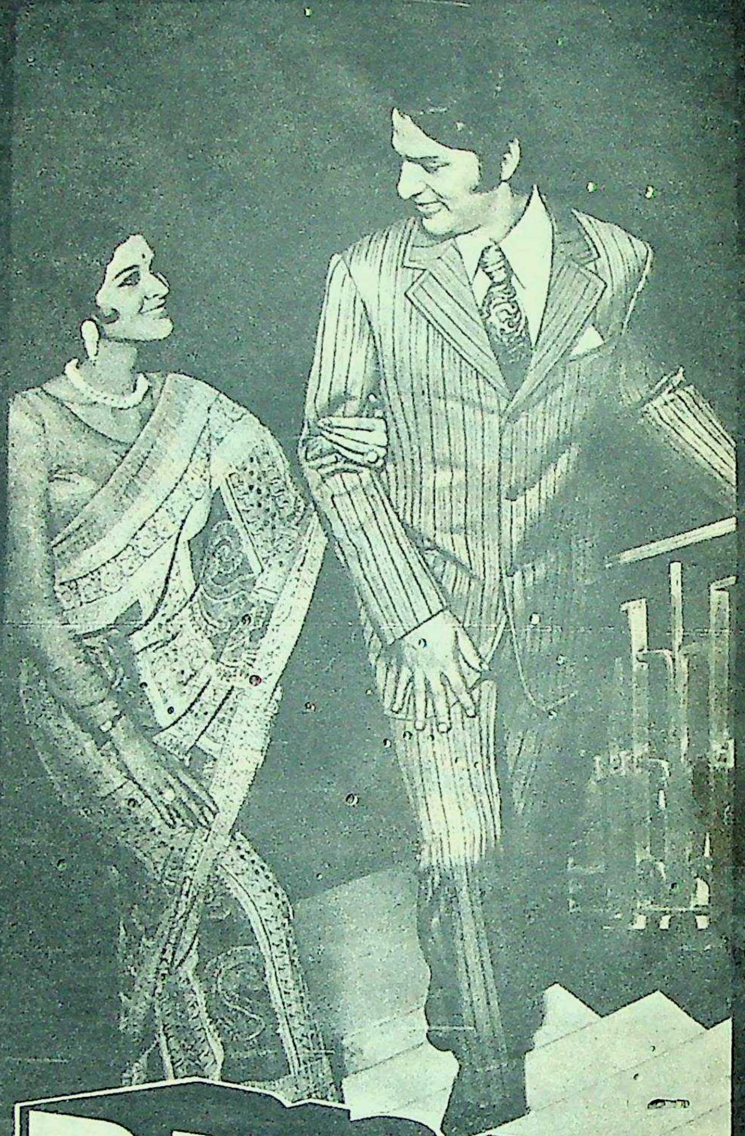

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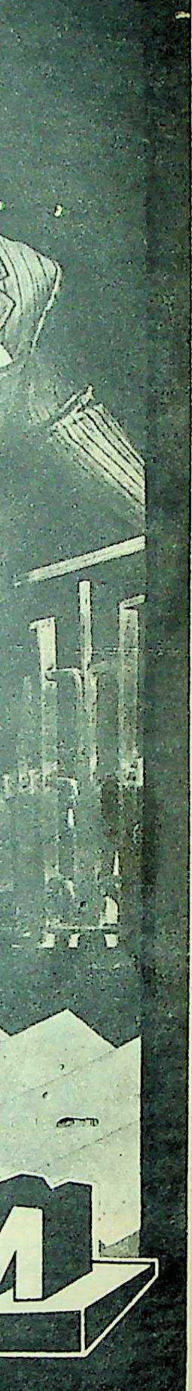

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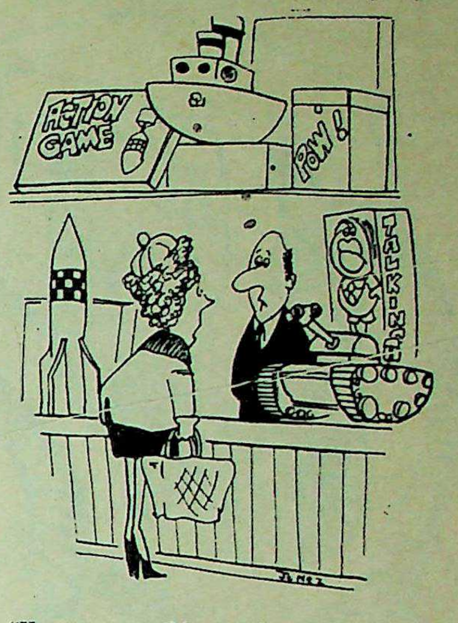
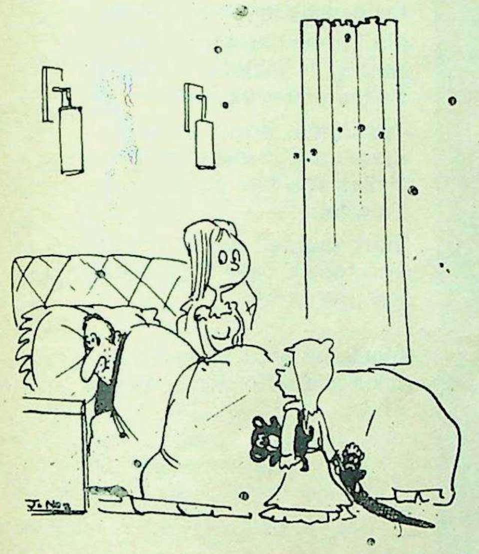
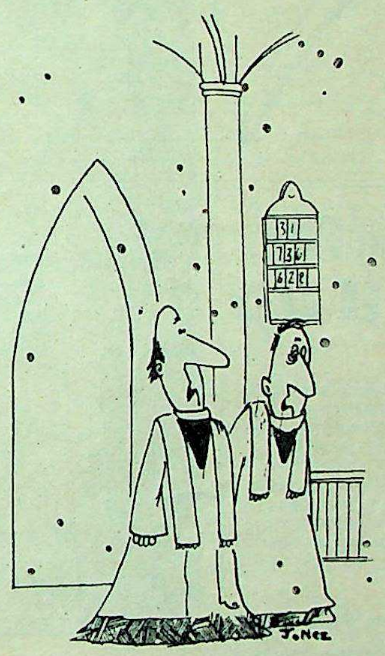
"It'll save time; I've stuffed the turkey with the Christmas pud!"



"Have you anything u n b r e a k a b l e that doesn't make a noise!"



"Guess what Father Christmas said when he tripped over the cat last night?'



"How about if we hold it a f t e r the TV circus and before Christmas Night with the stars?"

". . . we've got a family get-together on Christmas Day, but apart from that it should be quite good fun!"

"You can post their's now—we've had one from the Wilkinsons!"

—from "Punch"

"Okay, okay. We buy your religion. What about spares?"

". . . shouldn't there be a robin on it?"

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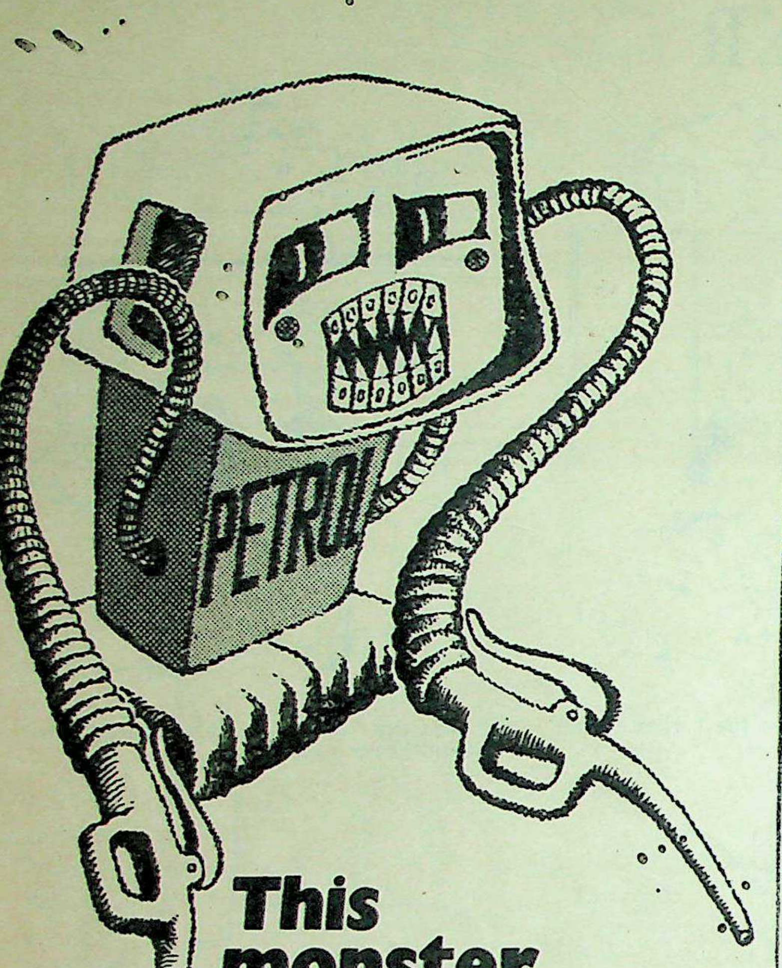

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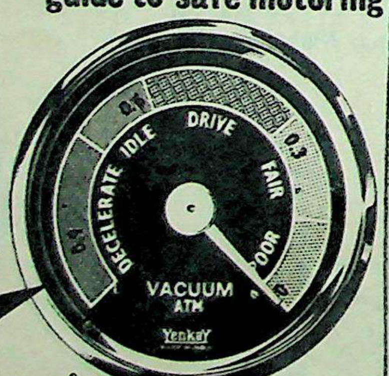

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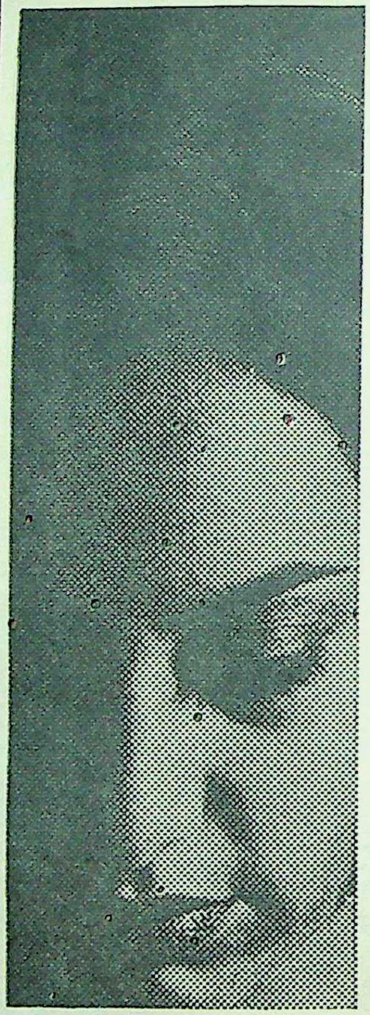

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What The Stars Foretell

by S. K. KELKAR

Sunday, December 23

For luck today, wear or use: Light brown, 5, topaz.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: In spite of difficulties and stiff opposition you will come out successful. Keep your expenses under control and there is no reason why you should not do well financially. Health will remain good except in October-November. In working life however you will find it hard to get along with your seniors. Army and police personnel may have to face difficulties during the year.

Monday, December 24

For luck today, wear or use: Wine red, 3, amethyst.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST. A solar eclipse on your birthday does not indicate smooth sailing. Undesirable changes cannot be ruled out. Watch your health carefully in March-April and again in October-November, when a minor accident is possible. Business prospers but guard against theft. Family life will be disturbed by the sudden death of a close relative.

Tuesday, December 25

For luck today, wear or use: Dark red, 8, garnet.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A year of more than average success, but you should be alert enough to take full advantage of timely information you receive. Regular habits should help to keep your health all right. Guard against a possible minor accident in October-November. During March-April weigh things carefully before taking important decisions. There is a good chance of getting a legacy this year.

Wednesday, December 26

For luck today, wear or use: Royal blue, 4, diamond.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: Your business prospects are bright this year. If you are planning expansion remember you will have to work hard. If you are an employee you should avoid needless risks, otherwise you may even lose your job. A specially good year for musicians, artists and writers. Extravagance and over-optimism will have to be checked to maintain financial stability.

Thursday, December 27

For luck today, wear or use: Silver grey, 2, aquamarine.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: A year of steady progress, when you will successfully put through responsible undertakings with sincerity and enterprise. Those dealing in leather goods, iron and manures will enjoy special luck and start a small industry of their own. Financial position remains satisfactory due to timely help in cash and kind. An adddition in the family proves lucky.

Friday, December 28

For luck today, wear or use: Rose red, 6, turquoise.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: The stars smile upon you this year. Special luck awaits those connected with mines or atomic power, but they should be cautious in March-April and October-November, when there is a possibility of an accident. Insurance premiums, taxes and rents should be paid in time to avoid legal complications. Marriage prospects are good in March or late June.

Saturday, December 29

For luck today, wear or use: Dull blue, 8, jade.

BIRTHDAY FORECAST: If your solar birth chart is powerful enough, you will take rapid strides towards progress in all walks of life. Even otherwise, you will be able to maintain the present position. No specific worries are indicated financially. From November onwards do not try to undertake new ventures as your health may not be good enough. Youngsters however have good chances of entering married life.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

(December 21 to January 19)

Capricorn (Makara)

The week begins with surprises but ends on a happy note. Till Tuesday, some health trouble, or upsets in work are possible. From Wednesday onwards uncertainties will disappear. Friday is excellent for a reconciliation.

(January 20 to February 18)

Aquarius (Kumbha)

This week there is a threat of some set-back in the social sphere. Monday may bring worries about domestic affairs, but they will be sorted out by Thursday. Friday is good for business. Saturday is ideal for tapping financial resources.

(February 19 to March 20)

Pisces (Mina)

If you are thinking of contesting an election, do not count too much on the support of colleagues. Drop the idea for the present if in two minds. Friday is auspicious for quiet and peaceful negotiations. Saturday is good for business.

(March 21 to April 20)

Aries (Mesha)

Complications may arise early in the week when expert legal advice should be sought. Some rumours about job transfers may suddenly arise. Contact influential persons on Thursday for having it cancelled or postponed.

(April 21 to May 20)

Taurus (Vrishabha)

The phase of uncertainties and ill-health will disappear, and you will slowly regain confidence. Avoid travel on Monday. Wednesday brings good business prospects which bring in cash on Friday or Saturday.

(May 21 to June 20)

Gemini (Mithuna)

Health should not be neglected. A tiff with seniors may cause a lot of strain and mental pressure on Monday. Thursday is good for negotiations to settle any dispute. Saturday is lucky for business.

(June 21 to July 20)

Cancer (Kataka)

Spouses may create a deadlock. Take it quietly and do not bring matters to a head till Saturday. If single, marriage proposals will come but may have to be postponed due to a sudden twist or your own indecision.

(July 21 to August 21)

Leo (Simha)

A good time for industrialists to settle labour problems. Business shows an upward trend. Watch your health on Sunday. Wednesday is good for negotiations concerning marriage or partnerships. Friday is suitable for a short outing.

(August 22 to September 23)

Virgo (Kanya)

Barring some worries regarding children, the week is good in general, especially for business. Avoid speculation on Monday however promising the position be. Thursday is good for get-togethers and for taking important decisions.

(September 24 to October 23)

Libra (Tula)

Take care not to displease seniors. This is not the right time to ventilate your grievances. Heart patients should take preventive measures. Postpone proposals regarding purchasing of a house for a while. Money gains are likely on Friday.

(October 24 to November 22)

Scorpio (Vrischika)

In the next couple of months you will eagerly take on some important assignments. Domestic affairs proceed smoothly, but a conflict is likely on Thursday. Friday will bring a reconciliation and you take a firm decision one way or other.

(November 23 to December 20)

Sagittarius (Dhanu)

Do not allow property or household matters t. become complicated. Collect old dues with tact rather than force. Minor throat or eye trouble is likely on Sunday. On Monday avoid financial transactions.

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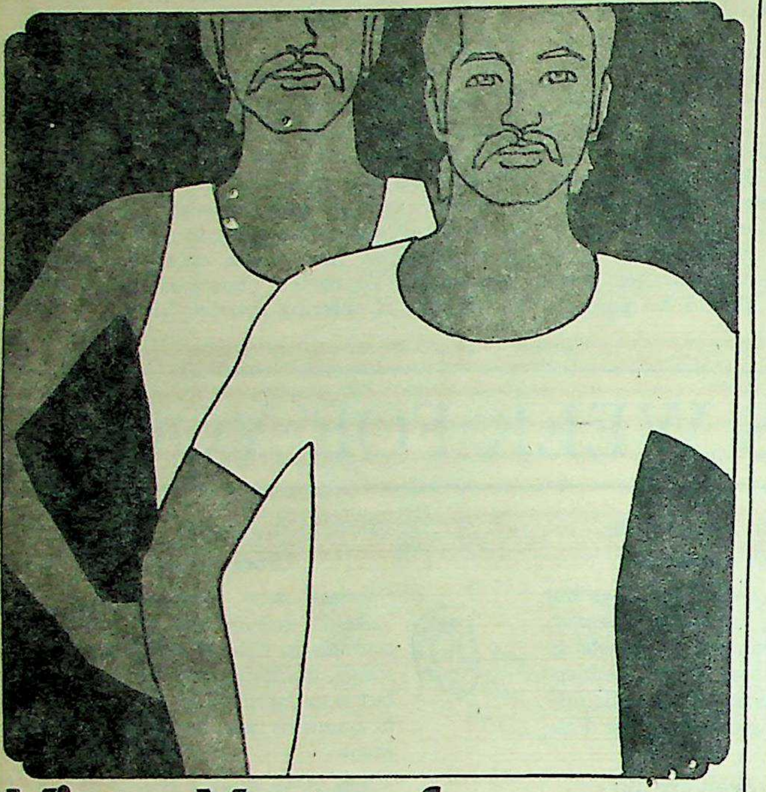
The Vest range



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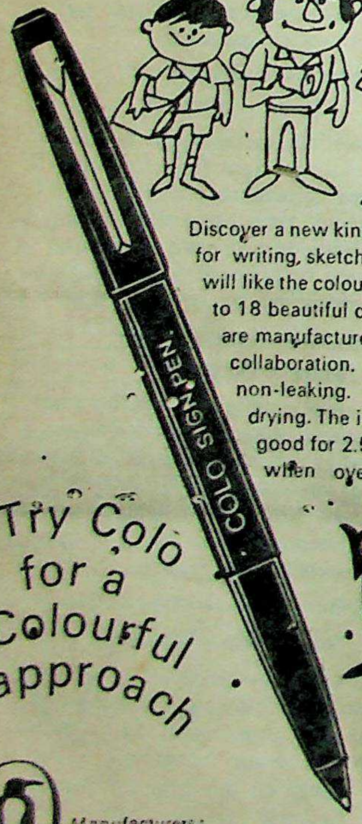

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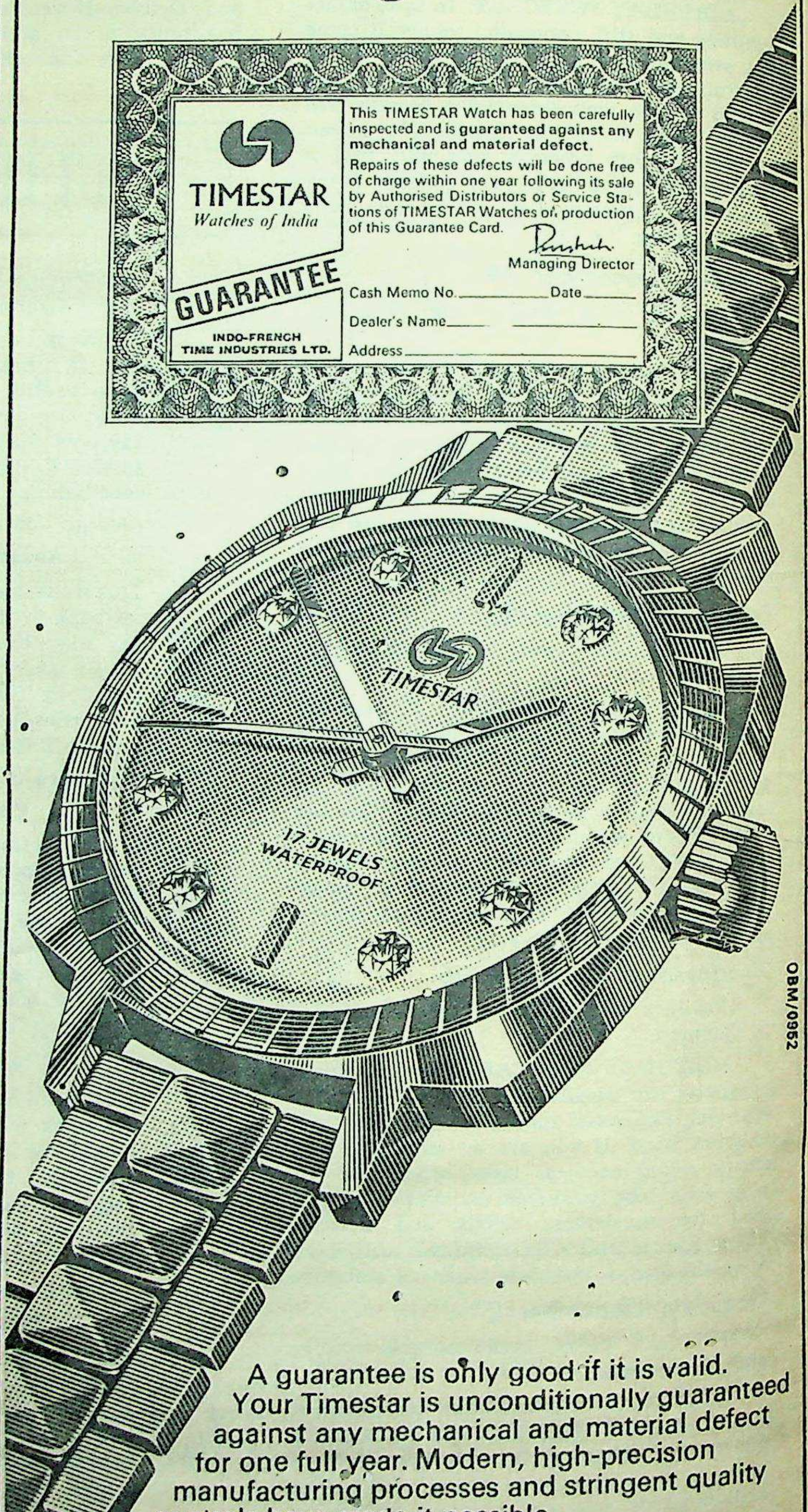

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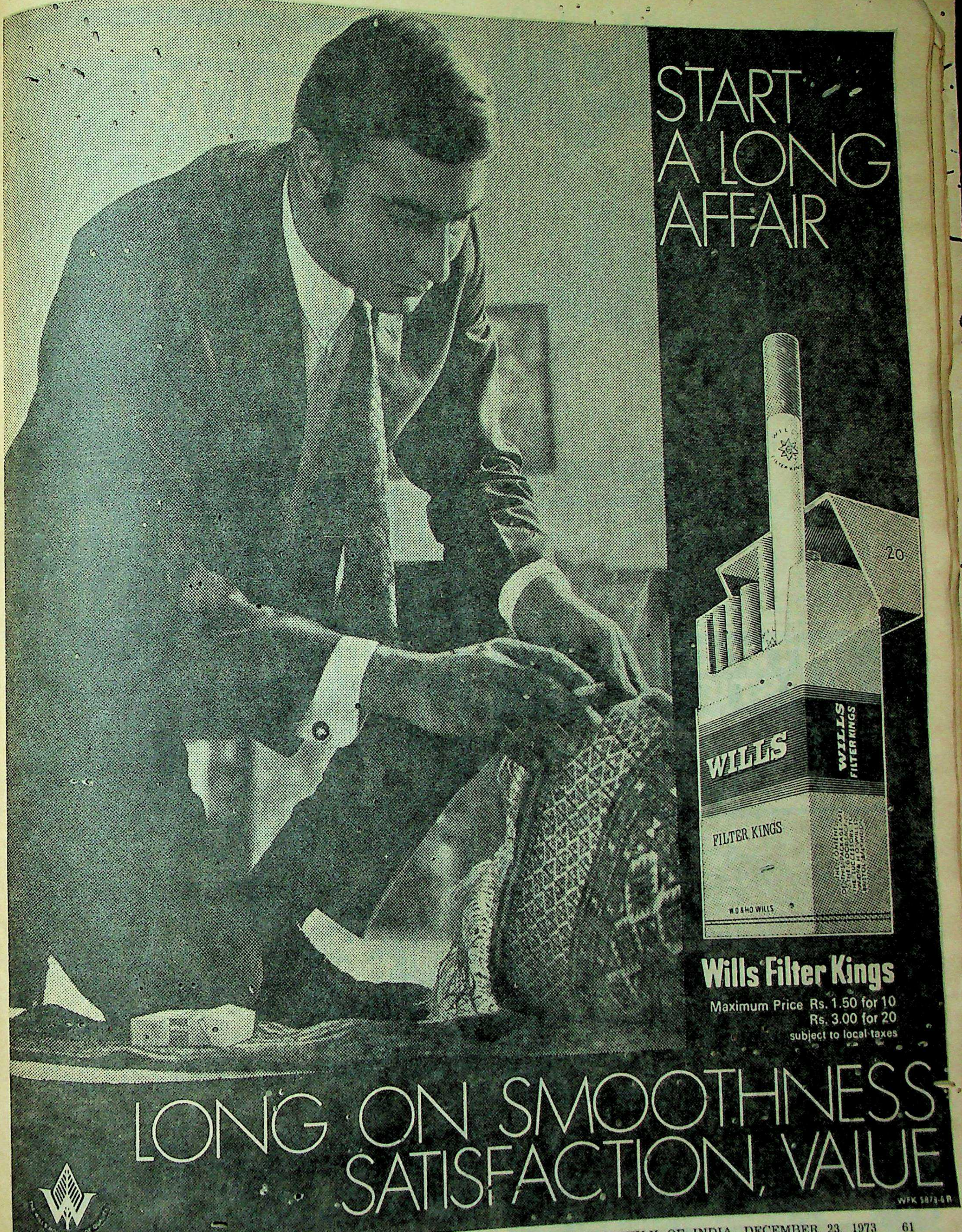

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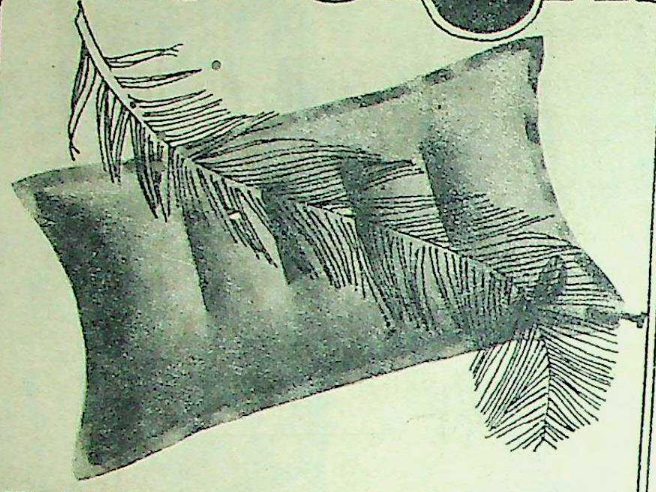

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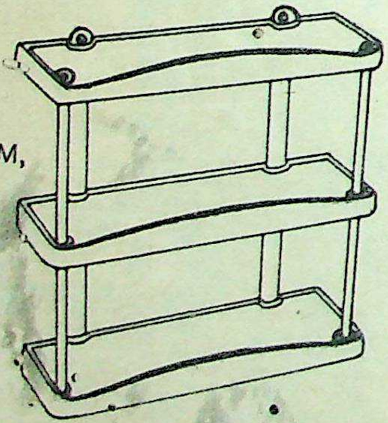

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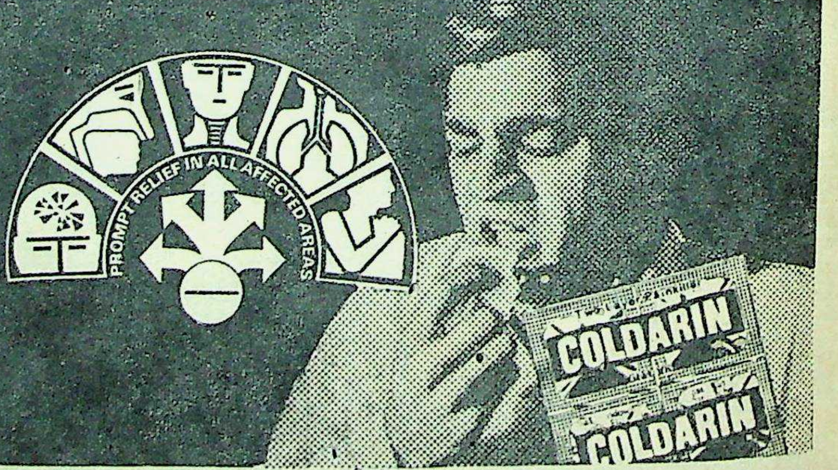

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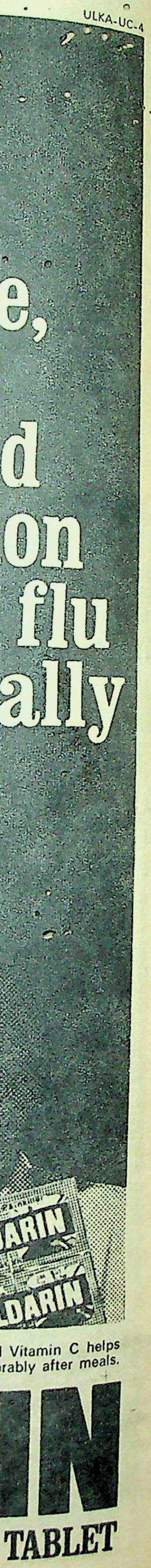

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This literary pastime is purely one of skill in which every clue permits of only a **one-word solution.**

These Quotation Clues are actual quotations from authors, and they are sensible, witty and delightful, and therefore, they are in themselves truly educative and entertaining. Moreover, there is no element of chance in this contest, because there is NO "Adjudication Committee" to decide the final solutions, and there is only one CORRECT ANSWER to each quotation clue—the word used by the author in his or her work.

The names of the authors are published in the "Sources" along with the correct solution.

The Entry Fee for each Entry Square is Re. 1/-. You can send the Entry Fee by Money Order, Postal Order or "QUOTES" Cash Receipts. Money Orders are to be addressed to "QUOTES" No. 201, Competition Dept., The Times of India, Bombay-1 and the M.O. Receipt is to be enclosed with your entries as token of payment. You will receive the M.O. acknowledgement for the remittance through the Post Office subsequently. Postal Orders are to be crossed and made payable to "QUOTES" No. 201, at Bombay-1. "QUOTES" Cash Receipts can be had from our agents or direct from us.

Please remember that if you use only one of the squares, the other blank square must be struck out in ink.

RULES & CONDITIONS ON P. 68 ENTER REGULARLY & WIN.

Here's "QUOTES" No. 201, with a handsome First Prize of Rs. 12,000! Find the suggestion in the clue or use your memory, knowledge and skill to spot the CORRECT WORD from among the words given at the end of each clue.

CLOSES: WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1974

CLUES ACROSS

1 When you have to get out from under the ——, life has a purpose. (STACK|STICK)

2 Then he suddenly changed his ——. He snatched off his horn-rimmed spectacles, which he had secured around his suddenly enlarged head by means of a rubber band. (TONE|TUNE)

4 I know it sounds materialistic, but, ——, man, life is materialistic. You ever try to eat soul? (HELL|WELL)

9 She said, "No, you shall not —— it. There are more important things." (HAVE|SAVE)

10 "He could just —— over when I needed him, otherwise he could stay with you." (CHANGE|CHARGE)

11 He tried once to feel them out, but they would not talk this ——. They did not talk about these feelings. (DAY|WAY)

12 If you ever so much as look at her sideways again, I'll clean you like a ——. Got it? (DISH|FISH)

13 You will generally find it a safe rule to —— a disappointed, ambitious politician. (DISTRUST|MISTRUST)

CLUES DOWN

1 Just like that. "—— all your troubles away." Was it possible? (SLEPT|SWEPT)

3 Flaunting —— differences dissolved inhibition far more efficiently than trying to ignore them. (NATIONAL|NOTIONAL)

5 War kills the lover, but not the need of love. I ——, but I am dead. (LIVE|LOVE)

6 Beyond it the desert stretched into rainbow distances. The bright new copper penny of the sun spun in its —— against a flat painted sky. (BEAT|HEAT)

7 "You can't —— me," I repeated. "Hand it over." (BUY|GUY)

8 She broke off sharply, covering her mouth with her hand while the tears —— from her eyes unrestrained. (GUSHED|RUSHED)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JAN. 27; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF FEB. 3. Address Envelope:—"QUOTES" No. 201, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702, BOMBAY-1.

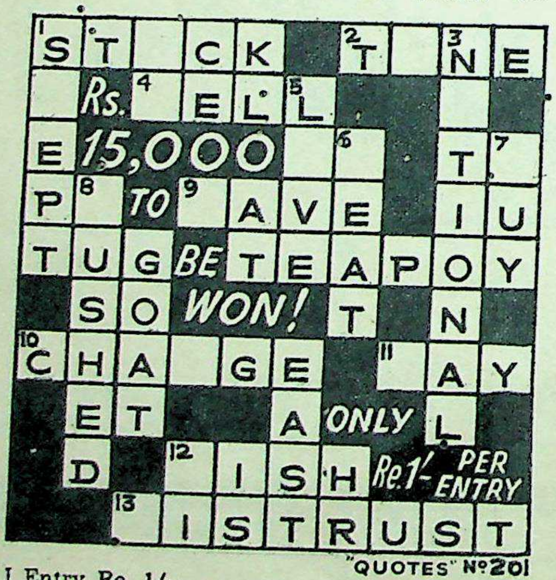
ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" NO. 201

"QUOTES" No. 201

CLOSING DATE: **WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1974.**

Enclosed Money Order Receipt/ Postal Orders/ "Q" Cash Receipts

Nos. ....



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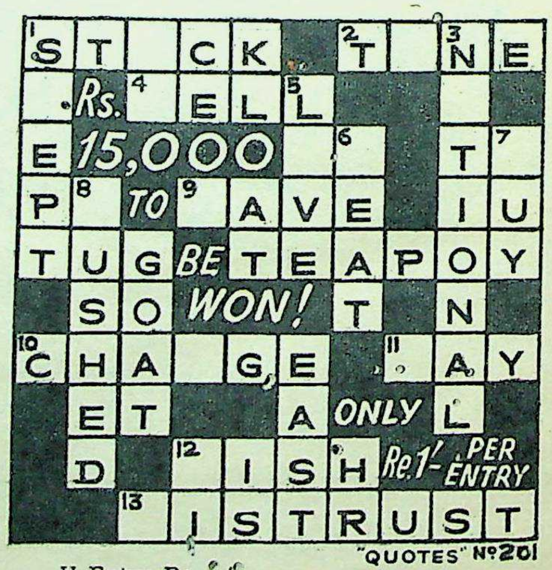

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CUT ALONG THIS LINE

In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

FULL NAME IN INK & BLOCK LETTERS Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

ADDRESS ....

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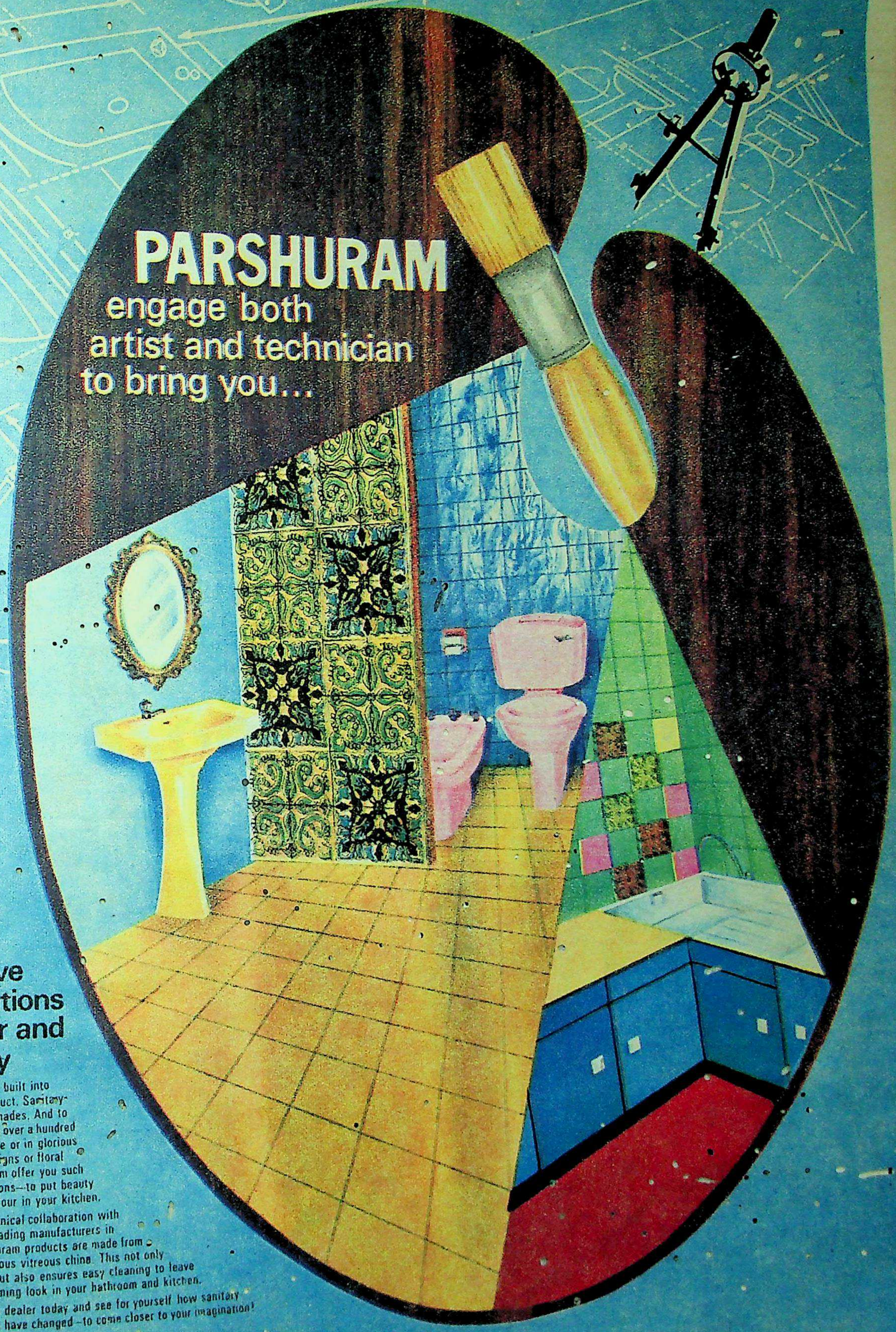

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RULES AND CONDITIONS OF "QUOTES" CONTESTS

CLUES AND ENTRY FORM ON P. 64

1. All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in **with INK in block letters or typewritten.** Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1/- per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order, Money Order or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. **Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps, or currency notes or coins** will not be accepted. Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 201, Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 201, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order **receipts,** Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the space provided on the Entry Form. If this is not done, the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the sender.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing Date for all entries is Wednesday, January, 9, 1974. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. **Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.**

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 12,000 will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian Currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications. are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form contaning the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes", (Messrs. Bennett, Coleman & Co. Ltd.) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the first publication of the prize-list of the Contest.

10. In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list, unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

FOR MADRAS READERS
Our Agent For "QUOTES" Cash Receipts is:
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The Correct Solution and "Sources" of "QUOTES" No. 201, will also appear in "The Times of India" dated Friday, January 18, 1974.

COPY SQUARES

Copy Square No. 1

Copy Square No. 2

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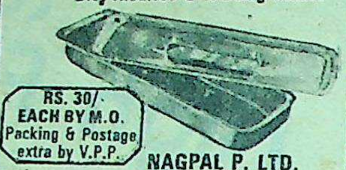

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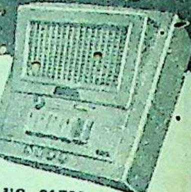

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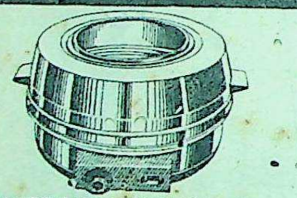

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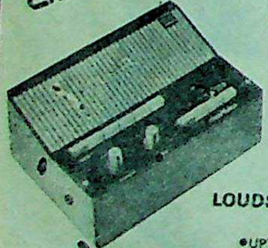

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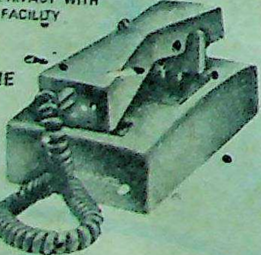

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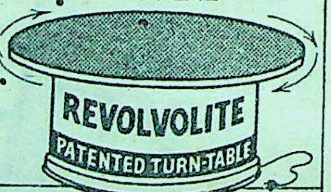

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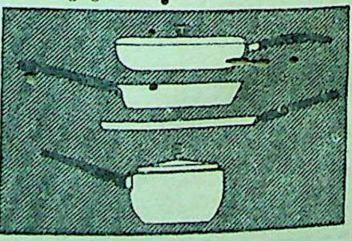

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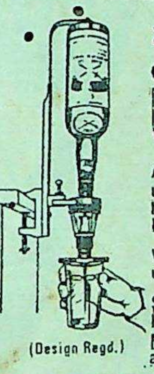
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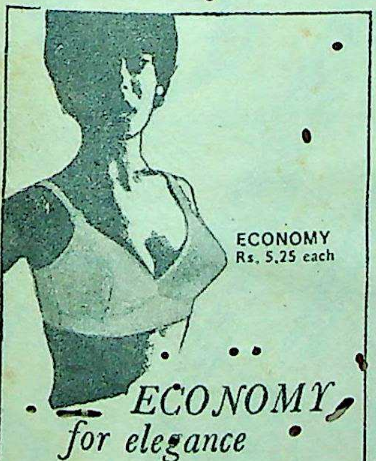
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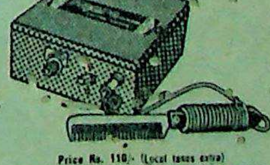
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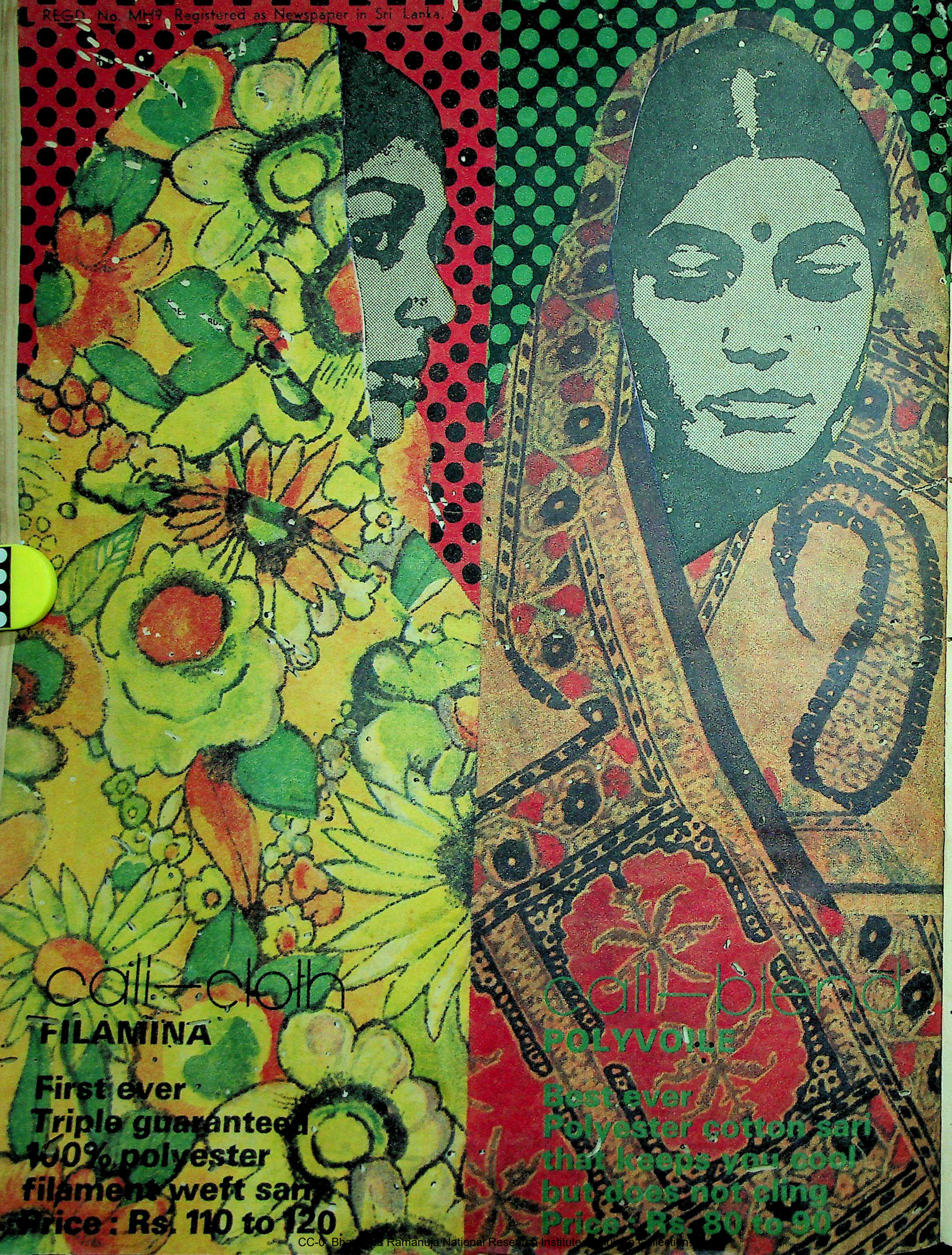

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